

The RELIEF SOCIETY *Magazine*

January
1931

Vol. XVIII
No. 1



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FRANK R. JEWKES, Sales Manager

When Buying Mention Relief Society Magazine

Who Creates Wealth?

By Dr. Frank Crane

Labor is fond of saying that all Wealth is created by it.

Capital replies that Labor never creates a dollar's worth of Wealth except when financed by Capital. Capital is the true begetter of Wealth, it claims.

They are both mistaken.

It is Brains that create Wealth. Some fellow with Brains reaches out into empty space and fetches an Idea back "out of the Everywhere into the Here."

And then it isn't any time before the Idea enlists the services of Capital and Labor and produces Wealth.

The true and only Creator of that Wealth is the Man behind the Brains.

The other night they gave a dinner to Thomas Alva Edison to celebrate forty years of use of Electric Light.

Edison created Electric Light. It was a product of his Brains. It was an Idea, a mighty good Idea. Forty years ago said Idea put Capital and Labor to work.

And now, where there was nothing, there is wealth, in the form of lighting business throughout the country, Wealth amounting to four and a quarter billion dollars.

Labor and Capital don't create Wealth. They only think so. Their job is to take orders from the Boy with Ideas!

Here is a list of people who actually created Wealth, and they were neither laborers nor capitalists:

The man who invented blotting paper by accidentally discovering that unsized paper was better than sand for drying ink.

The man who invented waterproof cloth by trying to wash out the wrong dye with alum, and then several days afterwards trying to wash the cloth again and finding out he could not even wet it.

The man who discovered the use of soft glue for making printers' inking rollers.

The man who discovered lithography.

The printer's wife who found that oily ink would float on water and so discovered marbling by dipping the paper in it.

The man who thought of putting the hump in the hairpin.

And the man who thought of pointing the ordinary wood screw.

Thought is the only creator of anything. Both Capital and Labor are hired servants.

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Reality

By Linda S. Fletcher

Beloved, the world seems eclipsed, drear,
Since you are gone who, as my soul, was near;
The days drag by, dull, leaden things,
Flight is so slow on bruis'ed wings.
I steel myself 'gainst thoughts of thee,
Their poignant sweetness not for me,
Yet, when the night comes floating in,
All of the joys that might have been
Are mine, beloved, for conscious will,
When slumber comes, is placid, still.
I feel your dear arms once again,
Forgotten, each heart-bruising pain.
Welcome the last long sleep will be,
For then, fore'ver, I'll be with thee!



SARAH AHLSTROM NELSON

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Abraham Lincoln

Poem awarded first prize in the Eliza Roxey Snow Poetry Contest

By Sarah Ahlstrom Nelson

First he was yours, Kentucky,
You were honored by his birth,
Though little you recked of his future
And little you dreamed of his worth,
For humble and mean as the stable
Was the cabin that sheltered his head,
And lowly and poor as the manger
Was the pallet he used for a bed.
While hunger and hardship and sorrow
Were his constant companions in youth,
With his gaze toward a distant tomorrow
His feet kept the pathway of truth;
And though it was rugged and thorny,
That trail winding over the hill,
Never once did he falter or turn from the task
That he felt was his own to fulfill.
So he climbed to the heights, Kentucky,
With the flag of the nation unfurled,
Achieving the glory of deathless fame
In the citizenry of the world.

Social Work

(Historical Sketch)

By Amy Brown Lyman

THE practice of giving aid to the poor is probably as old as society itself. Traces of Charity work are to be found among all the peoples of antiquity, and beggars have been known to all literature. The Chinese, long before Christ, established refuges for the aged and poor sick; Buddha taught that it was a duty of society to alleviate the pains and miseries of human life; the ancient Greeks and Romans contributed money liberally for the care of the poor.

The motives which prompt charitable deeds have not always been the highest. The desire to help another for his own sake has often been supplemented by and in some cases substituted by a desire upon the part of the giver to gain favor and reward for himself or to prevent bad luck or disaster which he feared might follow refusal. Such ideas were rather prevalent in ancient times, as the following quotations indicate: "The riches of an infinite God will be bestowed upon him who relieves the poor;" "The house that does not open to the poor shall open to the physician."

With the ancient Jews it was a religious duty to care for their needy. The Jewish law made charity an obligation. The well-to-do were even assessed for the benefit of the poor. Especial attention was given to the rearing of orphans which was regarded as the highest form of charity. It was considered a privilege rather than an act of charity to become foster parents to destitute orphan children.

THE teachings of the Savior put philanthropy upon a higher plane than it had reached before. All life was purified and elevated through Him. New ideals and new standards of conduct were introduced into every phase of human relations. When Christ said: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself," and when he gave, by way of further explanation of this idea, the parable of the Good Samaritan, he introduced new incentives into charitable endeavor—brotherly love and human sympathy.

During the brief period of Christ's time and immediately thereafter, the new Christian groups which were organized into small assemblies or churches, practiced the voluntary charity which had been introduced by the Savior. This method of spontaneous mutual aid prevailed among them generally until the time of Constantine, when the church in its changed condition arose to great and unprecedented power, and became the state religion of the Roman Empire.

DURING the Middle Ages, charity degenerated to a great extent into alms-giving for the benefit of the giver. The religious merit of almsgiving was so emphasized that the particular needs of the poor were secondary. Outside of the work done by the Jews for their own people, and the alms given personally by wealthy individuals,

the great Roman Church was practically the only agency for the administration of relief. The methods of helping were through indiscriminate almsgiving at the doors of the monasteries where the poor gathered in hordes asking for help, and through two types of institutions established in connection with the monasteries—one, hospitals for the poor sick, the other, similar institutions for the care of the aged, orphans and widows. At church doors and in other public places there was also begging. Although the churches made great effort to discourage it, begging became quite general everywhere, and finally got beyond control. It was apparent to churchmen themselves that the indiscriminate almsgiving at the monasteries and similar medieval institutions was failing as a means of caring for the poor and was contributing to professional beggary.

Due to the idea which was prevalent that "alms have power to expiate sin," people gave large sums to church charity thus seeking forgiveness of their sins. And so began the sale of indulgences authorized by the popes and church councils. It was not uncommon for hospital authorities to sell forgiveness of sins for donations to their respective institutions. In spite of the weakness of ecclesiastical charities of the Middle Ages, the fact remains that the Catholic Church did a stupendous work in alleviating physical pain and distress which would never have been accomplished but for its influence. And furthermore the Church stimulated and cultivated a general spirit of helpfulness.

REALIZING that dependents were constantly on the increase, and feeling that the ecclesiastical agencies had not succeeded

in handling charity, the state finally interfered. In practically all of the European countries, serious efforts were made first to eliminate begging by severely punishing beggars, and when this failed the work was taken over by the state. In Scandinavia, this occurred at an early period; in England, at the time of the Reformation, when the monasteries were dissolved by Henry VIII; in France, at the time of the Revolution; and in Switzerland and Germany following the Reformation.

After the state took over the charity work, however, there was very little improvement for a long time. The development of public relief in the various countries was a slow process. England, with her Poor Laws designed to regulate and systematize public relief, led all other countries, and her system has influenced social work in America more than that of any other country.

THE beginning of the English Poor Laws was in 1536, when it was decreed that begging must go; that the poor were to remain in their own districts, and be helped by the local authorities; that poor funds were to be raised by collection of alms in the "common boxes" of the churches; that straying indigents were to be whipped and sent to their own parishes. Later the parish was required to furnish work to able-bodied persons in need. The law was supplemented from time to time and finally, in 1601, the various provisions relating to the poor were brought together into what seemed a model law. Among other things, it divided the poor into three classes—able-bodied, those unable to work, and children—all of whom were to be treated according to their needs. A tax system was levied on property to increase the inadequate funds. In

1834 the law was further supplemented and developed, and authority was concentrated in a national department. It has since been amended from time to time.

The Poor Law was enforced rigidly in some localities and indifferently in others, thus failing to meet the needs. The system was a great step forward nevertheless. It undertook to organize and systematize relief giving, it contributed the idea of national responsibility in relief work, and finally it has seemed to recognize the inadequacy of mere charity and the necessity of preventive work.

THE next advancement was the movement for the organization of charity which began in Germany and England about the same time. It came as a protest to the grave abuse of charitable relief then obtaining. In Hamburg, a free city which was wealthy and over-run by beggars, there was a reorganization of relief work in 1788, and later, in 1852, the plan was modified and adopted in Elberfeldt. There was a central bureau of charity to supervise all charitable work. The city was divided into precincts with a superintendent for each, and the precincts divided into districts, with a visitor for each. The poor were classified and the duties of the visitors were similar to those of the modern family visitor.

IN 1869 the London Charity Organization Society, a private agency, was organized. It was the climax of charitable endeavor, and has been a pattern for such organization in America. Its object was to organize and coordinate relief, and to study causes of poverty and develop all possible substitutes for relief giving. There were in London at that time numerous or-

ganizations working independently and duplicating one another's work; clever people were getting help from a number of sources while the backward and perhaps more needy were overlooked, and there was indiscriminate alms-giving on every hand. The movement was inaugurated by a group of church and university men and some forward looking workers in the field of social reform. Among the policies of the society were: correlation of the work of agencies, district conferences, and case-work methods—the latter embracing the study and treatment of each individual or family as an individual problem. The Charity Organization Movement later spread to America. The first of such organizations here was the Buffalo, New York Society founded in 1877.

IN the United States in early times each case of need was considered and provided for individually by town or county officials. Later, there was a system of out-door relief supplemented by the establishment of alms-houses where at first all classes of needy individuals were placed, including tramps, dependent aged and children, insane, feeble-minded, blind, deaf, confinement cases, etc.

BY the end of the 19th century, however, the country had witnessed many changes for the better. A number of institutions and agencies had been established to meet the special needs of the differently handicapped, and charity organization societies had taught superior methods of dealing with individual cases in distress and of handling out-door relief. Private institutions including both Church and non-sectarian agencies had come into existence supplementing the work of the tax supported public

agencies. A wave of humanitarian sympathy and scientific inquiry had spread over the country creating a new interest in human beings. There were also social and economic changes including the rise of the middle classes—the working people—who set about to improve their condition through legislative action, being assisted by social minded individuals. Attention was given by them to the protection of health, medical service, sanitation of factories, compensation for accidents, provision of regular employment with shorter hours and better wages, child care including education and recreation.

IN the present century attention has been focused upon prevention, the idea being that prevention is better than relief. The failure of the old-fashioned charity was no doubt due to the fact that it was merely palliative, paying attention only to those already in trouble. Welfare work today calls for the getting to the very roots of trouble and sparing nothing which may be involved in the process, preventing a recurrence of those conditions which cause distress, and giving people an opportunity for normal life. The steps are first, curative—relieving those already in distress and destitution; secondly, preventive—guarding against the recurrence of conditions which cause distress and poverty, and thirdly, constructive—putting forth effort to raise human life to its highest level.

Many people today believe that all welfare work should be done by public agencies supported by taxation, and that private agencies are not needed. Others favor a combination of both, maintaining that the private agencies are necessary to lead the way and set the

standards. There are still others who claim that the type of work done is more important than the type of agency under which it is done.

AMONG the agencies organized in the United States in the 19th century is our own L. D. S. Relief Society founded in 1842, a private church agency auxiliary to the L. D. S. Church. Its life of eighty-eight years has covered the most interesting period in the whole history and development of social work. The Relief Society was organized for spiritual, educational, and philanthropic purposes and functions under the direction of the presiding and local bishops in whom is vested the responsibility for the charity work of the Church. It is a great outdoor relief agency with 1665 local organizations, in each of which is a department of charity and health.

In each local organization the Relief Society president has charge of the charity and health work, this being one of her most important duties. Where necessary she calls to her assistance a worker or aid especially designated for this work. She cooperates closely with the bishop of the ward and works under his direction. In addition to a regular monthly conference of the bishopric and Relief Society presidency there is constant communication and consultation between them. To the Relief Society has been given the special work of family investigation and family planning, the final disposition being usually a joint decision. The Relief Society president also cooperates with the county and any other agency interested in the family being helped. The district visiting teachers or friendly visitors visit all the families of the Church monthly,

irrespective of their needs or social status and receive funds from them which are contributed for relief purposes. It is the policy of the L. D. S. Church to have its charity work administered by volunteer workers, the only exception being the work done under the direction of the General Board in the Social Service Department at Relief Society Headquarters in Salt Lake City, a case working agency which supervises and supplements the regular work of the Society in the city and provides a laboratory for experimental and training purposes.

For a number of years the Society has been working constantly to improve its methods of welfare work. It has no blanket plan of caring for the needy, but aims to treat individuals according to their individual needs, aiming as far as possible, to meet the requirements set by standardized social case-working agencies.

In addition to its welfare work, the Relief Society has a second well-established department which cooperates closely with the welfare department. It is the education department with a uniform course of study for the benefit of members. These two departments — education and welfare — react most favorably and beneficially upon each other to the great advantage of the organization generally. The education department features, among other subjects, studies in social welfare which stimulate and create interest in the actual projects in welfare work and social reform which the Society is

sponsoring; while the various local workers who are dealing with the actual problems in turn vitalize and stimulate the class work.

Because of its comprehensive organization and methods of cooperation, the Relief Society is well-fitted for community work, and in addition to its special mission of caring for the poor and sick it has, from the beginning, fostered any and all movements which have had for their object the improvement of civic conditions and the development of community life. It has worked among other things for woman suffrage, for educational projects, pure water supplies, sanitation and for social legislation.

In the objects, aims and standards of its welfare work the Relief Society is striving to meet the national standards for such work. It believes in organized relief, and has from the beginning discouraged indiscriminate individual giving. It is making every effort to improve its curative work by giving training to its volunteer workers. It has always stood for preventive work, its program of prevention and social reform going hand in hand with its curative and corrective work.

Its combined program of education, service and religion, is comprehensive and constructive, designed to help those in distress, to prevent social ills, to provide for educational opportunity and religious development and to foster constructive movements which have for their object wholesome, abundant life for all.

Summer Camps of the Y. L. M. I. A.

By Rosetta W. Bennett, Chairman Summer Camp Committee of the General Board of the Y. L. M. I. A.

THE love of nature and the lure of outdoor life is very greatly developed in the hearts and lives of the Latter-day Saints. Our hearts turn to the Sacred Grove at Palmyra where the boy Prophet sought its seclusion to pour forth the longings of his soul for relief from the spiritual conflict that encompassed him.

It was in the grove at Nauvoo where God manifested to the people His choice of Brigham Young as the true shepherd of the sorely harassed and heart broken people. It was the vision of the sheltered valleys of the mighty Rocky Mountains that sustained them and gave them heroic courage to tramp one thousand miles beyond civilization and establish a home in this then desolate country. It was the song and the dance and the game that eased the strain of the journey.

The mountains were friendly and gladly gave of their timber to build houses and make fires; gave of their fresh sparkling snow-born streams to revive the parched land and swell and develop the treasured seeds committed to the bosom of mother earth with such perfect, compelling faith; gave of their wild fruits and game to lend variety and cheer to their scanty board; gave of their flowers and bird-songs to gladden their eyes and hearts; and gave them glorious promise for the future.

IT was to lovely Brighton Valley at the top of Big Cottonwood Canyon that Brigham Young led his people in July, 1857, to spend

several days in celebration of the tenth anniversary of their entrance into the valley. There in prayer and speech and feasting, dancing, games or songs, they gave thanks to God for their safe refuge from the violent storms that had beset them so cruelly in the past.

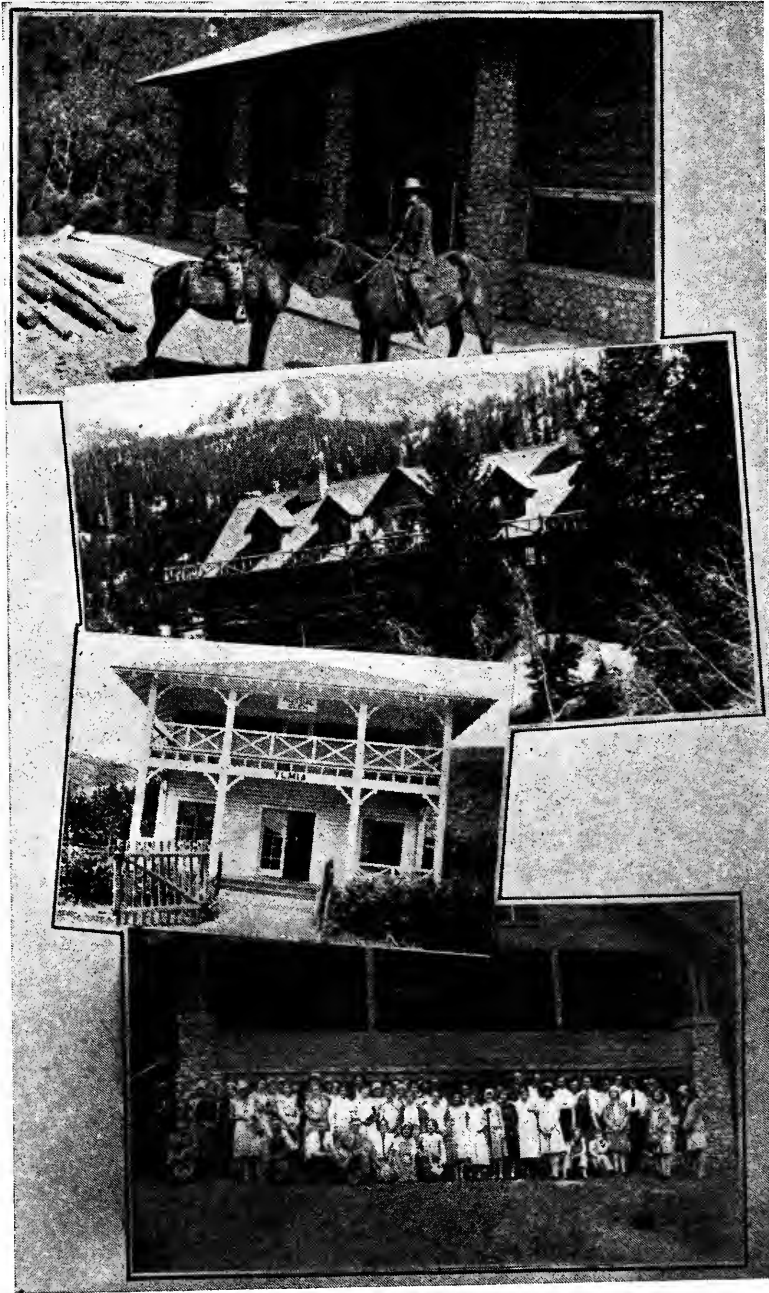
In the city pleasure resorts were laid out that all might have recreation: Calder's Park, Lindsay's Gardens, Fuller's Hill, Lake Shore, Black Rock, Garfield on the shore of Salt Lake. These places the children of the Pioneers remember with delight. Here Bishops of Wards with their entire flock, made yearly pilgrimage. A whole day of unalloyed delight, an organized, supervised day with prayer at beginning and close of it, a Brass Band to head the long line of wagons and hay-ricks, etc., a bag of candy for every child and every child in the ward there. If it should rain and we couldn't go—desolation!! Would morning never come so we could don our new dress and hat and shoes, unloose the tightly braided hair and tie on the precious blue or pink ribbon and so adorned fly to the meeting house and wait to be tucked into the straw laden wagon box and at last be on our happy way to swing under the great cottonwood trees, go boating on the silvery lake, play ball, dance, run races, etc.?

In the fall families went to the mountains, the men to cut logs for firewood, the women to gather wild fruit for winter jam. They slept under the stars beside the singing streams, listened to the murmur of

the trees, the song of the birds and the hum of insects and gazed upon the mighty hills and felt the majesty of earth and sky and knew God was there. In their mountain Retreat God did strengthen their feet and

uplift and power to be clean and true.

AS the people grew in numbers, cities sprang into being, claims of community life multiplied and



A FEW OF THE ATTRACTIVE Y. L. M. I. A. SUMMER CAMPS

gave them power, by the touch of the mountain sod to become a physically strong, healthy people, and by the call of the mighty mountain peaks gave them moral and spiritual

commerce with the outside world threw wide our gates and our sheltered retreat became the highway of the westward moving nation. The stress and push brought many

changes. Mechanical inventions made possible the manufacture of most things that were formerly made in the home. Easy transportation brought them to our doors. The new era brought new responsibilities. New adjustments must be made, our hands must learn new occupations. Many boys who worked on farms, women who formerly were fully occupied in the home, must go out of the accustomed course and find employment in the

became an individual affair largely. Many people built cabins in the mountains and took their families to these cool retreats for a few weeks in the heat of summer. Many could not afford to do this and so lost much benefit and joy.

THINKING people everywhere realized that change and recreation must be had and provision made for it if people were to live full, happy lives. Brigham Young



SLEEPING APARTMENT OF FIRST Y. L. M. I. A. CAMP

new mechanical and business world in order to live and develop and keep in the van of Progress. Hours of confinement at machine or desk brought greater physical, nervous and mental strain. Opportunities for better educational and cultural advantages presented themselves and life became more complex and demanding. We could not so easily or frequently or with such freedom enjoy the beauties of our canyons, mountains, lakes, etc. Where wards used to provide for the vacations of the masses of the people it now

taught his people to play as well as to work. He encouraged music, drama, dancing, physical sports for the recreation and relaxation of the people. In later years the Latter-day Saints have made a more concerted effort to encourage proper recreation among the people and to the M. I. A. have been assigned the special duty of creating and supervising recreational activities in the Church. The Young Ladies' M. I. A. have instituted a special feature in recreation in the Summer Camp Movement; the idea being to build

Summer Camps in the mountains, on lake shores, etc., in places of easy access but away from the highways, so that they may be by themselves and enjoy the outdoor life and carry out their programs without restraint other than the rules governing their association. The first organized movement seems to have been among the officers of Liberty Stake in Salt Lake City. Sister Emily H. Higgs, the President of Liberty Stake Y. L. M. I. A., in 1912 obtained permission from Brother Godfrey of that Stake to build a little camp on his farm at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon and on the creek or river of that name. Hugh J. Cannon, President of Liberty Stake, entered most heartily into the scheme and with the cooperation of the Priesthood and the M. I. A. Stake officers and ward associations, the camp was built. A kitchen, a combined screened in dining room, and sleeping quarters were built. A swimming pool was prepared in a secluded spot on the river bank, a tent pitched for a dressing room and all was ready for the eager girls who drew lots to see which ward should occupy the camp first. Schedules and rules were made, supervision and protection provided and success attended the movement and untold benefit both physical and spiritual followed.

SISTER JENNIE BRIMHALL KNIGHT, visited the camp and very shortly thereafter, with the cooperation of her Stake Priesthood and the M. I. A., opened a camp in Provo Canyon, and not long after Alpine Stake (now including Lehi and Timpanogos Stakes) built "Mutual Dell," in American Fork Canyon. A few years later the General Board, realizing the wisdom of the movement appointed a committee

to consider a summer camp in Brighton, the lovely valley at the head of Big Cottonwood Canyon—the place chosen years before by Brigham Young for the tenth celebration of the entrance into Salt Lake Valley, July 24. With the aid of members of Y. M. M. I. A. Board, of Salt Lake Stake, and others, a spot at the extreme end of the Valley behind giant boulders, and upon the mountain side was chosen and dedicated for the building of a Summer Camp for M. I. A. girls. It was dedicated as a place of safety, peace, rest, health and joy,—a place where girls might rest and play and refresh themselves in the very heart of nature, in the tops of lofty peaks, on the banks of mountain lakes, in leafy dells and shady paths.

Brother Jesse Knight of Provo owned timber concessions near the site and he generously allowed the committee, for a small consideration, to cut the logs for the building. It was erected and later the four Salt Lake City Stakes, Liberty, Salt Lake, Ensign, and Pioneer, took over the project and improved and developed it until it is one of the most beautiful mountain camps in the Church. It is operated upon a thorough business basis and is self-supporting. Thousand of M. I. A. girls and many of their mothers, find rest, relaxation and recreation under its friendly roof. The Logan Stakes built their lovely home about the same time. Bear Lake, Box Elder and the four Ogden Stakes followed. Still more recently, Beaver, Maricopa and the Pima Ward of the St. Joseph Stake have erected camps, and others are in prospect with officers all over the Church enthusiastic in their efforts to establish delightful camps for their girls. The Summer Camp

Movement is thoroughly organized.

In preparation for the camps we have the following organization:

1. Executive Committee.
2. Light and Building Committee.
3. Finance Committee.
4. Furnishing Committee.
5. Management Committee,

and in the Camps themselves, under the direction of the M. I. A. Stake Officers:

1. A House Mother,
2. A Kitchen Supervisor,
3. A Recreational Leader.

Wards come to camp in organized groups with their own leaders who cooperate with the camp officers. Every girl is welcome, has her place, and is made happy and in turn contributes to the well being and happiness of all the others; each one is under the inspiring influence of competent physical and spiritual leaders.

This movement has the support of the Priesthood—in fact cannot prosper without it—also the support of the mothers of the girls who have been in the camps, and we plead for the support and cooperation of all our mothers. Now if our great Mother organization of the Church, the Relief Society, will

join with us in this great movement for supervised summer recreation, we would indeed be happy. Come and spend summer days with us, your daughters. Great good would come to us for we could gather to ourselves the riches of



PIMOLA SUMMER CAMP,
PIMA, ARIZONA

your experience and wisdom and great spiritual strength and the clear vision of your tested faith. You could enjoy in us the renewal of your youth, the ardent enthusiasm of our quest for happiness, and away from the stress and routine of every day affairs, we could be united in heart and purpose and more fully cement our efforts for the building of future noble womanhood.



A NATURE STUDY GROUP

The Relief Society Social Service Department

By Genevieve Thornton

(Supervisor Social Service Department, 1927-1930)

A PRINCIPLE that has made for the steady growth of the Relief Society is its success in meeting the needs of its people as they arise or as they assume more complex form. One of the most recent and perhaps the most interesting services to be developed to meet a special need is the Social Service Department maintained at Relief Society headquarters.

This Department has grown out of the need of the Church in a city the size of Salt Lake for a central bureau where wards can bring their knotty problems of families in trouble to specially trained people for help in planning and in the making of adjustments. It has also grown out of the need of the city for a central agency through which unattached L. D. S. families in distress who apply to, or are reported by other agencies to the Social Service Department can be put into touch with their local bishops or ward presidents. It is an agency through which all L. D. S. families most satisfactorily receive any needed service of the organized social agencies of the city. And likewise, its function of teaching volunteer Relief Society workers throughout the Church how to most successfully assist with family problems in their own wards and stakes has grown as the importance of and the need for this work has become better understood. This work, under General Board direction, is carried on by means of special classes and social service institutes at headquarters and in the various stakes.

THE Relief Society Social Service Department began in 1919 at

the close of the war, during which trying period the Relief Society office had assisted the Red Cross with L. D. S. family work. It commenced in a small way with one worker, and it has grown steadily until it now employs a supervisor, five family case workers, one employment worker and a stenographer. The late President Joseph F. Smith, always a friend to the work, advised the opening of this Department at Relief Society headquarters. This was done under the direction of President Emmeline B. Wells and her Board with Mrs. Amy B. Lyman in charge. The work grew steadily and increased practically to its present status during the administration of President Clarissa S. Williams, who succeeded "Aunt Em" as General President of the Relief Society, and who was most actively interested in the development of the most approved methods of doing family work.

But the leading spirit in the establishment and development of social work in the Church was and has continued to be Mrs. Amy B. Lyman, General Secretary of Relief Society from 1913 until 1928, and now first counselor to President Louise Y. Robison and Director of Social Service. To her tireless work and keen appreciation of the greater development of organized social work among our people is due much of the credit for the growth of social service generally in the Church, and of this special department with its various types of service.

WARD bishops and Relief Society presidents in Salt Lake

City and vicinity need the service of the Social Service Department in some ways more than do the wards in smaller communities, as conditions are such that in the city very few people who are not well situated financially own a home but rent instead. They move about a great deal from ward to ward so that in the more congested sections it is difficult for anyone to know their personal situation without making a definite study of this. City officers of wards in congested districts do not have the advantage of intimate, long-time acquaintance with these families, with their work and habits, relatives and general financial situation, etc., as is the case in the small town. In the city if Mr. Blank is suddenly taken ill and his family reported to the ward as being in distress, the matter of making the wisest and best solution of such a family problem is therefore not a simple one. And the number of such cases in many wards is so large that these ward officers, be they ever so efficient, find themselves unable to do all the work necessary even though they give most generously of their time. Also, they frequently feel the need of advice on some of the most knotty problems from people who specialize in social work.

It is at these points that the Social Service Department is often asked to take up the case, get acquainted with the family and learn the facts about their present trouble, how the family and their close relatives feel matters could best be worked out, and what resources there are in the family and in the city for working them out. This often entails correspondence and contacts with agencies and relatives in other localities. Then the worker has a talk with the ward president reporting the case, explaining the situation and giving

the recommendations of the Department as to what seems to be the thing that will help the family most. And together they work out details of the plan. The cooperation of the Social Service Department with wards often carries another advantage in that the Department is an agency of recognized professional standing in the community. Its recommendation to other social agencies in the city for service on a particular case is at once complied with so far as these agencies are able to meet the need. For instance, if after investigation by the department it appears that Mrs. Jones should have care at the County Infirmary the County officials admit her there as soon as there is a bed available. Or if relief must be supplied in the home due to illness or other cause, the County Department of Charities will put this in upon recommendation of the Department. This saves considerable ward money, as recommendation usually is that the expense be about equally divided between church and county. This close type of cooperation applies to all agencies with which the Department works. Other social agencies refer all L. D. S. persons asking them for service or assistance to the Relief Society Social Service Department for investigation and recommendation.

THE average number of families worked with in 1929 was 330 each month. These families are scattered through all the city stakes and close in county wards, the large number being in the more congested sections of the city. Of these, 220 families received some relief, while 110 received no relief but service in adjustments. Often the greatest need of a family is health or employment or educational opportunity

or a better understanding of and appreciation for each other rather than relief. The aim of the Department is always to strengthen the family in all ways so that it can carry its own load as soon as possible.

THE Social Service Department as such handles no relief except a small emergency fund provided by the General Board and an also comparatively small milk fund which the General Board and the Stakes provide for. These funds are used in the various city stakes. Funds are supplied, as indicated above, through ward bishops and Relief Society presidents, and through the County Department of Charities, the latter relief on recommendation of Social Service Department. The General Board however operates a storehouse of used clothing, quilts and furniture which is given or loaned to needy families. In making budgets, clothing from the storehouse is relied upon for a considerable part of the clothing supply.

WHILE the handling of this family work is the major activity of the Department, its social service institutes held upon call of the General Board and under its immediate direction, is an important part of its activity. Almost since the organization of the Department this work has been carried on but has recently been intensified under the administration of President Robison to include church-wide instruction of volunteer workers in all stakes. It has been long recognized that rural districts have many of the same social problems to cope with as urban sections do, and that instruction of social aids willing to volunteer some time with stake and ward work is of as vital importance there as it is in the larger centers. Therefore these social service insti-

tutes have been carried out to the different stakes upon their request for this service. In all, sixty such institutes have been held in the Church, varying in length from six weeks to a few days. Ward presidents, stake and ward social aids in attendance. It is only in Salt Lake City and vicinity that the benefit of direct assistance with case work from the Social Service Department can be made generally available. It is hoped that in the future this service from the Department can be extended to remote stakes by means of a traveling field worker who may spend a limited time in each section assisting wards with knotty problems. At present, during time that institutes are being held in outlying stakes some direct assistance is given these stakes. In the institutes the women are taught the underlying principles of social case work and practical use of community resources. Also professional people and public officials with whom the workers will need to co-operate, such as physicians, educators, county officers, etc. are invited to meet the group on the angles of social work in which they are most active. And the bishops are always invited to take part in these classes, it being recognized that one of the important points in good ward work is effective co-operation between bishop and ward president.

The general educational value of the institutes can hardly be overestimated. They have up to date reached over twenty-nine hundred individuals. In addition to this regular institute work the Department has trained nineteen people who have taken up social work as a profession. It has also given some assistance in University of Utah Extension courses in receiving students for field work in family case work. Instruction and some field experi-

ence has for a number of years been extended to L. D. S. Hospital nurses during their senior year. This service has been given at the request of these institutions.

ONE of the special activities of the Social Service Department which is of general interest is its summer outing work with underprivileged children in the various outlying stake Relief Societies. This work has been carried on rather extensively for the past six years. These stake Relief Societies have most generously co-operated with the Department in receiving the children into their homes, while the Salt Lake City stakes and the General Board have met the expense of transportation and necessary clothing, etc. These children are all undernourished or from homes where sickness, unemployment or other unfortunate conditions have deprived them of the home privileges that most children enjoy. These little folk have enjoyed these outings immensely and have shown a general gain in weight upon their return. The usual length of such outings is two weeks but some children have remained as guests for several weeks at the request of the homes in which they were entertained. Occasionally a child becomes homesick and is returned home before his time is up, but on the other hand last summer one little boy had such a good time on his Idaho outing that he later ran away from home, taking a little companion with him, and returned there without waiting for the formality of another invitation! And Cache Valley, Davis and Utah County stakes have been just as popular with the children. From 60 to 80 children are sent on these outings each year.

In addition to the stake work in summer outing, the Utah Tubercu-

losis Association has for the past three years, since the opening of its fresh air camp in Cottonwood Canyon, received nine or ten children through the Department, children who are badly underweight or who are known to have been in contact with active cases of tuberculosis in their home. The purpose of this camp is to build up children who might otherwise contract tuberculosis because of run down condition. The children are given six weeks in this camp and last summer showed an average gain in weight of 4.5 lbs. each.

ANOTHER important service maintained in the offices of the Social Service Department is that of an employment Bureau for women. In 1929 there were in all 1,867 positions secured by the Bureau. The larger number of these was for housework and cooking, but a few factory, laundry, sewing, practical nursing, pantry work, chamber maid, dish washer, waitress, janitor, nurse maid, maton, clerking, and office positions were also secured for women and girls. It is a service appreciated by many L. D. S. women and girls.

THUS is the Relief Society, by means of its Social Service Department, rising up to meet the special growing need of its people for professional social service in solving some of the difficult problems at hand for the teaching of the many fine volunteer Relief Society workers to assist them in carrying on their work more effectively, for close cooperative work with community agencies, and for the carrying on of such other special activities as may be extended to meet a particular need of the people.



The L. D. S. Children's Hospital

By Vera P. Wahlquist

"That broken and twisted little bones may be straightened and healed; that faltering little feet shall walk; that listless little hands shall wave; that dull eyes shall sparkle; that cries of pain shall be turned into glad song and laughter; to that end and to the children themselves this hospital is dedicated."

THE L. D. S. Children's Hospital, the pioneer institution of its kind in the state of Utah, had its beginning in 1911.

Inspiration for such a movement grew out of some surprising and pathetic conditions referred to the Primary General Board.

This institution is maintained by an unusually unique plan. During the months of March, April and May every person in the Church, both old and young, is invited to contribute one penny for each year of his age. These contributions are called "birthday pennies." This annual collection, together with special donations of food, clothing, etc., from the various ward and stake organizations, make possible the continuation of this free hospital service.

From 1911 to May, 1922, before the Convalescent Hospital was established, 52 cases were given treatment in the Dr. Groves L. D. S. Hospital.

During the following eight months, from May to Dec., 1922, 53 applications were made and the necessary treatment rendered.

IN 1923, the first complete year in our report, 82 cases were recorded. All of them, except one, were successfully treated for the following ailments: Osteomyelitis, (bone trouble), 21; Hip Trouble, 9; Infantile Paralysis, 14; Spinal Abnormality, 6; Tonsil Infection, 5; Heart Trouble, 3; Club Feet, 4; Lung Trouble, 1; Accidents, 1; Wry-Neck, 1. The one exception was a case of too long standing previous to hospital registration.

Up until November, 1930, over one thousand children have received professional assistance in The L. D. S. Children's Hospital, at a total cost of \$178,250.03. During the current year \$18,269.38 has been contributed for the maintenance of this institution, by our Primary Associations.

THE General Board is especially grateful to everyone that has helped to make this undertaking a success. Although the hospital can comfortably accommodate but twenty-five children, an average of forty is the regular registration. While the institution was established primarily to care for Primary children whose parents cannot meet the financial obligation, its hospitality is extended to all who are in need of such care. When the capacity permits, remunerative cases are also accepted.

"The majority of patients are brought to Salt Lake City and taken to the Dr. Groves L. D. S. Hospital for major operations, then are moved to the Children's Hospital for convalescence. Minor operations are performed at the Children's Hospital. Leading physicians and surgeons give their service free of charge. Where it is possible patients are taken care of in hospitals established in their own communities. In such cases, bills for room rent, operating services, etc., are sent to and paid for by the General Primary Association."

Registration of Cases

BEFORE a child can be placed as a Primary Association patient in any hospital, the following preliminaries must be made:

1. The case must be thoroughly diagnosed by a competent physician to see if the condition is remedial. (Feebleminded, epileptic, contagious and incurable cases cannot be considered.)

2. A hospital blank must be secured from the office of the General Primary Board, filled out and forwarded to that office if possible before the child arrives. However, emergency cases may be received without it.

3. A letter announcing the time of the child's expected arrival should be sent to the General Office.

4. The child, together with the blank properly filled out, should be brought to the General Office. This blank should be signed by the Ward Primary Superintendent, the Ward Bishop and the President of the Stake. If convenient, the Stake Superintendent of the Primary Association should sign it also; if not, she should be given the necessary information regarding the child that she may keep in touch with it and have a complete record of all children who receive help from the L. D. S. Children's Hospital.

The Sunny Side

A LITTLE boy five years old had cataracts on both eyes. He had never seen a ray of sunshine; not even his mother's face. After one operation by a competent physician, his sight was restored. The grateful mother, with tear dimmed eyes, said it was like a miracle, almost too good to be true. Before coming to the hospital, he was cross and fretful; afterward, he showed symptoms of a cheerful disposition.

Another boy, eleven years of age, had not walked since babyhood. He crept on his knees around the house. Whenever he desired to go some distance, his older brother carried him on his back. An operation was performed on his legs and after being in a cast for six months, he could stand upon his feet. Later by the use of braces he walked with crutches.

A tiny girl eight years of age, had not been able to go to school because of cataracts on her eyes. After the second operation, she, too, could see. She visited all the other children of the hospital and related

to them the good news. With her rosy face beaming with joy, she told them that on that day she had seen her first airplane. On Christmas after she returned home, she called on the Bishop of her ward and the Superintendent of the Primary to thank them for signing the application. The Superintendent of the Primary Association said that the child's expression of gratitude to her was the best Christmas present she had ever received. The little girl also wrote to the General Board to thank them for what had been done for her.

Amid all her rejoicing she did not forget to say, "Thank you" to her Father in Heaven.

Educational Opportunities

EACH year these boys and girls have the opportunity of pursuing their regular school work under the direction of the Salt Lake City Schools. Through the kind cooperation of Superintendent G. N. Child, every possible educational advantage is offered to the patients of the Primary Hospital.

Not all of these children are handicapped to the extent that they cannot attend school. Such cases are enrolled either in the grades of the Lafayette School or the classes of the West Junior High School.

Little children who are too seriously afflicted to go to these schools are taught at the Hospital by an especially appointed teacher of the Salt Lake Schools.

During the past year, each child completed the standardized course of study for his particular grade, and in each instance, at the close of the school year, a certificate of promotion was presented. This seems an unusual achievement for children who are so physically handicapped. It also bespeaks words of

praise for those loyal teachers who so efficiently carried on this work.

"Red Letter" Days

THROUGH the efforts of the Granite Stake Primary under the direction of Sister Josephine G. Goff, a moving picture machine was installed by an enthusiastic patron, Mr. David Neff. The splendid work begun by Sister Goff was later continued by Sister Margaret Jensen.

As a result of this interest in the happiness of the children at the Hospital, a film has been presented each week by one of our local picture houses. In most instances the pictures have been attractive and of a character promoting nature.

Once each year the children of the Hospital are given a day's outing at one of our parks. On this occasion the Police Department of Salt Lake City offers ambulance service for the transportation of the most seriously afflicted ones. In fact, at any time this service is at the disposal of those who have these children in charge. The Primary Board greatly appreciates the willing cooperation of this department.

Religious Training

THE children's auxiliary organizations of the Seventeenth Ward of Salt Lake City, help, too, in bringing sunshine to the lives of these unfortunate boys and girls.

Every Sunday morning some of the Sunday School officers and teachers conduct exercises for these children. The opportunity to partake of the Sacrament is hereby afforded them.

Under the untiring and capable leadership of Sister Rebecca Carr, Primary Superintendent of this ward, Primary is likewise brought

to the Children's Hospital. The activities of this organization bring week day religious instruction, training in the fundamentals of health, and opportunities for appropriate leisure time activities. They are taught the common little courtesies of life, the gospel message in terms which their youthful minds can grasp, and how to offer up to their Father in Heaven their own little prayerful petitions.

As a result of one type of leisure time instruction, one of the boys won two first prizes at the recent Utah State Fair.

Our story would be incomplete without a word of commendation for the spiritual influence of those in charge of this institution.

Each morning Miss Anna Rosenkilde, the Superintendent, asks the blessing on the food. At the noon and evening meals, she asks one of the children to offer thanks. At bedtime she gathers them all around her and calls upon one of the older ones to offer the goodnight prayer.

Whenever a little child is seriously ill, Miss Rosenkilde calls Sister Carr. As soon as possible the Elders are summoned and accom-

panied very often by Sister Carr, herself, go to the bedside of the afflicted one. Sister Carr delights in serving these unfortunate children who always enlist her wholehearted sympathy and motherly affection. Again, when a patient is to be operated upon, Miss Rosenkilde sends the name to the Temple, and there in the special prayer circle in the House of the Lord, these sick children are remembered.

This atmosphere of spirituality seems to be contagious, for very often a little child makes its own personal request for the administration of the Elders.

One little girl who came from a Catholic family said, after her recovery, "I knew I'd be better for the good men laid their hands on my head and blessed me. How could I help but be well and strong again!"

"Little bodies here are made
Straight and strong and well.
Little minds are taught to Know
Truths the Gospel tells.
Little hands learn how to do
Many a useful thing.
Little hearts and voices ever
Songs of gladness sing."



A Question in Case Work

By Annie D. Palmer

IN the comfortable waiting room of a family agency Joe Mann, a lad of eleven years, sat waiting his turn for service. The office girl had paid no attention to Joe whatever as she supposed he was accompanied by one of the adults who was also waiting. The lad hung close to the radiator and fumbled his shabby cap contentedly. When every one else had left the room the supervisor was informed that a very poor little boy had sat there for hours and was asking for "the lady what finds homes for kids."

"That last place you got fer me haint no good," said Joe by way of introduction when Miss Morton appeared. "I'll have to try another."

"Well—just what do you mean by no good? Why isn't it good, boy?"

"My name is Joe Mann. What must I call you?"

"I am Miss Morton. Grace Morton."

"You hain't the one what sent me to Arnolds are ye?"

"No. Maybe that was Miss Darnell."

"Yep. That's her. But she didn't know much about the Arnolds."

"Didn't she? It's a nice home, isn't it?"

"Oh, it's nice all right. But they hain't no place to live in it, nor to put things—not fer a boy, anyway."

"I thought it was a big house. I don't understand."

"You wouldn't. I guess you hain't never lived with some one

where you didn't belong. Please, Miss Morton, can't you find my very own mother an' dad? Why can't I live with them?"

"I'm afraid—"

"Miss Arnold said she guessed they was too poor to keep me. I don't care how poor they be. If they'd jest let me set by the fire, an' cuddle close up to 'em sometimes, I'd love 'em anyway. An' maybe I could git a job sellin' papers or somethin'."

"Your mother has gone to heaven, Joe."

"Dead!"

"Yes."

"Has my dad gone to heaven, too?"

"I don't think so."

"Mostly men don't go there, do they? Maybe my dad went to hell."

"Why Joe! I am shocked."

"That's where Mrs. Arnold keeps tellin' Mr. Arnold to go. Will you help me find my dad?"

"Your dad would never make a suitable home for you. That's why your mother left him."

"But I'd *belong* to him!"

"What makes you think you do not belong to the Arnolds?"

"Well, it's like this. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold set in the dining room an' listen to the radio an' talk about folks, an' wrecks, an' polerticks, an' earthquakes, an' everything. An' they don't care if I hear or if I don't. An then they git close together an' speak low an look at me once in awile, an' nen I know they're talkin' about me. So I listen awful hard, an' Mrs. Arnold says at I never can fit in an' she's a gonna change me fer a

girl or somethin'. Miss Morton, if you take me away from Arnolds, don't never send no girl there. I'd ruther stay myself. A girl couldn't stand it nohow."

"What makes you think a girl couldn't stand it?"

"Teacher says 'at girls is weaker—weaker—I dunno what that word is."

"But Mrs. Arnold might be love-ly to a girl."

"Oh, no. She couldn't."

"Where did you live before you went to Arnold's?"

"In the Boy's Detention Home. I didn't belong there, neither."

"Of course you didn't. Tell me about it."

"Well, I was so hungry! Have you ever been turrible, turrible hungry, so 'at yer stumic jest felt kinda like it was mashed?"

"Yes."

"But you could go some place where you belonged an' git some dinner couldn't ye? I didn't belong nowhere, an' I asked some fellers on the street fer some money. So they told a cop 'at I was beggin' an' I got sent to the home. It was better'n Arnold's though."

THE small office in which this interview was held grew dark, and the sophisticated young client became restless. Miss Morton was sorely puzzled. The lad had been placed in three different homes, besides spending a few weeks in the Boy's Detention Home. The only complaint against him was that he strayed about after school and was over sensitive about being corrected. The social worker began to see what it all meant. She remembered his earlier history, how his defenseless mother with her little brood had often left the home at nightfall in fear of the father who would come

home drunk and beat them. She remembered when the mother a few days before her death had begged that her children be rescued from the man whose duty it was to protect and shelter them. Joe was too young to remember. He had been placed in an institution. When he became very ill he had been taken to a hospital, where he was kept for nearly a year. Then he spent a few years with a distant aunt, who took him only because she saw in his care a possible way to keep her own children from want. His father failed to contribute and finally the aunt was obliged to take employment away from home. She could no longer continue the care of Joe. It was then that the agency began the placement of the lad, which, as already stated, developed into a series.

The big brown eyes of the child ran over as Miss Morton gently patted his shoulder and assured him there must be a place where he really belonged; and that she and Miss Darnell would never give up till they had found the place. Tonight he must return to the Arnolds who might even now be wondering where he was.

The weather was bitterly cold. Miss Morton offered a coat which Joe would not wear because it was too big for him. He confided to her that he had two good suits at the Arnold home, but was wearing these old clothes which were his very own because he had not intended to return. He was given a streetcar ticket which would take him within half a block of home. He was accustomed to going about by himself. That was no part of his problem.

Miss Darnell had now returned to the office and Miss Morton called her for consultation. Miss Darnell

believed Joe was right about not being wanted at Arnold's. Mrs. Arnold had consented to take him only to satisfy her husband, and she seemed to grow more and more peevish about the extra work. She was jealous, too; and any attention shown the boy by Mr. Arnold was the occasion for a quarrel or an angry pout. Joe's school record was very satisfactory. He was quick and alert and often showed wisdom beyond his years. He excelled in music and art. Many of his drawings and water color pieces were exhibited among the best work of the grade. But he was underweight and seemed not to care to play.

The young women decided that Joe should have another home. But they were more than puzzled about finding one. They got the bunch of application cards from the filing case, and went over them one by one. Nearly all the requests were for infants. There was a farmer in the southern part of the state who wanted a boy of the age that Joe might fit. But investigation had shown that the farmer was keeping his own boys from school a big part of the time; and that his concern lay much more in the raising of good hogs than in the training of potential men. A widow who had recently buried an only son had applied for such a boy as Joe, too. Her income was too meagre to think about, and her health was failing. Besides, every social worker would agree that what Joe needed more than anything else was normal family life, which means a father and a mother. It looked very discouraging for Joe. Miss Morton said nothing about it, but in her heart she wished that she herself could offer this fine little lad the kind of home he ought to have.

THE supervisor continued to rake her brain about Joe long after she went to bed that night, wondering who would take him, and how she could help to get him interpreted right. When they did place him again it must be with a better understanding of his needs and the feeling of security and friendliness that up to the present had failed to touch his life. At last the tired worker fell asleep and dreamed that she was a child again, closely folded in her mother's arms, while soft lullabies and gentle bedtime stories soothed her to rest. She thought of Joe wistfully while she took her morning bath, and sorrowfully on her way to work. There was something in the manner of this waif, in the appealing look of his beautiful eyes that she was quite unable to brush aside, as though he who felt that he didn't belong anywhere, really belonged to her. She smiled to herself at what the verdict of such a piece of social work would be.

"Who was Joe's mother?" she asked abruptly in answer to the pleasant "Good morning" of Miss Darnell.

Miss Darnell couldn't remember. Her maiden name wasn't on the record. Strange they had overlooked that. They must get the information from Joe.

A moment later Miss Morton was called to the telephone. The icy tones of a proud woman answered her.

"Mrs. Arnold speaking. Joe Mann was knocked down by an auto last night at dusk. His left leg is badly broken, also his left arm. The doctor says there may be internal injuries. The kid is in a very bad condition, and I can't stay with him. He is at the County Hospital. He is calling for his mother."

Miss Morton felt a wild impulse to rush to the injured lad, but it was really Miss Darnell's case. Why should she be chasing out on it. And what could any one do just now except to assure herself that everything possible would be done for the child at the hospital? When Miss Darnell returned she said even her visit was unnecessary because everyone at the hospital knew Joe and loved him. She found him lying still and white on his pillows gazing with admiration at a picture of his mother in a tiny locket. The peaceful look on his face had made Miss Darnell wonder if here was where he felt that he really belonged.

A smart young attorney of the Legal Aid Society was asked to go after the legal phase of the situation in the hope there might be compensation. He found that the driver of the car had reported at the sheriff's office and no arrest was made. A ragged waif had darted in front of his car, the accident was unavoidable. He had paid \$50 to the kid's father and had supposed the matter settled. The man was now held under a thousand dollars bail pending trial when Joe was better.

For weeks Joe seemed to grow thinner and paler. The broken bones were knit, but the broken spirit continued to droop. Miss Darnell went out on vacation, and Miss Morton found a good reason for visiting the hospital. Joe smiled as she came to the bed and clasped his small, white hand.

"How are you, Joe? Better?" she asked cheerfully.

"Yep. Have you got a place for me yet?"

"Well, you see we had to sort o' wait for you to get well. You've been ill a long time."

"I'll say I have. Only fer jest

a poor kid like me, we call it plain sick. Shall I tell ye somethin'?"

"Sure. A secret?"

"Kind of. They's been quite a lot of folks here, doctors an' nurses, an'—an'—"

"And lawyers?"

"Yep. An' I've picked out a dad."

"You have?"

"But I hain't seen his wife yet. You said I must have a mother and a father."

"So I did. Let's hope the wife is the very kind of woman you'd like for a mother, Joe. Have you talked to him about it?"

"Nope. I thought you had to do that."

"Oh, I see. Referring it to a specialist. Well, who is the lucky man? I suppose I'd better see him."

"I've got a card with his name—"

The child fumbled about under his pillow and drew forth a card with the name, *Samuel R. Harvey, Attorney at Law*. "That's him," he said, "He's sure some guy. Calls me Mr. Mann. An' tells me about goin' fishin', an' says he'll hire me to caddy an' sweep his office when I git well. Gee, won't it be fine to earn money to buy clothes an' lunches?"

Miss Morton had never met Attorney Harvey, but she had heard him over radio in a series of talks to boy scouts. She remembered how sound and inspiring these talks had been. How simple the words! How pleasing the voice! No wonder he had captured the heart of Joe.

"You can see him today if you wait. He said he'd bring me some ice cream at four o'clock."

"It's three-thirty now."

"Three-twenty-nine to be exact." The lad held out his wrist for verification.

"Did he give you the wrist watch?"

"Nope. He let me take it so's I can tell when he's comin'. I'm gonna buy it of him when I git well. He said it would help me to be exact."

"Fine. Well, then I'll go and talk to the doctor, and come back ten minutes after Mr. Harvey does. O. K.?"

"That will be exactly four ten, won't it?"

DR. TAYLOR reported that Joe should be removed from the hospital, but there seemed to be no suitable home. He was not gaining. What he needed was mothering. His was a nature very fine and sensitive, one that responds quickly to environment; and a hospital is no suitable place for such patients. Miss Morton assured the doctor that she understood the situation and would do all in her power to get him located as soon as possible. When Dr. Taylor had hurried away, she still had ten minutes before she might again venture into the semi-private ward where Joe would introduce her to his friend. She earnestly hoped for the sake of the boy, that Mr. Harvey would consider giving him a home. She hoped Mr. Harvey's wife would show the same fine spirit the boy had discovered in his attorney. And yet before the ten minutes were ended, she had half planned to herself undertake the care of the little patient; and she almost wished Mr. Harvey would not consider the request. Again she thought over her old casework principle that the child should have a father and a mother. She must undertake the delicate task of trying to place a boy where there was no application, and had never been

the slightest indication that a child was wanted.

How could she under these circumstances broach the subject to Mr. Harvey whom she had never met before? She felt almost eloquent on the subject of Joe's need, but would she be able to control her emotion?

It was four ten "to be exact," when she opened the door of the ward. Mr. Harvey sat with his back to the door holding the hand of Joe.

"Now the nurse will soon be inviting me to leave," he was saying, "in which case I might get angry and not come back."

"But you will listen to Miss Morton first, won't you? She wants to ask you somethin'."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Morton," said the attorney, rising. "I thought a nurse opened the door. Be seated."

"I can sit on the edge of Joe's bed," she replied, "while you keep the chair. I am so glad to meet you. So appreciative of your interest in Joe. So anxious for his welfare. You see we are looking for a suitable home for Joe, some place where he will feel security, and a sense that he really belongs. He is a fine lad, and I'd love to have him myself. In fact I had partly planned—only a boy needs a mother and a dad. Besides, Joe has taken such a liking to you. In fact he has really chosen you, selected you, as it were; and hopes you can be induced to let him be your son—providing, of course, Mrs. Harvey might approve. You'll think me queer in making this kind of proposition to you when we are comparative strangers, and I must admit it is poor casework. My only excuse is the good of the boy. It doesn't need to be decided today, does it little Man?"

The attorney looked her over for about a minute before he answered: "If you weren't so earnest and so frightened, I'd laugh. Of course I'm going to be a dad to Joe. He *belongs* to me! The picture he has in that locket is my sister Lucy, whom I saw last before Joe was born. But I have no home, and no Mrs. Harvey to consult. Can Joe stay here for two more weeks while I make preparation for the family life? And, Miss Morton,

may I see you this evening and talk further about plans for the mothering of Joe? I know I shouldn't ask for appointments after office hours, but the business is very urgent."

"It will be exactly two weeks, won't it?" Joe asked wondering.

Mr. Harvey looked into the smiling eyes of the woman and replied: "I think so. We shall work very fast."

The Neighborhood House

By Ellen Taylor

THE work of the Neighborhood House was begun in 1894, when the Board of Managers started a free Kindergarten on the East Side of town. After many changes of locality the work was centered at 753 West 1st South in 1911, and there it remained until 1928 when a beautiful new building was erected at 727 West 1st South which now houses the various activities.

The Day Nursery, for care of children whose mothers must work for their living outside the home, is open every week day at seven in the morning. The members of it range from nine months to nine years old. They come from all parts of town. They come in autos, trucks, street cars and on foot. Their rooms are furnished as memorials, more helpful than those of marble. The Rosemary Room is full of little green beds, each one inscribed with the name of the giver and of the one in whose memory it was given. The playground was supplied by the city with the best possible equipment, including junglym, sandbox and wading pool.

The meals served are what the children need and enjoy with plenty of fresh vegetables, fruit and milk. It is a day home for those who come. The average attendance in October, 1930, was forty-six. Each application is signed by the parent with the understanding that the child will be vaccinated, take diphtheria anti-toxin and have whatever medical or dental care is needed. The enrollment for the year April 1, 1929, to April 1, 1930, was one hundred and eighty-one children, coming from one hundred and fifteen families.

THE Board of Health Clinic makes it convenient for the West Side mothers to bring their babies without a trip to town, and the crowded room shows how this service is appreciated.

The Public Library keeps a lending station and reading room open three afternoons a week. Many gifts of books supplement those the library can buy. The nationality, especially of the youngest readers, is varied: Chinese, Italian, Greek and Austrian have a common in-

terest in stories and go off with books that introduce them to good English literature.

The Kindergarten, a branch of the Franklin Public School, is in the house, supported and directed by the Board of Education, for the use of the nursery children and others who live near. The room was beautifully equipped by the School Board when the house was opened.

The Girl Scouts and Brownies have each a Neighborhood House Troop to the advantage of the House and the girls, who often find here needs for their services. The art of sewing is taught to girls at the Saturday morning Sewing School and many of them give up their holiday for their improvement and pleasure. The teachers are all volunteers who are glad to help. For several years, two of them were Public School teachers giving their leisure morning to serve these children.

THE Handicraft class is for women to help them earn money while at home. It is carried on by two board members. Orders are taken for embroidery, table and bed linen, and for careful mending, lace, sweaters, etc. One of the women who was taught at home in Norway, has filled orders for mending delicate fabrics very satisfactorily, as well as doing the other work of the class. There are evening and afternoon clubs for girls and women.

The Employment Office is carried on to find work for the women who go out to do housework, cleaning, etc., and to provide the housekeepers of the town with their service. Many of the nursery and other mothers, have supported themselves and their families for

years through this office. This last year has been very difficult, as there have been fewer calls for workers and many more demands for work. Where so many men are unemployed, or only on part time, the women must help to keep up the home, pay the incidental expenses of home life besides the food and clothes needed by school children. On this account, friends of the Neighborhood House have helped with clothing for some of the families, so that the boys and girls may use the advantages of the city schools. It is hard to see a promising young girl give up the work and play of High School to take a position as houseworker for the support of her parents and the home. Yet the girls who have done so feel that the help they give is their reward.

A BAZAAR was held one day, years ago, to raise additional money needed for the support of the Neighborhood House, and it was so successful both financially and in giving to the neighbors what they could not buy at the same price in the stores, that out of this experience developed the Neighborhood House Shop. It was housed in various places until it was convenient to buy a little corner building that had been a laundry. A retired business man gave of his time and skill in directing it until his death. Open three afternoons a week with four saleswomen, it reaches not only neighbors but people from quite a distance. Gifts for sale are sent from other Utah towns, as donors have become interested. Tomatoes and apples from outlying farms have been sold at prices that cover the cost of hauling and give unemployed truckmen a small wage. Furniture has helped

families to start a permanent home after a wandering existence of furnished lodgings. Clothing of all sorts is for sale, from pretty, fresh things that are occasionally given, to materials good only for quilts or rugs. Flannels, children's clothes and shoes are always needed. Toys and costumes are sold or rented for occasions and at Halloween several were happily outfitted. The money raised by the shop helps materially in the support of the Neighborhood House.

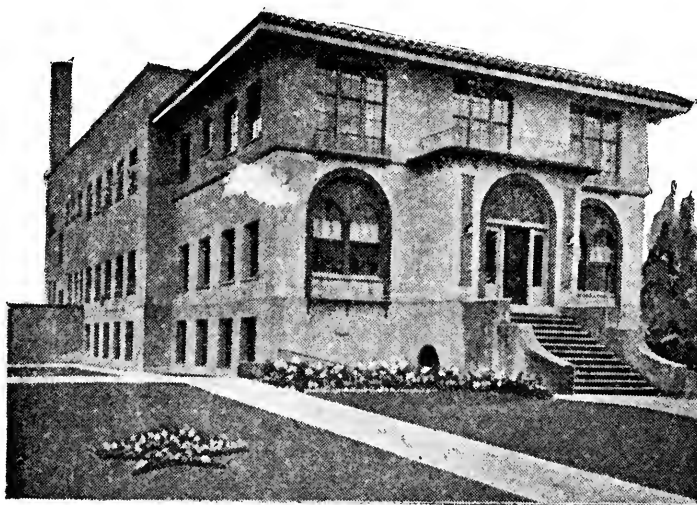
THE Neighborhood House is one of the Salt Lake Community Chest agencies. The State of Utah makes an appropriation chiefly so that by bringing their children to the nursery its widowed and other needy mothers may feel free to work to support the home. The shop receipts, nursery fees, the State and Community Chest appropriations, support the work of the Neighborhood House. The building of the new house and its equipment was done altogether through special gifts.

The old house was given up for the larger, better one, but still has its place in West Side work. It is now used as a Club House during

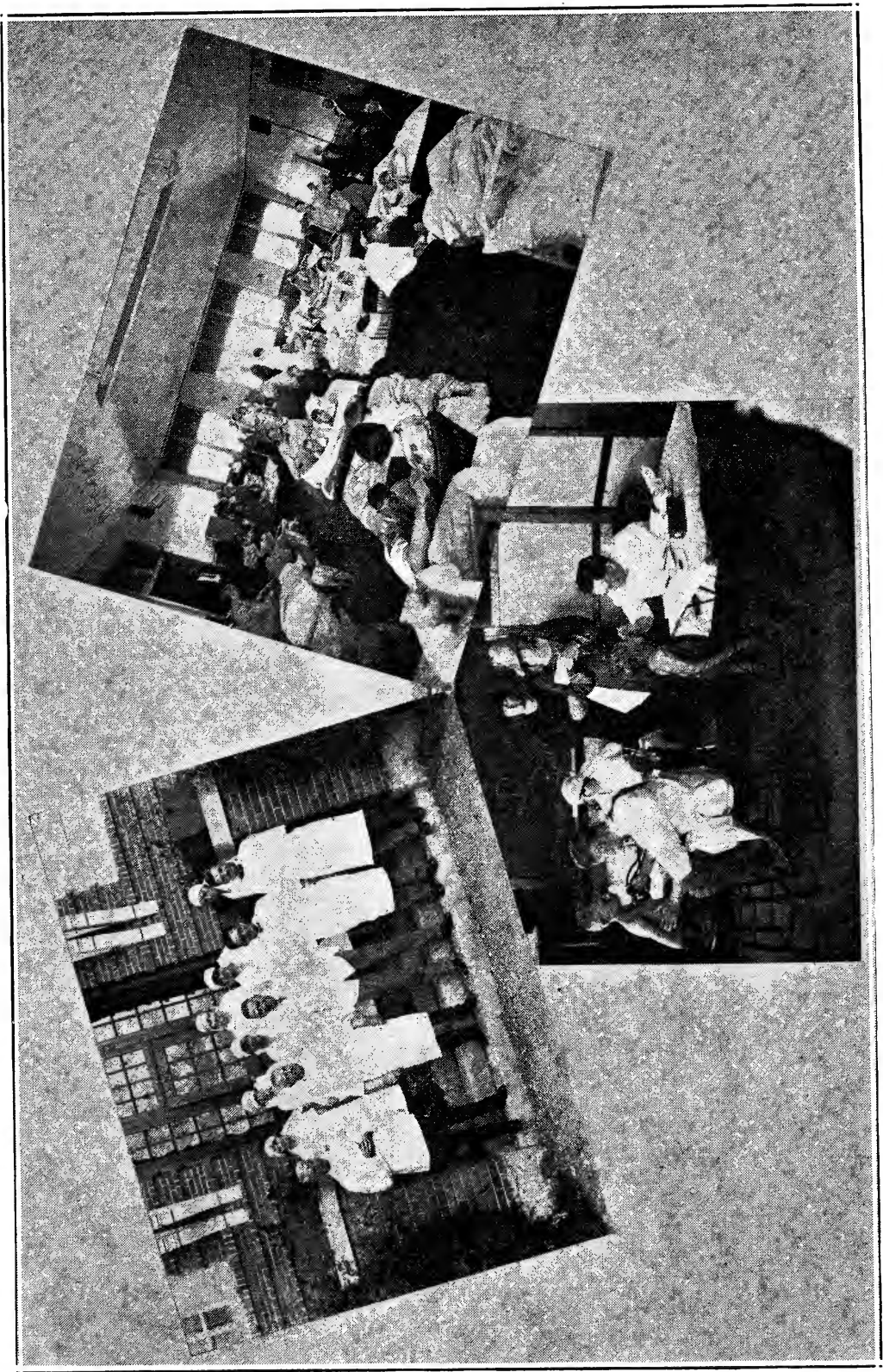
the winter and a Playground Center during the summer months, supported by men's service clubs and the City through its Park and Playground Departments.

CHRISTMAS festivities last over a week, and many different groups enjoy the good cheer. Thanksgiving time is really a time of rejoicing—the nursery children with some big brothers and sisters celebrate first at their "day home" and later with their mothers at their own homes. Last year a real Thanksgiving dinner was given by a friendly club to all our nursery mothers, who fully appreciate the great treat of being served at table. For all the holiday entertainments, parties, picnics, gifts, etc., we are indebted to schools, clubs and interested friends of all ages, rich and poor. Volunteer service helps in every phase of the Neighborhood House work, sewing, working with the pre-school children, carrying on clubs, friendly visiting, music, auto service, etc.

By its location, by its many contacts with its neighbors and by the present advantages of better equipment, Neighborhood House hopes for a future of greater usefulness.



THE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE



THE CLINIC STAFF THE PHYSICAL AND DENTAL EXAMINATION TEMPORARY HOSPITAL WARD

Alberta Carries Health to its Children

By Frank Steele

THE province of Alberta, Canada, is waging war on defective teeth, tonsils, adenoids, ruptures, eye troubles and other defects undermining the health of its children. For six years now the department of health has sponsored a system of traveling health clinics, a movement for child health that actually carries the services of skilled doctors and nurses to the doors of the people giving the children needed attention at a fraction of the ordinary cost. Dental service is also given and early in the past year an aggressive mouth health campaign was inaugurated to cover the whole of the province.

"Save the children and you save all," to paraphrase the well known slogan of a commercial group, seems to be the keynote of the Alberta authorities. To quote the words of the minister of health, Hon. George Hoadley, the policy of the government is as follows: "The department of public health takes the attitude that the health and well-being of the children of the province is of primary importance, and thoroughly realizes the fact that there are a great many instances where parents are too far removed from the cities or other hospital centers, or who are financially unable to undertake the considerable cost of bringing their children to these centers for proper treatment of remediable defects which are retarding their physical and mental development."

Thousands of Alberta mothers are eager to have a visit from the travelling child welfare clinic which travels through the province during

the summer months. During the summer of 1929 a total of 121 clinics were held at centers reaching all the way from the fringe of the Arctic to the United States boundary, and 2,566 children were examined. Of this number 772 only were found to be in perfect condition, and 1,794 were suffering from minor defects. This service to the pre-school age children is augmented by clinics for school children at which, in addition to the giving of hints on diet, posture, etc., operations are performed, eyes fitted for glasses, defective teeth removed and other work performed by government doctors, dentists, eye specialists and nurses.

Usually some local community organization cooperates with the health department in the holding of these clinics. In some of our Latter-day Saint communities the Relief Society organizations have given needed backing to the movement. Preliminary examinations are made by a qualified nurse and the condition of the children is noted. On the appointed day for the opening of the clinic, the travelling "hospital" staff arrives by motor caravan, and further examinations are made and those in immediate need of surgical or dental help are tabulated for recommendation to the surgical clinic to be held the following day. Following these preliminaries definite arrangements are made with the parents or guardians of the little patients, including the time of assembly, necessary clothing, payment of fees and the signing of permission forms.

The local committee, meanwhile,

has made all arrangements for hospital ward equipment—often the clinics are held in schools, halls and churches—and by early morning the clinic is well away. In a single year 663 operations for tonsils and adenoids were performed, 89 circumcisions, 1311 extractions and about 500 other dental treatments. In addition to this practical work, hundreds of others were either given prescriptions or referred to their family physicians or dentists for surgical and dental work. Scores were vaccinated.

Underlying this travelling clinic service is help to the public, hence the fees are brought within the reach of parents of even very limited means. Operations for tonsils and adenoids are performed for \$15 with other surgical work in proportion. For dental work extractions run from fifty cents to one dollar, fillings from one dollar to two dol-

lars and other treatments in proportion.

Great as is the immediate benefits to the child's physical and mental condition accruing from the work of the travelling clinics, the movement is having another and perhaps greater effect. It is a subtle kind of service, the creation in the minds of the people of a consciousness of the transcendent value of health. Alberta's vast stretches have numerous communities isolated from hospital conveniences, often from medical and dental services, and to these communities, struggling to gain a foothold in their new home, the travelling health clinic is proving a boon indeed.

To these rural folk, many of them still halting in their use of English, there comes through this work privileges hitherto reserved for those living in the larger towns and cities.

Municipal Hospitals in Alberta, Canada

By Dora H. Jacobs

IN order to give a concrete example of how the Municipal Hospital Act operates, I will cite the Cardston Municipal Hospital District. In this district there are five units or subdivisions—four rural and one urban unit. The urban unit is the Town of Cardston. In the rural units there is an area of 508,197 acres. The district serves about 7000 people.

Before a hospital district is established, a petition is sent to the Minister of Health of the Province, which petition is signed by at least 10% of the rate payers or tax payers in the particular units seeking to be formed into a district. This petition contains the proposed hospital scheme. The scheme sets

forth on what terms and conditions the rate payers desire to be formed into a district.

After receiving the approval of the Minister, the scheme is voted on by the hospital rate payers in the proposed district. If the scheme is ratified by vote, it then becomes the constitution of the said hospital district.

Each unit has a representative on the hospital board which forms the governing body of the hospital district. The board has powers for carrying out the provisions of the hospital scheme. Some of the principal provisions of the scheme are issuing bonds or debentures, erecting or purchasing a hospital, engaging the hospital staff, and in

general assuming of the supervision of the said hospital.

The revenue of the hospital is raised by the hospital board making a requisition for certain funds each year from each of the five contributing hospital units. In the urban unit, the assessment and collection of the taxes or rates is made by the council of such urban unit. In the rural units the assessment is made and collected by the Provincial government.

Where rate payers' taxes amount to \$6.00 yearly, the rate payer and all members of his or her household obtain all hospital privileges for \$1.00 per day. These hospital privileges do not include the cost of a physician in performing operations. Persons who are not rate payers or who are not hospital supporters pay \$4.50 per day for hospital privileges besides paying the usual fees for surgical operations. Any person who resides in the hospital district, and who pays \$6.00 to the hospital board before the first day of March each year, becomes a hospital supporter and is entitled with all of the members of his or her household, to the \$1.00 per day rate. This is a very generous provision for people of moderate means to obtain hospital privileges for a very nominal sum.

So far the scheme has worked out very well, and has been a source of great assistance to people who require hospital privileges.

We have a splendid Indian Hospital which is built on the Indian Reserve just across the road from the Cardston Municipal Hospital. The Indian Hospital is equipped with most of the latest devices used in hospitals. All the care taking is done under the direction of the Federal Government, while one of our local doctors has charge of all medical and surgical work. Hundreds of Indians receive medical attention there yearly, and their women during maternity, receive every attention as do the white women in our own hospital. The Indian Hospital is maintained wholly by the Federal Government and all Indians are admitted free of charge.

It is working a wonderful reformation among the Lamanite race, especially in the way of sanitary measures.

Our Provincial Government also furnishes us with a travelling clinic consisting of a physician, surgeon, dentist and several nurses who travel around through the thinly populated rural areas of the Province, more especially where there are no hospital conveniences. These clinics do a great deal of good. We are indeed proud of the most excellent service rendered by our Provincial and Federal governments along these lines, for we feel that no governments could show greater interest in the health and well being of their subjects, than does ours.

If

By Elsie E. Barrett

If we would strew good seeds each day,
A forest soon would grow;
Then love would come at evening time,
When age begins to show.

If we would drop a wholesome thought,
Upon a genial mind;
Let fall true words of hope and love,
They'd soon increase their kind.

O seed! O thought! O word of hope!
O love that grows so fast!
You seem so little when begun,
But mighty at the last.

What the Social Service Institute Means to Us

By Laura A. Watkins, Logan Stake Representative

(Address given at Relief Society Conference, Oct. 1, 1930)

I AM very happy and feel very much honored in being asked to try to explain to you people just what this institute means to a stake worker, although I sense very keenly this responsibility.

I wish it were possible for me to convey to you one hundredth part of the inspiration and some of the beautiful thoughts that came to me during the institute. I marvel that a course could be so unique yet so broad in its scope as to include so many varied yet closely related subjects in six short weeks. I do not know how it would have been possible to have made better arrangements or more profitable contacts. The course was very intensive, there was no time wasted. Every minute was planned for our enlightenment and comfort and to give us the greatest possible benefit. I feel that it is one of the biggest movements forward in Relief Society work. The stake officer who has the opportunity to attend is indeed favored. I know it is a sacrifice to leave home for that length of time but it is well worth the effort.

I am grateful that it was possible for me to attend all the class work every day as there was something really worth while in each contact. You know there is an unspoken language that travels from soul to soul, and my heart was touched. I have heard it said that religion must be caught, not taught. I believe the real lessons of life must be caught as well as taught, and the teachers must have the

power to make one feel as well as think. I believe our dear sisters who so patiently and faithfully labored with us, will ever remain in our memory as a teaching power.

I WOULD say to the stakes who will have the opportunity to send delegates to the social service institute that it was the most profitable six weeks I ever spent from an educational viewpoint. It is the first time I have ever had the privilege of studying the theory and trying to apply it at the same time. When we discuss methods of dealing with people, then go out and come in direct contact with the problems of disease, poverty, neglect, delinquency and the heart-aches and heart-throbs that naturally accompany these unhappy conditions, we renew our determination to work a little harder, and study a little more the ways and means of helping to alleviate suffering.

I do not wish to give the impression that because of this short course, I feel prepared to do efficient social work; rather I sense more keenly my inability to do so. But, it has given me a much broader understanding of what is expected and a greater conception of the magnitude of the work. I take it as a foundation for a beginning upon which to build. Through the observations made and the literature we have studied we can better understand some of the world's needs. One of the big impressions of the institute that came to me was the stimulation to a higher development

of my own powers and to better prepare myself to live and help others make a more harmonious adjustment to life. The span of life has been increased by several years in the last decade, but what does that profit a person unless that life has been made more desirable? When we meet with so much unhappiness and suffering, we wonder what is wrong with the world and why this should be so. "Man is that he might have joy." Christ came to earth not only to make the redemption of mankind possible, but to set the proper example, and lead the way. He was the greatest sociologist the world has ever known, our greatest teacher, yet after two thousand years we are just beginning to realize what he meant when he said, "love thy neighbor as thyself."

I WAS impressed with the thread of the many valuable thoughts which were carried over from one class into another, and through the entire period. I shall briefly mention a few:

1. Preventative rather than curative methods were stressed. The old adage, "A stitch in time saves nine" is true in every phase of social work.

2. Early detection of problems is vital whether they present themselves in the form of physical or mental illness, delinquency or what not. All educators today realize that childhood is the psychological time to lay the foundation for character and a happy future.

3. Home is the greatest of the institutions. Of course we know that the home is a divine institution, and that every Latter-day Saint woman should help preserve the finer elements of family life. But it is interesting to hear men who have spent many years studying social problems, declare that the home

is the very basis of society and must be kept intact.

4. Another thought that Sister Evans gave out time and again was—in our work we should minister to the strength of people and not to their weakness. This thought comes to me often and I can see that it embodies volumes. To be able to do this, one would need to be blessed with tact, wisdom, understanding, knowledge, and would need to be judicious, and I wonder if it will ever be possible for me to develop in any degree these desirable characteristics, and yet we must use them all the time if we are to have any degree of success in our work. Ella Wheeler Wilcox recognized this when she said:

"I gave a beggar from my little store of
well earned gold,
He took the shining ore, and came again
and, again,
Still cold and hungry as before.
I gave a thought, and through that
thought of mine
He found himself, the man divine,
Fed, clothed and anchored,
And now he begs no more."

MY vision has been broadened by visiting the state and county institutions, under the direction of Miss Thornton. Time will not permit relating the many varied experiences and profitable lessons obtained from these visits. I should like to mention just a few of my impressions. I noted in visiting the mental hospital the decided change that has taken place in the past few years. That deep feeling of depression was not present in the same degree, there was a more cheerful aspect all around, also many comforts which were absent in my previous visit had been provided. I was very much impressed with the school for the blind and the deaf. Their process of learning was interesting in the extreme. I should

have enjoyed spending the entire day there. I was not so favorably impressed with the industrial school. It cast a gloom over me which I was not able to dispel. Perhaps it was because I knew those boys and girls were not there through choice, but to answer to the law for the mistakes they had made and their failure to comply with the rules of society. In one of the workshops there were many mottoes, one of which read like this—"Boys and girls are more in need of models than they are of critics." I wondered how many of them were there because of bad behavior patterns of parents, teachers, neighbors, and church members. One writer has said,

"The night has a thousand eyes, the day
but one,
Yet the light of a whole world dies with
the setting sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes, the
heart but one,
Yet the light of a whole life dies when
love is done."

IN glancing over the countenances of these boys and girls, I again wondered how many had lost hope and faith in themselves, and if the light of their life had gone out; if so, if ever again it would be re-kindled, or if they would later find their way to a penal institution. Somehow I could not help thinking that perhaps most of these children could have been spared this unpleasant episode if their early training could have been adequate. And I thought more seriously of our responsibility as Relief Society women. If we could throw out a

thought or a kind word that would help some one along the rugged path, how worth while life would be. Why do we live unless to make life less difficult? Gillian says,

"Tis the human touch in this world that
counts,
The touch of your hand and mine,
Which means far more to the fainting
heart
Than shelter and bread and wine.
For shelter is gone when night is past,
And bread lasts only a day,
But the touch of the hand and the sound
of the voice
Sing on in the soul alway."

In conclusion, let me say just a word about the personnel, both of the Family Service Society and of the Relief Society Social Service Department. I think I have never come in contact with office groups who have a keener sense of appreciation. You can just see the word service written all over them. Now what I have been trying to clarify in my own mind is whether social service work has helped these people develop that finer type of personality, or, because of their personality development and their sense of values, they have chosen to do as Christ said, "Feed my sheep." It is my firm conviction that every sister who has taken this course can truthfully say that she has been imbued with a sincere desire to return to her stake and comply with the Master's command—"Feed my lambs."

May we all be blessed in our Relief Society work and may it continue to grow, I pray in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Great deeds cannot die;
They with the sun and moon renew their light
For ever, blessing those that look on them.—*Tennyson.*

A Hidden Opportunity

By Rose Ellen B. Valentine

AFTER considering for days whether or not to take a vacation, I finally came to a decision on July 18, 1926, and concluded to join some relatives and friends in an excursion trip to Los Angeles. Plans and arrangements for the journey were discussed, and upon retiring for the night my mind was filled with delightful thoughts of travel, new faces, strange scenes, and sweet rest.

Upon reaching our offices the following morning, we received an inquiry from the First Presidency of the Church concerning our conditions and our feelings, with respect to a call for my husband to preside over the German-Austrian Mission, with headquarters at Dresden. With mingled feelings of disappointment and exquisite joy the California trip was swallowed up in the more absorbing preparation for the European journey and the missionary responsibility.

Under the hands of the First Presidency of the Church, President Anthony W. Ivins being mouth, I was set apart as a missionary and as President over the Women's Organizations of the German-Austrian Mission, under the direction of my husband—a rare privilege and one calling for divine guidance. With great faith in the promises of the Lord, I went forth.

THE farewells and separation from friends and loved ones closed another chapter in life's history, and a new one opened up, in those bright autumn days as the great train carried us eastward, and more eastward, to Chicago, Buffalo, including Niagara Falls, and on to

Montreal. Here we boarded the Canadian Pacific Liner, *Montrose*, which glided down the majestic St. Lawrence River, skirted on either bank with the autumn splendor of colorful foliage. A few hours stop at Quebec, for the pickup of the last Mail gave the passengers time for a stroll in the midnight moonlight, through the winding streets of the quaint old City of the Dominion. When morning came, we were already on the mighty deep. The number of hungry guests to the dining room grew fewer. Physical adjustments were being made; many quickly found their bearings and availed themselves of sea voyage comforts, while others were forced to endure seclusion until the welcome sight of land appeared.

AT Liverpool, there was a rush through the customs, a bustle about the city, and away to Harwich and the continent. We, however, spent a day or two in the genial warmth of the fireside of President and Sister James E. Talmage of the European Mission at Durham House, after which we wended our way to Leeds, to the loved ones of my father, James Bywater; then to London, and on to Dresden, the home of the Mission, where we discovered that we had been anxiously awaited, that we might participate in the last of the autumn conferences. A few hours of readjustment and off we went, to Berlin and to the first of our Conferences—a picture, unbelievable—the assembly hall of the Elizabeth School, in the vicinity of the Alexander Platz in Berlin filled beyond capacity! What a change, formerly

hunted, now protected; at one time banished, now made welcome in their spacious school buildings! Would that the same recognition might come everywhere.

A DISTRICT CONFERENCE is no longer a preaching service alone, but includes, a recreational program, sacred pageantry, department meetings and convention work, as well. How admirably are the school buildings suited for such a program, with their gyms, assemblies, and class rooms. My joy at greeting again the sisters of the Relief Society, in a meeting at the close of the afternoon session of the conference was quite complete. Almost a foretaste of heaven, to be again among those whom we had aided and assisted in this organization so many years before. It was difficult to again use the adopted tongue which had fallen more or less into subconsciousness because of disuse. Truly, nature seems to bestow upon us according to the use and application which we make, while penalizing us for disuse. We soon became aware that the work had been going steadily on since our departure from the Mission in 1917, for we found it much in advance of what it was at that time. The Mutuels had long since made their formal entry and were now on the verge of specializing in the departments of Scouting, and the Bee Hive Work, and the "M" Men too, were beckoning for attention.

IN a special conference with President Hugh J. Cannon and his wife Sarah, R. Cannon of the Swiss-German Mission, we learned that Sister Cannon was greatly imbued with the work of the Bee Hive Girls in the missions, and was directing the translation of a Hand Book, for use in that field. I, there-

fore, was given the responsibility of supplying or suggesting the material for the Relief Societies of the missions as the successor of Sister Eliza Tadge. This arrangement continued and worked most excellently. Sister Sarah R. Cannon may for all time be proud of the accomplishment of translating the Bee Hive Hand Book for the benefit of the Bee Hive Girls of the German Missions, because too much praise cannot be given for the excellence of that effort.

While the Bee Hive Hand Book was going forward, I was groping and struggling with Relief Society work. The whisperings of the Spirit to me and had been and were: "Why not take up the work of Nutrition?" It came repeatedly. I recognized the voice but felt my inability to respond, especially in a foreign land and a strange tongue; and because of so many other tasks, among them the Mission Home, the Mission Mother, and the introducing of the Bee Hive work among the girls of the Mission. Nevertheless the work was growing, and the preparation was in progress, although with my limited finite vision I was not able to discern its development. The organizations of the Relief Societies were increasing in numbers and membership. The societies were better organized and more efficient; the adoption of the Uniform Roll and Minute books was a step forward.

IN June, 1928, the Green-Gold *Freud'echo*, was held in Berlin. At its termination a conference convened, between the presidencies of the two German Missions, and it was finally decided, that an outline on Nutrition should be worked out; and the responsibility of doing this fell upon me since this was more

or less in the line of my activity and research. The Great Nutritional Exposition, then in progress in Berlin seemed providential, and revealed a most helpful source of assistance in accomplishing the task. In vision I saw a realization of the ever recurring urge, yes, inspiration, to have a set of lessons on Nutrition, supported by our Word of Wisdom, for the use of our Relief Societies.

THE month of July found me in the great exposition seeking material for the outline. I was interested in its completeness, and astonished at its extent. Spacious halls contained all kinds of grains, vegetables, and fruits, as well as animal products—all for the use of man—also accompanying colored charts, giving the food elements of each, and their relative values; and the amount of food necessary, for various ages and occupations. The Histology section was little short of spectacular, showing life sized models in colors, representing the preparation and serving of foods, and characteristic of the countries represented. The latest methods and machinery for the preserving and conserving of fruits, vegetables, and fruit juices, without sugar, and yet retaining their vitamins, covered a large section. Each day a scientific kitchen demonstration was given in food preparation, illustrating the chemical changes which take place, in the various preparations of foods. All of this was most instructive, revealing each day something new which was directly applicable to the homes of the sisters in the preparation of the family meal. While pursuing my investigation, I had the pleasure of accompanying Dr. Max Winckel in one of his classes through the Exposition for educational purposes. This was indeed a

treat for thereby one learns the real object of the Institution and the purpose of its organization. Dr. Winckel is one of the 432 doctors, professors, and jurists, whose public spirit made the Exposition possible. He was also one of its directors.

One of the outstanding features of the exposition was the section from the Hygienic Museum, of Dresden, called *Der Mensch*. (Man) I also learned that Dr. Martin Vogel was the scientific Director of that institution, at Dresden. I determined, at once, that I should meet him.

ON August 7, 1928, I went to the Dresden Hygienic Museum and asked for an interview with Dr. Martin Vogel. The man in charge replied, with a smile: "Doctor Vogel is a very busy man, you cannot see him." "That is too bad, for I, too, am interested in health problems, I am working in the Relief Society of the German Austrian Mission in which there are more than 2000 German speaking women enrolled. Right now plans are being made to take up the study of Nutrition and I desire to get some information, as well as some suggestions from the learned Doctor," I said. "Wait a moment!" he replied. Upon returning he bade me follow him, which I did. Doctor Vogel greeting me most graciously, thereby putting me at ease. Is it not ever true that the real, big people of the earth, are just plain folk? I told him frankly who I was and the purpose of my visit, whereupon he said, "Your plan of teaching the mothers the necessity of properly nourishing their families is better than our method of introducing it into the schools." I asked him to suggest a suitable text book, conveying the latest German scien-

tific thought on the subject. He said, "There are numerous scientific works, but one covering the subject in a simple way is hard to find. Therefore I am busily engaged in writing a booklet. I have given a great deal of time to it, really more than it would have taken to prepare a large scientific work on the subject. I expect to have it finished within a month or so, and perhaps it will be just what you want." I was happy in the thought, that here was at least a promise of solving one of our problems. In expressing my admiration, for the display which the Hygienic Museum had in the exposition in Berlin, he asked me for my opinion on the Histology Section. In response to my favorable comment, he told me, that years ago he began his research along this line, and how interesting it had become, and expressed the thought that everyone should study the food question, in the interests of their own welfare. "Every morning," he said, "I drink milk, and eat figs for breakfast, and some time during the day I eat raw carrots. I always put a few in my brief case before leaving home, for one never knows what the day will bring in the way of foods. The entire study of this subject has convinced me of the evil effects of alcoholic beverages, and I am using my knowledge and influence against their consumption." At this point I explained to him that in 1833, the Lord gave to the Prophet Joseph Smith a revelation on this subject, known as the Word of Wisdom, which was then, and still is a nutritional guide for the membership of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Immediately, he asked, if he might secure a copy of the same in the German language—it would be another item for the his-

tory of the subject. "It is strange," he said, "but in all of my research on this subject, I have never heard of this before." As we further discussed the subject, he became exceedingly interested and acknowledged it to be in harmony with the latest scientific conclusions.

"I am very desirous of securing some of your vital statistics, for they must be far above the average for your country or your neighbors. Will you not write me an article covering some of these?" Needless to say, this request was cheerfully granted.

After this most pleasant and profitable interview, and with the materials and information gathered, I set about the task of getting outlines ready, in earnest, and by Nov. 1, 1928, the first three lessons were ready for publication.

When Dr. Vogel's booklet, "Nutritional Guide," came off the press it proved to be admirably adapted to our needs and most reasonable in price, and we placed an initial order for 500 copies and later repeated it. Thus was secured the much needed supplementary text for our lessons on nutrition. Imagine, if possible, my satisfaction in this new work to have thus bridged the beginning in such an admirable manner and with such affable, efficient assistance and cooperation.

On December 5, 1928, an invitation was extended to Dr. Martin Vogel to give an illustrated lecture on the subject of food values, before the Relief Society of Dresden, to which he replied, "*Warum Nicht*" (Why not). An exact date was never fixed, for this lecture, and it is my regret that the sisters were not favored with his scholarly appearance on their program. During this interview he expressed his

pleasure in obtaining the article on the Word of Wisdom and the Vital Statistics among the Mormons, and pronounced the Word of Wisdom a rare gem in the Histology of Nutrition. In the sublimity of the moment, and responding to the inspiration of the occasion the Doctor said, "Would you folks not like to have a display of your Word of Wisdom or the History of Nutrition among the Mormons, in the International Exposition to be held in the New Hygienic Museum, in Dresden, in 1930?" I was thrilled! Could it be true?

My joy knew no bounds, and with a light step and a happy thankful heart, I hurried home to tell of the offer. My husband rejoiced with me in the blessing of the Lord that had come so unexpectedly. This good news was communicated to Dr. John A. Widtsoe, President of the European Mission, who looked upon it with favor and urged us to keep it alive and have it materialize if possible.

The matter was next taken up with Mr. Artimus T. Haeberle, the United States Consul General at Dresden, who in turn referred the subject to the Department of State at Washington, D. C., for it was thought that we might come in with the section from the United States. We received word from the Department that the U. S. did not expect to participate since no appropriation had been made for such a purpose.

In April, 1929, Mr. Haeberle returned to the United States and took the matter up with Senator Reed

Smoot of Utah, and upon the return of Mr. Haeberle to Dresden in July, he gave us some hope that we might secure some appropriation for the display, even at that late date, although the United States had decided definitely not to participate as a Nation.

IN the midst of this came word of our release, and the arrival of our successors, President and Mrs. Edward P. Kimball. Quite contrary to the general practice of 'haste away' we were together for seven weeks, during which time all connections possible were made for the continuation of all matters under way. One of the most pleasant of these functions was the entertainment of Dr. Martin Vogel and Consul General and Mrs. A. T. Haeberle at the mission home prior to our departure.

It was hard to leave amidst such interesting developments, but the work went on to a glorious completion. Many labored to accomplish its fulfilment, and the end is not yet.

The glory of the offer is best seen in the grandeur of the Display which appears to be one of the outstanding events in church history as far as Europe is concerned, and commemorates most sublimely the Centennial Year of the progress of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in this the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times, and has revealed perhaps a hidden opportunity for bringing the message of great joy before the inhabitants of the earth.

All who joy would win must share it—*Happiness* was born a twin.—*Byron*.

Notes to the Field

The Board hopes through this department to keep in closer touch with the stake workers. As soon as your *Magazine* comes, turn to this page to get the latest word from the General Board

Social Work

Contemplate the scope of social work—"all conscious effort to help human beings, including mass betterment as well as individual betterment"—comes under its aegis. It includes preventive as well as corrective work. With this in mind, one sees the many problems that may engage the Relief Society worker. We thought a special number of our *Magazine*, giving the history of social service and some of the work being done among us, would be interesting and profitable to our readers.

Magazine Agents

We cannot publish the honor roll promised in our letter of August 6, 1930, until more of our stakes send in the information asked for. Kindly let us know at once what your membership was in 1930 and how many *Magazines* were subscribed for in your stake. What is your membership in 1931 and how many subscriptions have you sent in for this year?

Grant Stake

In response to our letter of August 6, 1930, asking that a house to house canvass be made in the interest of *Magazine* subscriptions, Grant Stake Board offered a prize of ten annual subscriptions to the ward that should get the highest percentage of its members as subscribers, and five annual subscriptions to the ward that should secure second place in the contest. Later, a third prize of five annual subscriptions was given, as one ward had made such an exceptional record in both

yearly and half-yearly subscriptions.

Burton ward won the first prize with this record: membersip, 69, yearly subscriptions, 62, half-yearly subscriptions, 10. Whittier ward secured second prize, with 58 yearly subscribers among their membership of 65. The third prize went to Southgate ward, with a membership of 41, which secured 23 yearly subscribers and 34 half-yearly subscribers.

We congratulate Grant stake, which is the first, and at the present time, the only stake which has sent in the information asked for in our above mentioned letter. In 1929 they had 465 subscribers, or 43% of their enrollment. This year (1930) they have 652 subscribers, or 52% of their enrollment.

Subscription Lists

Relief Society Presidents: Kindly instruct your *Magazine* agents to state which month to begin subscriptions with when sending in orders for the *Magazine*, so as to avoid duplications, as it is our custom to commence subscriptions with the current issue, unless directed otherwise.

The Eliza Roxey Snow Poem Contest

The interest in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest increases from year to year. There were 77 entries this year, eight more than for 1929.

The winner of the first prize is Sarah Ahlstrom Nelson of Rexburg, Idaho, for "Abraham Lincoln." The second prize is awarded to Merling D. Clyde of Price, Utah, for "Unto the Least of These."

Honorable mention is given to Claire Stewart Boyer of Salt Lake City, for "Up Past the Stars to God," Edith E. Anderson of Tremonton, Utah, for "To a Relief Society Worker," and to Katheryn L. Clyde, Heber City, Utah, for "My Masterpiece."

The judges of the contest were Dr. Sherman B. Neff, head of the English Department of the University of Utah; Mrs. Elsie Talmage Brandley, associate editor of the *Improvement Era*; and Mrs. Lotta Paul Baxter of the General Board.

We congratulate the winners and express appreciation for the many excellent poems that were submitted.

Give Alloted Time to Class Leaders

The success of our meetings, as well as our educational program, depends upon the efficiency of our Class Leaders. When these faithful women spend hours, often days, preparing their topics, it is discouraging to have the lesson period shortened.

Reports frequently reach the General Board that Class Leaders are curtailed in the time for giving lessons. One capable, enthusiastic sister prepared a Theology Lesson, expecting to have forty-five minutes for the presentation. Meeting began a few minutes late, full fifteen minutes were used in singing practice; a Stake Board member in attendance was asked to speak, and twenty-five minutes time was reserved for testimony bearing, leaving far too short a period for the Theology Lesson with its vital and inspiring message.

The General Board recommends that announcements be made when the meeting is called to order; that as far as possible the business of the Society such as receiving new members etc. be transacted in Work

and Business Meeting; that there be no singing practice on Theology and Testimony day.

We hope our Presidents will carefully plan their meetings and not permit anything to interfere with the time allotted to our Class Leaders.

Music in Our Organization

Choristers and Organists, how are you succeeding with the music in your organization? Is it representative of your ideals? Are you using successfully the ten minutes allowed for good lively community song practice? Are you teaching new songs and creating a renewed interest in good singing? Does the music in your ward reflect the standards of our people? Is the character of the music in your organization such as would attract and increase the enrollment of new members? Is the music of your organization keeping pace with the other fine intellectual activities of the Relief Society? Are you yourself so enthusiastic over your work that your enthusiasm is contagious?

Choristers and Organists, emphasize a more active participation in music on the part of the Relief Society members. Help them to realize the value of preserving in adult life the musical aptitudes which were developed through public school music, and other musical activities. The product of this training must have found its way into our Relief Society groups. Try to establish in the hearts of our sisters this idea, this desire—Hear Music, Make Music, Enjoy Music.

Let us all remember there are no age limits to music—that music is the real fountain of youth. Music is a sacred, a divine thing that lifts us up to God. It helps us to feel His glory.

(Continued on page 65)

Notes from the Field

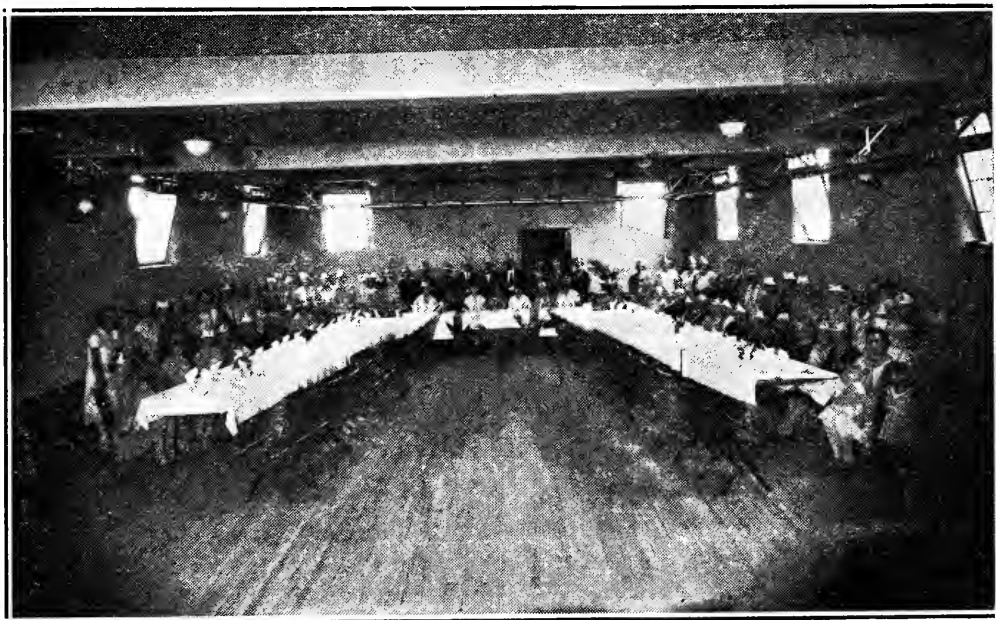
North Sevier Stake:

RELIEF SOCIETY workers are always interested in the report of the floral festivals of the stakes. That held in the North Sevier stake on August 20, 1930, was extremely successful. The Redmond Ward Recreation Hall was the scene of this very beautiful exhibition. It was under the direction of the president, Mrs. Melissa Crane. A program consisting of a one-act play and a musical number by the Relief Society chorus, was rendered. The judges of the floral offerings were from the Gunnison stake Relief Society, and they included experienced florists who declared that the display was of unusual merit both in variety and beauty. Cash prizes were given for the best ward displays. Salina Second ward took the first prize, the second prize went to the Redmond ward, while the third prize went to the Salina First ward. Ribbons were given for individual entries.

Following the demonstration refreshments were served by the Redmond ward Relief Society to 250 guests.

Franklin Stake:

ON August 5, 1930, in compliment to the executive officers of the Relief Society of the Preston Second ward, Franklin stake, a very splendid social was given in the ward chapel. This was an activity of the Relief Society. The hall was beautifully decorated with flowers; paper cap souvenirs were given to all the guests. The stake Relief Society presidency, the board members and the ward bishopric were in attendance. A spicy program was given which featured the great scope of Relief Society work. A little playlet called "Angels of Mercy," was presented, after which a delicious luncheon was served. Covers were laid for 80. It was the feeling of the group that the affair was a most decided success.



FESTIVE BOARD OF FRANKLIN STAKE

Alberta Stake:

FROM the far north comes a most interesting account of Relief Society activities. On Saturday, October 18, 1930, there was a demonstration of the Work and Business Day of the Alberta stake Relief Society. The Cardston Gymnasium was the scene of this very remarkable exhibition. All the wards of the stake had assisted the officers in preparing the exhibits for display, and the people of the town particularly had donated many articles for re-sale to those whose funds were insufficient to purchase the new articles. The Gymnasium walls were covered and several tables about the room, showed articles that were most tempting. The total quantity of goods that were displayed was remarkable, and offered a wonderful opportunity for scores of people who were in attendance. Not only was it a fine chance to profit by the bargains offered, but it was an excellent exhibition of the skill and the frugality that is taught through the medium of the Relief Society. One of the most interesting phases of the demonstration was the work-saving devices. At one table was shown a dressed wild duck, illustrating an easier way to clean these game birds, especially in the removal of the pin feathers that are so great a bugbear to the housewife. After plucking the large feathers off the bird, it is covered with a thin coating of hot paraffine, applied with a cloth or small brush. When this hardens it may be easily scraped off, taking with it every pin feather. Another device was to demonstrate how onions may be cut without touching them or getting the juice in the eyes and causing so much weeping. Another method was how to make a quilt in an hour's time, displacing the old-time

quilting bee where 7 or 8 women call on you and spend a day of toil slaving over the quilt. Cookery too, which is always interesting to the men—if the women do it—was demonstrated, and all those fancy little things as the making of letters and designs on cakes, putting those frills on cooking, which do not really cost any more, and create so many appetizing features. Another helpful hint was how to mend socks without so much waste of time. There were a hundred ways of how to do the common little things in an uncommon way. Another very valuable feature of this was the day's program on the method of providing good reading material in the home. The Relief Society sisters are creating an exchange reading table, and have it under the direction of one of the stake board members. They take all the spare magazines, newspapers or other periodicals available from the homes where they are found in overabundance, and distribute them in the homes where the people are without good reading material. Hundreds of magazines which would otherwise be food for the furnace or the bonfire find their way to homes where children are hungry for the things printed in them. The work is just beginning, but it can be extended indefinitely if once people get behind the movement and give generously of their spare magazines. A most useful section of the demonstration was the clothing booth, where articles had been remade or cleaned and repaired, and many bargains were to be had. Altogether it was a most remarkable demonstration, covering the scope of Relief Society activities and demonstrating just what can be done when these earnest women cooperate, as they do in this forward-looking stake.



"THE CONVERSION OF KING LAMONI," LOGAN STAKE

Logan Stake:

THIS picture shows a cast of characters from the Logan 11th ward, as they appeared in a pageant called "The Conversion of King Lamoni," given under the direction of the Logan Stake Relief Society. This is quite in keeping with the theological studies for this year. The pageant is taken from the *Book of Mormon*, the 18th and 19th chapters of Alma, and opened with soft music singing "God moves in a Mysterious Way His Wonders to Perform." The presentation was

beautifully rendered in all wards of the Logan stake at the ward conferences, each ward supplying its own cast of characters. The purpose of this demonstration was to create a desire in the hearts of every soul to seek the truths that are to be found in the sacred book. A very keen interest was taken, and every performance was to crowded houses. This is certainly a very splendid demonstration of vitalizing and bringing actively before the people the magnificent messages of the *Book of Mormon*.



THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

1931 Welcome

THE bells are ringing out a requiem mass for the old year and a welcoming challenge to the new. Nineteen thirty with its joys and sorrows, its achievements and failures, has passed into history, and 1931, with its hopes and promises and possibilities is here. There is something sad in the passing of the old; there is something mystic in the birth of the new.

WE send hearty good wishes and Happy New Year Greetings to all our officers, members, and magazine readers.

We deeply appreciate the many greetings and good wishes we have received during the Holiday Season. It is sweet to be remembered and to know that there is a feeling of good will and fellowship existing between

those who labor together in this great cause.

THE past year has seen much suffering. The way people have given of their time and money and substance to alleviate the hardships of the unemployed has shown that never heretofore were so many people socially minded, so deeply interested in the welfare of the unfortunate and needy. The largess has been unprecedented. Farmers, merchants, coal dealers, milk distributors, and bakers have given as never before to agencies for a wise distribution to the needy. The employees of many firms have given a day's salary a month that work might be provided for the unemployed. Mayors, governors, congressmen, senators, the President of the United

States, have been deeply concerned and anxious that public work be undertaken to lessen the suffering. Cities, counties and states have undertaken public improvements that work might be provided for the unemployed. Our Relief Society officers and members have worked more diligently than ever in helping the hard pressed.

MAY the year which has just been ushered in bring a return to normalcy. May people learn through the pressure of the past few months to provide in the days of prosperity for the time of unemploy-

ment and sickness and financial depression. May all emerge from the clouds which have been so lowering into a saner and more stable way of living.

May your opportunities for service be greater than ever before and may your work be more efficiently done. May blessings unmeasured be yours. May your cup of joy be full. May peace and wisdom be your portion during 1931.

*Louise Y. Robison,
Amy Brown Lyman,
Julia A. Child,*

General Presidency of the Relief Society.

Whitehouse Conference on Childhood Health and Protection

THE United States is greatly blessed in having as its chief executive President Herbert Hoover, a man who is so vitally interested in human beings. His love for children is deep, and his interest in their welfare is one of his marked characteristics. Shortly after he became president, he announced that he would call a conference on child health and protection, with the object in view of finding out what ought to be done and the best way of doing it. At his call in 1929, the body met, and after several sessions adjourned to carry on a year's research. Twelve hundred experts have delved into the subject and in November, 1930, brought with them their printed report to the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection. For the use of this conference, foundations, educational institutions, and commissions have carried on investigations and have made surveys throughout the United States. This conference

is not a governmental affair but is an unofficial service rendered in response to President Hoover's call. It is financed by funds given by those who, like the President, are interested in child welfare, and by grants from foundations and associations that are interested in child study. Secretary Wibur said these twelve hundred investigators are assembling all that it is possible to find out about children, to be sifted, sorted, and given back to those who have practical every-day dealings with them.

President Hoover himself opened the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection. He said:

FROM your explorations into the mental and moral endowment and opportunities of children will develop new methods to inspire their creative work and play, to substitute love and self discipline for the rigors of rule, to guide their recre-

ations into wholesome channels, to steer them past the reefs of temptation, to develop their character and to bring them to adult age in tune with life, strong in moral fiber and prepared to play more happily their part in the productive tasks of society.

"The problems of the child are not always the problems of the child alone. In the vision of the whole of our social fabric, we have loosened new ambitions, new energies; we have produced a complexity of life for which there is no precedent. With machines ever enlarging man's power and capacity, with electricity extending over the world its magic, with the air giving us a wholly new realm, our children must be prepared to meet entirely new contacts and new forces. They must be physically strong and mentally placed to stand up under the increasing pressure of life. Their problem is not alone one of physical health, but of mental, emotional and spiritual health.

"These are the problems that I charge you to answer. This task that you have come here to perform has never been done before. These problems are not easily answered, they reach the very root of our national life. We need to meet them squarely and to accuse ourselves as frankly as possible, to see all the implications that trail in our wake, and to place the blame where it lies and set resolutely to attack it."

President Hoover told the conference that the problem falls into three groups: "First, the protection and stimulation of the normal child; second, aid to the physically defective and handicapped child; third, the problems of the delinquent child."

He said that of 45,000,000 children, 10,000,000 are deficient, with more than 80% of these not receiving the necessary attention, and that

"we must get to the cause of their handicaps from the beginnings of their lives; we must not leave one of them uncared for."

In dealing with the complex problems of the delinquent child, "we need to turn the methods of inquiry from the punishment of delinquency to the causes of delinquency. * * * It is not the delinquent child that is at the bar of judgment, but society itself."

* * * "Any labor which stunts growth, either physical or mental, that limits education, that deprives children of the right of comradeship, of joy and play, is sapping the next generation." * * "In the last half a century we have herded 50,000,000 more human beings into towns and cities, where the whole setting is new to the race. We have created highly congested areas with a thousand changes resulting in the swift transition from a rural and agrarian people to an urban, industrial nation. Perhaps the widest range of difficulties with which we are dealing in the betterment of children grows out of their crowding into cities." * * * "Problems of sanitation and public health loom in every direction. Delinquency increases with congestion. Overcrowding produces disease and contagion. The child's natural play place is taken from him. His mind is stunted by the lack of imaginative surroundings and lack of contact with the fields, streams, trees and birds. Home life becomes more difficult. Cheerless homes produce morbid minds. Our growth of town life unendingly imposes such problems as milk and food supplies, for we have shifted these children from a diet of 10,000 years' standing.

"Nor is the problem one solely of the city child. We have grave responsibilities to the rural child. Adequate expert service should be as

available to him from maternity to maturity."

ELDER DAVID O. McKAY, on his return from the conference, said: "The conference fulfilled its purpose in bringing to the attention of the American people conditions that need remedying, but the great problem of how to do this is still unsolved. To translate theory into activity and practice is now the responsibility and duty of states and local communities. May these earnest seekers soon find the way to aid children whether they are normal, physically defective or delinquent, to a finer and fuller life.

Man does not live to himself

alone. He is part of the social order, "verily, he is his brother's keeper." His duty is to minister to his fellows. Now, however, people are realizing that it takes training to constructively help the unfortunate. Ofttimes, well-intentioned people have, in their methods of giving, hindered rather than helped. To lead people to help themselves is the keynote of modern social work. Many in the past have been pauperized by the methods used. He who would intelligently help the needy, the unfortunate, the afflicted, should have an understanding heart, a deep sympathy, ability to make a correct diagnosis, and ability to keep things to himself.

One Hundred Years

"One Hundred Years" briefly crystalizes in permanent form the achievements of the century that began April 6, 1830, and closed April 6, 1930. The following subjects are treated: "The First Century of the Restoration," "Why We Build Temples," "Centennial Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," "The Message of the Ages," "The Relief Society of the Church," "Latter-day Saint Sunday Schools," "Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association," "Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association," "The Primary Association," "Latter-day Saint Missions," "Community Life Among the Latter-day Saints," "Latter-day Saint Women", "Outstanding Events of the Century," "How Cen-

tennial News was Circulated." Excerpts from addresses delivered by the First Presidency, Council of the Twelve, and Patriarch at the Centennial Conference and a few excerpts from newspaper editorials are also included.

The book is a fine example of the printer's art and is beautifully illustrated. George D. Pyper, under whose able editorship it was issued must feel delighted with the outcome of his efforts.

This souvenir will be treasured in the homes of the Latter-day Saints. It will be enjoyed by those who love the beautiful. It will be of deep interest to all who like to mark progress and survey the genesis of great movements.



Lesson Department

LESSON I

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in March)

BOOK OF MORMON—CHRIST IN AMERICA

Assignment

Read the matter in Third Nephi, chapters 8 to 20, including both. The time is A. D. 34. It will be helpful if the section about Christ can be read in Reynold's *Dictionary of the Book of Mormon*, and chapters 28, 29 and 30 of Evans' *Message and Characters of the Book of Mormon*.

Outline of the Lesson

- I. Three hours of natural convulsions.
- II. Three days of total darkness.
- III. The Voice out of the darkness.
 1. Gathering of the people.
 2. Their lamentations.
 3. Message of the Voice.
- IV. The great silence.
- V. Christ appears.
 1. Introduction by the Father.
 2. Message of Jesus.
 - a. Physical test of His presence.
 - b. Instructions concerning: Baptism, Harmony in the Church, The twelve disciples, Things to do in life, The sacrament of the Lord's supper, The "other sheep," Attendance at religious meetings.
 3. Acts of Jesus before the multitude.

- a. Heals the sick, etc.
- b. Blesses the children.
- c. Prays before the people.

Story of the Lesson

The lesson opens with great convulsions of nature—thunder and lightning, earthquakes, floods, and other eruptions. Whole cities, with their inhabitants, are completely destroyed in these events. After this there comes a period of excessive darkness—three days of it—when it is impossible to strike a light of any kind.

This period coincides with the time of the crucifixion of Christ in Palestine and that during which His body lay in the tomb.

Then comes the Voice from out the darkness. It is heard by all the inhabitants of the continent. Following this is a great silence. Afterwards, when some two thousand five hundred people are gathered near the temple in the land of Bountiful, Christ appears.

On His first appearance among the Nephites Jesus invited the people to come forward and touch the wounds in His hands and feet and side—which they did. Then He taught them essentially the same principles and ordinances that He had done in Palestine—repentance, baptism, confirmation, with their common basis, faith; prayer, the

sacrament of the Lord's supper, attendance at religious meetings; and the various ideas in what is the Sermon on the Mount in the Gospels, with differences.

Also He chose twelve disciples, the understanding being, presumably, that these men would organize the Church. Before He ascended to heaven after this first visitation, He healed the sick, the blind, the deaf, the halt, and whoever in the multitude was afflicted in any way; and blessed the children amid heavenly manifestations.

Notes

This description of Christ's appearing to the Nephites is a valuable addition to what is given in the New Testament concerning Him, and deserves the most careful attention from this point of view. A great many Christians have yearned for more information about Jesus than is given there, more intimate details concerning Him. Well, here it is, if they will receive it. For, as a matter of fact, we *do* get a more intimate view of the Master in Third Nephi, which has been called the Fifth Gospel, than we do in the biblical account. This is due to the greater, more child-life faith of the Nephites. Jesus says this Himself.

For one thing, He speaks more plainly to the Nephites than to the Jews. Observe what He says about contention, about baptism, about the "other sheep."

For another thing, He gives way to His feeling of joy and thanksgiving here more than He did among the Jews in Palestine. He seems to be under less restraint. He does not hesitate to weep in the presence of the people around Him. Across the waters He wept only in the presence of a few close friends. And then, too, He opens His heart in praise

and thanksgiving to God before all the people.

And for still another thing, He grants even the wishes of the multitude. He heals all their sick. He did not do that in Palestine. Only occasionally did He perform miracles there. Besides, note how He yields to their unexpressed desire that He stay longer. They are hungry, too, and tired.

This is a great scene—one of the very greatest in all history.

2. Skeptics have found fault with the *Book of Mormon* on account of the almost identical language of what is sometimes called the "quotations" from the King James version of the Bible. The fact is, however, that this is not a real objection to the Nephite Scriptures, as is sometimes claimed by outsiders.

Most probably, when the Prophet Joseph came to a "quotation" in the Nephite Record from, say, Isaiah or Matthew, he turned to the passage in the version of the *Bible* with which he was acquainted, and copied it. But that it was not a mere copy, set down without thought or inspired guidance, is evident from the differences between the passage in the *Book of Mormon* and that in our *Bible*.

For instance: Blessed are the poor in spirit *who come unto me*, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are all they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled *with the Holy Ghost*. In both of these verses the italicized words are not in the *Gospel* of Matthew. There are many other instances of a similar nature, where the *Book of Mormon* version clarifies the thought or adds to it.

A difference on a larger scale is to be found in the thirteenth chapter of our lesson, beginning with the twenty-fifth verse.

Scoffers have ridiculed the idea

that Jesus should advise people generally to take "no thought" as to what they eat and drink, and trust to God for "food and raiment." The fact is that Jesus was speaking, not to the multitude when He said these and similar words, but rather to His twelve disciples. The *Book of Mormon* makes this clear. But one might be led to think, from the passage in Matthew, that He was speaking to the crowd.

It will be found that in very many instances where there are "quotations" in the *Book of Mormon* from the Hebrew *Scriptures*, the variations always throw light on the meaning or situation.

3. There is the same tolerance and wide sympathy on the part of Jesus in the *Fifth Gospel* that there is in the other *Gospels*. Only, in the Nephite Record it is shown in a slightly different way.

While the sacrament is not to be administered to those who are "unworthy" of it, yet they are not to be "cast out." On the contrary, they are to be worked with and prayed over, not spurned and ignored; for, says the Master, "ye know not but what they will return and repent, and come unto me with full purpose of heart, and I shall heal them; and ye shall be the means of bringing salvation unto them." Here, too, Jesus exhibits His great concern for the human personality, for salvation. The disciples are to "continue" to "minister" unto those who manifest indifference to Christ.

4. And this thought leads to another not far removed from it in kind. It is what Jesus calls "my doctrine." Here is the bedrock of the Christian ideal.

The idea is stated thus: "Ye must repent, and become as a little child, and be baptized in my name, or ye can in no wise receive these things. And again I say unto you,

ye must repent, and be baptized in my name, and become as a little child, or ye can in no wise inherit the kingdom of God." Jesus deems this idea so important that He repeats it in almost identical words.

What does He mean?

Note that He says nothing here about faith. That is taken for granted. For no one will repent unless he first believes. But He stresses repentance. It is a great principle of life. Life consists of struggle, of trial and error. The main thing is to keep struggling against the tide of evil in the world. So repentance is just as necessary after baptism as before it.

He also emphasizes baptism. Baptism is not only a sign of our obedience and a symbol of a new birth, but it is a token of absolute trust. In baptism we put ourselves utterly in the hands of the one who is baptizing us. Here is a child-like simplicity.

Some people would have us believe that to be like a child is the worst thing that can happen to us. But what is the main trait of childhood? Is it not unconventionality, open-mindedness, an eagerness to learn, teachableness? Persons who object to this statement of Jesus about being like a child always assume that blind obedience is the main characteristic of childhood. It is not. Obedience need not be blind at all. Intelligent obedience is not. There is always a reason why we should obey those who know more than we do. As a matter of fact, do we not accept others' word in politics, in government, in education, in science, in business. Why should we not do the same thing in religion?

5. Jesus discourages "contention" as being "of the devil."

Contention is not the same with discussion and a good-natured ex-

change of views. Not all the wisdom of the world is in one head. Some of it is in other heads. In a class, for instance, it is not necessary for anyone to "contend" that his particular opinion is right—even if it is so. Others are entitled to their views, even though they may be in error. On any particular point it is a good thing for everyone to state his opinion, without argument, and let it go at that. Out of all the views there will assuredly come light. In the end, probably, everybody's view will be somewhat different from what it was to begin with—maybe more nearly right, certainly clearer.

Where a class, a debate, a discussion, is carried on in this spirit, the devil can have no leeway. He

always gets his work in where people "contend" over their opinions. This is what Jesus means, most likely.

Questions and Problems

1. Why do you think the people gathered round the temple after the natural disturbances?

2. Find other passages where there is light thrown on biblical verses.

3. Does God bring on calamities, or merely let them come upon the children of men?

4. What differences as to the body are there to be noted, so far as we have information, between Jesus before and after the resurrection?

Work and Business

TEACHER'S TOPIC FOR MARCH

(This topic is to be given at the special teachers' meeting the first week in March.)

OUR RESPONSIBILITY TO SUSTAIN CHURCH ORGANIZATIONS

"No one can survey the history of modern progress—its philanthropy, its reforms, its industrial responsibility, its political democracy—without recognizing that the chief accession of moral force which these movements have received has come from the Christian religion."

"The whole duty of man is not to enjoy God forever, but to descend with the grace of God to the help of man. The Christian Church is not a place of refuge from the world, but a place of training for the world. The Christian life is not a retreat from stormy winds and tides of woe, but an advance

through them; not a hiding beneath the Mercy-seat, but a rising from one's seat for the sake of mercy."

"The sanctified life is the serviceable life, and in that service finds its freedom."

—*Francis Greenwood Peabody.*

"Not always on the mount may we
Rapt in heavenly vision be;

* * * * *

The mount for vision—but below
The paths of daily duty go."

Women, from the beginning, have been great inspirers, great teachers—they have been noted as most ardent supporters of the Church.

Since Church institutions are for the welfare of its members, women should avail themselves of the opportunities offered, and encourage others to benefit from active participation therein.

I. They should sustain Church institutions themselves:

1. By attending meetings.
2. By speaking in their favor.
3. By encouraging their husbands and children to attend and uphold them.
4. By giving them financial backing.
5. By teaching their value in the home.
6. By pointing out their bene-

fits to friends and neighbors and encouraging them to attend.

7. By acting as teachers and officers when requested so to do.

II. They should uphold those called to preside in the different associations, giving them their most ardent support. They should not dwell upon the faults and failings of the officers, but note their strong points and commend their devotion to duty.

III. They should tell the officers how much they appreciate their service.

Literature

(Third Week in March)

THE SHORT STORY IN GERMANY

Suggested Short Stories

The Coming of Gandin by Gottfried Von Strassburg*.

The Sick Wife by Christian Gellert.

The Fury by Paul Heyse.

The Triple Warning by Arthur Schnitzler.

A New Year's Eve Confession by Herman Sudermann*.

To devote just one lesson to the Short Story in Germany is somewhat like taking a trip around the world in a Zeppelin and looking out of the window but once.

German literature is rich in short stories and her writers have contributed much to that form of art; yet the stories of this country are, in many instances, not as well known as they deserve to be. Nor has their influence been as wide as might be expected of so intellectual a nation.

There are several reasons for this. As with anything else, stories existed before their terminology was known, and German short stories are as old as German literature. But the German mind, which takes so easily to analysis, divides and subdivides its subjects, and the short story has not escaped. The Germans have made so many classes, instead of holding to the one term, *novelle*, that it has been difficult for the non-German reader to understand that the short story as we understand it exists in Germany. However, since the World War, editors and other writers in Germany have tended to adopt the two terms, *novelle* and *erzahlung*, just as in English we have the short story and the tale.

Moreover, as a usual thing, the German short story is too long, giving a great deal of space to description. It is not at all uncommon

for a German short story to be from twenty to thirty thousand words long, while we favor our short stories from twelve hundred up—and the upward limit is soon reached.

Another reason is that the Germans have lost many excellent stories (novellen) through not collecting them in books. Thus their stories die too early and they lose the dignity of permanence. (Many of the stories in our Church have been lost for this same reason.)

Then the German critics have been unkind to the story writers. A large number of them have taken the attitude that there have never been great short stories in German and that the modern writers have no claim to greatness. And it is also true that in Germany it is hard to find a representative writer. Indeed no German has ever written the complete history of the short story in his country. Germany, however, has been kind to the writers of other nations, for their translations include most of the literature of the world.

In spite of these drawbacks, the German short story ranks in quantity and quality with that of other nations.

Up until 1200 there was no distinct type of short story for the very reason that there was no prose in which stories might be written. Germany was almost two centuries later than France in developing her prose. Readers may find this next statement hard to credit, but it was not until 1687 that Christian Thomasius amazed his colleagues at the University of Leipzig by announcing that from then on he would deliver his lectures in German instead of in Latin. Martin Luther, born in 1483, has been rightly called the father of German prose. Yet it was a good many years after his

birth that the German language became an effective medium of expression.

Some two hundred years before Martin Luther there had been a number of classical writers, Gottfried Von Strassburg among them, but for a long time after the German language was given such impetus, there were no gifted writers. Boccaccio was translated in 1460 and the *Gesta Romanorum* of England was also made available, giving Germany something more exciting to read than anything she could produce.

It was the Reformation in the sixteenth century that brought about great reforms in economics, religion, and philosophy, and it was during the period of 1500 to 1770 that the seeds were sown for modern German literature, of which the short story is an integral part.

During this period Germany's greatest universities were either founded or took their place in the intellectual life of the nation. Previous to the appearance of the universities, critical thought was an almost unknown thing. Authors were so intent upon their moral that they forgot style and form. When the professor arrived, he emphasized art for its own sake and analyzed for his students the strengths and weaknesses of his materials. Translations became more common and German literature was founded.

From the sixteenth to well into the eighteenth centuries, many different types of stories flourished—*Volkbrecher*, *fablen*, and *marchen* to mention a few. These stories differed in two ways from the modern conception: They were didactic and they appealed too much to the supernatural.

Gottsched, for more than half of the eighteenth century, taught at

Leipzig that prose should be used exclusively for theorizing. But while the professor talked, the people were reading Schnabel's *Insel Felsenburg*, Germany's *Robinson Crusoe*. And in 1776 Shakespeare was translated into prose and was produced on the stage. People learned that the great English writer had used short stories for his sources. The short story had come to stay.

1796 to 1830 was approximately the great period of the Romanticists. These writers felt that in their stories they should tell of something that had never been written before. Heaven and hell and strange worlds in between were used to stir the imagination, and Italy and Spain were resorted to more than Germany itself. A number of these writers, among them Tieck, Wieland and Goethe, tried to establish the *novelle* as a distinct form.

The real short story writers among the Romanticists were Kleist, Hoffman, Tieck, Brentano, Arnim and Eichendorff. Kleist was the greatest genius and is the best dramatist of Germany, while Hoffman was the most gifted story writer. It was he who greatly influenced Edgar Allen Poe. Hoffman was endowed with a mysterious sixth sense and his characters today seem as so many Dr. Jekylls and Mr. Hydes, ghosts, sprites, vampires, doomed men, and fairy children. He did much to introduce the *novelle* and to make it an enduring type, and he did not write one indelicate line. Many lesser writers have failed in imitating Hoffman. His genius was too strange and great.

Brentano was the son of a family with partly Italian blood. He introduced humor into the short story and Eichendorff used his genius to champion loveliness and to glorify the charms of nature.

Of the next group, Paul Heyse, 1830-1914, was the leader. Rather than draw his material from Germany he went to the Southlands for his stories. It was in 1910 that he won the Nobel prize in literature. He was a great admirer of Boccaccio, and especially of one story, "The Falcon," which will be studied later in the Italian group. From this one story Heyse derived much of his theory for writing short stories. His theory has also been widely accepted.

Many of the best short stories in Germany were written from 1870 on to the World War. Women now began to add to literature. One of the first of the earlier writers was Annette Von Droste-Huhlshoff, 1822-1891. Since her time there have been Marie Von Ebner-Eschenbach, Helene Stoekl, Isolde, Kurz, Gabriele Reuter, Richardo Huch, and many others. Some of the later writers who have won world fame are Arthur Schnitzler, Thomas Mann, Herman Sudermann, Jacob Wasserman, and Zweig. Schnitzler and Sudermann will be written of in more detail. Thomas Mann is considered by many to be the greatest of the living German writers. In 1929 he won the Nobel Prize for his "Magic Mountain," and his first great novel, in a way the autobiography of his youth and youthful thinking, is "Buddenbrooks."

Herman Sudermann

Herman Sudermann was born in East Prussia in 1857, of a poor Mennonite family. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a chemist, but the boy was not satisfied and by various struggles he was able to enter the University of Tilsit, and later the University of Berlin. He tutored, did many kinds of work, and wrote for the newspapers,

and at one time was a journalist. It was in 1885 that a collection was made of his newspaper stories, and the next year he wrote one of his great novels, "Dame Care" (Frau Sorge). Since then he has written much, stories, novels and plays.

His characters are swayed by passions, sorrows, and mental twists which everyone is familiar with in some degree. Thus Sudermann's characters give his readers a feeling of kinship and of sympathy. He is almost always sympathetic with his characters and has a firm faith in the saving power of women, a theme running through many of his writings.

Arthur Schnitzler

Great writers are often associated with great cities—Dickens with London, Zola with Paris—and Arthur Schnitzler and Vienna are inseparable. He is a product of the Austrian capital and he writes of every phase of Viennese life, though he is more apt to avoid the very lowly and the very high.

His love for his city is not of the intense political nature some men feel. He loved it under Franz Josef and he loves it under his President. What has held him true has been the city that housed Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, the city that is filled with great architects, painters, sculptors, actors, singers, writers, and scientists, the city of restaurants, laughter, and waltz music.

Of Schnitzler's personal life little is known. He feels that this is his own private affair, and he does not want his biography written. He was born of a family of Hungarian Jews, his father being a noted doctor of medicine at the University of Vienna. Dr. Johann Schnitzler loved the theatre and his private practice included many renowned

members of the operatic and theatrical world. (So his son came rightly by his love of drama and music.

Arthur Schnitzler was born May 15, 1862 and became, like his father, a doctor of medicine. Later he turned more to the practice of the psychological phases of medicine and many of his dramas and stories revolve about a doctor of that type. He has always kept up some private practice, even after his fiftieth birthday, when he was recognized as Austria's most gifted writer.

Schnitzler has beautifully molded features and a sensitive face, and his writings are sometimes delicate and fragile. For a long time he had little confidence in his gifts, keeping his writing in obscurity. His writings are for a public, sophisticated in life as well as in art. He invests human life with the grace and charm of poetry, but through it all runs a strain of melancholy. His cynicism is not distrust in human nature; rather it is the knowledge that comes with complete vision of man's frailties.

If he has any fixed philosophy to guide his writings, it is that man is uneven and so are his days. He feels that temptation is everywhere and the person who escapes it is not so often strong as merely inactive. Arthur Schnitzler is not the greatest writer Austria has produced, but he is the most interesting. In his own field, that of creating tragedy ending with hope in the offing and of comedy closing with pathos near, he is without a superior in any nation.

To the Teachers:

You will find that most of these German stories will be enjoyed by the class members. The first and the last in the suggested list have

been starred as being particularly appropriate. Schnitzler's story, too, is short and will arouse a great deal of comment. The "Sick Wife" is also brief and will be enjoyed for its humor. One of woman's traits has a long history. "The Fury" is a beautiful and romantic story, and is found in almost every collection of great short stories from various nations. The pronunciation of the German names may seem a little difficult, but they are, on the whole, pronounced just as they are spelled. Sudermann has the oo u and the a is a short a. To give all the others would require too much time and space, but you cannot go very wrong in pronouncing them.

Questions

The Triple Warning:

What is the theme of this story and what is Schnitzler's philosophy? Is the meaning allegorical?

A New Year's Eve Confession:

Are you aware at any point in the story (not counting the climax) that either the husband or the friend

knew who held the wife's real love? Do you believe the husband's last statement?

In what way does this story show Sudermann's belief in good women?

Is this a true short story? Why? Is this story strictly German in local color and character? What is most emphasized, plot, character, or action? What is the conflict in this story and who is the chief character?

The Fury:

Mention details that place the characters of this story (a) racially, (b) socially. Who is the dominant character? What clues show Laurella's love for Antonio? Why did she struggle against her love for him? If her inner struggle is the chief one, what other struggle is also important? Show how the two combined make one large conflict? Which is the scene of dramatic climax? In what way does the curato contribute to the story? What is the length of the action?

Have you obtained anything from these stories that will give you a better insight into the German racial characteristics?

Social Service

(Fourth Week in March)

PERSONALITY STUDY: HABITS AND GROWTH

Based on Overstreet's "Influencing Human Behavior," pages 169-183, 201-216

"The most widespread disease of humanity," remarked a great sociologist in a lecture before the students of the Alpine session of Brigham Young University, "is the unwillingness to work." During his travels in many different countries he had observed unmistakable evi-

dences that in the presence of work to be done, practically every human being tries with more or less success to "let George do it." Countless interesting subterfuges are invented—The Chinaman lets his finger nails grow so that he can't work. The American becomes a

hobo or finds an easy "white-collar job." The European often manages to "let the women do the work." Religionists throughout the world very frequently lose sight of the spur to individual achievement presented by their early prophets and conjure up much more lazy and comfortable means of salvation. Such observations and generalizations correspond remarkably well with those which have been made by psychologists. In a former lesson our attention was directed to a human characteristic, sometimes called the "*tendency to minimum effort.*" Thorndike gives it as his impression that "the majority of men remain far below their limit of efficiency, even when it is decidedly in their interest to approach it, and when they think they are doing the best that they are capable of."

This "tendency to minimum effort," coupled with a desire to maintain our self respect, leads to a number of mental habits that hinder our personal growth. What our personalities are like, as we have already seen, is largely the result of our past training and experience. During our lives we pass through many specific conflicts in the effort to make satisfactory social adjustments to the environments in which we find ourselves. These struggles are for the most part mental in character, but they are none the less real and important in their consequences. They are efforts at self-preservation (seldom mere physical self-preservation), and the "advancement of one's ego." The typical outcome of these mental battles is not complete victory nor complete defeat, but rather a sort of not altogether satisfactory compromise.

Since the habit-systems that make up our personalities crystalize more

or less as a result of our reactions to the conflicts we pass through, it may help us to understand various possibilities if we list some of the types of reaction which are frequently adopted in these mental struggles.

On the one hand we may assume and hold more or less continuously an aggressive attitude, facing reality and recognizing rather honestly whatever the outcome may be. The genuine optimist may be taken as a person likely to adopt this attitude. He is not only willing but anxious to take into account unfavorable facts, but he also has an aggressive program based upon an unfeigned confidence that evil can be overcome with good.

On the other hand we may adopt one or more of a number of types of somewhat well known defensive reactions. We shall enumerate and discuss just seven of them.

1. We may recognize but refuse to meet the difficulty. An example of this is the pouting reaction seen in children and not infrequently in some adults. The pessimist also furnishes us with typical reactions under this heading. Even at his best he recognizes the existence of evil, but seems to lack the faith and willingness to expend energy which is required to cope adequately with the situation.

2. We may avoid battle by denying to ourselves and others the existence of any issue that should give us concern. Here we may point to the counterfeit optimist so often met with—the "cheerful idiot" who, of course, has no program of social betterment, because whatever is, is "fine and dandy" and "couldn't be better." Also typical of this reaction is the keeping of our religion and business or our religion and science in separate "water-tight"

compartments of our minds, so to speak. Perhaps this condition would not be so comfortable to us if we knew that our friends sometimes suspect us of lacking intellectual honesty and the genuine kind of faith that dares to inquire.

3. Sometimes rather than admit our present defeat we try to overshadow it by keeping in mind some previous victory. An example is the repulsed lover returning for comfort to a consideration of the time when he was his mother's darling. Mr. Nebbs and Major Hoople of the comic strips, seem to resort to somewhat similar regressions in order to bolster up their self-regard with least bother to themselves in the way of present achievement.

4. Which one of us has not taken satisfaction in the midst of conflict by congratulating ourselves as being more fortunate than the other fellow—the one who didn't even get a chance to be a "goat," for example. Self-consolation obtained by playing the role of a snob, either as an individual or as a group, (there are many varieties), is a rather poor way of blinding ourselves, and as one writer says it "simply kills any initiative we may have to improve our position." (See Overstreet, pages 178-181, also Jno. 8:31-39, Alma 31:16-28, Rom. 2:17-29).

5. Sometimes we soothe ourselves by dwelling in a world of phantasy, considering either the great things we might have done or the easy victories that some day will be ours. Mr. Overstreet takes quite a thrust at some so-called Christians who evade the religious responsibilities of the *here and now* by dwelling too much upon supposed matters pertaining to the next world.

Such people seem to despise their present existence, referring to it as passing through a "vale of tears." They have an intense and supposedly

pious yearning to be freed from all that pertains to this earth and to come into possession of the peace and supposed rest of heaven. The sentiments expressed in the songs which they sing with especial fervor are like the following:

"Come on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel:
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill."

"Fair land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!"

"I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fixed his abode;
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!"

Of course Latter-day Saints should not fall into the error of being too other-worldly in their concerns, or of despising their mortal bodies and this earthly existence. It is more typical for us to sing songs with sentiments appreciative of our present natural surroundings, and of the need of making this world a better place in which to live. Then, too, the prophet Alma plainly says that "*now is the time and the day of your salvation.*" In the same spirit Brigham Young said: "We ought not to speak lightly of and undervalue the life we now enjoy, but so dispose of each passing day that the hours and minutes are spent in doing good * * * in improving our talents and abilities to do more good. * * *

"It would be no blessing to you to be carried into the celestial kingdom, and obliged to stay therein, unless you were prepared to dwell there.

"This life is worth as much as any life that any being can possess in time or in eternity. * * *

"It is my business to teach mankind how to live, how to honor their present existence, how to treat their bodies so as to live to a good old age on the earth, and have power to do good." (Discourses of Brigham Young, pages 140, 146, 446, 513.)

To continue our enumeration let us mention briefly just two more very human reactions to conflict.

6. A seemingly very satisfactory and frequently used way of explaining away defeat, is to shift the blame for our failures to the shoulders of someone else. Our successful rival "had a pull." The devil was working against us or again on the basis of no real evidence at all, we may even blandly remark that "it was God's will."

7. Sometimes we succeed more or less in exonerating ourselves by rather skillfully shifting the blame to certain uncontrollable circumstances that seem to be plausible explanations. The failure would not have occurred except for our ill luck, bad health, or our alleged condition of over-work or inability to sleep, and so on.

Before leaving the subject of defensive reactions, it should be emphasized that typically in most of them we are not ourselves aware that we are using them. We not only succeed in fooling others to some extent, but we are perhaps most successful in "kidding" ourselves, and that is the real pity of it all. Happy may the person be who was brought up during his childhood with plenty of experience with success so that he has not developed a lot of fabrication habits to hinder his progress. Of course this does not mean that he should never have come face to face with hard problems to solve, but he should be guarded from an undue number of impossible ones that preclude any chance of success in spite

of a reasonable amount of ingenuity, industriousness and persistence on his part.

A Few of the Possible Problems for Discussion

1. Explain briefly the two basic drives mentioned in our text, viz. self-regard and least effort. In this connection read and comment upon the quotation from Swift, given in the September *Magazine*, page 516.

2. Mention several maladjustments which people might make in relation to the mental conflicts they encounter.

3. In relation to the tendencies toward other worldliness which might even afflict some members of our own group, read suitable extracts from the following songs in our book of Deseret Sunday School Songs, Nos. 52, 60, 123, 139, 197, 207, 222, and 228. Have any songs with sentiments like those in the verses quoted above been included in our Sunday School song book? If so, are they favorites with us and what is their source?

4. We sometimes speak of ourselves as being the "chosen people" of God. Can it be possible that with some of us this notion serves us just like the fabricated superiority which Overstreet speaks of—buttressing our insecure self-respect and nourishing the "tendency to minimum effort?" Or do most of us feel challenged to worthy effort because we feel that our people have been chosen not so much for favor as for service and responsibility?

5. In the biography of a Latter-day Saint missionary to the Society Islands, it tells of his efforts to dislodge the native converts from their "indolent reliance upon ceremonial for salvation. * * * To them religion was an invitation to comfort and peace, rather than a call to ad-

venture and service, often to heroic performance." He had come to appreciate the fact that "religious and moral character * * is an achievement, not a gift; an invitation to struggle and accomplishment, not to peace and security." Compare the insight of this missionary with that reflected in such Bible passages as the following: Hosea 6:6; Micah 6:6-8; Amos 5:14-15, 21-24; Isa. 1:10-17; Jer. 7:5-7, 21-22, Matt. 25:31-46; Jno. 8:31-39, Rom. 2:17-29.

6. Read Mosiah 18:8-13; Alma 31:16-28; 34:28-34; 41:14; II Nephi 9:16, 33, 38; Mormon 9:14; D. & C. 11:12, 20; 58:26-29; 108:99, and comment along the line of the thoughts suggested in problem five. To what extent do these extracts from characteristic Mormon scripture emphasize a conception of religion which does not permit of careless procrastination or empty emotionalism, or a lazy reliance upon mere rituals and ceremonies as substitutes for initiative and self-effort *here and now* as essential conditions of salvation?

7. It is fairly easy for us to recognize defensive reactions in other people, especially in children. Suggest several specific ways of helping them. How may we ourselves overcome these tendencies? In their extreme forms to what do they lead?

8. We have all heard the saying that "nothing succeeds like success." Of what importance is this idea in relation to personality development? Should children be provided with a lot of cheap or undeserved "successes?" If not, what are the characteristics of real successes and what should be done to bring them about?

9. Read carefully page 181 of our text and write out your best comment on it for presentation before the class.

10. In Chapter XII, Overstreet discusses in a clear manner certain interesting problems of social and political progress. With what part of this chapter do you find yourself in closest agreement? Point out one or two things he expresses with which you do not readily agree.



HAPPY LITTLE FOLK AT THE
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SOLITUDE

Conventions and Conferences

General Board members visited Relief Society stake conventions and conferences, which were held in the stakes during 1930, as follows:

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 Franklin—Mrs. Ida Peterson Beal.
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 Garfield—Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford.
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 Grant—Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford, Miss Sarah M. McLelland.
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Massing for Prohibition's Greatest Drive

NO wonder public sentiment against prohibition is gaining. Often the press seems to avoid printing the dry side of the story. Facts favoring prohibition are frequently lost in a maze of wet propaganda. Often items concerning prohibition are twisted into an argument against prohibition . . . a Federal officer is killed by a bootlegger with a criminal record of twenty years, and the news headline is "snooper killed."

Unfortunately for the common good, facts are distorted; editorials are often assaults on prohibition; nothing is left unturned by the wet radical papers to discredit the greatest moral reform of the century.

The majority of the people in the most populous centers of the United States form their opinion from the mass of liquor propaganda. Why shouldn't they wonder about the benefits of prohibition? Why shouldn't they begin to think or act against the Eighteenth Amendment?

It's time to do something. Let's give the people the facts about prohibition. Despite the excellent work done by the religious and other law-upholding publications of the nation in telling the true story, much work is yet to be done. We must reach the masses, who read only the daily newspapers, whose thoughts, actions and votes, are controlled by the papers.

Let's give them the real facts: that drinking has decreased; that crime has lessened; that the death rate has been lowered; that the standard of living has been raised; that the nation as a whole as well as the individual has been materially benefited.

The people should know the truth about prohibition. Only the truth, told now in a forceful manner, will save prohibition.

The American Business Men's Prohibition Foundation after months of exhaustive research has gathered the facts that prove conclusively the great success of prohibition. It has given the facts, through its press bureau, to the newspapers of the country. Papers that are fair have printed them. But many wet

papers have ignored them—and it is to the twenty millions of readers of the wet press that we must give the facts.

To reach this mass of readers—most of whom are fair-minded and who will appreciate the truth—this Foundation is going to advertise nation-wide. Full pages of paid newspaper advertising will be published in wet as well as dry papers—to reach everybody!

The work of spreading the truth to the largest reading public can be accomplished in no better manner. Paid advertisements will tell the actual facts as they exist.

LET'S HAVE THE TRUTH ABOUT PROHIBITION

The American Business Men's Prohibition Foundation is incorporated in Illinois "not for profit" and is a voluntary association organized to collect, correlate and disseminate facts regarding the results of National Prohibition and its relation to the welfare and progress of the people of the United States.

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Notes to the Field

(Continued from page 43)

Special Instruction For Choristers and Organists:

DURING the month of January a specially designed course for stake and ward choristers and organists will be commenced in Idaho Falls, Logan, Ogden, Salt Lake City, Provo, Ephraim, and Richfield. The course, which will be made up of six free lessons given over a period of six weeks, has been outlined by the General Music Committee of the Church with the assistance of the Church's music institution, the McCune School of Music and Art, and six prominent music leaders from the faculty of that school have been selected to present subjects included in the course.

These instructors are: Edward P. Kimball, Organist of the Tabernacle; Lester Hinchcliff, Director of the Ogden Tabernacle Choir; C. W. Reid, former director of the music department of the B. Y. University; Anthony C. Lund, Director of the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir; Reginald Beales, violinist and teacher of violin and ensemble groups at the McCune School of Music and Art; and Tracy Y. Cannon, Director of the McCune School and former organist of the Tabernacle.

This valuable series of lectures and class discussions is intended not alone for the Church musicians in the centers mentioned; it is sincerely hoped by the General Boards of all the Auxiliaries that all the music officers in their organizations within convenient traveling distance of a class meeting-place will attend the six classes. The first class in each

locality will be given on the following dates: January 5, Ephraim; January 10, Logan; January 12, Richfield; January 17, Provo; January 19, Salt Lake City; January 24, Ogden; January 26, Idaho Falls.

We especially urge all choristers and organists in our Relief Society organization to take advantage of this exceptional opportunity wherever possible.

This instruction is given to the Relief Society free, through the courtesy of the General Board.

The Russell Sage Foundation:

THE Russell Sage is one of the seven great foundations, and is an institution established in 1907 by Mrs. Russell Sage, with an endowment of ten million dollars. The purpose of this was to establish a Foundation for the improvement of social and living conditions in the United States. The Foundation does not attempt to relieve individual or family needs, but merely to study and investigate, in order to eradicate the causes of distress. The work is distributed among several departments, including the Charity Organization Department, the Department of Industrial Studies, Division of Remedial Loans, Department of Surveys and Exhibits, the Division of Recreation, Division of Publication of Library and Statistics.

It is with the Charity Organization and with the Library and Statistics and Survey, that the Relief Society has had most contact. The Charity Organization Department

has made studies of Marriage Administration in the several states, with the object of announcing a year minimum age law for girls. The Division of Recreation has done much to develop the Community Center idea, the Division of Remedial Loans has thrown light on the methods of loan sharks, and has promoted co-operative Loan Societies. Through its library many of the very finest works on social service have been published and made available at a minimum cost. The Foundation has also supervised the development of the model suburban community at Forest Hills, Long Island.

The Department of Surveys and

Exhibits has, by constant effort, kept the community informed of its problems, and therefore has served as a great educator of public opinion. It is in the Department of Surveys that the present Year Book has been completed, and is the most comprehensive thing of its kind ever attempted in the United States.

When assembling the material for the Social Service Year Book, Mr. Fred S. Hall, the editor wrote to the secretary of the Relief Society, and expressed his thought that the book would not be complete without an article on "Mormon Social Work," Mrs. Lund wrote the article asked for and we are happy to have it appear in this valuable book.

She Never Refused to Sing

By Linda S. Fletcher

She was an old, old lady
Upon whose gentle face,
A life of love and service
Had left a kindly trace.

"I sang for the Queen," she murmured,
I might have won wealth and fame;
The annals of earth's illustrious
Might have glorified my name."

"But I joined a humble people;
In trial, my gift would bring
To them a comforting pleasure,
And I never refused to sing."

"Now I am old and feeble,
But still, 'tis a marvelous thing,
I have never lost my talent,
I still have the power to sing."

"Last Night," and her eyes grew misty,
"I trod the streets of gold;
And, it seemed, in this heavenly vision,
That I sang, as I sang of old."

"And I know, very soon, my daughter,
My spirit in joy will wing
To the blest abode of my loved ones,
And I'll sing for my Heavenly King."

Procrastination

By Alice Morrill

There are aching hearts repining
For the words you did not say.
There are hope-lost souls a-needing
Faith-sweet prayers you did not pray.

There are hungry hearts a-longing
For the love you did not give,
There is cruel need, depending
On your pleasure to relieve.

There are baby-lips awaiting
For your truant, fond caress

There is dearth-of-blessing calling
You, who never think to bless.

There are lonely ones still listening
For the song you did not sing,
There are empty arms a-reaching
For the gift you did not bring.

There's a broken soul now stranded
By the heart-worn, heavy road;
For you never sought to cheer him,
Never thought to ease his load.

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February
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Vol. XVIII
No. 2



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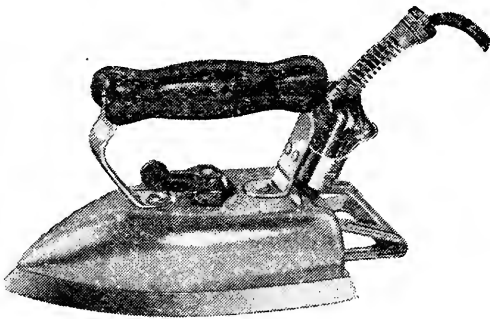
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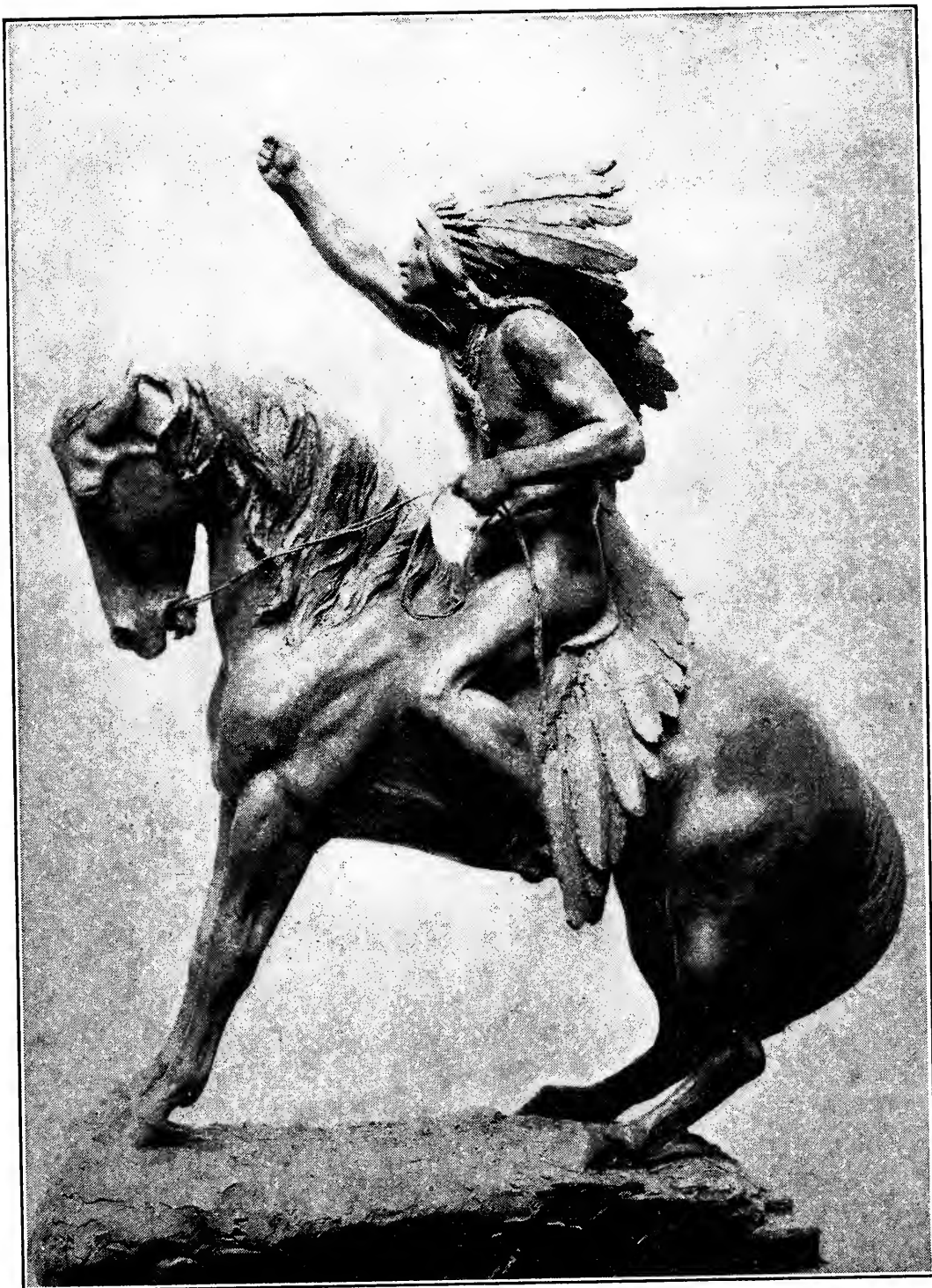
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In Tune

By Helen Kimball Orgill

The day has been dark and dreary ;
My task has been hard and long,
But I am not sad or weary,
For deep in my heart there's a song.

A song that springs up like a fountain,
From depths of an infinite calm
And woes that seem great as a mountain,
Are banished by heav'nly balm.



THE PROTEST

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The Lamanite in the Gospel Scheme

Address delivered at the Relief Society Conference October 1, 1930

By Rey L. Pratt, President of the Mexican Mission

WHILE sitting here, my mind has gone back to the many, many sad times in my contact with the Lamanite people, knowing and feeling how misunderstood they have been. How my heart has longed for an opportunity such as this, that I might be transported from where I was to some great gathering of the Church to tell my story in their behalf! And now I find myself looking at it from the other point of view and I wish with all my heart that I could transport you out to where they are so that you might get a personal glimpse and have the contact that would let you know intimately the feelings and the problems and the conditions of the Lamanite people.

THE past year in your work in the Relief Society you have been taking up the study of the Book of Mormon. I thank the Lord for that. I feel that the Church could well afford to devote more time to this study than it has done for some time past. Perhaps what the Lord revealed to Joseph Smith concerning the coming forth of the Book of Mormon and the very spe-

cific reasons for its coming forth has been missed by you in your study of it.

The assumption in the Church in regard to the Book of Mormon is that the primary purpose was to give us the gospel. In it is contained, as we know, the fulness of the everlasting gospel, but I should like to read in that connection a quotation from the Doctrine and Covenants that seems to put us right as to why the Book of Mormon came forth in this day and age in which we live. The Lord was rather reproofing Joseph Smith for letting the manuscript get out of his hands and told him what he might do to regain favor with the Lord and go on with the translation, and said,

“Nevertheless my work shall go forth, for inasmuch as the knowledge of a Savior has come unto the world, through the testimony of the Jews, even so shall the knowledge of a Savior come unto my people,

“And to the Nephites, and the Jacobites, and the Josephites, and the Zoramites, through the testimony of their fathers—

“And this testimony shall come to the knowledge of the Lamanites, and the Lemuelites and the Ishmaelites, who dwindled in unbelief because of the in-

iquity of their fathers, whom the Lord has suffered to destroy their brethren the Nephites, because of their iniquities and their abominations;

"And for this very purpose are these plates preserved which contain these records, that the promises of the Lord might be fulfilled, which he made to his people;

"And that the Lamanites might come to the knowledge of their fathers, and that they might know the promises of the Lord, and that they may believe the gospel and rely upon the merits of Jesus Christ, and be glorified through faith in his name, and that through their repentance they might be saved." Section 3, 16-20.

If the coming forth of the Book of Mormon and the preservation of these plates were for this very purpose, it seems very evident to me that the membership of this Church should direct their efforts toward the fulfillment of these promises, for the Lamanite people do not know of the promises made concerning them. Without the contact being made with these promises and the book that contains them, through us, they will never know of them. Consequently there is a very great responsibility devolving upon this Church in behalf of our Lamanite brethren.

I call your attention to the fact that the Lamanites that dwell within the confines of the United States are a very small part of the people of Joseph, those descendants of Lehi through his sons Laman and Lemuel, that are in existence. There are a great many more of them in the countries to the south of us: Mexico is a Lamanitish country, Central America is a Lamanitish country, the great majority of the inhabitants of all of the South American countries are Lamanitish people. They are nevertheless conquered and dominated and brought down to a condition of serfdom by the Gentile conquerors who have

come in among them. The Lamanites are the descendants of the rebellious sons of Lehi, those two boys who would not work in harmony with their father from the time they left Jerusalem, who persecuted their younger brother Nephi and his brothers who stood with him in endeavoring to establish the Church of the Lord and to work out his purposes among them. Early in their history, this prediction was made by the Lord, speaking to Nephi:

"And inasmuch as ye shall keep my commandments, ye shall prosper, and shall be led to a land of promise; yea, even a land which I have prepared for you; yea, a land which is choice above all other lands.

"And inasmuch as thy brethren shall rebel against thee, they shall be cut off from the presence of the Lord.

"And inasmuch as thou shalt keep my commandments, thou shalt be made a ruler and a teacher over thy brethren.

"For behold, in that day that they shall rebel against me, I will curse them even with a sore curse, and they shall have no power over thy seed except they shall rebel against me also." Book of Mormon, 1 Nephi, 2:20-23.

The curse placed upon them was a result of their rebellion and the curse was manifest in a dark skin that came upon these people. The Lord made it permanent so long as they would not return to him. He extended it to all who mixed with them. Lehi, even before he came unto this land, foresaw the condition that should prevail among the people under certain conditions, and I would like to read to you this afternoon his prediction concerning this people and their coming unto this land, for it foreshadows all that has passed and it specifically sets forth conditions as they have been recited to you this afternoon and conditions that I should like to call to your attention that prevail in the republics to the south of us

with a predominance of Lamanitish population. Lehi said:

"Wherefore, I, Lehi, have obtained a promise, that inasmuch as those whom the Lord God shall bring out of the land of Jerusalem shall keep his commandments, they shall prosper upon the face of this land; and they shall be kept from all other nations, that they may possess this land unto themselves. And if it so be that they shall keep his commandments they shall be blessed upon the face of this land, and there shall be none to molest them, nor to take away the land of their inheritance; and they shall dwell safely forever." 2 Nephi, 1:9.

The Lord never makes promises that he does not expect to fulfill if the people comply with the conditions. If the descendants of Lehi had complied with the conditions herein laid down and had served the God of the land, they would have been possessors of this land—even we should have had no participation in it unless we belonged to the nation they presided over. While the Lord makes his promises to be fulfilled, there is always an alternative—the Lord always presents the other side of the question. To these people who were given such a wonderful opportunity through this prediction of their father to possess forever this land as a land of their inheritance, it was given them to know how they might forfeit it. Strange how men will sin in the face of knowledge, but that is a human propensity.

"But behold, when the time cometh that they shall dwindle in unbelief, after they have received so great blessings from the hand of the Lord—having a knowledge of the creation of the earth, and all men, knowing the great and marvelous works of the Lord from the creation of the world; having power given them to do all things by faith; having all the commandments from the beginning, and having been brought by his infinite goodness into this precious land of promise—behold, I say, if the day

shall come that they will reject the Holy One of Israel, the true Messiah, their Redeemer and their God, behold, the judgments of him that is just shall rest upon them.

"Yea, he will bring other nations unto them, and he will give unto them power, and he will take away from them the lands of their possessions, and he will cause them to be scattered and smitten." 2 Nephi, 1:10-11.

Now, the history of these peoples shows emphatically that they pursued the latter course, that they turned from their knowledge of the God of the land through a great many centuries. The Nephites maintained their prophets and they maintained the religion that the Lord had given to them. At times they fell into wickedness, but all through the long history of the Lamanite nation they rebelled against their father, they rebelled against the religion taught by Lehi and by Nephi, except for short intervals during which time some of the Lamanites were converted. After the visit of the Savior to this land, all the people were converted to the gospel of Jesus Christ, and for a period of two hundred years there was absolute peace and faith and obedience to the commandments of the Lord, and the doctrines of God were followed by the people of the land. But even after this momentous time, one of the most remarkable in the world's history, they became proud and haughty and class distinctions arose and divisions came among the people—Lamanites and Nephites were again known and there was wickedness on the part of both factions: if anything, the Nephite people were more wicked than the Lamanite faction, and the Lord permitted that the Lamanites should absolutely and utterly destroy them from off the face of the earth. Subsequent to that time, the Lamanites degenerated in their worship, they descend-

ed in the countries to the south of us, to a system of devil worship.

There are a great many other passages in the Book of Mormon to show this condition was foretold: you will find them recorded in Third Nephi and again in Mormon and in other writings of the ancient prophets of this land who specifically predicted these conditions, the treatment that the people should receive at the hands of the other people, the other nations that should come in among them, and that they should be scattered, that they should be smitten, that they should be hated, that they should become a hiss and a by-word, that they should be made the hewers of wood and the drawers of water for the conquering nations that should come in among them.

PROPHECIES in this world, no matter where recorded, have never had a more literal fulfillment than those uttered concerning the Lamanite people. The saddest history, is the story of the Indian as I have been reading it for the past quarter of a century—reading it in books, yes, but more often in the lives of the people I have come in contact with. I have in my collection a history of the Indian written by a historian in Guatemala who prefaces his work in these words: "If my pen might have the gift of tears, I would write a book and I would call it *The Indian* and I would make the whole world weep."

The Indian was the veritable lord of the land at the time of the coming of Europeans here. In the year 1519 Cortez set out with an expedition from the island of Cuba to conquer the great Aztec nation. After overcoming several Indian tribes, he and his men went on to the present site of the City of Mexico, where Montezuma, the Aztec chieftain entreated them to return. He sent

them wonderful presents of gold and other treasures, hoping they would be placated and would go back and not molest them. But this only incited a desire to conquer and lay hold upon these wonderful riches. They found they were pitting six hundred men against a nation of thirty millions of people with many hundreds of thousands of warriors. It seems strange that a little band of men could have overcome such a great nation, but we must take into consideration one thing: The Savior of the world visited the Nephite people and instituted his Church, an era of prosperity followed his divine ministry among this people; when the Savior went away he promised sometime to return, and these people had it in their traditions that that fair god whom they called Quetzalcoatl who instituted this era of prosperity was to return to them. In their minds he was probably very much like the Spaniards proved to be. Peculiar things had been occurring during Montezuma's reign that made it apparent that the empire was to be wrested from his hands, and he saw in Cortez the return of that god in their mythology to take away the empire and return the people to their great day of prosperity. But still there was some fear in his heart and he shrank from it, praying the men to return to the land from which they came. For this reason there was no particular resistance to Cortez, and when he marched on the City of Mexico, with his forces augmented by traitors from the Indian tribes he had conquered with his magic arms, he was met by the emperor himself who invited him into his city on peaceful terms and who offered him quarters next to his own in the capital. This condition did not last long for Cortez in a most presumptive way made a

prisoner of Montezuma right in his own capital. Trouble arose and Montezuma was induced to send his brother to quiet the rebels, but the brother, instead of trying to do this, led the people in open assault against the Spaniards who were quartered in the city, and they were driven out the western causeway and retreated from the city, back to the little republic of Tlascala. The arrival of several vessels with men and war munitions enabled Cortez to reorganize his army, and after recuperating from his defeat he laid siege to the City of Mexico and more terrible siege was never waged. Mothers were reduced to the extremes of eating their own young to assuage the pangs of hunger and two days preceding the fall of that city, 80,000 people were butchered by the Spaniards and their allies. The fall of the great Aztec empire was the opening wedge that subdued all the native races south of the Rio Grande. The country was made a vassal of Spain. The people were the slaves of Spain and were apportioned out with land to the conquerors. I know men in that country who have held in one holding as much land as two-thirds of the State of Utah. They took from them their land and their possessions, took away everything that they possessed. They threw down their gods, they desecrated their temples, they murdered their emperors. From this beginning we have Alvarado who repeated this same condition in Guatemala; and we have the terrible Pizarro who humbled Peru. The gold of the country was gathered together and melted and carried away by the invaders. Not only were they despoiled of all the material things of life, but their religion was desecrated, those things held most dear were taken away from them. The Spanish conquer-

ors considered it to be their duty to convert the races that they conquered as well as to subject them to their king. Their right of conquest given them by the Holy See, they set out to convert them and to establish in lieu of the religion of the country, the Catholic faith. In order to accomplish this, the inquisition with all its horrors was brought to bear against the people. The mute evidences of it make a man's blood curdle. I have seen a section of wall in one particular part of the National Museum of Mexico where it stated in the description of it that it was used in the Spanish inquisition—the face of it is torn off, but there, partly turned to stone, you see a mother with a baby in her arms, who had been built right into that wall. The horrors of the inquisition are too great to even mention here, but suffice it to say that the Indian was humbled, he was brought low, and to escape absolute extermination, he was converted to the religion of the country. Statistics are marvelous in regard to what has been done in these countries in regard to the remnant that has been left by reason of the conquest. I am reading here from an article that I compiled in 1914 on these matters:

“History says that at the beginning of the Conquest of the proud Incas of Peru by the Spaniards under Pizarro, they numbered six millions, and fifty years after the conquest, there had perished, according to a canon gotten up by the order of Philip 2nd, in the year 1580, more than two millions of the Indians of that empire. When Peru gained her independence, says a reliable historian, she had lost nine-tenths of her inhabitants. Of the six millions that she had at the coming of the Spaniards, according to a census taken at the order of Viceroy Gil de Lemos, there remained in the year 1795 only 608,899.

“The kingdoms of Guatemala, comprising most of what is now known as

Central America, had a population at the coming of the Spaniards of over three millions of people; according to a census taken in the year 1810, there remained of the native people, only 646,076. It is said on good authority, (Antonio Batres Jauregui, Autor de Los Indios, su Historia y su Civilization) that, at the end of the 18th century the native people of the countries that had been conquered by Spain had been reduced to one-tenth their number at the coming of the Spanish conqueror."

I wonder if we could ask for a more literal fulfillment of prophecy. Could we wish the Lord to be more literal in taking away from these people the land of their inheritance? The present rebellion in Mexico that began in 1910 is bringing liberty to thousands of people whose parents never knew liberty, bringing liberty to people whose parents have been in captivity since the conquest. Statistics given out in 1910 were to the effect that of the fifteen million people in that land, two million alone owned the shirts that they stood up in; thirteen million people in that land did not possess legal right to a single foot of ground, to a home, to anything in all the wide world, they were absolutely dependent upon the people who owned the country and who gave them work—at what a cost! They were reduced to bondage, compelled to work at a wage on which they could not live, and when they drew from the country enough on which to live, the amount was charged against them. The law allowed the country to retain the person of a man who owed a debt, and should he die, to pass it on to his son, in his father's stead. What was the result? They were never able to pay the debt. I lived there during years of a regime of that kind in Mexico. Men were taken into the tropics where it is unhealthy to live and made to work throughout the long tropical days, and were

herded into stockades at night. They died like flies. Thank God they are not like they used to be. In some sections they have papers from the crown of Spain which granted possession of land. These papers are registered in the City of Mexico, but do you think they can get possession of that land? They cannot, unless somebody mightier than I have seen steps in and gives them right to that which they hold papers for. They have been reduced to a remnant, have been brought low in every sense of the word. If it should go on how long would it be before the other one-tenth would become extinct, if in four hundred years nine-tenths have succumbed?

THIS is the point I want to get to—that same God that revealed to Lehi these very conditions and that predicted this and caused it to be brought about to humble these people, has provided and foretold and will decree their restoration. That is the point; that is the hope that I have. I would like to read to you some of the prophecies that pertain to that part of my story: the Lord revealed the future to Nephi and had him record these words:

"Nevertheless thou beholdest that the Gentiles who have gone forth out of captivity, and have been lifted up by the power of God above all other nations upon the face of the land, which is choice above all other lands, which is the land that the Lord God hath covenanted with thy father that his seed should have it for the land of their inheritance, wherefore thou seest that the Lord God will not suffer that the Gentiles will utterly destroy the mixture of thy seed, which are among thy brethren; "Neither will he suffer that the Gentiles shall destroy the seed of thy brethren." 1 Nephi 13:30, 31.

The Lord has decreed that we (for I maintain we are the Gen-

tiles, and I maintain that in a way we have participated in bringing these people down to where they are) are to assist in their restoration. I would like to call another passage to your attention:

“And now, I would prophesy somewhat more concerning the Jews and the Gentiles. For after the book of which I have spoken shall come forth, and be written unto the Gentiles, and sealed up again unto the Lord, there shall be many which shall believe the words which are written; and they shall carry them forth unto the remnant of our seed.

“And then shall the remnant of our seed know concerning us, know that we came out of Jerusalem, and that they are descendants of the Jews.

“And the gospel of Jesus Christ shall be declared among them; wherefore, they shall be restored unto the knowledge of their fathers, and also to the knowledge of Jesus Christ, which was had among their fathers.

“And then shall they rejoice; for they shall know that it is a blessing unto them from the hand of God; and their scales of darkness shall begin to fall from their eyes; and many generations shall not pass away among them, save they shall be a white and delightsome people.” II Nephi 30:3-6.

These things are balm to our spirits. I have labored among these people for twenty-five years. My heart goes out to them. Oh how anxiously I labor for the fulfillment of these predictions in their behalf. Are they worthwhile? Are they the terrible, ignorant, degraded people that we esteem them to be? I wonder if we know what is working among them just now. At the beginning of the revolution, 85 per cent of them were illiterate; the other day President Rubio gave out statistics to the effect that illiteracy has been reduced to 65 per cent. They have a passion for education, and I see in it the hand of God preparing these people for the reception of the gospel.

DO we believe in the book that we have before us and have been studying during the past year? It is incumbent upon us, from this moment henceforth to carry that book and the message contained in it back to this people. I want to read a passage or two to show how vital it is for us to give consideration to these things:

“And now behold, I say unto you that when the Lord shall see fit, in his wisdom, that these sayings shall come unto the Gentiles according to his word, then ye may know that the covenant which the Father hath made with the children of Israel, concerning their restoration to the lands of their inheritance, is already beginning to be fulfilled.

“And ye may know that the words of the Lord, which have been spoken by the holy prophets, shall all be fulfilled; and ye need not say that the Lord delays his coming unto the children of Israel.

“And ye need not imagine in your hearts that the words which have been spoken are vain, for behold, the Lord will remember his covenant which he hath made unto his people of the house of Israel.

“And when ye shall see these sayings coming forth among you, then ye need not any longer spurn at the doings of the Lord, for the sword of his justice is in his right hand; and behold, at that day, if ye shall spurn at his doings he will cause that it shall soon overtake you.

“Wo unto him that spurneth at the doings of the Lord; yea, wo unto him that shall deny the Christ and his words!

“Yea, wo unto him that shall deny the revelations of the Lord, and that shall say the Lord no longer worketh by revelation, or by prophecy, or by gifts, or by tongues, or by healings, or by the power of the Holy Ghost!

“Yea, and wo unto him that shall say at that day, to get gain, that there can be no miracle wrought by Jesus Christ: for he that doeth this shall become like unto the son of perdition, for whom there was no mercy, according to the word of Christ!

“Yea, and ye need not any longer hiss, nor spurn, nor make game of the Jews, nor any of the remnant of the house of Israel; for behold, the Lord remembereth his covenant unto them, and he will do

unto them according to that which he hath sworn.

"Therefore ye need not suppose that ye can turn the right hand of the Lord unto the left, that he may not execute judgment unto the fulfilling of the covenant which he hath made unto the house of Israel." III Nephi, 29.

IT is wonderful to learn not to hate people. There is a natural antipathy and hatred on the part of the Anglo-Saxon toward the Indian, but why? Do you feel any better for it? I am a peculiarly made fellow, with strong likes and very strong dislikes, and one of the hardest things for me to overcome all through my life has been my dislike for people, individuals or races, and I have had an antipathy in times past towards Mexican people, but when I overcame it I felt better about it. Later in life, when I saw the terrible things brought upon the Mexican people by Cortez and others who were Spaniards, I instinctively hated the Spanish people, and the Lord had to send me to South America, where I thought I was going to preach to Lamanites and where they were all Spanish people, to learn that we are all God's children, and then my hatred of the Spanish vanished in my work of preaching the gospel to them. Get hatred out of your systems, the idea that you are holier than someone else. We are all God's children, and if you are favored, thank God, but do not boast of it; and if you are truly thankful, you will assist to bring them to where you are, just as Jesus Christ did when he went down with the publicans and sinners. You cannot hand them salvation on the end of a pole. I love the Lamanitish people; I have slept in their homes; I have gone to their places at nine or ten o'clock at night and they have got out of bed and slept on the floor that I might sleep

in the bed, even though I would rather have slept on the floor. They will do anything for a man who will give them a square deal; and the Indian in the United States and Mexico and everywhere else wants nothing more than he wants a square deal. That is what they need. There is a lot of good in them, a lot of good things in their traditions. I was in New Mexico about two weeks ago among the Pueblo Indians. They are obliged to send their people to the schools in Santa Fe and Albuquerque. The Indian boy has his hair cut, is dressed in civilized clothes and an education is forced on him. All of his traditions are trampled in the dust, nothing good that he has is accepted, and then he is sent out. I do not know what he is equipped for. He goes back into the tribal home; his hair grows long and he takes off the white man's clothes and puts on the Indian blanket. I asked a group what they would do if nothing more than that was offered them, and they said they would go back and wear the blanket, too, and I gloried in their independence. There is something in them and it can be touched by the gospel of Jesus Christ, and a great race will rise up and they will be redeemed, and they shall be powerful in the building of the center stake of Zion. This is their land and our participation will be because of our keeping the commandments of God and we will be counted among them, the seed of Joseph—they are not going to be counted among us. These are predictions the Lord has made and they are going to be fulfilled.

MY testimony to you is that the gospel of Jesus Christ is true. My testimony to you is that this Book of Mormon is true. I have thought it over from every angle I

could think it over ; I have gone over every word of it, studied every punctuation mark in it, in order to release it in another language. I have studied the relics and traditions of the people, and have had the witness of the Holy Ghost that makes me know in every fibre of my body that that book is what it purports to be—it is a witness in the world for God and it is true. The man who brought it forth is a prophet of God. The gospel restored through him is the gospel of Jesus Christ—it is the power of God unto salvation. We have it, let us appre-

ciate it, let us live up to it, and let us be found earnestly working for the establishment of God's purposes, and let us use our influence as far as it can go, and if the call comes to us to participate, either actively in this work, or by sending our sons or daughters, let us avail ourselves of this privilege. Great will be your reward for every one that comes to a knowledge of the truth through your efforts. The Lord bless you and help you to understand these things, is my humble prayer in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

The Old, Old Folk

By Bertha A. Kleinman

I sit at the feet of the old, old folk,
 The bent and the halt and the grey,
 And I string the pearls from the good words spoke,
 For a learned folk are they.

I fondle the hands of the old, old folk,
 And a courage new is born,
 For theirs is the strength of the tempered oak
 In the fingers gnarled and worn:

I welcome the smile of the old, old folk,
 The wrinkled and comely cheer,
 And proud am I when I invoke
 The praise of an old compeer.

I look in the eyes of the old, old folk,
 In the windows dulled and dim,
 Where vision lightens with master-stroke
 The sight that is turned to Him.

I follow the wake of the old, old folk,
 And reap of the goodly seed,
 Over fruited trail that their feet have broke,
 Where the steps of the fathers lead.

I stand for the faith of the old, old folk,
 The light of the world to be ;
 I stand for the standards their lives evoke,
 For their faith is the faith for me !

Careers

(A One-Act Comedy-Drama of Life and Love)

By Linda S. Fletcher

Suitable for Annual Day Programs

Cast of Characters

Katherine Leighton	A Modern Maiden
Cornelia Leighton	Her Mother
Dawn Joy	A Motion Picture Star
Mary Hilton	An Author
Rose Ramsay	A Singer
Joyce, age 8, and Betty Ellen, age 10	The Leighton Children
Jimmie Halstead	Katherine's Suitor
Ward Leighton	Her Father
Jesse Georges	A Motion Picture Producer
Douglas Lincoln	A Portrait Painter

Scene: Living room in the Leighton homestead with davenport and table, right center, several big, easy chairs, desk, upper left, blackboard, with colored drawing, left; flowers, a profusion of magazines and books, lamps etc., arranged artistically lend an atmosphere of charm. Doors, back center, left, and right.

At rise of curtain, Katherine, wearing a summery frock and dainty apron, is arranging flowers at the davenport table, right center. Cornelia, upper left, is just closing the desk. She has a sweet, serene face, dark hair, slightly gray at the temples. She wears a becoming dress of blue linen.

Katherine—Run along, now, mother, and enjoy yourself. I'll finish the house-work and answer the door-bell. I can hardly wait for our eminent visitors to arrive.

Cornelia (smiling)—You always did adore famous people, didn't you, Kathie?

Katherine—Yes; and I'm quite overwhelmed by our present good fortune in having three celebrities under our roof and two more coming. Are you disappointed that there is so little likelihood of your winning the prize, mother?

Cornelia—Of course not, dear. I

should rather have it go to one of the others—or all, if possible. (Goes left) Call me when they arrive. (Exits left)

(Door-bell rings; Katherine greets Jimmie Halstead.)

Katherine (Surprised, as she puts his things on table, r.) Why, Jimmie! Whoever would have expected to see you in Morton!

Jimmie (taking her hand)—It's like this, Kathie. When you told me goodbye after the "U" dance the other evening, I did so much want to ask you something—but just couldn't get nerve enough. After you left, however, I found it just had to be said, if I were to enjoy any peace of mind, so I followed you here.

Katherine—And this mysterious something—Jimmie—?

Jimmie (hesitatingly) — You know how I have shadowed you the past year. Always in your way, wasn't I?

Katherine—Never in the way! It was thrilling to a Junior to have a "grave and reverend" Senior notice her, I assure you, especially when

he was "honor man" of his class, and its president, too.

Jimmie—No more than thrilling?

Katherine—Well—rather nice!

Jimmie (earnestly)—Was it nice enough, Katherine, that you'd be willing to have me—well—rather near, the rest of your life?

Katherine—Is—is this a proposal?

Jimmie—Well, I'm not carrying it off in Romeo or Barrymore fashion (ruefully) I know, but I do love you, Kathie. Do you think you could ever care for me?

Katherine (responding sweetly to his seriousness)—It's nice of you Jimmie, to like me. I'm fond of you, too. But, Jimmie, I just don't want to get married. I don't want to be tied to dust-cloths and mop-pails! I want a career!

Jimmie—But isn't marriage a career? Surely a woman can have no greater career than that assigned her by God.

Katherine (slightly sarcastic) —Spoken like a "man"! Are you sure it was not mere man, rather, who assigned this career of which you speak, to woman! Of course, wifehood is best for the untalented woman, but I think the Maker intended that those especially gifted should use their abilities for the betterment of humanity and should devote their lives to the world as a whole instead of limiting them to one fire-side!

Jimmie—I can think of no way in which a woman of the highest talents could more greatly benefit the race than by becoming the mother of some of its children. There is a career that calls for the development of every talent, demands unselfishness, it is true, and yet rewards with the most poignant happiness this world can bestow!

Katherine—Oh, but you're wrong, Jimmie. Look at my mother, she

seems to be happy enough, and I'm sure she's unselfish, but as for developing her talents—why, she hasn't time to do a thing but work for us. To see her, now, you would never believe that, at the time of her marriage, the world seemed to be hers for the taking. She could just do anything, they say. She had three especially intimate girl friends: Rose Ramsay, who had a very good voice, but not so lovely as mother's contralto; Mary Hilton, who could write very well, but not nearly as effectively as mother, who, before she was twenty had had several poems and a short story accepted for publication by local magazines; and Frances McConnell, who was pretty and could act, but who never won the leading parts in the school plays when mother was competing. Sit down, Jimmie, and I'll tell you about the pact these girls made while going to school together. (They sit on davenport) They agreed that twenty years later they would meet and decide whose life had been most successful, judged by the happiness of each and her contribution to humanity, as evidenced by the real beauty of her countenance. Well, Jimmie, the twenty years are up today and these three friends of mother's are here; they are women who have had wonderful careers.

Jimmie—And you see in their success the kind you desire for yourself? You are wonderfully gifted, Kathie, of course, or you wouldn't have had the lead in both the school plays and operas every year you've been at the U, and I desire your happiness more than my own. If there were only some way, though, that we could be sure that a public career will indeed bring you true happiness. Tell me, how are these women going to decide who has won the novel competition?

Katherine—That's the most thrilling part. Douglas Lincoln—you know, the famous portrait painter—is to see the four of them for the first time today. He is to decide by choosing the one he would prefer to paint, and the portrait he does is to be the prize. You see, each year, each of the competitors has contributed one-twenty-fifth of her total earnings to a common fund, and they have quite a staggering amount on hand to pay for the painting, although the amount mother has paid each year hasn't been very large compared to that contributed by the others. Father says half he receives as salary is really mother's, so she has based her payments on that. Father doesn't earn so much as a high school teacher. When they were married he was as poor as—

Jimmy (dryly)—As Jimmie Halstead now is; and from what you tell me he must have had the same colossal nerve when he asked your mother to do the very thing that I am asking you to do. But who are these others and what have they done to win so much lucre?

Katherine—I'm sure you won't blame me for being dazzled, when I tell you about them. First, there is Rose Ramsay, the opera singer. Perhaps you haven't heard of her because, while she has good parts, she has never yet become a prima donna. She has made a lot of records, however, and also does a great deal of singing at private musicales. She came on here from Hollywood where she has been having her voice tested for the movies. If her tests are a success, she will make a great deal of money at voice doubling. They couldn't let her know before she came on here, because Mr. Georges, the producer, was in New York, and he had to pass on the tests. He is coming here to see Miss Joy about her new contract, and

Miss Ramsay expects him to have a very good contract for her also. And, O Jimmie! What if he should notice me! Maybe this is going to be my big chance. See, I have my best photo on exhibition. (Points to a large photo of herself standing on davenport table.)

Jimmie—Well, he's no judge of looks if he fails to notice you, Kathie. But this Miss Joy of whom you speak; Have you captured Leatrice or Dawn and how does she happen to be here?

Katherine—Well, I see you're up on your photoplays, Jimmie, as you ought to be after the course I gave you last winter. The one and only Dawn Joy is no other than mother's friend, Frances McConnell and she's really and truly here. Now tell me if you think mother has a chance! Douglas Lincoln will be wild to paint Miss Joy!

Jimmie—And is the other one as great a celebrity as Miss Joy?

Katherine—You read "Heritage," didn't you—last year's best seller? Well, Miss Hilton wrote that.

Jimmie—Well, well. You have captured some big ones haven't you, Kathie? No wonder the life I have to offer looks commonplace when you compare it with the tales you must have heard from them. (Dejectedly) I suppose I may as well go back home. My case looks hopeless.

Katherine (impulsively) — Jimmie, let's be sporting about this. Let's make Douglas Lincoln's decision ours. But it's three to one for me, you know.

Jimmie—I remember your mother, though I met her only once; I don't think my chances are so poor. But where are they all?

Katherine — The family, with Miss Hilton and Miss Ramsay are having a picnic luncheon in the apple orchard. Miss Joy is still in

her room where her maid is performing beauty rites, I imagine. Say, Jimmie, I'm maid here today—why couldn't you run out and join the others? They'll give you something to eat, and I'm sure you're famished. You know mother—tell her I sent you out. I must preside at the door, for our distinguished guests may put in an appearance any time. The hour of their arrival was indefinite.

(Enter Dawn Joy. She is artificially beautiful and very well-dressed. She comes in at the door, r. c. and to center stage between Jimmie, left and Katherine, right, who have risen.)

Dawn—What luck! I didn't expect to find such a charming youth outside of Hollywood. (To Katherine, as she goes closer to Jimmie) Hurry and tell me who he is, Katherine, for I do miss my court.

Katherine—That's Jimmie Halstead, Miss Joy. He was just going to join the others outside. They're having luncheon under the apple trees, Miss Joy. Would you care to join them, too?

Dawn (languidly) — No, I'm afraid not. You see there are two dangers out there for me—food—Oh, I haven't eaten "food" for years!—and then the out-of-doors might ruin my make-up for Mr. Georges' inspection; and, mercy, Donnette has been all morning turning me out. (Sighs) I've had my grape-fruit!

Jimmie—Well, then, I'll run along, Kathie. Must find some way to pass the time—

Dawn (lays hand on his arm)—Why not come out on the sun porch and talk to me? I need a new leading man for my next picture and I'm sure I could get the place for you if you'd like it.

Jimmie—Oh, I'm not much of an actor—

Dawn—You wouldn't need to be

—in my picture. I've had ever so many of my leading men tell me that to be my lover on the screen they had only to act natural. Do you think you could fall for me like that?

Katherine (impulsively) — Why you're old enough to be Jimmie's mother—

Dawn—Oh, one is only as old as one looks and acts, my dear. Cleopatras never age—and I could do a lot for Jimmie. (To Jimmie) How about it—food for the body, or food for the—imagination?

Jimmie—The sun-porch sounds good to me. (They go out door, right.)

Katherine—Jimmie's just like the others—he soon forgets about his ideals when some one like Miss Joy beckons. (Doorbell, back center. Katherine answers the door. Enter Jesse Georges.)

Georges—(As he gives her his things)—Please tell Miss Joy that Mr. Georges is here. My dear, you are quite too pretty to be playing the maid.

Katherine (rather breathlessly) Well, when one is a beggar-maid, and King Cophetua's ring must needs be answered, one forgets that the daughter of the household does not answer the bell.

Mr. Georges (Looks again at her, keenly) Say, I wish I had you in Hollywood for some camera and voice tests! I think I am on the brink of making another discovery! (Notices photograph) You photograph splendidly. I'm sure you'd go over big!

Katherine (enthralled) — Oh, do you think so? I have always dreamed of being a real actress some day!

Mr. Georges—Why not come back with Miss Joy?—Do you sing?

Katherine—My teachers all say my voice is very good, Mr. Georges.

Mr. Georges—And I suppose you dance?

Katherine—I have had dancing lessons for years.

Mr. Georges—I must speak to your parents about your going back with us. Is Miss Joy around?

Katherine—I'll call her; she's on the porch.

(Exit *Katherine*, left.)

Mr. Georges (studying the photograph) I believe I've found someone who will be hailed as the sensation of the year. She's a whole lot more worth looking at than the scenery I'm supposed to be viewing out here.

(Enter *Dawn Joy*)

Dawn (cooingly to *Mr. Georges*)—Has the big nice man brought his little Joy a nice fat contract?

Mr. Georges (temporizing)—Of course, and we've got some swell things planned for you *Dawn*. How would you like the fat part of *Nancy* in *Hoffenbury's "Flaming Soul?"* (rubs his hands together unctuously, but eyes her anxiously)

Dawn (amazement turning to anger) Why—why—she's forty years old or more! How—how dare you?

Mr. Georges—But all the stars are declaring for sophisticated parts and—well, *Dawn*, we've talked things over at the studio, and, frankly, we think the parts you've been playing are too young for you. People are beginning to get sarcastic about our casting a forty-year-old woman as the sweet young thing you have been playing—

Dawn (speechless rage bursting into audible fury)—How dare you say that to me! Oh, you're just like all the rest! You know I don't look a day over seventeen in my pictures, and yet you think you can bully me like this. After all I've starved and sweat and endured to keep youthful, you can come to me like a monstrous ingrate, forgetting the money that has rolled into your

coffers whenever my pictures have been exhibited, and insult me!

Mr. Georges—Now, now, *Dawn*, let's look at this sensibly. You know and I know that you are through with the kind of parts you have been playing. We thought we'd make a picture starring you in an older part, and if it went over, sign you up to do some similar ones. I'm sorry. We want to do right by you, but making pictures costs money and we can't risk too much. We're willing to give you a trial in this new type of picture, but we can't make any more of the kind you have been playing in.

Dawn (calmer now)—Oh, I knew it was coming.—Well—all I can do is take the medicine. It will be a great relief to be able to relax a little, anyway. Too old! (Sinks to davenport, on her face a look of stony despair.)

(Enter *Katherine*, left.)

Katherine—Would you like to come out and meet the others, *Mr. Georges*?

Mr. Georges—I should like to see *Miss Ramsay* alone, first. But take *Miss Joy* out with you. She'll want to tell you all about our ambitious plans for her. We're going to film "*Flaming Souls*"!

Katherine—Oh, how perfectly splendid! And *Dawn* is to be *Naida*?

Dawn—How absurd! No; they're going to let me do a real part at last. I'm to play "*Nancy*"!

(*Katherine* looks at her, dubiously, but follows her out, left.)

Mr. Georges—Pride! It's a good thing a movie star has that to fall back upon. (Sighs) Well, it's a tough game for all concerned—up today and down tomorrow, one never knows.

(Enter *Rose Ramsay*.)

Rose (rather timidly, as if afraid of what she is to hear) You wished to see me, *Mr. Georges*?

Georges—Yes, but I hope the news I have isn't bad; I mean, you still have your operatic career.

Rose—Then you mean——?

Georges—That the fickle "mike" just didn't like your voice, Miss Ramsay.

Rose (involuntarily) Oh-h——

Georges (surprised) Does it mean a great deal to you?

Rose—Only this: it would have secured my future. I haven't been able to save very much as a second rate opera singer, and I'm beginning to realize that the years ahead can be rather dreadful to one who is forty and has no one to care for her especially.—Shall we join the others?

(As they exit, left, enter Mary Hilton, Joyce, and Betty Ellen, back center.)

Mary (to Joyce)—And did all those charming stories come out of your head?

Joyce—Mother helped me with them. We imagine together and then I write them down—I like to do that.

Mary—It must be very satisfactory to have a little girl to help with stories (musingly.)

Joyce—Do you help your little girl, Miss Hilton?

Mary—No; I haven't any children, except those I create with my brain.

Betty Ellen—Don't you get lonesome? Why Mother has Kathie, Joyce and me at home, but she misses Jack and Joe, my big twin brothers who are in New York, and Ted, who is spending his vacation with grandfather on the farm, so much!

Mary (half to herself) I shall be lonesome—I know I shall be—after I leave here. (After a moment, throws off the mood she is in) But, let's have a look at that picture!

Betty Ellen (leading her to the blackboard)—Here it is!

Mary (after studying it for a short time) —That's really very good, Betty Ellen. Some day, no doubt Joyce will write and you illustrate her stories.

Joyce (excitedly) —That's just what Jack and Joe do, Miss Hilton. But I'd rather have some children like mother has than write like you do and live all alone.

Mary—I'm sure you have chosen wisely. It isn't nice to be alone—and one can be so *alone* at forty!

(Enter the others, Cornelia in center with package. They group themselves around her, Mary, Joyce, Betty Ellen, Mr. Georges, and Miss Joy, left, and Katherine, Jimmie, Rose Ramsay, and Ward Leighton, right.)

Joyce—What have you, Mother?

Cornelia—Something from Jack and Joe—very precious, I'm sure. That's why I wanted you all to be here when I opened it. (Removes wrappings to display new book which she opens excitedly.) To— (her voice breaks and she hands book to her husband) You read it, Ward.

Mr. Leighton (with deep feeling) —"To our Mother, Cornelia Leighton, who lighted the torch and showed us the gleam, this book is affectionately dedicated by her sons." (Speaks to Cornelia) Cornelia, at last you have written a book! And not only have you written it but you have illustrated it, as well, I see.

(All examine it excitedly. Doorbell rings; Katherine ushers in Douglas Lincoln who comes center, right.)

Cornelia (giving him her hand) We are glad to welcome you, Mr. Lincoln. (Introduces him to the others.)

Jimmie (As he shakes hands impulsively)—And now, do your stuff,

Mr. Lincoln. I have a stake in this!

Douglas (gently)—An eye much less keen than that of an artist would have no trouble in making the choice I have been asked to make. I shall have to tell you, frankly, what I see. (With a gesture indicating Mary, Rose, and Dawn) In these faces, I read the story of lives lived all for self, and selfishness is not an ingredient of beauty. On the other hand, (indicates *Cornelia*) here is a face that proclaims that its owner, having given all has won all!

Katherine—Mother? Oh, how blind I have been!

Cornelia—But the others — I would much rather they had won. I have so much already—so much!

Jimmie (as he takes *Katherine's* hand)—And doesn't the Good Book have something to say about that?

Douglas—"To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away, even that which he hath."

(Curtain)

The Voicing Wilds of America

By S. T. Brimhall Foley

The voicing wild's mute eloquence
In golden silence streams
From ruined walls and caverns deep
Where scarce the sun-light
gleams;

Intelligence there testifies
Through massive walls of stone
Or prison chambers 'neath the earth
Of peoples long unknown.

The tangled growth of sunny climes
Fall like the reapers mow,
Yielding to hordes of alien hands
Which lay its curtains low,
Freeing the towers and ancient walls
From loneliness and dread
To let their silent beauty speak
The grandeur of their dead.

The fortress on the mountain height
Speaks volumes of some race
Pursued by other bands of men
Which roamed from place to
place;

Deep in the caves of mountain sides,
In chambers dark and still
Ingenious wares speak cultured
hands'
Intelligence and skill.

The moaning winds of barren lands
O'er ruined cities stray
Yet blend no more with sound of
hoof
Or feet of child at play;
Clay mounds of Montezuma speak
And say: This spot is dear
For they who called this place their
home
In spirit form are near.

The riven rocks still shield the
bloom
Of plants that Eden grew,
And wild birds bear the iris tint
Of bows that crowned the blue;
All these and more in symphony
With treasures from the *hill*
Are speaking truths in harmony
Through voices low and still.

The Indian Appeal

Address delivered at the Relief Society Conference October 1, 1930

By Julia A. Farnsworth Lund

IN the aroused consciousness of our duty in relation to our fellow men we have traveled a long way on the road toward practical Christianity. There are between three and four hundred thousand people in our own country, constituting the only wards the United States has, yet their cause has never, perhaps, been given sympathetic, intelligent consideration.

THE Anglo-Saxon conception of property rights is the basis of our whole governmental system. The Constitution of the United States and all subsequent legislation, both state and national, has carefully safeguarded this principle. In direct opposition to Communism, our civilization rests on the recognition of individual liberty and the principle of private ownership. This is the foundation of our American initiative and the source of our national greatness. It is paradoxical that this immortal, self-evident truth, should be so completely ignored, so wholly lacking as it has been, in all our dealings with the Indian.

The Indian problem is the oldest and most direct social responsibility of the national government. There is much in the past record of the dealings of our government with the Indian, of which we can not be proud. We never have fully acknowledged our debt of gratitude. The Government has not protected its wards—the Indians—yet it can never honorably disavow its responsibility.

INTIMATELY associated with the Indian problem is that of our public lands, which we can only note in passing—as the *first*—and by far the greatest source of revenue to our national government since the first territory was ceded to it by the States in 1781 under the Articles of Confederation. After the ratification of the Federal Constitution as the states grew, so did the public domain, and it was from these great tracts of land, as a source of revenue, that our internal improvements were almost entirely accomplished. Military services were paid for—our highways and our waterways and our railroads were constructed—our colleges and universities were endowed—in fact the development of the entire United States, great in all that makes a nation, was through the land that at one time belonged to the Indians.

We do not discount the splendid accomplishments of our own people. There is one thing however, that we do regret—it is that in the storm and stress of our own great aims and achievements, the like of which no other country shows, we have not considered the rights, nor safeguarded the interests of the unfortunate race, displaced of its own possessions by our march of progress. As Red Jacket said in a council meeting with the whites in 1805, “Brothers, our seats were once large and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets.”

THE real trouble, perhaps, rests upon the fact that the Government does not do anything very well in which the people are not interested. The people have been too much absorbed in their own affairs to pay attention to the Indian question, disavowing all responsibility to those who lost their land, when once we gained possession. No better demonstration of this fact can be made than to note the way the Indian Bureau during the past has been managed. It was placed in the Department of the Interior, simply because that was the department of the government which handled the public lands. The human element never entered into the scheme. The Indian Service has for the most part been a political catch ball with all the attending evils; a tottering rule, built upon a great injustice and allowed to continue. If we were to begin a recital of the 465 broken treaties of the government with the Indians, of the wholesale betrayal of trust, the utter lack of the spirit of humanity and fair play, there would be space for nothing else.

The Indian wars were followed by a sort of military subjugation, which gave place to the reservation plan—both schemes as wholly lacking in proper adjustment as can be conceived, the politician playing his vicious game throughout. The policy of Indian isolation at once put him out of step with the rest of human progress, and he has been subjected to a lot of experimentation. That type of control has operated to restrict, depress and submerge the personality of the Indian. In speaking of this, one young student said, "I plead that I be allowed to make my own mistakes rather than that another make them for me." The policy of the government has made of the Indians a socially broken race, but social retardation is not an evi-

dence of basic inferiority. Scientists tell us that the economic values of plants and foods developed by the Indians far surpass any contributions made by men of Luther Burbank's type, splendid as their work may have been, while the textiles and contributions in the field of art surpassed those of European origin.

AT present in the United States we have in the neighborhood of three hundred and fifty thousand Indians with whom the National government has some relationship. The Indian service reports that it deals with about two hundred tribes located in twenty-six different states. A word should be said about the oil-rich Osages. Stories of their great wealth have created a popular belief that all Indians are rich and extravagant. They number about three thousand, less than one per cent of the total. Tales regarding this little group have blinded the people of the United States and have kept them from understanding that the great majority of Indians are poor; desperately poor.

The facts that present themselves are, that the Indians are face to face with the civilization of the whites. The hands of the clock cannot be turned backward. The advancing tide of white civilization has as a rule, largely destroyed the economic foundation upon which the Indian source of supply, as well as their culture, rested. This economic foundation can not be restored as it was. The Indians cannot be set apart away from contact with the whites. There are therefore two very well defined objectives for all work with or for the Indians. That is, to fit them either to merge into the social and economic life of the prevailing civilization as developed by the whites, or to live in the presence of that civilization, at least in ac-

cordance with something of their ideals. By far the greater number of Indians desire to become absorbed in our body politic, so one of their own race, Mr. Cloud, President of the American Indian Institute at Wichita tells us; and they desire to become good citizens. But there are still some tribes practically untouched by the contact with the white race, preserving their own culture. This should be protected, assisted, modified perhaps, but not destroyed. The Indian problem, as any racial problem, is so stupendous, when we begin to consider the needs that it is impossible to discuss it in one meeting. Mr. Merian's book covers over a thousand pages and most of the material is in the form of constructive suggestions for the Service. First of all, that the government place the Indian Service abreast of its best social agencies such as the Public Health, The Children's Bureau and certain bureaus of the Department of Agriculture.

The fundamental requirement is that the task of the Indian Service be recognized as primarily educational in the broadest sense of that word and that it be made an efficient educational agency, devoting its main energies to the social and economic advancement of the Indians so that they may be absorbed into the prevailing civilization or be fitted to live in the presence of that civilization at least in accordance with a minimum standard of health and decency.

THE Indian is beginning to resent any form of charity; he is fast out-growing adolescence and is tired of being led by the hand. He wants a voice directing his own affairs. The greatest injury that can ever be done to a race is to make them feel that they are of no value

to the nation. This has been strikingly true of the Indian. He just wants to know what "it's all about" and when he understands he responds remarkably well. He needs good citizens to emulate. As we have said it is a great educational program, built upon the normal factors of life. Whatever will stimulate the initiative and create an adequate incentive for life or operate for the destruction of the same, for the white race will be found applicable to the American Indian. Some of the fine efforts of the government have not succeeded and the attitude of the Indians toward the whites varies; but this is usually conditioned by the type of whites with whom they have had association.

THE environment of the Indian should be given careful consideration and he should be changed by modifying his surroundings. He should have proper sanitation, nutrition, minimum standards of health, vocational guidance, child care, child training, leisure time activities, community planning, home making, water storage, good roads. It does not make any difference into what field you look, agricultural, educational, recreational, industrial, all the factors that make for a higher standard of living, mean just as much to the Indian as to his white brother.

I have not spoken of the specific abuses that have been so prevalent in the Indian Service. The poor schools, wretched housing, the malnutrition, the woeful lack of the proper safeguards to health, the total lack of social service, the exploitation of Indian labor, especially the children, the floggings, and so on. It is a dark page in American history. There is already an enlightened public opinion demanding that the Indian Service comply with

other educational and social agencies in its objectives.

All the people can help by cooperating with the Service in establishing sound standards. They can study the reports from the government service and insist upon full statements of conditions. Great good also can be done by cooperation both in aiding Indians and in improving the attitude of white communities toward the Indians and the attitude of the Indians toward their white neighbors. The great national educational agencies are interested in Indian education in all its manifold forms of expression. The national health agencies are interested in Indian health, but the Indian Service needs more than that: it needs the distinct contribution of modern social work in making individual adjustments and in improving family life and community development.

In the words of Dr. Lewis Merian we may say: "Today the American

people have the opportunity if they will to write the closing chapters in the history of the relationship of the national government and the Indians. The national conscience is stirred. A demand is growing that the government shall recognize in full its obligation toward its Indian wards, and that it furnish them with a service abreast of the best rendered any people."

THE cry of the Indian today is for the release of his person and of his personality. President Hoover has said, "The days of the pioneer are not over. There are continents of human welfare, of which we have penetrated only the coastal plain." Far back in the recesses of the continent there lives this Indian race, hungry for the grasp of the hand of social understanding and human fellowship. If ever a race were in need of a new birth of freedom it is the American Indian.



Photo by Hileman
MONARCH OF THE PAST



C. E. Dallin

FROM BRONZE FIGURE OF SQUAW SACHEM

One of four figures surrounding an ornamental flagstaff presented to
Arlington, Mass., by the Misses Robbins.

The Indian in the Public Schools

By *Marian Gardner Nielson*

A NEW experiment in Indian education is being tried in Blanding, San Juan County, Utah. Here the government has established the first Indian dormitory, where the Indians live away from home and attend the public schools. There are dormitories for Indians at Indian Government schools, on Indian reservations, and at Indian Mission schools, but this is the only dormitory occupied by Indian children going to the public schools.

About fifty per cent of the states in the United States accept Indian pupils in their schools. Some of these are: Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana, Oregon, New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, and Utah. There are approximately 47,000 Indian pupils in government and mission schools, and about 40,000 attending public schools.

THE experiment at Blanding is under ideal conditions. There are about 1,000 Piutes and Utes at Towaoc, Colorado, Ignacio, Colorado, and Blanding, Utah out of the once flourishing tribes. About 200 of these are in this section on the Allan Canyon reserve. Each Ute child of these 200 Utes is accounted for, and, with the exception of four or five who have special permits, is attending either a public or government school.

The dormitory site was selected here for a definite purpose. The Indians of Allan canyon are non-taxpayers, and the government pays school tuition for their children. The price per child per day ranges from fifteen cents to sixty cents over the

United States, and in Blanding the sum is forty cents for the twenty Indian children here. The government expends \$250 a year to send one Indian child to our public schools. The Ute parents had the choice of sending their children to Ignacio, Colorado, Towaoc, Colorado, or to Blanding. Due to the fact that their reservation is so close to Blanding, and so that the parents could visit and mingle with their children, the children were placed in the dormitory here to attend the public schools.

The cultural and physical advantages of the dormitory to the Indian child are unlimited. Here the Indian pupils have regular community life. They have training identical to, and with, the white people. Physical examinations are given them every week. The government requires them to eat certain amounts of cooked and leafy vegetables each day, and to drink milk. They all show weight gain on their health charts.

The progress of the Indian children in our public school is unbelievable, even in these few months of school. They assimilate things very easily. The fact that there is no racial prejudice among the children makes it easier for the Indian pupils to absorb our customs and ideals. They are very apt in any forms of handicraft. Their drawings are particularly commendable. Molly Deer, of the fourth grade, is a beautiful penman. They are courteous, obedient to their teachers, play games very well with the white children, and love to sing. Eileen Hatch, a sixth grader, dressed as an

Indian princess sang "Ramona" in a school program. On Armistice Day all of the Indian children, carrying flags, participated in the parade. At the Junior dance, afterward, the townspeople were astonished at their ability to dance social dances.

The teachers like the Indians for pupils. They try very hard to learn and to apply the things they are taught. Although they are rowdy, full of mischief and practical jokes, they respond exceptionally well to school discipline. Their attendance is far better and more regular than that of the white children. During the three months of school this year, only two Indian children have been absent—one absence was due to toothache, one to a slight cold.

IT has been shown that Indians learn the language more readily and assimilate ideas better, if mingled with the white children. There are two groups of beginners in our school. The first group had one year at a government school where it was taught English. The second group has not previously been to school and could not speak English at the beginning of the term. But at the end of the school year—by present indications—this second group will be up with, or even surpass, the first one.

There are problems, however, connected with the experiment. The greatest difficulty we have to overcome is the opposition of many of the townspeople to having the Indian children in the public schools. However, this feeling is being eliminated to a great extent as facts are taking the place of racial prejudice; as the white children are not being scholastically retarded by Indian association; and as the Indian children are really in better health than the

white children (any Indian child who is sick, or who has the eye disease, trachoma, is compelled to go to Towoac to school at once, and to have special treatment); and because the status of the Indian is markedly improving, these unreasonable prejudices are disappearing. Aside from any other reasons the financial aid to the town is a big item to be considered.

THERE are several projects being carried on for the benefit of these Lamanite children. Certain men go to the dormitory in the evening and tell stories of the Book of Mormon to the children. Others teach singing. The Relief Society Stake Board has a play hour there once a week, and a singing hour once a week. The Indians have been invited to attend Primary and Sunday School and the older ones attend Sacrament meetings.

This Indian project should be, and is, one of most vital interest to the people here. Our parents were called here to San Juan to establish friendly relations with the Indians. It is our grave duty to carry on the work they began. This is the old home of the Nephites. Battles were fought and won here, and now it is only just that we try to help the remnant that is left here. Prophecies in the Book of Mormon tell us that the Indians will become a white and delightsome people.

It is easily seen that the hand of the Lord is in the affairs of the Lamanites. The national government has instituted proceedings to help the Indian. The Indian question is being agitated all over the United States. Our pioneer fathers made friends of these Indians, the government is educating them, and it is our mission, now, to convert them.

Thy Country Shall be My Country

By Edna Harker Thomas

FOR generations the McGregors had lived in Scotland. Nobody ever dreamed of their living anywhere else until now. But times were hard and jobs were scarce and so Father McGregor argued with his protesting family, "Me and Jimmie are not enough men, even if Jimmie is big, to feed and clothe eight lassies."

So the big family moved to Liverpool, and there Kathleen, sixteen, and Maggie, fourteen, got places in a factory. Their father obtained a better paying job too, but even then the mother had a hard time "making both ends meet."

Looking out from the factory windows where Kathleen and Maggie worked could be seen the big passenger ships as they steamed in and out of the harbor from all parts of the world.

One noontime, while they were eating their scanty lunch, Kathleen astonished Maggie with, "Sis, we will never get anywhere staying in this city. We will always be factory girls, earning our six or eight shillings a week. I can't stand this humdrum, cooped-up existence. I am going to Canada as soon as I can get enough money to go there." "Why Canada?" asked Maggie.

"Because, as English subjects, we can get in that country more easily than other places, that's all. Besides, Mrs. Smith lives there and I will give her a chance to keep her promise."

The family was consulted, they agreed and the grind began. A little bank was placed on the shelf. Every penny that could possibly be spared was dropped in. Even Jim-

mie, from his shoe shining earnings, dropped a penny or two in oftener than Kathleen knew. He loved his pretty, curly-headed, brown-eyed sister and he wanted her to be happy.

IT took a year to save enough for Kathleen to go. The bank was emptied, but it would stay in that same place, for the same purpose for, if Kathleen thought best, the family would follow some day.

A steerage passage, combined with homesickness and loneliness, made Kathleen happy to see the shores of quaint old Montreal. But she was yet far from her destination. Mrs. Smith, whom she had met at church in Liverpool, lived in Lethbridge, way out west where the distances were great and the grain grew taller and more golden in the harvest time.

Her friend had said that she would try to get Kathleen a position if she ever felt like coming to Canada. But she little thought, when the promise was given, that Kathleen would ever find courage enough to have that promise fulfilled. "Why didn't you write me that you were coming, child-alive," she said when Kathleen finally reached her home.

Kathleen's only reply was, "Because I was never sure that I was going to make it myself."

Mrs. Smith had no need for Kathleen but, after considerable hunting around, she found a lady who said that she could use her at least until harvest time. The wages would be small but she would teach Kathleen how to keep house—something she knew little about—and she would allow her to go to school.

Kathleen liked school except when the boys teased her because of her Scotch accent. Many a time she went alone and cried. "My Scotch isn't any worse than their Canadian, and I don't make fun of them."

When vacation time came, Kathleen was stranded again. Sometimes, she wondered if she had done right in leaving her loved ones. No one really cared for her here. Maybe it was wrong to think that she could be happy in a country so different from Scotland—the land she loved so dearly.

Canada was so big and no matter which way she turned in Lethbridge she could see nothing but sky. How she hated it!—the never-ceasing wind! It blew every day in the year, it seemed to her. She found herself wishing that it would blow her back to her loved ones, instead of just making her lonesome and homesick.

Her money was low. She must find work, so when a lady, with twin babies, wanted her to be a nurse girl out on their ranch, Kathleen accepted, not from choice, but from necessity.

As they rode out to the ranch, she thought that they would never, never reach the place. Houses became fewer and farther and farther apart. When the fence pole was taken down and they drove into the yard, Kathleen could hardly keep the tears back. No trees, no mountains, not a flower nor any lawn—just space. The house wasn't even painted.

The inside was bare and the conveniences were few. Every drop of water that was used in the house had to be carried from a spring a hundred yards away.

KATHLEEN now had two terrors—wind first and going for water second. And they needed so

much water. With twin babies to wash and care for, it seemed that the water barrel was always nearly empty. Just when Kathleen would think that a resting time was coming, she would be told to "fill the water barrel, as we might need water before morning."

Kathleen felt that something terrible was going to happen to her every time she went to the spring. And if she was told to go for water after dark, especially if the wind was blowing, she was filled with fear unspeakable. She felt ashamed to admit her fear and so went on torturing herself, always knowing that someday, something would happen.

To celebrate the successful harvest season, the husband and wife decided to leave Kathleen with the twins and take a trip to the nearest city. Kathleen wanted so much to tell them that she was afraid to stay alone but her Scotch pride would not allow her to say so when her mistress said, "You don't mind being alone, Kathleen, do you? You are such a brave girl."

Kathleen's extra duties kept her quite busy and it was almost dusk when she suddenly realized that the water barrel was empty. She must get more water. The twins were asleep so now would be a good time to go. "How I hate this job," she said to herself as she securely fastened the door so that the wind wouldn't blow it open, and started down the path.

She hurried along, constantly looking to the right and left, for what she did not know. The spring was by the side of a clump of willows, the only resemblance to a tree that grew near the place.

As she dipped in the bucket, she saw a reflection in the water which froze her to the spot. There, standing over her, was a huge Indian. He seemed a giant to her in his full In-

dian costume, feathered head piece, beaded buckskin jacket, pants, and moccasins. By his bleary eyes and by the whiskey flask in his hand, she knew that he was a drunken Indian.

What should she do? If she ran to the house, no one was there to help her and he must not see the twins for he might steal them. She had read of Indians stealing white babies and adopting them into their tribe. She must not act afraid. So she took the bucket of water and started toward the barn, hoping to lead the Indian away from the house. The Indian stood still watching her until she had gone about a fourth of the distance, and then started after her. She began to run and so did he. Still wanting to keep him away from the babies, she headed for the road. Just as she reached the road, with a final leer, the Indian grabbed her in his arms, and as he did so she screamed.

NEVER mind, little girl, you'll be all right now," was the next thing she heard. "I came around the bend in the road just as you screamed. That Indian wouldn't have touched you if he hadn't been filled with moonshine that some dirty devil of a white skunk had given him. When he saw me, he dropped you and ran. You fainted and, by the time I had brought you around, the Indian was out of sight."

"Thank you so much," said Kathleen. "I didn't know anybody lived around here."

"I don't live here. My father's ranch house is twenty-five miles from here. I was riding out this way to round up some of our stray cattle."

The boy was about Kathleen's age. He wore chaps and a big hat, and held a quirt in his right hand.

"You never use that, do you?" asked Kathleen.

Travers laughed and his big blue eyes twinkled as he said, "Only on cattle and Indians that try to frighten white girls like you."

Kathleen smiled gratefully back at him and then suddenly remembered the twins. "Oh, won't you please come in and rest," she said. "I want you to see the twins."

"Not yours, I hope."

"No, but I wish they were."

As they walked toward the house, Travers' horse obediently followed him and without a word being spoken to him, stopped at the hitching post, and his master threw the bridle reins over the post. As he gave the horse a friendly pat, he said to Kathleen, "This is my best pal. He can do everything but talk."

Travers lingered much longer than he had expected to. He found Kathleen much more interesting than most girls he knew. She found herself telling him all her history, dwelling most of the time upon Scotland. How she loved to talk about the mountains and lakes and flowers in the land where she had spent so many happy days. "That's what I miss out here where you have nothing but sky and wind."

"Oh, but the mountains would hem me in," said Travers. "I like to feel that I could go and go and never come to an end."

Travers didn't say so, but he purposely kept Kathleen company until the folks returned.

Kathleen went to sleep that night thinking not of the leering eyes of the Indian but of the kindly blue eyes of the one who had rescued her.

THE next two years Kathleen and Travers spent in high school in the city. They grew to like one another more and more and

were happiest when together. Once they had a debate in school. The question was: "Resolved: that Scotland is a better country to live in than Canada." Travers spoke for Canada and Kathleen for Scotland and the judges declared it a tie.

As a graduation present, Travers' parents gave a class party at the ranch house. It was really a house party because the ranch was so far away that they all stayed over night.

Kathleen expected to see a house similar to the one she had lived in with the twins. But Travers' parents were wealthy and their ranch was noted all the country over. There was every convenience of the city home. They had their private electric lighting system, their big hot-water furnace and, best of all, their own private spring which carried the water all through the house and even supplied the big barn with running water for the animals.

She was most interested in the spring. As she leaned over to drink, she slipped and Travers caught her. He held her tightly in his arms and kissed her tenderly.

"Oh forgive me," he said. "I shouldn't have done that because—because—well, I'm going away for a while. It may be two years or more. That was my farewell party last night. I am going on a mission for my church.

Kathleen looked so sad that Travers felt he must chase the tears away so he said gaily, "I'm going to see for myself whether or not Scotland is better than Canada."

Kathleen's mood changed. "All right, sir, I'll make a bargain with you. If you will try to like Scotland, I will try to like Canada."

The bargain was sealed with a kiss and they rode away.

The two years passed quickly for they were busy. They exchanged letters regularly and in nearly ev-

ery one, they told each other of the progress being made toward keeping their promises.

KATHLEEN now had a good position as a stenographer, and she was saving as much money as she could toward bringing her family to Canada. She was especially anxious to have her mother come, as frequently different members of the family had written to her saying that "Mother's health is poor. She has such terrible headaches that the doctor has to give her some powders to take. When she takes them, she can sleep, and only then." Kathleen felt that if her mother could only breathe the fresh air of Canada instead of the Liverpool smoke that she would be better soon.

But the daughter's dream was never realized for one day a letter came saying that Mother had taken too many powders and had never wakened from her sleep.

Kathleen was heartbroken, especially when the papers came which said that her mother had committed suicide. She wrote to Travers about it, who had met all of her family as he passed through Liverpool on his way to Scotland.

"You know my mother wouldn't do that terrible thing, don't you," she wrote. "If I could only talk to you, I know that you could comfort me. You will go to see them on your way home, won't you?"

He did more than that. The family had saved ever since Kathleen left and with a little help which Travers borrowed from his father, he brought the entire family home with him on the same boat.

"This is to be my surprise to Kathleen," he explained to them and so she knew nothing except that Travers would be home on a certain date.

As the train pulled in, Kathleen's heart was beating like a sledge hammer. The one person who had been the kindest to her was home again. Oh if—but she smothered the wish. It came true just the same for he did bring all the rest of the people that she wanted most to see.

It didn't take long to get her family comfortably settled in a little home, with good prospects of getting along nicely. They had Kathleen to help them over the rough places.

It was the fall harvest time when they landed and all the family were able to get work right away. Everybody in Canada is busy at harvest time. Even Travers and Kathleen couldn't see each other as much as they wished.

Travers' father and mother felt that they were old now, and they wanted to leave the ranch and its responsibilities and go to the city

to live. So they announced to Travers one day that they wanted to give a farewell party at the ranch house, Christmas Eve. "The last big party we gave was your graduation and farewell party, Travers, and now we'd like this to be your wedding party, son, if Kathleen says yes."

It was a merry wedding party.

Most of the guests came in bob sleighs, for the snow was drifted and no auto could get through.

When everyone had gone home but the bride and groom, as they sat before the big log fire, Kathleen looked at Travers and said, "Oh, I'm so glad we don't have to fill our water barrel tonight."

"Are you sure you can be happy with me here, Kathleen?"

"Yes, dear. Thy country shall be my country and thy people my people."



BEAUTIFUL OGDEN CANYON

A Beautiful Memory

By Glen Perrins

Enthralled at the bend of the river I stood one winter's day, looking at the contrasts of the black and white of Mother Nature. Ogden river gurgled merrily down the canyon, splashing against the ice which lined its banks. Here and there a green pine tree stood silhouetted against the white background of snow on the mountain side. Bare were the limbs of the trees and bushes—a stiff wind had preceded my visit to this beauty spot. It was still blowing a bit and the day was rather cold, yet I stood enrapt at the magnificence of winter, and took away with me that day a beautiful memory.

Some Findings of the White House Conference

By Jean Cox, State Supervisor of Home Economics

(A Resume of the Purpose of the Conference and an Adaptation of the Committee Reports on Education and Training)*

THE spirit of the 1930 White House Conference was expressed in the invocation in which the plea was made for all children everywhere, that they might have health of body, purity of mind, and joy in work and play.

Appreciation of the keen interest of President Hoover was expressed several times during the proceedings. It may be that he will go down in history as the President who was most interested in child welfare. Perhaps the outstanding, as well as the most beautiful, paragraph in President Hoover's speech to the assembled group and the millions who heard him on the air, typifies the serious and purposeful interest of those who participated in the convention proceedings. This paragraph in its prose simplicity reminds one of the Gettysburg Address. The paragraph reads:

"We approach all problems of childhood with affection. Theirs is

*This article is merely a means of giving wider publicity to some of the findings of the committees. Parts of the reports necessarily are abridged. In some few cases for the purpose of clarity, sentences or paragraphs are expanded. Although, in many instances, the words are not identical with the original, in all cases an earnest endeavor has been made to translate the spirit of service typified by the work of the committee of the White House Conference in child health and protection.

These findings are an attempt to translate into thought the findings of the committee in behalf of the millions of American children.—*Jean Cox.*

the province of joy and good humor. They are the most wholesome part of the race, the sweetest, for they are fresher from the hands of God. Whimsical, ingenious, mischievous; we live a life of apprehension as to what their opinions may be of us, a life of defense against their terrifying energy; we put them to bed with a sense of relief and a lingering devotion. We envy them the freshness of adventure and discovery of life; we mourn over the disappointments they will meet."

The purpose of the Conference appointed for cooperative public service at the call of the President of the United States is:

1. To study the children of the nation and the various forces influencing them.
2. From the findings of the investigation to recommend the wisest possible course for their future direction.

The four divisions of study were Medical Service, Public Health Service and Administration, Education and Training, and Rehabilitation.

Out of this large field, however, consideration will only be given to the section on Education and Training. One of the keynotes through the reports on education, as well as others, was the importance of having the findings of the conference measured in the difference it makes in the lives of human beings. It was suggested that each member of the conference make of himself an interpreter so that the masses of the citizens will appreciate what the

work of the committee may mean in terms of child life and social advance.

Three thousand people, experts in the fields of child welfare and protection assembled in Washington at the call of President Hoover for the third White House Conference on child welfare. About twelve hundred of the group were members of the various committees who have been working for more than a year to determine needs and set up a program which will enable those people directly associated with child care and training to improve child health and welfare. It is felt the application of these findings will result in improved standards for a full generation. The nation should be proud of the fact that so many well trained people freely gave their time without pay for the betterment of children.

The White House Conference was virtually an all star performance. Research had been made, studies carried on, and messages delivered by outstanding people in the various fields. It was a summation and deliberation on the part of many committees which composed the four sections.

These reports are a cross section of the expert thought and endeavor concerning the welfare of children. The assembling of this expert opinion and inquiry should stimulate every effort to give to the children of America their fullest measure of opportunity and development. It gives consideration to the fact that all children differ in character capacity and inclination. In order to give them their full chance they must have that service in education which develops their special qualities. There was a definite feeling that it is sound public policy, not charity, to provide special treatment and training for all types of

exceptional children, for by so doing opportunity may be given children of greater capacity to make a real contribution to the common welfare and for the majority of the children of better capacity to become self supporting instead of possible dependents or delinquent members of society.

Out of these deliberations may result organization of classes or schools for the exceptional children which will later fit them for leadership in the community and nation.

The interest in dependents and delinquents continued from the previous conferences and sentiment seemed to be centered in efforts to give these less fortunate children such training in terms of mental attainments as will make of them happy and self supporting members of society.

Education and Training

THE most important agency in child health and protection is the family. Although statistics on marriage, divorce, size of families, and proportion of births have been interpreted by some to mean disintegration of family life, the committee concluded that the family fills deep seated needs of the human race and will endure.

The question for consideration is: Shall we let the family be merely the product of a changing environment, adapting itself to it, or are there not fundamental values in family life which should be conserved and the environment adjusted to them?

Because of the changing social and economic conditions there is need for study upon the fundamental human values in family life. Dr. Groves of North Carolina is making an outline analyzing family functions in reference to the child. Dr. Burgess of Chicago with the cooper-

ation of school people has had records collected from 8000 school children. These were analyzed to determine factors in the home environment which seem to affect personality development of children. Relationship was found between the degree in which children confide in parents and other factors of family life such as group celebration of holidays, recreational activities in common, the type of control exercised by the parents over children, source of first information about sex, and the general personality adjustment of the child. The committee under the leadership of Dr. Burgess of the Chicago University endeavored to find out in what way home is an educational influence in the life of the child. They wanted to find a means of measuring the effect of different kinds of homes and family life upon children. This committee studied a total of 8600 children of the 7th, 8th, and 9th grades.

There were:

- 1970 urban children
- 1200 native white children
- 991 children from small cities
- 1271 negro children

These groups were selected so as to show differences.

Dr. Burgess and his committee have shown that by use of statistical technique and data they are able to measure the development of personality of the individual as well as the effect upon the individual of family and community relationship. Family relationships make a definite contribution in personality adjustment. Habits and social customs of the family seem to have a definite relationship upon the personality development, e. g., the charm of social personality which results from the informal give and take and lessons in consideration of others around the family dinner table is lacking

among children where meal time is merely informal piecing. Parents must realize that the most sacred thing to every child is his personality. Every child needs help to grow and expand his personality so that he will be able to do his best and thus make the most of his possibilities. There is need for wider belief that boys and girls are citizens in the making rather than in the unmaking.

Another study made by Dr. Rachel Stutzman of the Merrill Palmer School on Home Atmosphere has opened up a new method of research. This study was made upon fifty children from well adjusted homes and the same number of children from poorly adjusted homes. Some of the conclusions reached follow:

Children showing optimism development usually have good homes.

Factors which contribute to wholesome character development are more usually found in good homes. There is less tension and unhappiness in the relationship of father and mother—father to children, mother to children, and children to each other.

In maladjusted homes children of same economic level are more interested in getting jobs. The reasons frequently are ambition for economic independence and desire to be away from home unpleasantness.

The well adjusted children do better work in school.

In the maladjusted home there is frequently partiality shown to different children. Where mother is maladjusted she is apt to favor one child.

In well adjusted homes parents are interested in what the child wants to do, while in the wrong kind of home the child is not given support in his natural wholesome interests.

In terms of discipline, parents in happy homes are inclined to ignore mistakes and praise successes, while in less happy homes parents punish mistakes and award successes.

In the maladjusted home likes and dislikes are much more noticeable. Children alternate between liking and disliking people. Maladjusted parents have less happy children. Frequently they, themselves, have come from maladjusted homes. Maladjusted parents frequently have differences over each other's religion and other out of home interests.

The personality of both child and adult reflect the influences from the kinds of homes which have been responsible for their training and lack of satisfactory home experiences.

It is expected further study will be carried along in this field.

The great question is: What are those fundamental human values in family life which are the product of interaction of personalities within the family? While the physical environment, the cultural background, and the social status of the family undoubtedly aid or deter the development of individuals in that family, it must not be forgotten that some fine individuals do come from homes which would be rated poor.

There is at present no exact measure of personal relationships. The family must depend for guidance upon the principles of human behavior as they have been interpreted in the fields of psychology, psychiatric, and mental hygiene. A further knowledge of these principles applied to daily living will doubtless contribute to better understanding of cause and effect in the actions of human beings.

Importance of economic stability for successful family life was also given careful consideration. Studies

show that worry over employment and finances contribute to maladjusted homes. Inability of wife to spend income wisely contributes to unsuccessful standards of living. If all of the children of America are to have satisfactory opportunities, miseries and worries of poverty must in some way be overcome.

Additional proof on the importance of wholesome home life is shown by a statistical study showing there are more breakdowns in individuals where society has had to assume a part of the parental role. While the function of different families, as well as the responsibilities of the individuals within the families, vary to some extent, it can not be denied that always the basic function has been the rearing and caring for the young. When this responsibility is shifted or denied, the defenseless children suffer the most.

Present social and economic customs are the result of the gradual expansion of industry which have removed from the home certain functions formerly considered as inherent in family life. With these changes, some losses in satisfactions and interest in work have resulted. Individual achievement in the home has become less marked because of the increased demands for machine made clothing, furniture, furnishings and equipment. Foods served which are prepared outside of the home have less personal appeal than those made under the home roof. The emotional reaction for home prepared foods has probably been over estimated. While the committee reported food as a basic need, they also gave consideration to cost, amounts, nutrients, appearance, flavor, palatable preparation, and attractive service in pleasing surroundings. They reached the conclusion that *where* the food

is prepared is of less importance in family life than where and how it is served. The service of food from the standpoint of family integrity was given careful thought. The family dining table furnishes a means of recreation and of bringing the family together which unquestionably may have an important influence upon family life.

From studies made by the committee, it seems necessary to re-evaluate standards in family living. Increased attention should be given to the welfare of older children. Studies show that traditions of the family have more value than hitherto believed. The observance of birthdays and holidays in the home has distinct social, emotional, and educational possibilities. From the studies made by the committees, functions of the home and of family life have been extended. Besides the nurturing of the young, the other big function of family life is to send out individuals better able to face life than were their parents.

In accordance with these principles, the ideal family would provide for the child a friendly and hospitable environment for the development of his emotions and abilities. It would insure him a secure relationship in a group of dignified human beings by whom he was loved, protected and encouraged. For his own self respect, the child wants to belong to a family, to have his own name, his own parents, and his own things. In other words, he wants to belong and be considered a member of the group. He needs the affection, the security, and the encouragement of the family to fortify him for successful contacts with the outside world. If his parents are happy in their adjustment to each other, if they are working hopefully toward the fulfillment of an ideal of living, if they love their

children with a sincere and unselfish love, in short, if they are well balanced individuals, gifted with a certain amount of insight, they are apt to provide the child with a wholesome emotional background which will contribute more to his development than mere material advantages.

The educational equipment necessary for parents to see the child as a whole will demand a change in emphasis from that which is exclusively informational and utilitarian to the development of appreciations of values in human life. More stress in education needs to be placed upon the development of the individual and less upon the teaching of facts. More thought needs to be given to how much a life is worth rather than how much the person is worth in terms of dollars and cents.

One of the most outstanding things stressed by the Convention is the importance of home and family in the solution of the problems facing the child. In order to solve this problem, we must go back to the parent who has charge of the child. There is need for universities and colleges to put into their curricula for students in training, courses for the training of parents on the job.

Parents need to realize that due to the complex civilization and many activities open to the child there is danger of over stimulation to the child. This may begin at infancy and extend beyond the time covered by the scope of this investigation. Homes that are over-busy react upon the child. Telephone, radio, athletics, movies, all contribute to the strain of over stimulation. These stimulating influences operating through a great part of the twenty-four hours do not afford periods of rest and re-

laxation that contribute to the development of nervous and emotional stability. Children, like other animals, need periods of rest and relaxation. They need opportunities to think, to read, to day dream in order to make use of imagination. Dr. Ray Croft of Princeton University who deals with boys having nervous and emotional difficulties says that a large proportion of these have their roots back in early childhood. Additional dangers added to those of early childhood lie in the tendency toward exploitation of the boy in school athletic contests. These endanger the boy's future success.

Criticism was also registered against competitive athletic games and sports for girls.

Home economics education should play a significant role in furthering ideals of family living through furnishing information to direct family consumption and knowledge and skills for the management of the surviving household activities. It has a special challenge to develop the individual to see these activities, not as ends in themselves, but in relation to the promotion of wholesome family life.

Many of the recommendations of the conference must be made effective through the education of parents. The following recommendations are listed:

1. Further research is important in the field of the family. Only on the basis of research can an adequate science of the family be established and problems of family relationship be treated. One specific research recommendation, growing

out of the studies of the committee, is that provision be made for further development of the indices for measuring family relationships and home atmosphere tentatively formulated by the White House Conference.

2. Further research is needed on the social and economic factors affecting family life today. The relationship of these factors to the family is worthy the same careful consideration that has been given to the conditions of production in relation to industry and commerce.

3. Institute or research centers to study family relationships and processes of family life as well as the economic and social factors operating upon the family life today should be established. These should integrate the various disciplines affecting family life.

4. Family consultation centers should be established with a staff composed of specialists in home economics, housing, social work, law, psychiatry, psychology, and sociology. These centers should be prepared to give advice and information on the different problems of family life.

5. Special attention should be paid to Italians, Mexicans, and other immigrant groups who come into cities from rural backgrounds and who need help in adjusting themselves to the conditions of American urban life.

6. Special attention should also be paid to the negro family in order that it may attain that economic security necessary for staple family life, and may also be assisted to the attainments of higher ideals of family life.

The Life Story of Orson F. Whitney

By C. Byron Whitney

THE Life Story of a man is generally considered of interest to others in proportion to that man's position or prominence among men. But when the words of the story become a gem of literature, a series of remarkable pen pictures depicting whole communities, a valuable historical record, all setting forth a profound and dynamic sermon on life and love of God and humanity, then that story ceases to be singular as to any man and becomes a thing of deep heart interest to many. Such is the volume recently published under the title—"The Life Story of Orson F. Whitney, as told by himself."

Rich in historical lore, deep in human emotion, fervent and convincing in the testimony it bears, yet, withal, sparkling throughout with wit, wisdom, and fine humor, the volume appeals to almost every mood of the reader who seeks and finds the big and noble thought underlying it all. In point of diction, rhetoric, continuity of ideas and mastery of language, it deserves a place among model works of English literature. But it is the heart and soul of the book—the great story it tells, rather than how it tells it—that will endear it to the reader long after the few copies now in print are exhausted.

Orson F. Whitney, scion of a Pioneer family of the State, and author of Whitney's History of Utah, grew from birth to manhood as a stalwart branch of the great family tree to which he belongs.

Intellectually and spiritually gifted, his name stands out amid every worthy endeavor of his people—religiously, politically, and in advancement of the arts of literature, music and the drama. He holds his present high ecclesiastical position, as a member of the Quorum of the Twelve, in faithfulness and devotion to God, and with the love and respect of his associates and the people in general. His remarkable gifts as writer, poet and public speaker, to say nothing of his pronounced dramatic ability, would long ago have won him worldly fame and fortune, had he not chosen to devote them unselfishly, untiringly, to the spiritual welfare of his loved ones and his fellowmen. That this is purely and solely the underlying motive of his latest literary work—his Life Story as told by himself—will be readily recognized by the readers of that very interesting narrative.

This publication is not a commercial project in any sense. The sale is not solicited at large. The purpose being to preserve certain experiences and to present principles sacred to the author and others of whom he has written, the distribution is limited and the book procurable only from the author, at a modest price representing actual cost of issuance. It is highly commended by this reviewer to all who feel a sincere and kindly interest in the mighty testimony of a godly man and the interesting story of the remarkable life record of Orson F. Whitney.

Notes to the Field

Suggestions for the Seventeenth of March Celebration

EACH year as our anniversary approaches, the requests begin to come into the office for suitable material to be used in programs for the 17th of March. We have the following references for anniversary programs: "First Minutes of Relief Society," *January Magazine*, 1915, page 20; "Instructions of the Prophet Given at Nauvoo," *March Magazine*, 1915, page 91; "Object, Aims and Brief History of Relief Society," *March Magazine*, 1915, page 111; "Sketches of the First Five General Presidents," *March Magazine*, 1920, page 127; "Sketch of President Clarissa S. Williams," *July Magazine*, 1921, page 378; "Story of the Organization," *March Magazine*, 1919, page 127; "Our Anniversary," *March Magazine*, 1921, page 137; "Relief Society Teaching," *December Magazine*, 1916, page 668; "National Woman's Relief Society, 1842-1925," *March* 1925, page 115; "Historical Events in the Relief Society," *August*, 1927, page 389; "Sketch of President Louise Y. Robison," *January Magazine*, 1929, page 3.

It is suggested, with this material, that many of the sisters have, in their local communities, most dramatic events that would make excellent material for programs, and we feel that it is altogether fitting and proper that the pioneer sisters be honored in this way, and their deeds and their struggles recalled by their descendants. We therefore suggest to our organizations everywhere to look into their own community history, and present some of the outstanding events in the lives of pioneers. So many interesting happenings in the gathering of the

wheat, or the settlement of the various communities, the organization of the Relief Society, and all those things that have gone to make up the story of our great organization, afford excellent material for programs. It is quite in keeping with the spirit of the day that we use this and some of the finest plays produced are the folk stories of pioneer days, the settlement of the West, and the great achievements of our fathers and mothers.

THE first organization of the Relief Society might be dramatized.

The one-act play, "Careers" by Linda S. Fletcher, which appears on page 80 of this number of the *Magazine*, is suitable for an annual day entertainment.

THE question as to new songs for special occasions is one not always easily answered. In the new psalmody or "Latter-day Saints Hymns", is found a beautiful hymn particularly fitting to be sung on the 17th of March. It is number 377 "Oh, Blest was the Day When the Prophet and Seer." It speaks of the organization of the Relief Society in this dispensation by the Prophet and Seer, and also what would be expected of the Daughters of Zion. The words are by Sister Emily H. Woodmansee, one of the early writers of the Church. From her pen has come some of the choicest verses which have been set to music. Our beloved Brother Evan Stephens composed the music.

This would be a splendid congregational song and could easily be learned by the 17th of March. Try it.

Notes from the Field

Reorganizations:

SINCE last October Conference the following stakes have reported a reorganization in their Relief Society. Cache stake, Mrs. Lizzie B. Owen, released, Mrs. Lula Y. Smith, appointed president; Oneida stake, Mrs. Nellie P. Head, released, Mrs. Anna R. Hawkes, appointed president; Taylor stake, Mrs. Georgina O'Brien, released, Mrs. Julia E. Ririe, appointed president; Union stake, Mrs. Evelyn R. Lyman, released, Mrs. Josephine Hanks, appointed president. We extend our greetings to the new presidents, and pray for the blessings of the Lord upon them in the duties they have assumed.

In the retirement of these sisters from office, the General Board, as well as all the sisters of the organization, acknowledge a great debt of gratitude to them for their untiring service in the cause. Their zeal for the work, their intelligent grasp of the scope of Relief Society and its

full message, their sympathetic understanding of the spirit of their calling, made them real leaders from whom the general organization always received the heartiest cooperation, and their stakes took rank among the most forward-looking in the whole Relief Society organization. We are grateful to them for their services in the past, and our love and our prayers for their future health and happiness accompany them.

Hyrum Stake:

THE accompanying picture is of a cast who very successfully presented the comic drama "Sewing for the Heathens." It was an entertainment given by the Relief Society stake board for the ward Relief Societies of the stake. The cast of the drama was composed of members of the Hyrum Second Ward Relief Society. The play was the source of much amusement, and a very successful entertainment.



CAST OF "SEWING FOR THE HEATHENS"

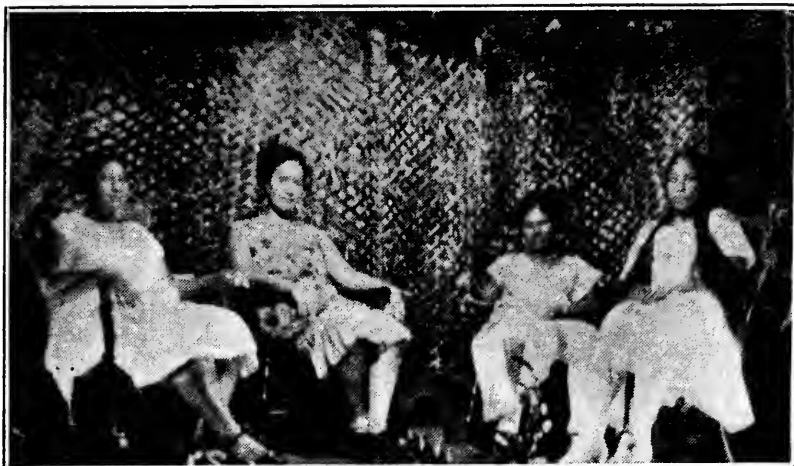
Tongan Mission:

SISTER FLOY B. CUTLER, president of the Relief Society of the Tongan Mission writes: "Perhaps a few words about the Relief Society work in the Tongan mission, Friendly Isles, will be interesting. While we do not have a Relief Society organization in all the branches of the Church throughout the mission, there are, in all, ten organizations in the three districts: four in Tongatabu; four in Vavau; and two in Haapai. These organizations are all presided over by native sisters and with native members making a total membership of 122. The sisters are diligent in the Relief Society work, and are willing and anxious to assist and care for the sick and anyone in need, members, or those from the outside alike. They are glad of an opportunity of helping the missionaries in their labors here. They respond readily and willingly to any call for help. We have just purchased for the Tongatabu district, enough sacrament glasses, and by making our own trays of polished wood, will furnish every branch in the district with an individual sacrament set. The money for this has been contributed by the sisters of their own accord. Very few of these people speak or understand English. It is difficult for us to follow the general program as outlined in the *Relief Society Magazine*, and all the lessons that are used must be translated from the English into the language of our sisters here, some of the courses of study are not adaptable to this people. We are, however, following the *Book of Mormon* lessons, a study in which these people take very much interest. Some of our Saints are familiar with the Samoan language, and as we have the Samoan *Book of Mormon*, the

lessons may be used to great advantage. We make one lesson each month from the Teachers' Topic, and have a work day and one testimony meeting. The sisters always look forward to these, as they are anxious to take advantage of every opportunity of bearing their testimony of the Gospel and the blessings they receive. In general the work is in good condition, and I am happy for the opportunity of laboring here among these people. Words cannot express the joy and satisfaction that comes from missionary service, for the great plan of this work is service."

Tahitian Mission:

NEWS from another one of our far distant missions comes to us in the form of a report from our Relief Society president, Sister Marguerite S. Burbridge. A most interesting report of the conference on October 5, 1930, at which the Relief Society presented a little play entitled "Hungry Souls Satisfied," was received. The little play is published in "A Sheaf of Home-made Pageants and Plays" for use in the European Mission, but which was changed so that the characters were all women, and the little play could be nicely presented by the sisters of the Tahitian Mission. They learned their parts well, and presented it in a very able manner. They looked very lovely in their pretty new dresses, which they had made themselves. There were no stage facilities at all, but one was improvised on the stand in the meeting house, thus making a garden effect. A latticed summer house in the middle of the stand was constructed of coconut leaves. This had a pretty pink climbing vine running all over the lattice, with ferns and flowers over the entire stand, giving the ap-



TAHITIAN MISSION

pearance of a garden. Between the first and second acts, the sisters sang in English "I Have Read of a Beautiful City," after which the president of the Relief Society presented the branch with two lovely sacrament cloths, which the Relief Society sisters had hemstitched and embroidered. Between the second and third acts a guitar duet and solo were given. At home this might not seem so very much, but here, where there are a very few people, especially natives, who can read music, it was quite an achievement. There is only one girl in the branch who has any knowledge of music, and her's is somewhat limited. Everyone who attended the meeting said it was very successful as it is the first time that women had taken full charge of a Sunday evening conference. The sisters of the branch were very much pleased with the success of their undertaking.

Northcentral States Mission:

SISTER PHOEBE M. WELLING, president of the Relief Society of this mission writes of many interesting experiences among the sisters of the Northern States and

the Canadian part of the mission where she has visited. To quote Sister Welling: "I am happy to become acquainted with each set of officers, and be able to visualize them in their working conditions. It is putting it mildly when one says they are the very 'salt of the earth.' I could cry tears of joy over the noble efforts some of them are making. All the Relief Society organizations are getting ready for their year's work, and are having meetings at the homes of the home-bound and ill. Each organization had contributed to a fund to assist in reestablishing the headquarters of the Berthold Indian Reservation. The elders are already there fixing up the buildings, and getting things in shape. Our Wolf Point Indian branch is doing so well it may be we can organize a Relief Society there. I am thrilled with all my work, and thank my Heavenly Father constantly for this great privilege. One year has already gone, and I have hardly thrust my sickle in, it seems." All over this mission the sisters are prepared and only await the coming of President Welling and the Elders to organize the mission Relief Society branches.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

An Endless Quest

LIFE is an endless quest for knowledge, a ceaseless striving to attain to higher and better things. While childhood is the time of most rapid development and while the acquisitive powers become less active with the oncoming years, the normal individual learns from the cradle to the grave. Indeed one of life's greatest boons is the opportunity it offers for learning. It is unfortunate that most of us do not seize the opportunities offered and make the most of them as we should. History's pages are replete with illustrations of those who under untoward circumstances have forged ahead and reached the heights. Michael Angelo, when old and blind, groped his way into the gallery of the Vatican. After feeling the torso of Phidias he said,

"Great is this marble, greater still the hand that carved it; greatest of all the God who fashioned the sculptor. I still learn. I still learn."

TODAY we are surrounded with a wealth of books. Lincoln would walk miles to borrow a treasured volume and pore over it by the light of a pine knot. Darwin, working under conditions that would make most people feel helpless invalids, produced works that have been treasured ever since. Helen Keller, deaf, dumb, and blind, has attained scholarship away beyond what most unhandicapped have reached. Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote very fine poetry while suffering intense physical pain. Louisa M. Allcott wrote charming stories, spite of arduous toil and privation.

Milton's blindness precluded outside interests and he devoted his talent to writing his immortal "Paradise Lost." Bunyan, incarcerated in prison, wrote his "Pilgrim's Progress."

Most of us only touch the outskirts of our possibilities. The handicapped ones who have reached such great heights and have rendered such signal service in spite of their handicaps show how much more those with their senses and faculties unimpaired should accomplish.

Einstein says, "The man who

leads the most successful life is he who keeps on learning the longest—the man for whom every experience is a new building stone. I do not refer to the mere gathering of information, but to the ability to take to oneself knowledge and experience and to use them. That man is always enlarging his universe."

Happy are they who go steadily forward, learning here a little, there a little, who comprehend today what was hidden yesterday, who are ever enlarging their universe.

The Indian

WE believe no people have cause for such deep and sincere interest in the Indians as do the Latter-day Saints for they know whence they came, why they are in the condition they are in at the present time, and that they are in the future to become a "white and delightsome people."

We present in this number several articles dealing with the Indian, and hope that our readers will interest themselves in the red man and do what they can to further his welfare.

We believe the near future will show many remarkable finds by archaeologists who are delving in ruins on the American continent. We suggest that it would be wise to clip reports from newspapers and magazines and file them for future use.

SOME men outstanding in public life today have Indian blood in their veins. Two notable examples are Vice President Curtis, and Will Rogers. The latter is one of the

most widely read writers in the United States. Daily he has a few lines in the newspapers that command the attention of the reading public. He takes up things that are uppermost in the minds of people, and "hits the nail on the head." We give the following excerpt to show his philosophy and his style:

"Everybody is saying that the trouble with the country is that people are saving instead of spending. Well, if that's a vice, then I am Einstein. Since when did saving become a national calamity? I know it's terrible for a non-authority like me to tell you to go contrary to expert advice, but I am telling you if you got a dollar to soak it away, put it in a savings bank, bury it, do anything but spend it. Spending when we didn't have it put us where we are today.

"Saving when we have got it will get us back to where we was before we went cuckoo.

"Yours,

"Will Rogers."



A GROUP OF LAMANITE SISTERS, LOS ANGELES BRANCH,
MEXICAN MISSION

Elder Anton Cannon, at right, back row; Elder Huber, at left, front row;
Mrs. Foley, center, back row.

Response of the Lamanite Sisters

*To Poem by Mrs. Ellen L. Jakeman,
Relief Society Magazine, Vol. XV, page 160*

By S. T. Brimhall Foley

We are daughters of Laman, returning with gladness,
Our long tresses braided, unbarbered, unshorn.
We have thrown off the mantle of sorrow and sadness
And rejoice that the Day of our freedom is born.
We have waited for ages the "White Man's appearance,"
But now from the Heavens we know He has come;
His Gospel rewards all our suffering and patience;
Its Heralds, anointed, are bringing us home.

His Spirit has fallen upon us with blessings,
Our souls are rejoicing in gladness and song;
We know that its power has transformed our beings—
Against all temptation is making us strong.
We love that sweet promise once made to our fathers,—
Lo! Lo! the Remnant of Joseph returns to the fold!
For this Day the archives were laden with treasures,
And histories of nations were penciled on gold.

We cherish the Record that comes from Cumorah,
Untangling the thread of our lineage and kin;
We love the great names, the good words, of those writers,
And hope that salvation with them we shall win.
The kings and the queens each appointed by Heaven,
Are watching our footsteps and teaching us grace;
With theirs in the temples our voices are ringing
That truth has come forth to enlighten our race.

We are daughters of Laman, returning with gladness,
Our long tresses braided, unbarbered, unshorn;
We are singing hosanna while reaping the blessings
Predicted by prophets since Time's early morn.
We rejoice that our fathers were children of Jacob
And wrote all their doings on tablets of gold—
That the great Day has come for the feast of the righteous,
When the children of Lehi may dine with the fold.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in April)

BOOK OF MORMON—CHRIST IN AMERICA (*Continued*)

Read the rest of Third Nephi, from chapter 21 on; also the entire book of Fourth Nephi, to the book of Mormon. This closes the abridgement of the Nephite record by that prophet-warrior.

The time is mainly the year 34, but goes to the year 322, After Christ.

Story of the Lesson

In this lesson Jesus continues his ministry among the Nephites. The historian tells us that the Lord "did truly teach the people for the space of three days." Whether or not this was on three consecutive days he does not say. But "after that," we are told, Jesus showed himself "oft" to them and administered the sacrament to them and taught them.

During this period Christ performed a similar miracle to that recorded in the *Gospels* of feeding the five thousand. Only, this was in connection with the Lord's supper. "Now, there had been no bread, neither wine, brought by the disciples, neither by the multitude. But He truly gave unto them bread to eat, and also wine to drink."

Then, too, He answered a question as to what the Church should be called. It was, He said, to be known as the Church of Christ. For how, He asked, "can it be my Church save it be called in my name? If a church be called in Moses' name, then it is Moses' church; or if it be called in the

name of a man, then it is the church of a man; but if it be called in my name, then it is my Church, if it so be that they are built upon my gospel."

Also Jesus gave the twelve disciples their secret wishes. Nine of them elected to "go speedily into God's kingdom" at their death. They were told that they should live to be seventy-two years old, after which they should "find rest" with Christ. But the other three, like John the Beloved, desired to continue their earthly ministry indefinitely. And they were told that they should never "taste of death" or have pain of body, that they should continue to bring souls to Christ, and that at His coming again they should "be changed in the twinkling of an eye from mortality to immortality."

Besides, our Savior performed many miracles during this time. He healed all the sick and lame, opened the eyes of the blind, unstopped the ears of the deaf, and "did all manner of cures" among the people, even raising a man from the dead.

Mainly, though, He taught the people. The historian says He taught them "all things from the beginning." Here are the main points in His teaching:

There is a guiding influence in the affairs of men. Things are not allowed to get out of hand, but are directed toward an end. Especially is this so in the case of the children

of the promise. In Abraham and his seed all nations are to be blessed of God. All the promises "made to the fathers" will be fulfilled in the due time of the Lord. Israel will be gathered; Jerusalem will be rebuilt in Palestine; a New Jerusalem will be established on the American continent; the "remnants" will be remembered. In a series of quotations, with running comments, events of the past and the future are tied together in a very illuminating manner.

After the last visitation of Jesus to the Nephites, the twelve disciples carry on the work begun by the Christ. They preach the gospel and minister to the people, till all become members of the Church through baptism. Great miracles are performed. Peace, prosperity, and happiness prevail everywhere. The Order of Enoch is established, and continues for about two hundred years.

Then the seeds of disunion begin to sprout. Dissenters arise, infidelity spreads, the old lines of cleavage as between Nephites and Lamanites spring up again, till by the year 322, or thereabouts, social and religious chaos comes once more to this hapless nation. It is now a little way to the end. The swiftness with which things happen, however, as we shall see presently, is more in the narrative than in the events depicted.

Notes

1. *The Fifth Gospel*: It is interesting to compare the account of Christ's ministry in the *Book of Mormon* with that in the four *Gospels* in the *New Testament*.

Nephi's is the longest. In Matthew there are approximately twenty-eight thousand words; in Mark, nineteen thousand; in Luke, thirty

thousand; in John, twenty-two thousand; and in Nephi, if we include what is introductory to the account, thirty-four thousand. It is probably true that, if we take into consideration only the words actually uttered by Jesus in the five accounts of His ministry, we shall find more in the Nephite Record than in the four *Gospels* put together, not counting the duplications in the latter.

The conditions are, of course, very different in some respects. Among the Jews in Palestine Jesus is mortal; in America, immortal. This does not cover the times when He appeared to the apostles there. On the eastern continent the people of His time were, on the whole, very unresponsive to His teachings. On the western hemisphere the people almost without exception were extremely responsive. For when the Nephites believed, they believed without any reservations. Always they were either hot or cold, never merely lukewarm, like the Laodiceans of whom John speaks and whom God, on account of their indefinite temperature, threatened to "spue out of His mouth." Jesus himself declares that "so great faith He had never seen among all the Jews." That is why He "could not show unto them so great miracles" as He performed among the Nephites. He is speaking, however, to the twelve disciples, but no doubt the description applies to the whole people as well.

This greater faith on the part of the Nephites gives us a clew to the essential difference between Jesus in Palestine and Jesus in America.

Among the Nephites he performed about the same miracles as He did among the Jews—healing the sick, raising the dead, multiplying the quantity of bread and wine, and so on. But there are some

distinctive spiritual manifestations on this continent. Jesus himself hints at this fact in the phrase "so great miracles."

For one thing, when Nephi baptized the twelve disciples, they "were filled with the Holy Ghost, and with fire." Afterwards they "were encircled about as if by fire from heaven, and the multitude did witness it and did bear record." For another thing, little children, in the presence of the multitude, uttered "marvelous things." These "marvelous things," according to the record, "were greater than Jesus had revealed unto the people." And, for still another thing, Jesus told the Nephites many things which He had been forbidden by the Father to tell the Jews because of their unbelief—about the "other sheep," for instance, and the ten tribes. In a word, as we stated elsewhere, Jesus seems to have been under considerably less restraint here than in Palestine. This shows that people receive of divine things according to their faith.

Furthermore, there are more intimate touches of Jesus in the *Fifth Gospel* than in the other four. In the *New Testament* Jesus is "the Man of sorrows." He is decidedly "acquainted with grief." This is the predominant tone of the *Gospels* by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. Whether or not the writers were under the deep spell of Calvary, it is impossible to say. But it is not so in the *Book of Mormon*. Here He appears in a different light. In Nephi He weeps, but it is from joy. He prays, too, evidently in the hearing of the multitude, out of sheer thanksgiving at the great faith He witnesses. Also He smiles. Let us not forget that. And here we see the Master in a new light. Twice He smiles on the twelve disciples, His countenance beaming with light

and happiness. No one can read Nephi's account of Christ in anything like a sympathetic spirit without getting something more, and other, than what he gets from the *New Testament* account of Him.

2. *The Order of Enoch*: As a rule, when, in the history of religion, any considerable number of people accept the gospel and are entering upon the first practice of it, their prime consideration is a reformation of their temporal, or economic, situation. This is a curious fact.

That happened in the days before the Flood, when the prophet Enoch preached. The order then established, probably for the first time, was named for him. "They had all things in common, and there were no poor and no rich among them." It happened, too, in the time of the apostles of Christ after the Ascension. It happened, also, in our own age, in Ohio and Missouri. And it happened in the times immediately following the visitation of Jesus to the Nephites.

There seems to be a conflict between the pursuit of the material and the pursuit of the spiritual. This fact is especially noteworthy of the Nephite peoples, as we have seen in a preceding lesson. But it is true of all peoples. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon," says Jesus. The lure of wealth is almost unescapable. The love of pleasure and power also. And so, on so many occasions when there has been a strong spiritual uprush, men have set their minds on making such a change in their material affairs as would lessen the conflict between the temporal and the spiritual. And goodness knows it is sorely in need of alterations in our own times, where there is periodical unemployment with much poverty and ignorance.

3. *The Time Element*: Somehow one gets the impression from reading the *Book of Mormon* that the Nephites were swifter to do evil than other peoples of whom we read in religious history. But this is more imaginary than real as the consideration of a few facts will show.

If a historian three hundred years from now should briefly record the happenings of, say, the period between 1900 and 1920, he would have a quicker and greater change to write about than anything to be found in the *Book of Mormon*. For during those years the whole world, not merely a comparatively small nation, went from a period of universal peace through the most devastating of all wars into another period of universal peace. The thing would appear incredible if set down in a sober history, especially in view of our great pretensions to peace and Christianity. Yet it is a solemn and lamentable fact.

That so far as outer events are concerned. Moral upsets as swift have taken place. Consider the period in England just after the brilliant reign of Queen Elizabeth, when morals went to such loose

ends as to shock every right thinking person. And then look at the rise of the Puritans, with their horror of what to us now are innocent amusements — dancing, theater-going, and so on.

Human emotions are queer things. A gust of wind may change us in a moment, as witness the almost sudden change of our attitude in America towards the League of Nations a few years ago. We changed almost in a night. And so there is nothing very remarkable about the alterations in the Nephites, in respect to their swift changes from good to evil and from evil to good, when we consider human emotions.

Questions and Problems

1. What is the United Order? How would it work today? What conditions give rise to such schemes?

2. Has the economic problem anything to do with the size of families today? Explain your view.

3. Are morals any looser today than before the Great War? Give reasons for your views.

4. Account for the last war between the Nephites and the Lamanites.

Work and Business

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR APRIL

(This topic is to be given at the special teachers' meeting the first week in April.)

OUR RESPONSIBILITY TO SUSTAIN THE LAW

"Law commands that which is right and prohibits that which is wrong."—*Blackstone*.

"We believe in honoring, obeying and sustaining the law."—*Articles of Faith*.

"We stand for the observance of

law, the people who live it and the officers who enforce it."—*M. I. A. Slogan*.

"By strict obedience Jesus won."—*Hymn*.

I. Origin and History

Civil law, rule, and order came with the advent of man. It began with family, patriarchal and tribal organization,

changing in form and requirements as man spread over the earth. The purpose was protection, defense, and progress.

II. Purpose and Necessity of Law and Government

1. To establish justice.
2. To insure domestic tranquility.
3. To promote the general welfare.
4. To secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.

III. Teaching Law and Order

a. Home—

Beginnings of obedience: The earlier in life that a child can appreciate and respond to the responsibilities of life, the safer he is and the more sure he will be of success. No one can successfully escape the real responsibilities of the full requirements of proper conduct of life.

b. Church—

The real progress and pleasure of life comes from a response to the law of God. Man is that he might have joy, predicated on the principle of an attitude of responsibility. This means a proper attitude to God and man and country.

c. School—

School is closely associated with the home and enlarges the child's experience. He carries to the group the principles taught and nurtured in the home. Every human being must learn the majesty of the law.

d. Society—

Strong and potential factor for human conduct.

IV. Benefits and Blessing of the Law.

Security

Order

Progress—Education

Unity of effort.

A response to the requirements of law and order measures true citizenship, which aims to live above the law.

Responsibility serves two purposes: first, upholds and sustains the law; secondly, sets a good example and thereby influences others to support and sustain the law. Not only is this true in the civil law but in the law and requirements of God.

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5:16.

Responsibility is closely allied to opportunity, privilege, power, authority, and influence.

Literature

(3rd Week in April)

THE SHORT STORY IN FRANCE

Suggested Stories: Bernier's *The Divided Horsecloth*; Voltaire's *Memmon the Philosopher*; Rabelais' *He Who Married a Dumb Wife*; Merimee's *Mateo Falcone*.

At the beginning of this century Brander Matthews, who is one of the greatest literary critics America has produced, wrote: "Probably there is no rashness in a prophecy

that the short story will flourish even more luxuriously in the immediate future than it has flourished in the immediate past." (He had just written that the nineteenth century had been a short story and novel era.) "Of a certainty we can assert that a literary form as popular as the short story, as well established in every modern literature, is deserving of serious consideration and is worthy of careful study."

It is useless to ask if Brander Matthews' prophecy has been realized by 1931, but it is worthwhile to know something of the causes that have brought about this supremacy of the short story. And we owe more to France than to any other European country.

To tell the account briefly, for we are more interested in the short story of modern France, long before the close of the Middle Ages, France had its native writers who wrote their tales in *Fabliau* form. This form, for our purposes, is a brief tale, little more than an anecdote, with a sharp sting at the end. The *Fabliau* is full of gayety and has the simple shrewdness of the plain people. One of the few *Fabliau* authors known to modern times is Bernier, whose story, "The Divided Horsecloth," is found in the text.

About the middle of the fourteenth century the *Fabliau* lost its importance and the forms of the Lay, Miracle, and Devotional stories were in vogue until after the close of the Middle Ages. Troubadors and minstrels roved in France, as in other countries, and many of their stories were recorded by later writers. In Italy, Boccaccio was the master and in France Rabelais and Marguerite de Navarre are two names that have lived.

In the seventeenth century France paid most of her literary attention to the drama and to long drawn out

sentimental romances. However, in the second half of the century Charles Perrault and La Fontaine (both of these writers are represented in the text) developed the fable and fairy story into beautiful forms. A great many of the stories that are told children today were written by Perrault. To him we owe Cinderella, Little Red Riding Hood, Blue Beard, Sleeping Beauty, Puss-in-Boots, and many others. This distinguished Parisian was born in 1628. He was the author of elaborate works in prose and verse, but his fame rests on a few tales that he wrote for recreation when he was growing old—tales to which he was not even willing to give his name. They were first published under the name of his son, a ten year old boy. Because of the stories' simplicity there is a slight reason for thinking that Perrault might have had the boy tell the stories and then record them in their charming and simple style.

Perrault's fame made fairy tales the rage. There were imitators down to the eighteenth century, with its new philosophy, its skepticism, and its interest in pure literary form. As in England, French writers of this century occupied themselves largely with the moral tale and Voltaire was the great master of this form. (One of Voltaire's stories is found in the text and the reader will readily notice the difference between his profundity and the lighter touch of Addison.)

In the nineteenth century the modern short story was born and by the second quarter it was reaching a perfection that has not yet been excelled. These early modern stories were written not so much as consciously following a purpose as by a certain turn of genius in the men. Their stories made the short story one of the most highly per-

fectured forms of literature in France.

It was in France and in the United States that the short story was finally achieved and it was done almost simultaneously and quite independently. There are perhaps two reasons for France's development—first, she has a finer artistic appreciation and has acquired the Latin liking for logic, which includes the classical code of unity and proportion, and secondly, the Parisian newspapers. In France, then and today, there are not many magazines. Instead, the newspapers, cheap in price and widely read, give the same thing that is obtained in America from more expensive sources. The French newspapers welcomed and definitely encouraged writers of short stories; the stories, themselves, were widely read and much criticized.

And it was in the Parisian newspapers that such writers as Coppee, Daudet, and Maupassant first became known. Balzac, one of the great writers of all time, broke definitely with the past in his art, and his methods were adapted by the great writers of fiction, many of whose names are as familiar as our English ones—George Sand, Anatole France, Daudet, Merimee, Zola, Maupassant, Flaubert, and others.

Stevenson in England, you will recall, was much influenced by the French writers. He summed up their art when he said in reply to a friend who had asked him why he did not change the ending of a certain story: "Make another end to it? That's not the way I write. The whole tale is implied. I never use an effect when I can help it unless it prepares the effects that are to follow. That's what a story consists in. To make another end than that is to make the beginning all wrong."

Notes to the teacher:

If the material on the short story in France were divided into two periods, the last being the modern one, Balzac's story would begin the latter. However, if it is possible, Merimee's story of "Mateo Falcone" should be given in the first lesson, in addition to at least one of the briefer, older ones. The modern short stories represent a section of the best of France's art, and as many of the stories as can be arranged for should be given in class. "Mateo Falcone" is counted one of the greatest short stories of all time, and if the majority of the class are not acquainted with it, the members will enjoy it much better than they will some of the older ones. Balzac's story, in its way, is equally great, but it is not placed on the suggested list because it might not appeal to all the members of the class. Questions on the stories should bring out the characteristics of the French art in comparison with that of other nations previously studied, and on the style of the individual stories. One easy way of getting at this later is to ask the members if they could tell another story by the same author if the name were withheld, then ask them to explain why. Questions on the short story as a form of art, given early in the course, may be used to good effect on the French stories.

"The Divided Horsecloth" by Bernier

Nothing is known of Bernier except that he lived in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries and that his name is signed to the ms. of "The Divided Horsecloth." This is a beautiful story of a certain trait in human nature that has not varied much from the beginning of man. It is the account of a wealthy and

prudent man from the common ranks who went up to Paris so that he might better himself and family. Time passed, the wife died, and the father loving his son and desiring to see the boy well and happily married, forgot how necessary wealthy possessions are for retaining independence of ways and thought, and gave all of his wealth to his son. It was not long before the father was looked upon as an object of charity in the home he had built. The wife, who had been obtained at such a price, grew weary of the old man and asked that he be sent away.

The old father, grown weak and weary, protested and then agreed to go if first he should be given a piece of cloth to protect him from the cold. Selfishly, the son refused, but later relented by saying the old man could have one of the cloths now used to cover the horses. The son called for his young boy to do the errand, and it was here that the child's wisdom asserted itself, and gave the unexpected ending to the *Fabliau*.

Questions on "The Divided Horsecloth"

1. In what ways can you place the period in which the story was written?
2. What is the universal appeal of the story?
3. What are the characteristics of the *Fabliau* as exemplified by "The Divided Horsecloth?"

"Mateo Falcone" by Prosper Merimee

Prosper Merimee, who is one of the great masters of French style and of short story writing, was born at Paris in September, 1803. He studied at the bar but never practiced law. It was his good fortune

to become acquainted with the mother of the future Empress Eugenie, and when Eugenie married Napoleon III, Merimee became a court favorite and was given a number of coveted positions.

He was a man of deep emotions, which he successfully hid from all but his best friends, and even they found it hard to pierce his stoical reserve. In spite of his kind and helpful nature, he had a distrust and even a contempt for mankind. Several times he was disappointed in love affairs, and this fact may account for the hard, vampirish quality of many of his women characters. His deep but hidden emotions also give a clue to the wild, unbridled nature of his characters.

When "Mateo Falcone" was written, Merimee had not been to Corsica, but he afterwards visited there and was entertained by an aging woman who had long been the leader of a famous feud. He told her story in "Colomba." Merimee died at Cannes, September, 1870 just after the close of the Franco-Prussian war. Many of his short stories are known throughout the world, and one of them, "Carmen," inspired the famous opera by that name.

Questions

(It must be remembered in this story that the Corsicans, through long years of being unjustly treated and governed, had learned to take the law into their own hands. The men killed, not for lust and robbery, but to see that justice was administered. The weak man was the one who let an offense go unpunished.)

1. What features of the setting are necessary to make the action appear probable?
2. What traits of character in Gianetto, Fortunato, Gamba, and

Mateo are motives for the successive stages of action?

3. Do you judge these characters most by what they think, say, or do? Which method of indicating character is most dramatic?

4. Do you sympathize with For-

tunato or are you merely shocked by his death?

5. Is the repetition of the bribery artistic?

6. Could the story be made into a play? If it were a one-act one, where would you lay the scene?

Social Service

(Fourth Week in April)

PERSONALITY STUDY: THINKING STRAIGHT

Based on Overstreet's *Influencing Human Behavior*, pages 184-200

When any of your friends have offered you a penny for your thoughts have you ever considered that your "thoughts" were worth the price offered? If you ever hesitated in making the proposed exchange, has it not been mainly because you were ashamed of the very trivial nature of the less than half-formed ideas you were entertaining? A very large proportion of our so-called thinking is very readily recognized as being anything but genuine reasoning or creative thinking. And a large majority of what seems to pass as the true coin, so to speak, is in reality a counterfeit variety known in modern psychology as rationalization. There are so many pitfalls that beset the course of straight thinking that the wonder is that this rather rare process is ever engaged in or found in others by people who are acquainted with its characteristics. Let us now address ourselves as vigorously as we may to the important problem of straight thinking, *i. e.* thinking in the best sense of the word.

First, it may be well for us to characterize more specifically each of about five of the various types of mental processes which we call

thinking. They range all the way from the get-no-where activity of the thinking mechanism when hazy ideas are used in a mere "idling" fashion on to the distinctly human use of clearly defined ideas in the successful search for truth.

1. *Reverie or day dreaming* is a type of thinking which occupies a great deal of our time and seems to require a minimum of effort. It goes on almost spontaneously and seems to be rather self-centered in character. Can it be possible that an old cow lying in the shade chewing her cud could often match us for worthwhile mental activity? Animals generally are not accorded the use of ideas, but it surely would not be claiming much for the above mentioned cow if we admitted that her possible dreams of new pastures were as worthy as are our day-dreams of "castles in Spain." Of course under some circumstances a moderate amount of day dreaming may not be objectionable. At times it may be quite harmless or even beneficial as a relaxation after prolonged mental effort. It presents, however, some real dangers. For example, it often tends to unduly color or crowd out altogether our

more worth-while types of thinking.

2. "*Wishful*" thinking has more sequence and direction than reverie, but otherwise is much the same. It, too, occupies much of our time and accomplishes little or nothing. It is this futile type of "thinking" which we nearly always bring to bear on such problems as spreading the gospel, conservation, flood control, immigration, community clean-ups, adjustment of the tax burden, overcoming the present business depression, building up Zion in Jackson County, etc., etc. Here too, belong our fabrications of easy rewards in heaven with which we were concerned in our last lesson.

Both reverie and "wishful" thinking would furnish examples of what is sometimes discussed as *autistic thinking*, i. e. thinking which is sufficient unto itself. The very process itself satisfies so that one need not bring criticism to bear in order to increase the probability that it will meet the social test or square with the facts of the objective universe.

3. *Hasty or so-called practical thinking*, as the name clearly implies, is quite different from the types we have just been discussing. It seldom goes on in leisurely fashion and it is at least realistic in the sense that it has to do with the ordinary practical affairs of everyday life. There are many decisions which most of us must make every day—the majority of them of minor importance. We say: "I *think* I'll call at the postoffice—try eating an olive—ask Mr. Jones for a job—buy a paper—become a teacher," and so on. The words we use in announcing these decisions indicate that we are inclined to believe that they follow upon thought processes of some kind and no doubt they do. But that the mental activity involved in nearly all of such cases hardly de-

serves to be called reasoning or thinking, is evident from the fact that most of it is done in a careless or slipshod manner. Furthermore it is often based upon superstitions, prejudices, "hunches," and inadequate information. At best these practical decisions are based upon rather haphazard—though fairly reliable—observations and personal habits or upon beliefs which may at times represent somewhat careful thinking done for us by other people, and which we are inclined to accept somewhat blindly rather than do the necessary thinking for ourselves. For example, we may act quite appropriately at times on the statement: "Make hay while the sun shines."

4. *Rationalization* is a term which during recent years has been used to designate a kind of thinking which is often so elaborate and logical as to pass as honest-to-goodness, straight thinking. When we really learn to recognize it we are usually convinced that we should use the same care to avoid it that we would to avoid skillfully made counterfeit coins with which we might otherwise become dangerously burdened. The process of rationalization really grows out of man's conceit in jealously guarding his reputation as the one being in creation who must always have things pass through the "crucible of reason" before they can be accepted by him. He must not be accused even by himself of accepting any proposition that will not stand the test of reason. If really good reasons cannot be found, then acceptably "good" reasons must be brought forward. If necessary, he will be blind to all evidences except those which further his side of the case. Both true and false elements are strangely mingled together in the effort to justify his actions, attitudes, or beliefs, but the

result is a line of argument which seems at least to himself to be very logical and reasonable. If it seems plausible and persuasive to others, so much the better. Thus we see that rationalizing is little better than a process of mere self-justification and excuse-making. It is a matter of inventing "good" reasons to cover up socially non-acceptable *real* reasons. And to appreciate how logical and elaborate the process is in many cases just put someone to work defending his actions or beliefs and listen while he talks. You may initiate the interesting process perhaps by simply questioning the reasonableness of his recent purchase of an automobile; his adherence to the Republican party, or the church he belongs to; his views on vaccination or the Word of Wisdom; his support or non-support of the eighteenth amendment; his joining of a college fraternity or a lodge; his conclusions on organic evolution or the higher criticism; his attitude toward the Boy Scout Movement, or toward higher education for girls; the amount of his contribution to the Red Cross or to the Community Chest; the amount he paid as tithing; and so on. No matter on which point you challenge him he is more likely than not to offer you so-called good reasons instead of the *real* reasons. Possibly you are prepared to carry the experiment a step further and make doubly sure that your friend is rationalizing but not reasoning in any very worthy sense of the word. This is almost an infallible test if you can make it. Try calmly to win against his mere rationalization, by means of some straight thinking which has due regard for the crucial evidences in the case. As Morgan well says, "If he keeps his poise throughout, and if finally outdone, he placidly accepts the outcome of

reason, he is not rationalizing, but reasoning. If, on the other hand, he shows great perturbation should he be defeated in the debate, and finally goes into a rage, one can be reasonably sure that all his arguments were simply attempts to convince himself and others of the truth of something that he wished to believe."

5. We are now ready to more fully appreciate a kind of thinking which needs to be encouraged and stimulated in all of us. We refer to *genuine reasoning or creative thinking*—the more or less rare and difficult types of mental activity comparable to that engaged in by the true scientist or philosopher when he is seeking earnestly for new truth.

The careful thinker is in no undue hurry. He has ever a "passion for facts" and will go to considerable trouble to see that they are reliable. He knows at the outset that the apparently simple process of perception or observation is beset with many difficulties. It has been well said that "we see things not as they are but as we are." (Patrick.) We seem bound in the very process of careful observation to *interpret* sense data in terms of our past experience and our mental set at the given moment. In other words, sense data do not impress themselves upon a passive and indifferent mind, but are given meaning as a result of the very active mental process of perception. To facilitate accurate perception very often sensory defects need to be remedied, or again normal perception is aided by means of microscopes, photographic films, telescopes and other instruments of precision. Very often observations are made under conditions of experimental control. Considerable patience is exercised in making accurate measurements,

records and other provisions to facilitate verification by subsequent observers. Precautions are taken all the way along the line to guard against errors, unrecognized artifacts, illusions, data collected under the influence of hampering distractions or prejudices, etc., etc. In short, experts make observations under the most favorable conditions possible and keep suitable records of the same as a basis for carefully guarded inferences which come into special prominence later.

For convenience we shall now take up a separate consideration of the process of making inferences. Before we begin, however, it may be well to remind ourselves that in reality the collection of facts and the making of inferences about them, are not wholly separate processes. In his recently published "Psychology" Woodworth says, "There is a close relation between sense perception and reasoning, and inference is an extension of the pattern-grasping activity beyond the sensory field. * * * From simple cases (of perception) we can trace a continuous series extending to the most abstract reasoning imaginable."

The person who has acquired the habit of straight thinking not only insists that his facts be thoroughly tested and verified, but he is even more cautious, if possible, to have his theories carefully checked up by other competent workers so that they may approach as nearly as possible to the status of well tested probabilities or practical certainties. So cautious is he that he never claims for even very well established laws or principles the status of absolute truths. One is impressed by the steps involved in the gradual development of the laws or principles of science. First, we have phenomena to which are attached a minimum of meaning. Second, an

attempt is made to understand these phenomena by means of one or more preliminary guesses or speculations. Other inquiring minds cooperate in checking up on the validity of the proposed guesses. A third step is taken when one of these is found to fit the known facts sufficiently well to raise its status so that it may be properly designated as an hypothesis. Fourth, when this in turn becomes considerably more well established by means of further scientific procedure it becomes proper for the first time to call it by the rather dignified name of theory. Fifth, after much more extended verification by many trained investigators, it is finally referred to as a law or principle. An important safeguard which careful thinkers have learned to use during this whole process is known as the law of parsimony. The New English Dictionary explains it as "the logical principle that no more causes or forces should be assumed than are necessary to account for the facts." When scientists apply it in helping to choose between two or more rival hypotheses they choose the one which is the simplest, and which best takes into account all of the thoroughly established facts and generalizations of science.

Sound reasoning also implies great care in avoiding a number of well known pitfalls of thinking which we can do little more than mention at this time.

1. Rationalizing as a substitute for the ideational search for truth may perhaps be regarded as one of the very common hidden dangers to be avoided.

2. Some people "reason" like this: "Christianity is either the most vicious fraud ever perpetrated upon the world, or it is the most glorious revelation of divine truth which has ever blessed mankind." It may be

the latter, but it should be clear that this process of so-called reasoning does not establish the proposed generalization. Is not this simply an example of the familiar disjunctive fallacy?

3. Then there is the danger of false analogy. Even a true analogy does not prove a conclusion. Its only proper use is to help explain it and even here we should be aware of the danger of attempting to carry an analogy too far.

4. Hasty generalizations should be carefully avoided. All of us may well cultivate more of a tentative attitude toward knowledge, for as indicated above, many of our generalizations are in the constant process of formulation and reformulation and they all rest upon various degrees of tested probabilities rather than upon absolute certainties. Our "hankering for certainty" should not lead us into the pitfall of prematurely fixed ideas.

5. Sometimes thinking is done by incorrect causal relationships. How common is the tendency to "jump to conclusions." It seems so difficult to wait until we have data which are not only fair and typical, but also sufficient in amount. Who has not seen the typical politician fall into this error when trying to explain the cause of either hard times or prosperity? Patent-medicine testimonials are full of the same type of "reasoning."

6. Too often people attempt to think through ambiguous terms. They may confuse making the world safe for democracy with making it safe for the Democratic party, or prophecy with mere prediction, or tax reform with the undue increase of the average tax burden. Most of us have doubtless heard wasted arguments end with remarks something like this: "Oh, if that is what

you mean then I agree with you and there is no use of further argument."

7. Another well known pitfall which careful thinkers avoid is to base a line of reasoning on one or more unsupported assertions. At times prominent people who may have splendid insight or access to abundant evidence in one field, attempt to have their assertions accepted just as readily in other fields where they really should assume a much more humble position. Why should anyone be confused by the views of Edison on intelligence tests or those of Burbank on immortality, or the half-baked notions on chemistry put forth by a prominent psychologist, for example?

8. Again people are hindered from doing straight thinking by the notion that is sometimes entertained that because seemingly valid objections can be raised against a proposition it should therefore be wholly rejected. Recently the proposal to abandon the use of a little ungraded school in a certain district was at least temporarily defeated largely because certain quite irrelevant objections were played up by certain interested parties and the anti-superintendent local paper. To win out there seemed to be no real need of discovering the possible valid objections that might have been brought forward. The fact that objections could be raised was convincing enough. How foolish!

9. Sometimes sound conclusions cannot be reached because the main issue is either lost sight of, or purposely evaded. We say that the person is arguing "beside the point." Many a lawyer with a weak case to defend wastes time on non-essentials, often on mere trivialities, instead of using his energies on the really crucial points that rightly

should be stressed. A rather low form of this error is when he resorts to the "calling of names" or some worse form of personal abuse.

10. At the risk of seeming to over-lap somewhat in our enumeration of common pitfalls, let us go on to a brief statement of the danger of shifting ground. When this slippery practice of refusing to be pinned down even when you are wrong is consciously engaged in, it is indeed a despicable thing, but very often people seem to fall into this error quite unconsciously. An argument becomes endless and at the same time gets nowhere because one or both of the participants have acquired such automatic facility in shifting from one proposition to another one, the moment he seems pressed to face a decision on the one he started with. In honest thinking one ought to first clearly define the problem, then bring forth the evidences that are relevant and accept the appropriate conclusions no matter what becomes of one's preconceptions.

11. We should not fail to call attention to the importance of discounting our prejudices and those of the ones whom we choose to help us with our thinking. No one likes to be taken in by a mere propagandist. Yet everyone has prejudices of some kind. Even the so-called impartial scientific investigator has them as part of his equipment. The important thing is to allow sufficiently for probable prejudices that would tend to unduly hamper a person in making a given investigation or in appraising its validity or significance. We are helped in knowing how much to discount these by becoming acquainted with investigations or conclusions made by others who are inclined to show partiality in the opposite direction. If your

own bias is very pronounced, it is a good practice to give the benefit of a possible doubt to the opposite side, especially if your selfish interests are involved in the decision to be made.

12-14. We could go on enumerating cautions against trying to do clear thinking under conditions which make us highly suggestible, against basing important decision on what we sometimes call "chance" such as the mere flip of a coin, against being swayed to a warped conclusion by strong but very temporary emotional factors and so on. But surely we have been impressed with the fact that straight thinking is not a simple and easy matter. We also know that the trained thinker is well aware of many guide-posts, and that when he in cooperation with many others finally announces careful inferences as high probabilities or practical certainties that it is not the result of mere child's play that anyone who has reached his majority can engage in as successfully as anyone else.

Let us be grateful that we have many carefully worked out observed uniformities which are sometimes disparagingly styled the "theories of men." And let us also resolve that as adults believing in the dignity of man and his eternal possibilities we will accept Overstreet's challenge and proceed immediately to get rid of our possible "museum of immature fixations, snap judgments, picked-up prejudices, and unverified 'hand-me-downs' * * *. The great hope of straighter and more fruitful thinking among adults," he goes on to say, (lies) "in the increasingly wide recognition of the fact that education should not be confined to a few preparatory years, but should be a continuing process throughout life."

Problems to Select From for Class Discussion

1. Explain as clearly as you can what is meant by science and scientific method. Which is the more expert procedure; "accurate observation" or "cautious inference?"

2. Do you think Overstreet is too hard on the rationalizers? (See pp. 191-193). Describe a good recent example of rationalizing that you have observed. How did you know it was really an instance of rationalizing?

3. Mention and describe briefly each of three other rather unworthy types of thinking. What is the relative prominence of each in our lives?

4. What constitutes thinking in the best and most worthy sense of the word? Of what significance is such thinking in human life? Can a person be truly religious who does no such thinking?

5. What important differences would it make in the world "if we feared the entertaining of an unverifiable opinion with the warmth with which we fear using the wrong implement at the dinner table, (and) if the thought of holding a prejudice disgusted us as does a foul disease"? (Trotter.)

6. According to the dictionary what is the distinction between a theory and an hypothesis? Explain the steps involved in the gradual development of scientific laws or principles. Read Alma 32:26-43 and see if you can discover such corresponding steps as, for example, non-belief, desire to believe, belief, faith and knowledge in the realm of religious experience.

7. Distinguish between the legitimate kind of doubting involved in worth-while thinking and the kind that should be avoided and warned against. Give an instance that you

know of where doubting seemed to be engaged in for the mere sake of doubting. In this connection consider the following quotation from the psychologist Stratton: "Doubt is a state of incomplete or suspended judgment to be distinguished from belief, either in its positive or negative form. Doubt is closely connected with the formation of belief. (Doubt) is useful so long as it tends to make belief more intelligent and more in harmony with wide experience (but it may) far outlive its period of usefulness."

8. Among the "essentials of the thinking process" Strayer and Norsworthy mention, "a state of doubt or uncertainty, resulting in suspended judgment." Colvin and Bagley say that "thinking comes only when a problem is presented or a situation faced, only when a 'crisis' in our behavior arises." The following is from Dewey: "To maintain the state of doubt and to carry on systematic and protracted inquiry—these are the essentials of thinking." Does it follow then that the person who says he "has never had even the least shadow of a doubt about anything pertaining to the gospel" is confessing that he has not done any thinking about it? Do the above quotations furnish a clue as to how to stimulate real thinking? Discuss.

9. Comment on this statement from Tennyson's "In Memoriam:"

"There lives more faith in
honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half
the creeds."

How would you deal with doubts in religious matters such as are sometimes expressed by adolescent boys and girls? Does the unwillingness to entertain such doubts imply much or little faith in the gospel?

10. Comment on the following

quotation from G. M. Stratton in relation to this lesson: "When we are offered new lamps for old, we must test the new to see how much of the old Aladdin-magic they contain. Let us have the new with the least loss."

11. Mention and briefly explain as many pitfalls of thinking as you can. Discuss the statement: "When a problem is well defined it is half solved."

12. Find these phrases in the last half of the chapter in our text and comment briefly on each: "solemn, self-justifying muddle-headedness," "heresy hunting," "do not know the science," "a new idea is beginning," "law-makers ill equipped," "a most exhilarating prospect," "over-rated 'school of experience'," "the prevalent 'drill' technique."

13. Someone has said that the using of isolated Scripture texts according to the Ready Reference pattern, contributes to a never-ending and hopeless mass of rationalizing. It is said that as long as we admit the vaidity of the method our opponents will be tempted to carry the same method to even more ludicrous

extremes and we go on wrangling forever. What would you substitute for this method?

14. Have you ever been astonished at the way some people are impressed by obscure, mystifying, or even meaningless phrases? They seem so credulous or so unable to think that they fairly revel in a mass of worthless drivel which no one can possibly understand. The more obscure the material is the more sure they seem to feel that it contains important "concealed wisdom." Consider, for example, this sample taken from certain occult literature with which our country is flooded. It is supposed to answer the question as to "WHERE DWELLS THE I AM." It reads thus: "Through involution we are carried back to the nativity or primary life through material form, which is the first expression of love through earth form or upon this earth plane." (This has been carefully checked as a correct quotation.) In your opinion what is the relationship between clear thinking and clear expression?

God

God thinks—and suns spring into shape;
 He wills, and worlds disintegrate;
 He loves, and souls are born.
 And loving is His only way
 Of bringing budded lives to bloom—
 Of changing night to day.

—*Isabelle Ingaese.*

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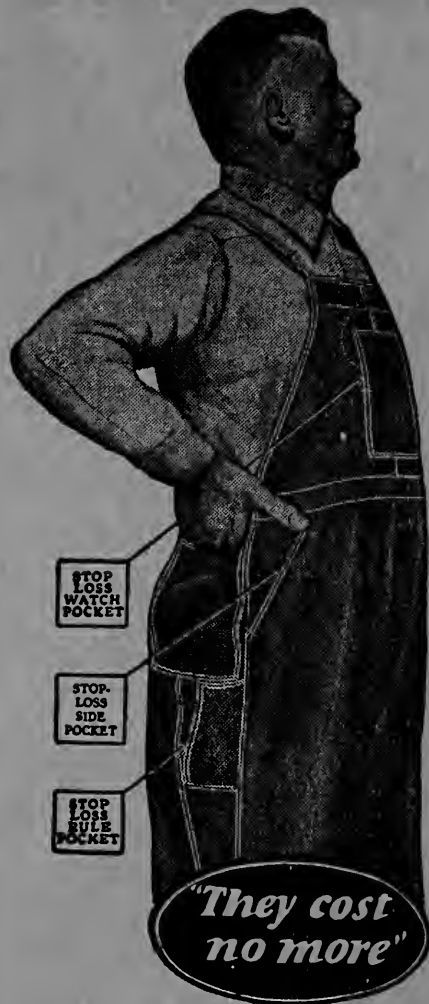
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In Nature's Nests

By the late Josephine Spencer

Thick and fast from their feeding-place
 In the cloud-sewn fields of the upper sky
 The storm-birds gather to run their race
 At the sound of the wind's shrill signal cry.

Fly, but dip to the giant nests
 Set, all snug, where a bird can light
 In the tops of the highest mountain crests,
 A halting place in their earthward flight.

And some of the birds an instant stay
 There where the cosy hollows lure;
 (Just the place for a bird to lay—
 Better than ours have here, I'm sure!)

Their eggs are the mammoth snow-balls, packed
 Tight in the sheltering, pine-fleeced hills;
 And when their ice-shells Spring has cracked—
 Watch for the new-hatched, fluffy rills!



Pictorial California

YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK

THE Relief Society Magazine

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No. 3

Religious Education in the Family

By Milton Bennion

RELIGION, in some form or other, has been and still is one of the most powerful factors in development both of the individual and of the race. Religious education should, therefore, be an aspect of all education. This is also true of character education. These two most important aspects of education cannot be segregated. Whichever term we use should be regarded as including the other. Religious education is impossible without striving for development of character in the highest degree; character education is narrow and seriously deficient without the force and inspiration of religion. There is both a religious and a character aspect to all thinking, feeling, and doing. Formal theological instruction may be assigned to a particular day or to specific hours of every day. This cannot be true of religious education; it goes on all the time. The old idea of identifying religion almost wholly with public worship on Sunday and with family prayers at home has long since been superseded by a broader conception of religion. Not that these acts of worship are to be undervalued, but rather that their value is questioned if they are not supported by an active religious life every day and every hour. This intimate asso-

ciation of religion with everyday life is one reason why the family is the primary religious education institution. This has been one of the major functions of the family through all historic times; it must always be so, if the race is to continue to develop toward a higher civilization.

WHAT is the essence of religious education? It is concerned primarily with the development of personalities, with helping each person to realize the highest ideals of human life, to approach divinity as nearly as may be; as Jesus said in the Sermon on the Mount: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect." This is the supreme and ultimate goal of religious endeavor. It includes a keen sense of the intrinsic worth of personality and its evaluation above all else. It is also in high degree social because persons are essentially social. A person develops in and through association with other persons. Thus the welfare of community becomes a major factor in religion, and training in the amenities of social life becomes a major factor in religious education.

Religion is usually correlated with faith in Divine Providence or

in the ultimate goodness of the universe. It certainly will include faith in human possibilities for good, in the high destiny of man. This thought is commonly expressed in terms of the fatherhood of God, with its implied sonship of man, and the universal brotherhood of man. Akin to this and naturally following from it, is the love of God and the love of fellowmen, as religious ideals.

It is not our purpose here to discuss the theological phases of these religious ideals. That belongs of right to each individual family and to the various churches. Our purpose is to consider the practical, every-day aspect of religious education. How can the religious qualities of character be realized in young people? Answer to this question is the major concern of religious education.

Recent changes in home life, so much talked of, need, in this respect, make no difference to the responsibility of the family. Even though the home, as now constituted, should vanish, the family would remain, unless indeed, it should be wholly absorbed by the state, as portrayed in some utopian social schemes. This, however, is altogether improbable. Parental instincts are too firmly rooted and too socially useful to be thus ignored.

THERE are two major aspects of the life of the family, i. e., the material or economic, and the religious or spiritual. These two aspects of life are here segregated only for the purpose of thought and discussion. The relative emphasis that may be given to the one phase or the other is well illustrated in the familiar story of Mary and Martha at Bethany. In the Gospel according to St. Luke, immediately fol-

lowing the story of the good Samaritan, is the following passage:

"Now it came to pass, as they went, that he entered into a certain village; and a certain woman named Martha received him into her house.

"And she had a sister called Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word.

"But Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to him, and said, Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me.

"And Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things:

"But one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

(Luke 10:38-42)

The trouble with Martha and Mary seems to have been that instead of each sharing the major responsibilities of home life and giving spiritual significance to all home activity, they unwittingly divided these responsibilities between them, Mary, taking "that good part"—companionship, and the more distinctly spiritual aspects of service, while Martha was overwhelmed with mere manual service—cleaning pots and kettles, may we assume.

THE spirit of love and service should enter into all phases of family life, into the material as well as the spiritual. This will of course, tend to raise all to the level of the ideal, and to make loving service of any kind a joy. To realize this it is necessary that work be apportioned with regard to the available time and strength of the various members of the family, that no one may be overburdened.

One of the major troubles in some otherwise well regulated families is that the mother's energy is wholly consumed with Martha's cares so that there is neither time, nor energy, nor enthusiasm to devote to

“that good part” which Mary chose. The case is comparable in one way to the hostess who invites guests to dinner and then proceeds to exhaust herself in preparation as though her guests’ interests were entirely physical. It is, of course, necessary to eat; but presumably among enlightened human beings this is a means to other ends. May it not, therefore, be more important to meet guests cordially and to enjoy their companionship with untroubled mind rather than to be exhausted or half-distracted by the mere material phases of the entertainment.

The principle here applied to entertaining guests has equal application to home folks. Here the value of love, confidence, and willing service, both material and spiritual, should never be overlooked. If anti-religious qualities of character are allowed to flourish in the family they are almost sure to be transmitted to community life and to the new families that are later founded. Such qualities make life “mean, nasty, and miserable,” as Thomas Hobbes conceived it to be in its original state.

LET us turn away from this unattractive picture and contemplate the possibilities for good that lie within the reach of the family that is governed by religious motives and principles. The great and enduring attitudes of the religious life are very strikingly portrayed by the Apostle Paul in his marvelous discourse on Charity, now translated as “love,” the concluding verse of which reads: “And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.” (I Cor. 13:13.) Let us consider these three attitudes: faith, hope, love—in their relation to religious education in the family.

FAITH has saved many a youth from falling and has inspired many more to high positive attainment. Many a delinquent person owes his return to decency to someone’s everlastingly persistent faith, frequently that of his mother. The contrary attitude on the part of his parents has often impelled a youth to live in accord with his evil reputation. Call him a liar and he tends to become one; assume that he is a thief and he is very likely to make good the assumption. Even people in the middle and later life have a tendency to live up or down to their reputations. If people think well of us we feel an obligation to make good their expectations. If we have a very bad reputation we may be inclined to think that it isn’t worth while to be otherwise than bad. This being true of persons of mature mind and fairly settled character, is it not infinitely more important in case of persons whose character is in flux, and may, therefore easily be swayed one way or another?

Another aspect of this question is the problem of developing in young persons faith in themselves; and, in this connection, of their getting a right conception of what is worthy and what is unworthy of a human being—of the moral dignity of mankind. This, coupled with a proper understanding of their own natures and possibilities, may be a powerful factor in helping them to realize the best in themselves, and also to encourage realization of the best in their companions.

Without faith of some sort there can be no hope. Without both there is likely to be little earnest endeavor, and no basis for facing life cheerfully and joyfully. With both faith and hope there is a solid foundation for real progress and assurance of a disposition to attack

individual and social problems with determination to solve them and to make life a blessing.

OF all qualities of character love is, however, the greatest. It touches life more powerfully than does any other aspect of feeling or desire. It is so much stronger than reason as a motive in conduct that the latter is often swept aside by the onrush of this powerful emotion. It is this fact probably that has led some contemporary psychologists to recommend elimination of the influence of love in human relations and more especially in the training of children. Development of personalities, however, calls for harmonization of the springs of conduct and control of their direction rather than for suppression of one side of human nature. To eliminate feeling is to undermine the basis of desire and to destroy in large measure the foundations upon which judgments of value depend. The religious and moral life cannot be developed apart from these judgments. Reason should, of course, be an important factor in determining the goals of life and an indispensable means of helping to realize these goals.

In contrast with the ancient Greek usage, the term, love, as used in the New Testament, has reference to the most highly spiritual aspect of life. This type of love leads to actions in accord with the highest and most lasting welfare of mankind. In the family it is manifest in recognition of the worth of each person, and in constant effort to preserve and to develop that which is most worthy in each. Such an attitude on the part of each member of the family naturally leads to harmony, confidence, cheerful cooperation, and an enduring bond of union through which the joys of family life may be perpetuated.

THE love and service that properly characterize life within the family fall short of the requirements of religious education unless they are extended to the life of the community. That "we are members one of another" is not only true of the family and the Church membership; it applies also to humanity as a whole. Failure to recognize this may be the occasion of small group selfishness, even of prayers that disregard the welfare of all outside the immediate family. Religious education properly calls for breadth of vision, universal sympathy, and practical interest in the welfare of humanity. This point of view is recognized in part, at least, by ancient writers, as indicated in the following:

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." (James 1:27)

This practical phase of ancient Christianity is now being developed in the light of man's greater knowledge of his fellowmen, both in extension and in intention—both geographically and historically, on the one hand; and psychologically and socially, on the other. This wider knowledge and experience carries with it correspondingly greater obligations, obligations that have their beginnings in the family, but that can never end there. The family is a training school to prepare the members of each new generation for their responsibilities to humanity, and to the social institutions of which they are or ought to be members. The family should, therefore, take account of the future prospects and ambitions of each of its members and of their preparation for their life's work. The disposition of young people to look beyond the home and to yearn for wider expe-

rience is manifested early. The wanderlust of youth is one instance of this. Under proper parental guidance this inclination may lead to experiences that may greatly broaden the youth without corrupting him. A misunderstood youth, on the other hand, is sometimes led to satisfy his wanderlust in ways that may prove very detrimental.

THE dreams of youth, it is generally recognized, have much to do with the accomplishment of later life. Among the most vital things about which a youth may dream are his future vocation and his future family life. No parent can afford to ignore or to belittle such dreams.

The faith and the hope of youth in his future vocational possibilities should, with wise guidance, be encouraged, amended if need be, but never subjected to ridicule or discouragement. This point is well illustrated by the small boy who had watched the garbage man making his rounds. There was something adventurous in driving up and down the street, stopping at each can, lifting it over the wheel, emptying contents into the wagon. The little fellow ran to his mother and with eager voice exclaimed, "When I'm big I'm going to be a garbage man!" The understanding mother smiled and replied, "All right son, that's useful work, but be sure you're the kind of garbage man who empties the can clean and who doesn't scatter litter all over the street." The fires of youthful enthusiasm are too often extinguished by a "wet blanket" thrown by some fellow member of the family. Such an act should be recognized as one of the major sins.

An even greater sin, however, is that of treating lightly the loves or maybe fitful love dreams of youth. Sex love is a normal expression of

human instincts, one that is essential to the preservation of the race. The selection of a life's partner, and thereby the founding of a new family is one of the most delicately personal matters with which a youth may be concerned. This fact should be recognized by brothers and sisters as well as by parents. It should be utilized to develop feelings of respect and reverence toward courtship and marriage, the results of which are so profoundly significant to the individuals immediately concerned, and also far reaching in their ultimate consequences in the life of humanity. What responsibility can be greater than that of bringing into being new persons and assuming to direct the course of their development? It is very significantly said that the family is educational in function and religious in character. Marriage should then be regarded as a religious institution, and the proper education of children the most sacred duty of the family.

THE family life should be one of refinement and serious purposes; not however, solemn or sanctimonious, but on the contrary, cheerful and joyous. No vulgarity or coarseness should ever be tolerated. Concentrating attention upon the finer things of life and upon the great and noble examples of men and women who have contributed most to the onward march of the spiritual life of mankind is an effective way of overcoming evil with good.

It is unfortunate that because of speed of modern life and the disposition to multiply functions outside the home, the time available for cultivation of common interests in the home is often reduced to a minimum. There may, however, be at least some opportunity for this at

the dinner-table, after the day's work is done. Family life should be enriched by all the material benefits the family budget can afford, such as carefully selected books and magazines, musical instruments, and music of an elevating sort. The advent of the radio also makes possible entertainment for all the family group in the home, and that with the greatest economy of time. There is, however, always the important problem of wise selection of radio periods and of topics of family conversation. This calls also for cultivation of common tastes and interests. The great masterpieces of music now played or sung over the radio by the world's leading musicians far surpass opportunities heretofore available to families generally. The great organ selections are especially of a very distinctly religious character, and may have the same beneficial influence upon the family group in the home as do similar types of music upon the congregation at church. Such instruments and musicians are not, however, available to many churches. There is also great value for religious education in listening to world famous orchestras and singers. Since there is so much of this type of entertainment now available, it is a great pity not to make the greatest possible use of it. This does not mean to exclude everything else. There are speeches, sermons, and news items well worth listening to, there is wholesome humor that gives rest and recreation, but there is no excuse for patronizing the low grade forms of entertainment, either within or without the home.

Conversation in the family group, or between parent and child, should also grow out of common tastes and interests. The greatest guiding influence of parent upon child often

comes from informal association and conversation rather than from more formal procedures. A mere suggestion for thought may have greater weight with youth than formal instruction. Young people must ultimately work out their own conceptions of life, its values, and its activities. It is well that they should make a beginning early under wise guidance. This wise guidance in the home, however, lays a great responsibility upon parents, the responsibility of keeping pace with youth in knowledge and understanding of world progress and the problems that confront youth. Nothing is sadder and more disastrous, religiously and morally, than failure of parent and child to understand each other. A notable example of this is the rigid adherence of some parents to some traditional theological interpretations of natural history, while the youth is viewing nature and its history from the point of view of what he is taught in geology and biology. Each takes his point of view to be a flat contradiction of the other, and each may vigorously condemn the other's views as radically false; the one pronounced superstition, the other sacrilege. There is, evidently, need that each understand the other, that both earnestly seek the truth and meantime cultivate open mindedness, tolerance, and sympathetic understanding of those that hold opinions they cannot share.

Religion is not a thing that can or ought to be thrust upon youth. It must develop in him as a part of his own nature. The parent's responsibility is to be a sympathetic helper. This will be accomplished more by what the parent is than by what he says. When he does speak, however, he should do so with understanding both of what he says and to whom he speaks.

ANOTHER very important phase of religious education is the development of the highest type of loyalty. We say highest type because this quality of character is often misconceived and misused. There is the loyalty of lawbreakers to each other in their evil causes, which is generally accepted as evidence that they are not totally depraved. This use of loyalty is somewhat comparable to the use that yeggs make of the virtue of temperance; they cannot be successful burglars without it. So whether or not these qualities of character have real value for mankind as a whole, which is the ultimate test of right, depends upon the use that is made of them. What is the proper place of loyalty in religious education? It is one of the most basic and most essential character qualities of an individual, both as a member of a family and also as a member of larger social groups. It calls for exercise of faith, hope, and love, joined with knowledge in the promotion of a cause or causes that make for the highest and most enduring welfare of fellowmen. In the ethical and religious sense of the term it cannot be directed toward the good of one human group to the injury of other groups. The highest good of any member of the human race cannot properly conflict with the highest good of the race as a whole. Recognition of this principle is a most important element in determining what is morally right in any given situation.

Training in a right type of loyalty

should begin with the young child in the home. He may be led very early to realize that he should be loyal to the best good of the family group; that this group has set up moral standards to be realized, and that his own personal pleasure should always be subordinate to these standards. The family name, as well as the welfare of each member of the family is at stake. In case the good of the individual seems to be in conflict with that of the family as a whole, this fact is evidence of mistaken judgment as to what is really good. Either the individual or the group may be mistaken.

As the youth becomes an active member of larger social groups the same principle holds. Rightly understood loyalty to any group will not conflict with loyalty to the more inclusive groups or to society at large. The outcome then of this training in loyalty within the family will be development of loyalty to the most lasting good of humanity; this will include loyalty to truth and right. Such loyalty, however, calls for cooperation of each individual with his fellowmen in organizations of which the family is a type. Men and women must work together, and be loyal to each other, if they would succeed in furthering those causes that make for the highest and most enduring good of humanity. This is the fundamental purpose of religion; it is, therefore, a most necessary phase of religious education in the family.

I cannot but believe that in the heart of every "Mormon" boy and every "Mormon" girl there is a spiritual gold mine, awaiting development. To some, the development comes early, to others, late. But come it will, sometime, somewhere. They are children of the Covenant; in their veins is the blood of Israel; and they have received, if baptized, the gift of the Holy Ghost, which manifests the things of God. How could all that go for naught?—*"Through Memory's Halls,"* by Orson F. Whitney.



“Unto the Least of These”

Awarded Second Prize in the Eliza R. Snow Memorial Contest.
(Dedicated to the workers of Relief Society, who unceasingly follow the Christ.)

By Merling D. Clyde

They came unsung—no herald marked their way—
Through brown old hills and fertile fields afar.
They, who had watched and waited, saw the Star
Shine out to mark the spot where Jesus lay.
They carried gifts; not gold, but love and song
Detained by pleading hands from day to day
They succored those who stumbled by the way
And reached the Place to find the King had gone.

Yet seeking on their wearied way they win
Across the trackless wastes and thorny hill;
In busy marts and empty halls they still
Find solace in the spot where He has been.
When God, alone, has set the time and place,
Like Artaban,* they, too, shall see His Face.

*From “The Other Wise Man,” by Van Dyke.

The Christening

By Fay Ollerton

IN the year 1842 the Church was still young, scarcely an adolescent. There had been no time in the colorful and often tragic moves from Kirtland to Missouri and back across the icy Mississippi to Illinois for the women to do anything more than move with their men or wait for them when necessary.

But times were changing. The sodden little settlement that was Commerce in the winter of 1839, had become Nauvoo, the Beautiful, a dream city rising almost overnight from the snow-covered prairie to a city of homes and mills and factories overlooking the buff Mississippi. In this dream city thousands of people were living, some of them in pretentious homes and others so new in Nauvoo that they depended on charity for a night's lodging. And daily the slow prairie schooners and the crawling river boats were bringing new citizens—a few with gold in their pockets but more with the idea that now they had found Nauvoo and "Brother Joseph" that all would be well. There was work in Nauvoo that only women could do.

JOSEPH SMITH in his wisdom recognized the need for some unified body of women. His idea was a strange one, for in 1842 there were no women's clubs, literary or social, no auxiliaries to the national parties, no business and professional woman's clubs, no woman's city clubs, no Eastern Stars, only a few sewing groups that are remembered only in history.

Besides the converts from many states and lands, the hunger and

privation that were always lurking, there were worse things—discontent, disloyalty, and apostasy—all things that women, with their courage and patience, could fight.

So on March 17, 1842, when the prairie was losing its snow and green was showing on the river banks, Joseph Smith called a number of women to meet in the Nauvoo Lodge Room. He there disclosed his new project. The names of these women read like a catalogue of old New England. There were, among others, Sarah Cleveland, Philanda Merrick, Desdemona Fulmer, Elizabeth Ann Whitney, Martha Knight, Phoebe Ann Hawkes, Elvira A. Coles, Margaret A. Cook, and Sophia Robinson.

They were all eager and curious. This was an adventure—not like fleeing from the Missourians or coming by boat to Nauvoo, but something more subtle and challenging. Joseph Smith had asked the serious young Canadian, John Taylor, and Willard Richards of loyal friendship, to help him organize the society. It was a time, remember, when woman's suffrage and woman's rights, had not been heard in these new lands, and it was scarcely to be expected that women would know how to conduct themselves.

Willard Richards was made secretary of the meeting. In fact it is due to his careful recording that the memory of that 17th of March still lives so strongly.

"The spirit of God like a fire is burning, the latter day glory begins to come forth," sang the fervent women, their hearts beating faster

against the tight, dark bodices of their dresses.

When prayer had been offered, Joseph Smith, proudly and ably seconded by Sarah Cleveland, moved that a vote be taken to determine if all those present were "satisfied with each *female* present and willing to acknowledge them in full fellowship to the Institution about to be formed."

It is on record that the men withdrew while the vote was being taken. Tact flourished in the river city even though it was not yet three years old. But the truly astounding thing was that each "female" voted that she had no objection to any of the others. They even added the names of six women not present.

Soon, the men were back. It was then that Joseph Smith explained why he had called them together. Besides caring for the wants of the poor they were "to provoke the brethren to good works, to assist by correcting even the morals of the community, and to save the elders the trouble of rebuking, that they, the elders, might have more time to attend to their other duties, including public speaking."

Rather complex duties for so simple a beginning.

Now came the obvious task of selecting officers—a presidency that was to be as a constitution and whose word was to be as law. If other officers were needed, they were to be appointed even as the deacons and teachers were appointed.

Elizabeth Ann Whitney lost no time in moving that Emma Smith be made president. And there was not one dissenting vote. Was she not the beloved wife of their prophet, a woman tall and dark and handsome, who moved with dignity and was renowned for her intelligence and wisdom? And was she not one whom they had housed in

times of need and who had thrown open her home to the poor, the fatherless, the widows, and whose gentleness and sympathy and untiring labor had inspired them in times of sickness? She was a fit leader for their great experiment.

President Smith's first act was to choose her counsellors, Sarah Cleveland and Elizabeth Ann Whitney. All of them were set apart, Emma to the dignity and qualifications of her high calling and the other two to be her aids.

ONCE organized, would the females know how to conduct themselves? Indeed not, if we are to accept the men's viewpoint. And why should the women know how? They did not participate in the political meetings that were the very meat of life to men in the forties. Neither did they overly intrude themselves at any public gatherings.

The females were instructed that if two speakers should address the chair at once (proof enough of Joseph Smith's keen foresight), they were to wait until the "Mrs. Chairman" decided the one to be honored. Very tactfully but firmly it was forced upon their attention that whatever the majority should decide was to be law. There was to be no seeming assent and then rushing forth from the meeting to spread disapproval.

A more delicate subject was next brought before the members. It had to do with a certain human trait that must have been first observed about the time Eve saw Lilluth or Lilluth saw Eve, depending on who was the first observer. It would not be right to say that this characteristic was common in Nauvoo. It is enough to say that Joseph Smith spoke of it in these words: "You are not to injure the character of anyone. If a member

of the society should conduct herself improperly, deal with her, but keep all your doings within your own bosoms and hold all character sacred."

That was practical Christianity, plainly put.

The brethren must have sighed with relief, these instructions off their minds. They had nothing to do but turn the meeting over to the females, then observe how apt their pupils were.

It is a legitimate question to ask what was the first act of this longest lived woman's society in the United States. And the answer is simple. It was that of naming the society.

There was no trouble finding names. The difficulty rose in hearing what names were being suggested, so quickly had the females forgotten their instructions. Joseph Smith was patient, however, and soon they were proceeding in quiet, regular order.

Counsellor Cleveland, who was no shy woman if records speak the truth, suggested that the society be called the Nauvoo Female Relief Society. The naming might have been as simple as that had it not been for Elder Taylor. Elder Taylor was an admirable and learned man, but he did not yet know the capabilities of females. He suggested that Benevolent be substituted for Relief. Benevolent, he thought, would give a more definite idea of the society's nature.

And that started the trouble.

President Emma Smith, her brown eyes very bright, suggested that she and Elder Taylor come to some understanding about the meanings of the words Relief and Benevolent. This must have been truly astounding, for women were not supposed to be erudite.

Before they could start on the

understanding, Joseph Smith explained that Relief was rather a new word among popular societies and more extended in its suggestions than Benevolent. Indeed, it might be construed by enemies to mean that the society was to relieve criminals from punishment. It must be again remembered that in that day of intense religious feeling enemies were real and massacres had started from so slight a thing as a foundationless rumor.

However, the president of the new society was able to defend its name. Benevolent, she declared, was too popular a name. Every society was using it. Why, there was one Washington Benevolent Society that was not worthy to be mentioned. She, for one, did not want the society to be called after any other in the world.

Joseph Smith very quickly announced that he had no objections to the word Relief. He merely wanted them not to move too hastily.

Then Eliza R. Snow, that black-eyed and vivacious descendant of a long line of puritans, threw in the weight of her learning with the president. The word Benevolent, she said, had been associated with too many corrupt societies to be considered. Further, she contended that as the daughters of Zion they should set an example to the rest of the world—not content themselves with following common paths.

But Eliza was rather an introspective sort of person and she had her doubts about the suitability of Relief. Might not some people think it was connected with being prepared for calamity instead of meeting the every day needs?

President Smith met that objection with a quickness of wit that won the skirmish—and the name. Exciting times were coming, she told them, and pressing need when

there would be loud calls for relief. And they would be ready for them as well as for exigencies of daily life.

That satisfied John Taylor, who must have wished that he had been less quick about offering amendments. For the moment the society was the Nauvoo Female Relief Society, and would have remained so if Eliza R. Snow had not felt that the Female Relief Society of Nauvoo was more rhythmical. A vote was taken and the name was the Female Relief Society of Nauvoo.

The society now had members, officers, and a name. It lacked but one thing for efficient functioning—funds. But not for long. Donations ranged all the way from five dollars in gold from Joseph Smith to one bit (twelve and a half cents for the benefit of those who have not been raised on bits). It is only truthful to write, however, that most of the ranging was from two dollars to the one bit.

With a well stocked treasury the society was ready for work. There

was no quibbling here. Emma Smith knew her Nauvoo, from the newest, hungriest emigrant to come up the river to the wealthiest of the first settlers whose many-roomed houses overlooked the prairie. She had names on the tip of her tongue of families that must have immediate help, and of women who wanted only work. Those who hired widows, Emma was prompt to add, must be prompt with payment. Emma knew of women who had worked for no hire and she did not mean that this condition should continue.

The long morning was closing. Husbands were coming home hungry, and there must have been children whose patience had long been gone. The meeting was adjourned until one week from that Thursday at ten o'clock in the morning.

In its way the Relief Society, organized in the young town of Nauvoo, has been the history of Church women these past ninety years. It has progressed as they have grown, and it is, as ever, the pioneer of their development.

The Dreamer

By Ivy Williams Stone

Some day when I have lots of time
 I think I'll write a clever rhyme.
 Again, with not a thing to do
 I'll scribble off a tale or two!
 Some useful thing I may invent—
 For science I may have a bent;
 Some time with weeks and weeks to spare
 I'll plant a garden wondrous fair.
 I'll paint a picture, trim a hat;
 I may do this, I may do that.
 Whate'er I do, I know 'twill be
 A marvel for the world to see.
 The thing I do will win acclaim
 And all the world will shout my name!
 I will not start my plans today—
 It's nicer far, to dream and play!

Our Birthday

By President Louise Y. Robison

MARCH 17th is an eventful day to all Relief Society women, as it is the birthday of our organization. Birthdays are unusual days in our own lives, and in the lives of our friends. From childhood to old age the day is made happier because friends and loved ones, if we have lived sweetly or have contributed to the happiness of others, send gifts or loving greetings to express their regard for us. We lovingly remember the birth date of our friends, and no matter how far distant they are, we plan to have our greetings reach them on that day.

Now we bring love and greetings to our Relief Society on its birthday. We commemorate this day with gratitude to our Heavenly Father that He graciously gave freedom and opportunity to His daughters. We deeply appreciate the support, encouragement and guidance of the Leaders of our Church, from our inspired Prophet Joseph Smith—who organized the Relief Society—to our President Heber J. Grant, whose counsel and interest are always a sustaining power.

ALTHOUGH our records are well kept, there is no human power which can give an account of the deeds of loving kindness performed by our Relief Society members during the 89 years of its existence. The comfort given to the sorrowing, to the lonely, the relief to the distressed, and the friendless, are of sufficient value to justify its existence. In addition there are the educational opportunities available for our development. Think

of the excellent training which sixteen hundred ward presidents receive, when each week they preside at meetings! To do so successfully means not only self control, but a sympathetic understanding of each member present, so that all may participate in the exercises. The intricate work of the secretaries, the committees who plan the details, the chorister and organist, who, by preparation and inspiration unite the hearts of those present in harmony and praise—the development along these lines alone would make the Relief Society a valuable asset in any community.

There is still another opportunity offered. In our organization there are sixteen hundred studious teachers who each week prepare lessons from courses outlined in the *Relief Society Magazine*. We may add to this number the officers of each organization who must, of course, be prepared, and at least half of our membership who study these lessons. So we have thirty thousand women who are studying and discussing a systematic course of lessons each week.

In our visiting teachers' department there are twenty thousand earnest, prayerful women, radiant with the joy of service, who visit the homes of the saints each month, carrying a Relief Society message of helpfulness and encouragement, at the same time accepting contributions in the name of our Society, to be used by the Presidents to relieve those in need.

These great activities are planned and supervised by one thousand Stake Board members, and twenty-

three General Board members, who spend hours and days earnestly outlining lessons, visiting and encouraging this great organization.

For all these opportunities the members are truly thankful and they gladly send their annual dues each year to carry their love and greetings to the organizations.

We pledge our loyalty anew to you, Relief Society, and resolve to make better preparation for that special work we are asked to do.

“Who calls His glorious service hard?
Who deems it not its own reward?
Who for its trials counts it less,
A cause for praise and thankfulness?
It may not be our lot to wield,
A sickle in the ripening field,
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reapers song among the sheaves,
But where our duty’s task is wrought,
In unison with God’s great thought,

The near and future blend in one,
And whatso’er is willed is done.
And our’s the grateful service
Whence comes, day by day, the recompense.
The wish, the hope, the purpose, stayed,
The sunshine and the noon-day shade.”

There is always a value in striving; always compensation for effort. When these efforts have an aim to relieve and bless, the result is a gain in priceless experience, and a growth in spiritual power.

“Better to stem, with heart and hand,
The roaring tide of Life,
Than lie, unmindful, on its flowery strand,
Of God’s occasions drifting by;
Better, with naked nerve, to bear,
The needles of a goading air,
Than in the laps of sensual ease,
Forget the God-like power to do,
The God-like aim to know.”

Don't Knock

By *Elsie E. Barrett*

Our Grandmas gave us sulphur
When Spring was in its prime,
On necks tied assafetida
When came the autumn time.
Some thought the feet of rabbits
Protection from disease,
That wormwood tea and catsup
Would rheumatism ease.

But *Science* has discovered
That *Vitamines* count much;
So throw away the sulphur,
The wormwood tea and such.
Through proper combinations
Of food and exercise,
The glow of health will brighten
Your listless faded eyes.

You'll build up strong resistance
To every future ill,
Renew each vital organ
Without a drug or pill.
Don't knock "new-fangled" notions
Climb down from your old perch;
Don't knock! just be a helper
To *Science* and *Research*.

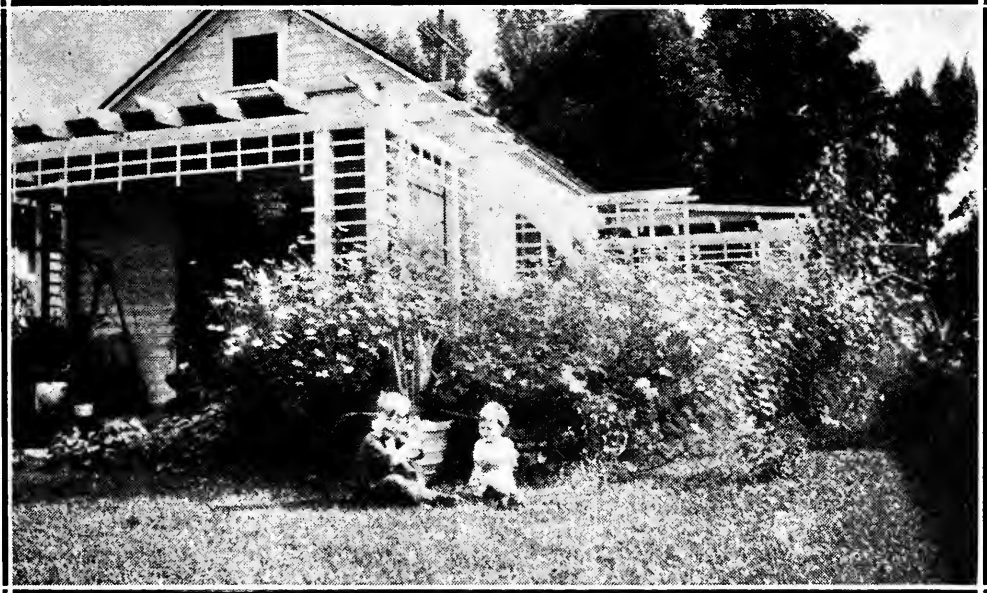
Out of the Shadows

By Alveretta S. Engar

IT is not an uncommon thing for an old house to be rebuilt, made over or restored. But not everyone has such a background of human interest as this one. Building societies desiring to increase their rentals look with cold-blooded interest at the old home and if the

with her husband and three lovely children, the baby only two weeks old. This is the story she told me:

"We had been married for twelve years without being blessed with a baby; for eight years I suffered with rheumatism, and went through the usual process of having tonsils re-



A beautiful little home of spotless whiteness, bright awnings and graceful pergolas.

possibilities of rejuvenation warrant the expenditure of their money they do not hesitate, but if not the old deserted place is left still looking as Madison Carwein says, "Like some old ghost from out its grave."

During the summer, I passed and repassed this beautiful little home with its spotless whiteness, bright awnings, graceful pergolas with their colorful cement floors, surrounded by beautiful ferns and flowers, being so attracted by its simple beauty and hominess, that finally curiosity and an admiring interest led me to the door to ask for a kodak picture. I was not disappointed. A mother artist lived there

moved, some bad teeth and other perfectly sound ones drawn, etc., but all in vain. Nothing seemed to help.

"I tried many remedies and different doctors and finally was benefited by osteopathic treatments, but poison from certain other treatments so prostrated me that my life hung in the balance. In our despair it was decided that I take a trip to California.

"We sold our cozy little home and everything in it at auction; our savings, our accumulations of years went under the thud of the hammer. This was our darkest hour.

"I returned from the trip somewhat built up. We moved into a small unfurnished apartment and soon—miracle of miracles, our first babe was born, and with him was born new hope, new interest in life. I had never given up hope, always believing that nothing is impossible with the Lord.

"As the little one grew and developed, a compelling desire for a home, a place where he could be free to run and play in the sunshine possessed me.

"We began to look around for a home, but found nothing that we wanted without running hopelessly in debt. Finally the real estate agent offered this homely barn of a place to us at a figure we could handle without paying out so much in interest.

"Immediately I saw a vision: This deserted looking place that had once sheltered all of life, sorrow, death, birth, love and happiness, might again be restored, made over and become to us a shelter, a spot of beauty and also embody an arrangement of utility and comfort.

"I begged my husband to buy the house and lot and with intense interest I went to work, drawing plans, estimating costs, etc.

"The lot was spacious but the house being almost against another one had to be moved.

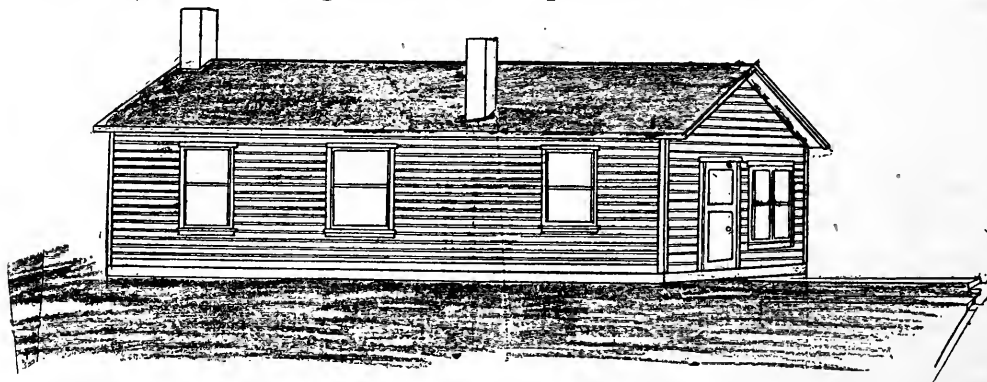
"A basement was dug, the floor

plan changed entirely, new hardwood floors put in, new windows and doors, and two new rooms added, one a bedroom and a garage. Cupboards, shelves, closets, plumbing and lighting fixtures were also added. An arch was made between the living room and dining room.

"We let the contract to a Building and Supply Association, who let us have material on a monthly payment plan, furnishing a carpenter to do the work. We did our own painting, papering and added the pergolas. In four years we rebuilt and paid for it. By the time we were through my health was completely restored, and while this made over home is not as nice as our former one, we have known more happiness than we ever dreamed could be ours, and best of all we can lie down contentedly without worry of debt."

Mrs. Nye is a devoted mother to her babies; through her service to them and her husband, together with her interest in the planning and building of their home, her body and mind, so weakened by long suffering, has become perfectly normal and strong. Today she is enjoying the fruits of accomplishment that come only through persistent, unflinching faith and effort.

As she graciously led me through and around their home, I saw in the back yard that dream of a sunny spot for the children, clean and well

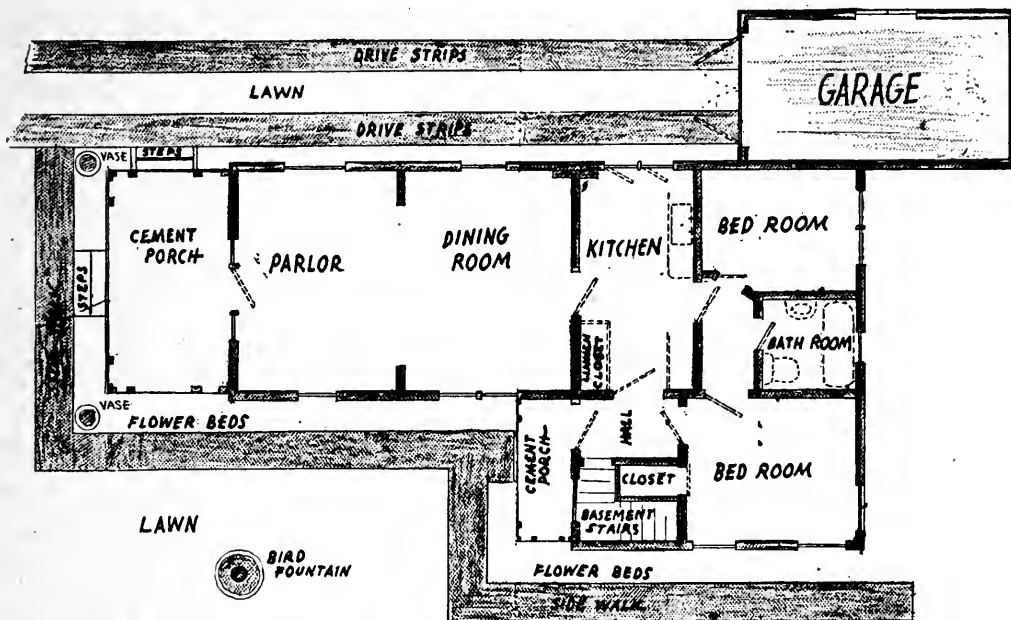


This deserted looking place might be made into a spot of beauty and embody an arrangement of utility and comfort.

arranged, with a sand pile and a little playhouse built of goods boxes and equipped with simple playthings that children love.

The rehabilitation is complete, through which the deserted home

and its present happy inmates were literally lifted out of the shadows into the sunshine, making the little family and their home fit subjects for poetry and song.



Roger W. Babson says, "I am continually asked, 'Is it not a great economic waste to have millions of people idle?' To this question I frankly answer: 'If the only values are material—that is, if commodities are America's only need—then unemployment and financial failures are solely economic losses. If, however, spiritual and intellectual values are also of great importance, then it must be recognized that business depressions have their usefulness and fulfill an important economic function.' I personally hold the latter belief, and have felt that rainy days have their usefulness as well as sunny days.

"Economic history plainly teaches that during periods of prosperity there develop waste, carelessness and crime. These agents are the real cause of the business depression which inevitably follows. When men are making money they are likely to lose their faith—forget their God and become more or less pagans. During such prosperous times, the churches become neglected, personal prayers are dropped, and man feels self-sufficient, without the need of Bible, church, or mediation. These are the conditions which America has witnessed during the past few years.

"When, however, people are out of employment, when business men are making losses, when we find things drifting away from us and we are unable to control the situation, then we look to higher and better things. The first move is to stop waste, next, every worker determines to do his very best, and finally, we begin to seek higher sources for aid and guidance. A beautiful little home of spotless whiteness, bright awnings and graceful
ican Legion Magazine.

The Rummage Sale

By *Nora McKay Stevenson*

YOU'LL hardly believe me when I tell you about all the important things that happened on account of house cleaning this year.

We were still having winter weather, but our house just had to be cleaned. Mother said so, and what mother says goes.

We live in Salt Lake, a nice clean town, but Mother is one of those women who always has to be cleaning.

Dad remembered that he had an important business engagement out of town.

Paul, my big brother thinks that just because he is a senior at the University this year he should be excused from all home work. So as usual I could see that Jane and me were to do all the cleaning.

Jane is the woman we pay four dollars a day to tell us what to do. And I'm the fellow twelve years old, that has to help with every single thing that gets done around here.

Last year when I helped clean we took all the old furniture from the basement to the top floor. This time, as far as I could see, we were to carry it all down again.

Every minute mother shouted at me. (I've tried to get her to call me Bill, I get sick of hearing "Willie" so much, but she don't like Bill.)

"Willie! Come and take this chair to the basement."

"Willie! Hurry now, take this table down."

"Willie! Why do you stay down stairs so long? Take that dog picture next."

I was mad. I've hauled that heavy old picture around ever since I can remember.

"Jane's got to help." I said as cross as I dared.

Jane is fat, and the stairway narrow and steep. We just got about half way down when a tack came out, and the carpet slipped. Jane went down the last two or three steps with a crash, me and the picture on top. The glass busted but we didn't get cut. I didn't think Jane could be hurt much, and I wanted to make her forget it if she were, so I yelled excitedly:

"Look out! Look out, Jane, he'll bite!" The big dog stood so life-like against the wall, she screamed, and jumped, and started to cry with hysterics.

Mother came running and asked, "Are you hurt Jane? Are you hurt?"

"No—no," screamed Jane, but she kept right on crying.

Mother couldn't help laughing a little. It was funny to see Jane so scared of just a picture. And besides, Mother was glad we weren't hurt. I was laughing too.

As quick as a flash Jane's face got purple. She stamped her foot and cried through her tears, "Well, Mrs. Brown, if that's the kind of woman you are, laughing at one that's down, I'm through working for you." She banged the door hard as she went out.

Mother was speechless, so she just sat on the step. I saw she was thinking, and kept quiet. You have to be patient with Mother. I knew that now Jane was gone we would be pretty slow at house cleaning.

Sometimes when Mother is thinking real hard she talks to herself. After I had the glass all picked up I heard her say:

"It seems to me that someone might be glad to get these old things. The Widow Kerr needs furniture, but I'd hate to give her this old stuff. If I could just sell the junk, we could help her with the money. She is awfully proud, and hates charity, but goodness knows how she manages with just the small amount that Nellie earns.

Mother belongs to a society which looks after the poor. Dad grumbles that we'll soon be in the poor house ourselves if she continues her everlasting giving.

Her forehead was all puckered up, and I knew she was studying hard, so I went out to snow-ball with the fellows. Every time I came in the house all that day Mother was telephoning. Once I heard her say:

"Oh Mrs. Jones, that will be lovely. You have an old cupboard, a suit of clothes, an out-grown pair of shoes, and a string of beads. And you say Mrs. Cohn has a wash-board, a pet monkey that isn't thriving, and two bottles of fruit she is afraid may spoil. My dear, we are going to have a wonderful assortment. Every lady in the Society is responding fine."

DAD had a funny shocked look when he came home several days later and found Mother singing though the cleaning wasn't done. I guess he was surprised and a little disappointed, but I only heard him say:

"Well, well, Emma, I never did know you to be so happy while house-cleaning. I suppose there is a lot of joy in house work if one looks for it."

Mother looked down at Dad in a

superior sort of way from the ladder on which she was standing in front of the built-in cupboard, and said:

"A lot of joy there'd be in this dirty drudgery if I didn't keep my thoughts dwelling on a loftier plane. I've been thinking about that dear Kerr family. They are behind with their rent, and Mary needs a new dress. Mrs. Kerr has learned recently that two Pennsylvania cars were seen entering Farmington just before that awful cloud-burst. She scarcely eats or sleeps she is so frantically writing letters of inquiry to newspapers all over America, hoping to locate the driver of the other car. She thinks he might know something about her boy. Poor thing can't seem to reconcile herself to the fact that the child must have been caught in a cloud-burst and buried under the rock and gravel along with the father. All the women feel sorry for her, and we've decided to have a rummage sale next Saturday. We'll find some nice way of giving her the money.

Dad just grunted and thoughtfully stroked his chin.

AS soon as Paul heard that the sale was for the Kerr family he had plenty of time to help. He got his boy friends with cars to gather up the discarded goods from dozens of homes, and helped price, and arrange the stuff in the empty store Mother rented on Regent Street.

Paul is in love with Nellie. I know she loves him too, 'cause once when they were standing on the porch in the moonlight I heard her say:

"I do love you Paul, but I can't ever, ever marry. I must support Mother, and my poor crippled sister. It would all be different if we hadn't lost Father and Angus. Even Angus could have supported us. He might be a great singer now. We were

having his voice trained. Father started to California to see if he could earn enough money to send Angus to Europe."

Paul was looking at the stars, and holding Nellie's hand tight. He turned to her, and I felt proud to hear him say:

"Don't you worry, dear. We'll get married all right. I'll be out of school soon. Then I'll earn plenty of money for all of us." (I bet he will, too.)

Nellie just went on talking in a low tone.

"We never were very well off, but we did have a home. Mother sold everything to come West. We knew so little about that awful cloudburst on the Lincoln Highway at Farmington. Mother just felt as if it couldn't have killed both Father and Angus."

Saturday morning the sale goods looked smart. There were hundreds of old shoes, hats and dresses that somebody's great grandmother wore. Swell jewelry, purses, pictures, candle-sticks, candles, and everything. Then there was a dog, too old to keep awake; the sick monkey, a scared cat, and a swell white rat that I wanted Mother to buy for me.

A crowd was gathering outside, and everything looked like a big success. Then Dad sent for me to come to the office to help him. That's the worst about being a fellow capable of doing every kind of work. Someone always wants you to help 'em.

When I rushed back to the sale late in the afternoon nearly everything was sold, and nobody there but Mother, Nellie, and Paul. Not knowing it was a benefit sale for her family, Nellie had come over after work.

Nellie was standing smiling up

into Paul's face as usual.

"Dear me, I must be going," she complained. "Mother is awfully sad today. I must hurry home and try to cheer her up. It's Mary's birthday and somehow Mother got started off weeping this morning. I wore this locket to work today to keep her from crying over it all day. See, it has a picture of Angus and me in it. Angus had a beautiful voice. He sang in entertainments often when he was real small. He bought this locket with money he earned, and father put our picture in it."

I looked at the locket and at Nellie's sad face. "My! I bet he was a smart kid," I said. "It just seems like cloudbursts and things always knock off the nicest people."

Paul had the necklace in his fingers, and kept saying, "How beautiful! How beautiful!" But he was gazing into Nellie's eyes, and I couldn't tell which he was talking about. I bet I'll never be that silly over a girl.

Nellie smiled a little at me as if she knew what I was thinking.

"I bought Mary a little pink dress for her birthday," she said, "Don't let me forget it when I leave."

I was just going to ask her to show us the dress when the door opened and two dirty tramps and an awfully large woman came in. Her little round hat on top of a huge pile of gray hair, trembled as the woman importantly walked up to Mother.

"Oh dear, your sale is nearly over ain't it? Hain't 'cha got nothin' left I kin buy? I do love a rummage sale."

"We still have a few very nice things," Mother managed to say with her best company smile. "How would you like one of those nice pictures?"

"My, ain't that big dog picture purty? The frame could be touched up where it's broken, don't 'cha think?"

"Why yes, you could fill in the broken places with plaster of paris, and paint the whole thing. You may have that for seventy-five cents," Mother explained.

The woman looked thoughtful. "Hm'm, it'd make a fine weddin' present, all right. I'll take it.

I loved her for saying those three words. I knew I'd seen the last of the old dog.

While I'd been paying attention to the woman with my ears, my eyes had been following the two dirty men. They went around quietly trying on coats, and mumbling to each other out of the corners of their hairy tobacco stained mouths. The monkey was making a terrible fuss just like he didn't want the men touching things.

"What's the boy doing with them little pictures?" I heard the woman ask.

Mother had told me to gather them up for the junk man. Now, she hastily said, "Oh, just getting them together. We must soon close. You may have those at five for a quarter."

"Wrap 'em all right up," smiled the woman. "I kin fix 'em and paint 'em up beautiful."

Her face was growing red with excitement. She stood with feet apart, and large hands on her hips, casting hungry eyes around the room.

"Why, what's this—a lovely gray suit?"

It was just sticking out of the top of a box of ten-cent-a-pound woolen rags.

"Yes, it's a lady's suit, a little moth eaten, but you may have it for a dollar," Mother said in her most business-like voice.

"The moth holes is awful thick all over. Hm'm, but what a lovely color. I could embroider red silk dots over the holes. A lady's whole spring suit for a dollar! Well, wrap 'er up. My, how I do love a sale—"

Mother was just trembling. I guess she was thrilled over the big business she was doing. She might have sold all we had left, only just then an auto horn began sounding loud quick blasts.

"Luddy, there's that man waitin' fur me. Won't he be mad?" As she put her money on the table she noticed the monkey sitting on her bundles.

"Look at the darlin' monkey," she said, "Wish I could buy him too."

We hurried to load her up. I grabbed all the bundles in sight, and filled her arms. She went through the door side-ways muttering:

"Luddy, won't he be mad, but he knows I just love a rummage sale."

BEFORE I got the door shut a little thin man and a tall skinny boy came in. The boy was coughing something awful, and looked so sick I forgot to watch the two dirty guys that seemed to want to wait upon themselves.

"I'd like to buy a pair of shoes that will fit Joe," the old man said.

"We have a good many shoes left. Just look through the pile," Mother said. She was so happy over the big addition she had just made that she was counting the money all over again.

"Try these on, Joe. The soles look pretty good. You know Mam, Joe and me have to walk to Ogden tonight."

At that Mother dropped the money back into the bag on her arm.

"Dear me, what a long way to walk in the snow. Just look, it's

beginning to storm now. You surely need good shoes."

"We are compelled to go," said the little man in a mournful voice. "We can't get work here, and we have no place to stay."

Nellie put the monkey off her shoulder, and she and Paul went close to the old man, looking sober with sympathy. I was feeling so sad I hardly noticed the tramps leave. Joe was coughing just terrible.

"Have you no home at all?" Mother asked with concern.

"No ma-am. We sold our home for money to take Mother to Arizona. She died on us anyway." He paused, as if examining a pair of shoes, and then went on like he was talking to himself. "Ever since we lost Mother we haven't had a home. Sallie stays with Jim, our married boy. She works and goes to school, but there's no room for Joe and me."

Even the monkey sat still as the old man talked. And tears were in Mother's eyes. I knew she was thinking how terrible 'twould be not to have a home or some place where you were wanted. Poor old man seemed nice too, good grammar and everything.

While Paul and Nellie found overcoats Mother looked for shoes. Two men walked in. The one in working clothes said, "Show me them candlesticks, boy." He pointed to some in the window. I hated to miss anything the old man said but someone had to wait on them.

"They are just what we need to make that setting perfect." Whatever that meant. He seemed surprised when I said, "a quarter, please."

The monkey which had come from Nellie over to me was jumping all over me and on the paper when I was trying to wrap the candle-

sticks, and the young man laughed with such a beautiful voice.

AFTER they were gone Mother brought four pair of shoes to the wrapping table. And Nellie and Paul showed the old man the coats they had found for him.

All of a sudden Nellie noticed that her locket was not on her neck. "Where's my necklace? Oh, where is my locket?" she cried, the tears just bursting from her eyes.

We all rushed around looking everywhere, but we couldn't see it.

"Oh dear! What shall I do," she moaned, "It is the only picture we have of my brother."

We were all sad and worried. We ran around turning shoes up side down, and feeling in coat pockets. Then Nellie screamed:

"Where's Mary's dress? I left it right here on the end of this table. Oh dear! Oh dear! I'm the most unlucky girl alive."

Paul went to her and put his arm around her. "There, there, dear, you have so many tears in your eyes you couldn't see Mary's dress if it were laying right before you. Try not to cry, dear. We'll find the locket if we have to bring back every person who has been here buying."

After we had looked everywhere, Paul got in our car and drove away.

"I will not go Ma-am until you have found the lost articles," the old man said, as he sat stroking the overcoat on his knee.

Mother was holding Nellie in her arms, and wishing she had never thought of having a rummage sale, when Dad came in.

"What's wrong? What's wrong here?" he demanded at once.

I knew Mother'd hate to tell him so I said, "Nothing much, Dad. We've just mislaid something of Nellie's."

"Mislaid," he said loudly. "I guess you mean you've had something stolen. I've always thought your mother's craze for charity work would get us into trouble."

As no one spoke he continued, "Well Willie, what is it? I want to know."

"Nellie's locket with her dead brother's picture in it and the new dress she bought for her sister's birthday is gone," I said slowly, as I watched the rat to see if it was going to crawl into a hole in the floor.

Then the door opened and the big woman came in. The rat would have escaped then if Joe hadn't caught him.

Mother looked enquiringly at the woman, who answered crossly:

"I came to your sale to buy valued antiques, not goods that can be bought at any store. Here is your pink dress. I have no use for it. Don't see why you give it to me, anyway." Before she banged the door we heard her complaining, "Luddy, Pa was mad, havin' to make an extra trip back here, and everything."

A glad smile spread over Mother's face. "Don't you see, John," she said to Dad, "The people who were here are honest. I'm sure no thieves came to our sale."

I laid the dress in Nellie's lap and patted her shoulder. "Don't worry, kid, we'll get the locket back, too." But she kept on crying.

Paul came in all breathless. "I couldn't find a trace of the tramps," he said. "I parked in the next block. I thought maybe if they didn't see the car they might think we had gone, and would come back to see if they could steal something else."

"Willie, you go find a policeman. This is a case for the law. If the

locket is pawned they'll have to look for it later anyway."

I ran along Regent Street to Second South. A cop was putting red marks on auto tires, but he quit and came with me right away when I told him we had been robbed.

He asked Nellie to describe the locket and chain. He questioned us about all the customers we had been selling to since Nellie's arrival. He looked about on the floor and tables, and then said he would search each person now in the room. He began with the old man. It scared me. I prayed that he would not find the locket on the old man or Joe. They both looked so pitiful.

Dad wore a puzzled expression and looked at the old man closely.

"Say, what's your name?" he asked.

"John Morgan, sir."

"Didn't you used to be with the Utah Light and Power Company?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, you knew that the matter of the missing stock certificate was all cleared up after you left?"

"Oh, no sir. They never told me." He looked awfully pleased in spite of having to hold out his arms while the policeman searched his pockets.

"You had moved away, and I guess the message never reached you."

"I was in Arizona trying to get mother well."

"You better come round to the office in the morning. They'll be glad to get you back."

The old man straightened up till he looked inches taller, and so happy. The officer didn't find a thing in his clothes.

"This man and his son are concealing nothing on their bodies," he said as he turned to search me.

Mother stepped near the old man

and gave him five dollars out of the purse on her arm.

"You will need this to pay for a place to stay tonight," she smiled.

He hesitated ever so little, before saying, "O thanks for the loan Ma-am. I'll pay you back out of my first check."

THE policeman was turning my pockets inside-out and slapping me all over to see if he could feel anything underneath, when here came the swell-dressed young man that had been with the guy that bought the candlesticks. He was all out of breath.

"Did this locket come from here?" he exploded the minute he was inside.

Nellie jumped toward him, "Oh my locket! My locket!" she exclaimed, weeping harder than ever.

The young man caught hold of her arm. We were all just awfully surprised.

"Where did you get that locket? Who are you?" he questioned excitedly, as Nellie tried to pull away from him.

"You're not Nellie Kerr! You can't be my little sister!" he went on without waiting for her to speak. She was staring at him. Then her arms were around his neck.

"Angus! Darling Angus." Her face was buried in his shoulder, and his strong arms were around her.

"Where is Mother—Mother and the baby?" he asked fearfully.

Nellie raised her head and tried to smile. "They're at home, but Mary isn't a baby any longer. She's fifteen today."

He held Nellie close, and two tears trickled down his cheeks. "Poor Mother, how she must have

suffered. I've searched the States over for you. I was riding with Mr. and Mrs. Brainard in the car just behind Father when the cloud-burst struck. We never knew exactly what became of Father. We looked for him on the road for several days. At last when we did not catch up with him the Brainards tried to get in touch with Mother, but you had moved and left no address."

"We camped in Farmington a long time. When we finally settled here we sent our address back home."

"I guess I was traveling after that. How we all have suffered."

"But Angus dear, where did you find the locket?"

"I am in town with the Brainard Opera Company. I walked out with the theater property man. He came in here to buy some old candlesticks. When we unwrapped them the locket fell out.

"I bet the monkey dropped it in as I wrapped," I chuckled. I gathered him in my arms. "Look what you've done, you good old monk," I whispered in his ear.

Paul took Angus and Nellie right home in our car.

Father signaled a taxi, "I guess we can go home now. I want my dinner," he said gruffly. I knew he just talked that way to hide his real feelings. There was a lump in my throat. I was just suffering to cry. But I bet I'll never be so happy again as long as I live.

The monkey was on my shoulder and the rat in my lap, as we taxied home, and I knew we had a lot of things left for the next rummage sale.

Keeping Up With Lizzy's Kids

By Harrison R. Merrill

RACING with Lizzy has never held the thrill for me that it really should have done, I fear, for I am neither lean nor hungry, and sleep fairly well at nights; but keeping up with Lizzy's kids promises to furnish some ex-

to sell that could be jimmied on to any part of my anatomy. My taste in the matter was entirely beside and beyond the question. As a result, I came to look upon anything I could use at all as being strictly proper for me to wear.



citement. Being reared as I was in the hills where buckled stogy shoes, a faded pair of Levi's or Mountaineers, a cotton shirt and a conical hat constituted the entire wardrobe of a boy in his 'teens, I did not develop any highfaultin' ideas about dress.

Later, being high above and considerably wider than the average man and with a pair of feet in proportion, I found it necessary for me to take what the "store-keeper" had

Lizzy, in my case, was merely a rapidly expanding pair of shoulders, lengthening legs, and arms that seemed determined to grow beyond any sleeve of shirt or coat ever devised by man. Finding clothing that would cover my growth was my one great problem. What Lizzy or Henry, or Jack had or wore gradually became less and less important. My shoes might be futuristic or ten years behind the times, but I always

had the consolation of knowing that they were the only ones available in my size. My coat was frequently short when others were wearing them long; my trousers were "English" when "collegiate" roominess was in vogue—but always I had my reason for being out of style.

BUT now, I am a man with a family. My youngsters, like others of their kind, have both eyes and ears. They know and, what is more important, they care what Lizzy's children are wearing and so—the race is on.

The other day our daughter needed shoes. She had been wearing low-heeled, comfortable oxfords. But oxfords of that type would serve no longer.

The clerk, sensing our predicament, brought out oxfords—black oxfords, tan oxfords, red oxfords—but always they were greeted with an emphatic shake of the head. At last, in desperation, he brought forth a beautiful pair of tan shoes with military heels. The quest was ended.

"That's like Lucy's!" the little lady exclaimed.

"But—" Mother expostulated.

All buts were over-ruled. We bought the shoes at a price a dollar or two higher than we had ever paid for her foot-wear before.

"Quite a price," my wife suggested when we were alone that evening, "but she really had to have them—in her group—you know."

A few days later we happened to pass through Salt Lake City. The daughter must remove her galoshes. We wondered why she was so insistent until we were stepping it off down Main Street. Suddenly the maid looked up and said—

"I feel smart walking down this street in these shoes!"

And now some other little girl is likely to see our little girl in her smart "grown-up shoes," and demand military heels.

The race goes on, merrily in some cases, tragically in others. If it isn't with Lizzy it's with Lizzy's kids. It always has gone on—it always will go on.

What shall we do about it?

I shrug my shoulders. Frankly, I haven't an idea; the race with Lizzy's kids is quite different from an ambling old canter after Lizzy.

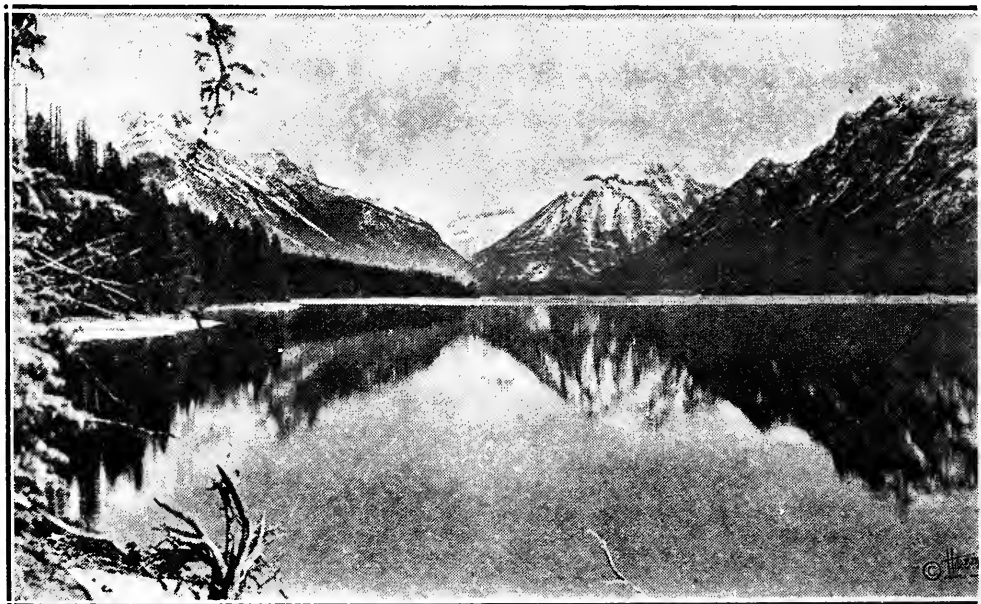


Photo by Hileman.
LAKE McDONALD, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

Relation of Diet to Teeth

By Anna Page, Nutrition Specialist, Utah State Department of Education

WH^Y do teeth decay? During the last ten years we have gone far in answering this question. Until the present time the "fermentation" theory of tooth decay has been prevalent. There is no question but what fermentation plays an important role in tooth decay. Today there is indisputable evidence that soft, sticky, starchy, pasty foods that are allowed to stay in close contact with the teeth make an excellent breeding place for strongly acid forming bacteria. These bacteria if allowed to grow in contact with the teeth are capable of destroying them. Cooked starch has this effect while raw starch does not. This is the reason it is not advisable to use rich pies, cakes, pastry, or sweet foods at the end of the meal or in between meals. It is far better to finish the meal with raw fruits or vegetables. This habit is especially important when the teeth cannot be brushed immediately after meals. The using of raw fruits and vegetables at the end of the meal will help in mechanically keeping the teeth clean and in the prevention of fermentation. There is additional evidence to show that if the mouth is kept scrupulously clean and the teeth as free as possible from such fermentable material, the process of decay can be retarded.

Dental decay cannot be entirely prevented by this means, as is shown by the large numbers of persons who have decayed teeth. There must be some other cause of tooth decay than that of fermentation to answer these questions. "Why is it," asks one dentist, "that a molar decays and a bicuspid remains sound

in the same mouth, acted upon by the same bacteria and lodging food in the same spaces?" Why do the teeth of primitive people the world over—Eskimos, New Zealanders, Africans, and North American Indians deteriorate so quickly under the influence of civilization? Why, too, are the teeth of some civilized people, for example, the Highland Scotch, now losing the immunity which they have long enjoyed? Why has there been no decline, but rather an increase in the occurrence of dental decay in spite of the fact that methods for the daily care of the teeth similar to those in use today have been known and advocated by doctors and dentists for the last five hundred years?

Recent studies show causes of tooth decay may be determined by forces inside the tooth, which probably means that the tooth has not been well formed because of the lack of right building material. Correct diet may be the determining factor in prevention of tooth decay. The problem of tooth decay and the building of good teeth is one of our most important problems in nutrition at the present time. Emphasis is being put on laying the foundation for the growing of strong teeth, and diet is considered the most important factor. Ninety to ninety-five per cent of all children in the United States suffer from dental decay. In cities and states where surveys of mouth conditions of school children have been made, the average number of cavities in the teeth of each child has been found to be six.

Dr. Cross from his investigation in 1923 states that all adult dental

diseases except pyorrhea are the result of poor tooth development or neglect of the proper diet and hygiene during childhood. Dead teeth, focal infection, and diseases of the heart, kidneys and joints are the result of childhood neglect of the teeth. There is now every reason to believe that we may be able to avoid many of the disasters due to infected teeth. This can be overcome by building strong teeth by right food habits.

Dr. McCollum states that the development of sound teeth capable of resisting destructive agencies is essentially a dietary problem. The small jaws and the crowding of the teeth as frequently seen in children today are almost certainly the result of faulty skeletal development, and will be influenced by the same dietary factors which favor the development of rickets.

The tooth is composed of three different parts:

1. The enamel or the outer covering of the tooth. This is the hardest substance in the body, it is hard and brittle in texture and has a smooth, lustrous, and whitish appearance. The enamel of the tooth is not put on all at the same time. The enamel is composed of tiny prisms tightly fitted together. While it is possible for the enamel to be put together so well that the dentine is completely covered, yet there are chances for grooves. The enamel becomes undermined through the action of acid that forms normally in the mouth and grooves result. Sticky, starchy and pasty foods adhere to the teeth and if not properly washed away, change to acid which in time will cause the teeth to decay. The acid roughens the enamel, and this causes more starch to stick, which again produces more acid. This is the reason why the meal should not be finished with rich pies, cakes or pud-

dings, but it would be much better to use a raw fruit or vegetable to help mechanically in cleaning the teeth.

2. The dentine is a softer substance under the enamel. It is a kind of bony substance. The dentine of the growing child is constantly nourished. In 1925 was demonstrated the existence of a circulatory mechanism inside the tooth which allows for its continuous nutrition, both during growth and after full growth has been obtained. Strange as it may seem, it also permits withdrawal of calcium and phosphorous in time of stress, making the teeth more subject to decay. This emphasizes the point that a well balanced diet is necessary throughout the growing period of the child and for the protection of the adult's teeth.

3. The pulp is soft tissue composed largely of cells, blood vessels, and nerves, having its outer layer made up of dentine forming cells.

The saliva in the mouth has a preservative action on the teeth. Normally the saliva helps to keep the teeth cleaned. As both talking and chewing help to increase the flow of saliva, these help to keep the teeth clean. For this reason at least one hard food every day and one chewy food at each meal is strongly recommended. The hard foods are crusts of bread, toast, hard rolls. The chewy foods are meats, nuts, raw vegetables and fruits.

The importance of the diet in the formation of sound teeth is emphasized by the fact that the calcification of the first set of teeth is begun before birth. The teeth begin to form between the third and fourth month of pregnancy and the crowns of the first permanent molars are formed before birth. It is clear that good teeth are determined in

a great measure before the child is born. It is true that serious damage may, and often does, occur to the teeth after birth. The infectious diseases of childhood, such as measles, scarlet fever, and other infectious diseases, may temporarily interrupt the development of the teeth, and when development is resumed a fault may be visible in the enamel to mark the event. Correct diet throughout the growing period of the child is a very important factor in the development of sound teeth.

Delayed cutting of the teeth, crooked and malformed teeth, have been regarded by many physicians as a symptom of rickets. Recently Drs. Julius Blum and Jacob Mellion have published the results of a statistical study of the time of eruption of the teeth in eighty-seven rachitic and sixty-eight non-rachitic infants. The children were residents of a children's home in New York. Their results show the cases of rickets observed were mild and the time of eruption of the first tooth varied considerably even among the normal children; nevertheless the rachitic children were distinctly behind the normal ones in their teething schedule. About one-tenth of the normal babies had their first tooth when they were six months old, whereas none of the rachitic children had a tooth at this age. At nine months almost two-thirds of the normal children and only one-fourth of the rachitic children had a first tooth, and at one year all but one of the normal babies and only three-fourths of the rachitic children had a tooth. Teething was delayed until the twelfth to the fifteenth month in eighteen of the infants having rickets. In four cases the teeth did not erupt until the fifteenth to the twenty-first month. The authors state that not only the first tooth but also the eruption of subsequent teeth

is delayed by rickets. Even in the mildest form of rickets at present recognizable, there is a definite delay of dentition in rachitic children as compared with normal babies.

There are many statements at the present time to show that the quality and structure of the permanent teeth are affected by rickets, and that the teeth of rachitic children are particularly subject to decay. All the late research work shows that there is a very close relation between the formation of bone and prevention of rickets and the proper development and calcification of the teeth.

Rickets can be prevented by giving sufficient amount of Vitamin D. Vitamin D is necessary for the proper utilization of the calcium and phosphorus in the building of both bones and sound teeth. Results from recent investigations support the theory that poor structure is a predisposing cause of tooth decay and indicate that the presence of Vitamin D in the diet is essential not only for the original development of the tooth but for its protection later in life.

In order to insure sound teeth children need during the time that the teeth are being formed a large supply of Vitamin D. The best foods which are sources of Vitamin D are egg yolk and large amounts of milk and butter. Foods cannot be relied on entirely as an adequate source of Vitamin D, but cod liver oil, viosterol, ultra violet ray, sun baths should be used in addition.

The question is frequently asked, do adults need Vitamin D? The answer is yes, but not in as large amounts as do growing children. Adults can probably get their requirement of Vitamin D; except in special cases, from the short rays of the sun and from egg yolks.

During pregnancy and lactation, Vitamin D is needed in larger

amounts. This Vitamin has a beneficial influence on both the mother and the child; on the mother in the protection of her own teeth and bones; on the child in helping to lay the foundation for good bones and teeth. Dentists report that there are more cases of tooth decay in pregnant women than any other group of individuals. Most physicians advise the taking of cod liver oil or some source of Vitamin D during pregnancy.

The teeth are composed of calcium and phosphorous. In order to furnish the necessary building material for sound teeth an adequate amount of calcium and phosphorous are necessary. Dr. Sherman says that fifty per cent of the American people are suffering from calcium starvation. Statistics show that 50-75% of the children in the United States have rickets and 90-95% of the school children have one or more decayed teeth. Both of these conditions may result from the lack of calcium in the diet.

Milk is the most dependable source of calcium, which is convincing proof that every child should have a full quart of milk daily. It is just as important that adults have the generally accepted one pint requirement, however, in most cases the adult diet would be improved by having the full quart of milk if they desire to protect their teeth.

Other good sources of calcium are buttermilk, cheese, American cottage cheese; vegetables, as spinach, celery, cabbage, cauliflower, string beans, turnips, oranges, prunes, almonds, oat meal, whole grain cereals.

If Vitamin C is lacking in the diet, irregular spaced teeth are produced, the gums become red and swollen and the teeth become loose.

Dr. Howe has found in experiments with guinea pigs that when there is a lack of Vitamin C the teeth become very soft, they bend easily and decay appears in a large number of cases. They also develop a condition very closely resembling pyorrhea in man. The gums become red and spongy and ready to bleed upon the slightest pressure, the jaw bone is absorbed to such an extent that the teeth become loose and may actually drop out. In many instances there is also a copious flow of pus from the tissues surrounding the tooth. When the animal is fed orange juice, however, the gums become healthy once more, the teeth tighten up, and the pus disappears.

Dr. Hanke made an extensive study of the effect of diet upon dental disease, both pyorrhea and dental caries in human mouths. He reports that every case of dental disorder either caries or pyorrhea was associated with some dietary deficiency. The results of the improvement of the diet of these patients have been astonishing. Very large quantities of Vitamin C in oranges and lemon juice have brought about almost unbelievable rapid cures of pyorrhea and an apparent complete cessation of decay. The quantities of Vitamin C which must be used to obtain these remarkable results are, however, far in excess of what has previously been considered necessary for the average person. The foods recommended by Dr. Hanke as the most agreeable sources of Vitamin C are orange juice, lemon juice, and lettuce. These he believes should be eaten daily in the following amounts: the juice of one lemon mixed with sufficient orange juice to make one pint, plus at least one-fourth head of lettuce. For children from six to ten years of age he recommends one-half of these quantities.

Most of the raw fruits and vegetables contain Vitamin C. As Vitamin C is destroyed to a certain extent by cooking, some raw fruit or vegetable is needed daily. There needs to be an increase in the amount of Vitamin C that is found in the average American diet. How much of an increase is not definitely known, but at least two or three good sources of Vitamin C should be taken daily. Tomatoes, oranges, lemons, pineapple, bananas, apples, lettuce, celery, raw carrots, and cab-

bage are the best sources of Vitamin C.

At the present time it cannot be said definitely that the health of the teeth depends upon any one element in the diet. But it is quite definitely known that the most common dental disorders, tooth decay and pyorrhea are primarily dietary deficiency diseases, which can be in a large part, if not entirely, prevented by a diet that contains generous quantities of the tooth building materials, calcium, phosphorous, Vitamin D and Vitamin C.



BASHFUL GIANT

Photo By Cottam.

Money Value

By Nelle Allen Talmage

TEN o'clock in the morning and the thermometer stood at 85°, but the lowering thunder clouds made it seem much higher!

"Gee, it's hot!" and for the steenth time that morning Gertrude Allen wiped her face with a soiled powder puff. Gertrude was secretary to Miss Hurley of District 32 of the Family Welfare Association. All morning she had struggled with a budget list for a family of five. "Why do people want to eat on a day like this?" she grumbled to herself. Although she could think of a hundred things she would rather do she worked on so as to provide full value for the little money at their disposal for the many needy ones. She worked steadily for at least ten minutes, and then she felt rather than heard some one standing before her. She looked up.

"Good da morn," a little Italian woman with an old young face tried a droopy smile. Gertrude, accustomed to seeing such visitors, said wearily, "Miss Hurley hasn't come yet. Will you wait or can I be of any service to you?"

"You gooda da girl. I am so—so," and she tapped her throat and sighed deeply, "what you say—what you say—starfe. I starfe; my bambino starfe. No worka—see—" she thrust out two dirty hands, gnarled, wrinkled, shaking as with palsy. "See, no worka for me. No worka for heem. Heem seek. We starfe." As she spoke tears streamed down the furrows of her cheeks. Then more calmly and with a shrug, "For me,—I do notta care. For heem, is seek and my

bambinos—one, two. And see, soon another—poor, poor bambino! What we do?"

"If you will tell me your name and address I'll have Miss Hurley take care of you as soon as she comes in. You understand I can't do anything without Miss Hurley." And Gertrude took up a pad of paper and raised questioning eyes. "Your name, please?"

"My nama ees Carmella Meneghini."

"What is your husband's name?"

"Tony — Antonio — ees hees name." And a loving lilt was in her voice.

"And you live?"

"4335 Marcosti Street. Oop high oop the stairs."

"Miss Hurley expects to call on two other families on that street this morning so she will be in to see you." And as the woman made no move to go, she added, "Good by, she will take care of you shortly."

"Gooda da by? No, no! I canna da go. Heem starfe! Bambinos starfe! No fooda!" And in a half fainting condition she swayed,—caught hold of a chair, steadied herself and convulsively sobbed, "I canna da go! I canna da go!"

Poor Gertrude. It was her first experience with such cases. It was true that she had heard of them from Miss Hurley. But Miss Hurley had told her that the saddest cases came in the winter-time when so many were without work. What should she do? There stood a poor soul, hungry, grimy, sweaty and emitting an offensive smell, sobbing, "Heem seek! Bambinos starfe!" Oh, how Gertrude wished that Miss

Hurley would come! It was seldom that she was late but she did say that she was going to see about the sheriff's notice to old Mr. Gramstaulk before coming today. She might not be in until nearly noon!

The cries became shriller. She must do something! "Let's see," she thought, "I've heard Miss Hurley say many times, 'Relieve the immediate need, and then investigate.'" The immediate need was food. Food! Lunch! Why, *her* lunch which she had packed that morning! But how far would two tiny sandwiches, two cookies, and an orange go to keep a family from starving? At least it would help one person. The woman could eat it right there.

She took the package from her desk and opened it. "Mrs. Meneghini, come, you are wearing yourself out with grief. Take this. Eat it now and Miss Hurley will come in time to help your family. Here—I've opened it for you. Here, eat."

Carmella took her hands down from her face and looked ravenously at the tiny sandwiches. Timidly she touched one as if to see if it was real; then clutching the package in one hand, she grasped the arm of her benefactor. "Ave Maria, may she bless you," and she started to the door.

"But," called Gertrude, "You should eat it now."

"No, no, heem seek, heem starfe. Bambino starfe. Me! Me, bigga da strong." And, calling down blessings from heaven upon Gertrude's head, she staggered out.

Gertrude did not feel self righteous at having given up her luncheon. It was too hot to eat anyway. And, oh, how glad she was to get rid of the poor creature.

women asking help for their neighbors who were in need. Calls from priests and ministers reporting the needy ones in their flocks. Mrs. Jones, a friendly visitor, came in for a minute from the torrid heat of the streets. Miss Hurley came in close to eleven o'clock, read over the two records on Marcosti Street; obtained the new name and left again, so as to clear up the work and have the afternoon free for the meeting with the Neighborhood Committee.

Lunch time passed, but Gertrude did not go out as that would leave the office alone. She was a healthy young woman and a big drink of water sufficed for luncheon that day without any undue suffering.

Other days came with their regular routine and when a few weeks later Miss Hurley asked her if she would like to make a friendly call on Mrs. Meneghini to see how they were getting along, she had to read over the report to refresh her memory of the original plea for help.

Another hot wave had come; and, as Gertrude climbed the dark stairways of the tenement, kicking each stair before stepping so as to make sure there was one, the heat seemed unbearable. Flies buzzed around her head, and the odor of garlic, stale tobacco smoke and nauseating booze hung heavy in the unventilated and unlighted halls. From doorways on the landings she heard fretful wailing of puny infants or a snarl from a disgruntled man, and, overhead, above it all, a clear sweet voice—so out of place! A man's voice in Italian singing opera arias! It lifted one from the low hung atmosphere into clear mountain air! A grating, rasping sound—and the song was ended.

Gertrude had reached the floor where the Meneghinis lived and was about to tap on the door when the singing voice began again. There

THE morning passed as others did. Telephone calls from

was no doubt now; it was Caruso. A record—cracked, she was sure, by the break now and then in the song. She listened a moment and then knocked. With a rasp the phonograph stopped and a voice called, "And who ees eet wanta to see me?"

"I am Miss Allen from the Family Welfare."

The door opened and the little woman grimier than ever peered out. "Oh, yessa, da love-ly lady. Come a in. I see you again. Come a in." And white teeth flashed in greeting. "You musta heer da greata Caruso. He greata da man." She paused and made a grimace of pain, clutching a chair as she did so. Then, very apologetically, "You see, another bambino about to come. It hurta me. But you must heer da greata Caruso. When heem seeng da pain notta hurt so bad." And she placed the needle back on the disc and set it revolving. At the first strain of the opera, *Pagliacci*, her face lighted with joy and heaven shone from her eyes. "Ah, Ave Maria," and she crossed herself. Again a spasm of pain took possession of her. Gertrude became anxious.

"You must have a doctor right away. Where is your husband?" Gertrude had become the practical woman.

"Tony"—again the love tilt as she spoke his name,—"*Antonio*—heem work. Heem buy me thees," (pointing to the phonograph) weeth hees first money. Heem worka, one, two, tree days. Heem buy me Caruso and thees—" and she lifted from the table a broken bottle holding a wilted *la france rose*. With adoring eyes she looked at it and whispered, "Ah eet ees so love-ly." But again pain changed the face and made it old, oh, so old.

Gertrude appreciated the love Carmella had for beauty but she knew that skillful practical atten-

tion would be needed before long.

"Yes, yes," she said a trifle impatiently, "but where is a doctor?"

"No mona for a docta. Tony, he musta worka."

"But who will look after you? You will need help soon!"

"Ah you are heer. You helpa me?"

"But I do not know how. Let me go for a doctor." Not waiting for a reply Gertrude hurried down the stairs and raced through the streets, stinking with rotting fruit, to the nearest dispensary. She must have help for the suffering woman; and as she sped, following, floating through the air came the golden voice of Caruso.

She was fortunate to find a student doctor at the dispensary. Within a quarter of an hour after leaving the room, Gertrude and the young man, stumbled and groped their way back up the stairs. And ever Caruso sang!

The baby was born before they got there. The mother lay on a dirty bed, listening raptly to the music. An old crone from the neighboring room slunk out as the doctor came in.

The phonograph ran down, but Gertrude and the doctor had not time to set the needle again. But the beatific expression remained on the face of Carmella Meneghini. Over and over again she crooned, "Beautiful da music — leesten! Beautee-ful the music. Ave Maria."

The next day Carmella died; and Gertrude saw that the rose that she so loved was placed in her hand. The baby lived. His little brother and sister kept him covered with sticky kisses.

At the next meeting of the Neighborhood Committee, the question of the Meneghini family was discussed. What should they do about the children, three of them? The father

earned money spasmodically. If he could get a steady job they might be able to keep the family together. A white haired old man took the lead in the discussion.

"Tony is a likeable chap. He works well. Of course he is untrained. I might get him a job as general man at my neighbor's place. Not much money, but, if he's careful, and, with a little help now and then, he could get along."

Gertrude came into the room and respectfully waited for Miss Hurley to notice her. Her eyes lighted as she noted that her family, as she called Carmella's three, were to be taken care of. But immediately they

dulled as the most practical and wealthiest woman on the board exclaimed, "Humph, careful, indeed! Tony doesn't know the value of money. He'd spend his last cent on a worn out phonograph, a cracked record and a wilted rose."

"Oh!" A cry of pain, with her whole heart in it, fell from Gertrude's lips.

The practical one turned with a glare. She raised her glass and stared at Gertrude.

Gertrude hurried from the room, and with her head buried on her desk, she sobbed, "Money value! Money value!"

Poorhouse or Pension?

By J. H. Paul, Director Old-Age Pensions, Salt Lake County

I. Why Old-Age Pensions?

The changed modes of life, due to the industrial revolution of the past 25 years in America, have made old-age pensions a present necessity not keenly felt in former periods. As long as our country was predominantly agricultural, as long as virgin soil could be taken up at slight cost, factory work was usually but a temporary occupation to enable the worker to save enough to start on his farm or small business. Few workers remained in the shops till old age had overtaken them. The problem of aged workers was almost non-existent. A book of forty years ago, *Three Acres and Liberty*, showed how almost any man could go upon a small, cheap farm, and earn a fair livelihood. Today that is impossible upon three, thirty, or even 300 acres, unless the man has a large capital.

From an overwhelmingly agricultural nation, the United States, in the course of a generation, has become one of the most highly developed of industrial countries. The number of those directly engaged in manufacturing and mechanical

pursuits grew from 5,678,468 in 1890 to 12,818,524 in 1920, a gain of over 125 percent in one generation. In iron and steel, the percentage has risen much higher; in railroads the increase amounts to over 233 percent. The number engaged in mining increased from 387,248 in 1890 to 1,090,233 in 1920, or 181 percent. On the other hand, the percentage of those engaged in agricultural pursuits declined from 44.4 percent of the total gainfully employed in 1880 to 26.3 percent in 1920, and is still lower now, the census figures for 1930 being not yet available.

II. Present Plight of the Aged

Today the old man finds it difficult or impossible to get work at any wages. Modern, mass production demands the swift speed that only young men can give. The aged worker is laid off, and, since the decline of farming, has nowhere to go.

Many industries now limit their hiring age to 40 and 35 years. Unlike the gradual physical decline in old age characteristic of agricultural countries, economic superannuation takes place in industry abruptly and earlier in life. The factory, wearing out its workers with great rapidity, scraps alike machinery and human beings. The young, the vigorous, the adaptable, the supple of

limb, the alert of mind, are alone in demand. In business and in professions, maturity of judgment and ripened experience offset, to some extent, the disadvantage of old age; but in the factory and on the railway, with spade and pick, at the spindle, and at the steel converters, there are no offsets. Middle age is old age. The wage-earner is compelled to discontinue work long before actual senility sets in; not because he is worn out, but because he is unable to maintain the pace necessary in modern production.

III. How Aged People Used to Live

The number of aged people who can get work or live by operating a small farm is much less than it was 25 and even ten years ago. Older men cannot get work as they used to do, and the small farm or home no longer yields enough to support aged people, being oftener a liability than an asset.

The orchard and garden, the little shop, the pig, chickens, cow—common to former small homes—have all gone; so that aged couples, who formerly could make a fair living from a small piece of land with a little house on it, can do nothing with such capital now.

The percentage of the population over 65 who are still at work was (census 1920): in all occupations 4.1 per cent; bakers, 2.1; bankers, brokers, etc., 5.4; bookkeepers, etc., 1.2; clothing industry, 1.2; coal mining, 1.6; firemen, 2.4; glass blowers, 2.0; clerks, 1.3; farmers, 8.8; laborers (building), 6.4; laborers (iron and steel), 2.4; laborers (steam and R. R.), 2.8; laborers (public service), 8.1; other laborers, 2.5; machinists, 1.7; managers, 2.1; manufacturers and officials, 5.7; mechanics, 1.4; moulders, etc., 1.5; plumbers, etc., 1.2; iron and steel, 1.5; printing, 1.3. Note the high percentage of aged people in farming and public service.

IV. Few Workmen Can Save For Old Age

American wages, in this era of high costs of living, are barely sufficient for daily needs, and have not permitted, even in our most prosperous years, sufficient savings for old age.

With the exception of a few isolated and exceptionally skilled

trades, the wages of American workers are insufficient, without supplement from other sources, to provide for the subsistence of a family consisting of husband, wife, and three minor children, much less to maintain them in that condition of "health and reasonable comfort" which every humane consideration demands.—National War Labor Board, 1922.

The actual weekly wages earned by those employed in 1920, a year of great prosperity, by the average in all industries, was \$26.30; factory employees, \$28.15; farm laborers, with board, \$10.82, without board, \$14.98; iron and steel, \$45.65.—U. S. Com. of Labor.

The amount of a weekly budget for a standard of health and decency, was: Detroit, \$32.00; Philadelphia, \$35.00; Calif. laborer's family of five, \$39.41; clerk's family of five, \$57.53; families in Calif. cities, \$39; farm families, N. Y., \$38.50.

After the World War, our prosperity continued for three years. Since then one great depression (1921-22) and two minor ones have occurred, followed in 1930 by the greatest depression of our history. Deceived by accounts of 22 million automobiles owned by Americans, millions of radios and increasing bank deposits, we overlooked the deserted farms, the homes that were being exchanged for autos and radios, and the fact that notable increases in bank deposits occurred only in great industrial states.

V. Shall it Be Poor House or Pensions?

The poor house, or infirmary, is not the place for dependent aged people; it costs more and is less effective and uplifting than pensions or insurance.

The Salt Lake County cost of old-age pensions averages \$132 per year. The cost in the Infirmary is \$319 per year. The cost of almshouse maintenance in Wisconsin is \$186 yearly per inmate; out-door relief, only \$50 per year; in Ohio, about \$170 per capita in city and county infirmaries, but some as high as \$300, others as low as \$100. The cities and counties have an investment of \$10,000,000 in infirmaries alone. In 1925 the U. S. Dept. of Labor published a

comprehensive monograph, *The Cost of American Almshouses*. The maintenance cost for each inmate averaged \$334.64 per year; adding interest at 6 per cent on the investment, the cost was \$439.76 per year. In small almshouses average maintenance amounted to \$508 per inmate. Fifty per cent of this cost is overhead; only half of the maintenance goes to the inmates. With pensions, more than 94 per cent reaches the pensioners.

The social insurance laws of European nations, which have saved most of them from revolution, have been dubbed "dole" systems and even cited as the causes of Europe's economic depression since the World War. "Burdensome costs" is the argument against European methods, yet the per capita wealth of the United States (\$3,000) is the highest of any nation, the American tax-payer the least burdened. The poorhouse system and its accessories, are estimated by Epstein (*Challenge of the Aged*, 1928) to cost "\$6.50 a year for every man, woman, and child in the country"—a total of several billions a year, while Britain's "dole" and insurance bill is only \$100,000,000 a year.

VI. The Chances for Old Age

Today, owing to recent advances in medical science, a person has a little more than an even chance to live to be 65 years of age—the age generally set as the threshold of old age, when the rates of sickness and death show a marked increase over those of earlier years.

The number of persons engaged in industry has increased more rapidly than has the number reaching old age.

The proportion of aged people employed in agriculture is much greater than in other occupations.

In 1920 6.7 per cent of the total males in farm work were over 65. Domestic and personal service retain 5.5 per cent, professional work 5.2 per cent, public service 6.3 per cent. But manufacturing retains only 3.5 per cent, mining, 2.1 per cent, transportation, 2.7, and clerical occupations, only 2.1, who are over 65 out of the total reaching old age.

For female workers the disparity is still greater—5 per cent of female farm workers being retained after 65, but only 1.4 per cent work in manufacturing after

reaching 65; shoe factories, 1.9; other industries 1.7; locomotive firemen, .4; retail dealers, 5.3; and quarrymen, 3.3 per cent of those employed are over 65. The chances the aged have for getting employment are best in agriculture, in retail shops, and in public service labor.

VII. Chief Causes of Pauperism

Age alone is the minor cause of pauperism; illness and reverses of fortune, and not shiftlessness, are the principal causes.

On our Utah pension lists are men and women once well to do and leaders in their respective communities—engineers, business men, big farmers, former members of the legislature, and the like. None of those receiving pensions can be classified as lazy or idle. All are willing and anxious to work, but are disabled. Old age, as such, plays only a small part in dependency.

The earning power of most workers is past at 70 years of age; the average age at which partial impairment occurs is 65; of total impairment 68 or 69.—Massachusetts Commission on Pensions, 1925.

The Thirteenth U. S. Census gave the percentage of aged and infirm in almshouses as 32.1 per cent. Illnesses were more important than any other cause in bringing about premature superannuation. Sickness frequently required the expenditure of all previous savings. Disease, sickness, or accident was given as the most important cause of dependency in 29.9 per cent, of the cases. In Massachusetts, the latest investigation shows that among persons 65 and over, old age caused total impairment in only 21.6 per cent of the men and 25 per cent of the women.

Many of the workers interviewed stated that they began to fail after 50. Machinists and pattern makers complained of defective eyesight, the molders, of rheumatism. As a rule they paid little attention to these disorders until a breakdown compelled them to give up work.

(Except where other wise indicated, all figures and facts given are quoted from the census and other official reports.)

Notes from the Field

Salt Lake Stake:

ON the afternoon and evening of November 14, 1930, the Relief Society of the 17th Ward in the Salt Lake stake, held a bazaar with a program following. A one act play "The Spinsters' Convention," was put on by officers and members of the Relief Society. Other wards in attendance asked to have it presented, and it was the source of a great deal of praise and appreciation. The bazaar and program proved to be a great success financially as well as socially.

the retiring officers of the Second Ward Relief Society.—Mrs. Emily Sumsion Crandall, president; Mrs. Mahala Crandall Bringhurst, first counselor; Mrs. Sylvia Johnson Miner, second counselor; Mrs. Ada Bissell Harrison, secretary-treasurer. Sister Crandall had given 26 years of her life to Relief Society work. We review her activities, and those of her associates, with so much interest as they are typical of the scope and spirit of the Relief Society organization. These sisters gleaned wheat in the fields, and went



CAST OF THE SPINSTERS' CONVENTION, SALT LAKE STAKE

Kolob Stake:

UNDOUBTEDLY 1930 was a most unusual year, and from every quarter in our organization we received accounts of fine activities; some as stake functions, others as wards. From the Kolob stake a most excellent account was furnished of the testimonial honoring

from house to house to collect it. The finances of the organization were looked after with great care, and honestly and efficiently handled. Relief Society carried on its educational program through all the years. In addition to this the members cared for people of the ward when death came, and tenderly and

properly laid the loved ones away. They have given all assistance possible to help the unfortunate, and to see that the members of the community did not want. They have always taught people to be able to take care of themselves. We quote from Sister Crandall's address at this time: "I have given every officer and every class leader, and every teacher a responsibility to carry, and they have carried their work well, with a spirit of love and loyal support. Relief Society work carries with it much responsibility. Sometimes we grow faint-hearted, but I have put my faith and every bit of power I had into my work, and did my part as best I could. The Lord was mindful of me, and gave me just what I needed to carry on. I thank him for it. Now I feel like a released missionary—I want to always keep the spirit of the Relief Society work."

Sharon Stake:

THE president of the Sharon Stake Relief Society writes: "It is a pleasure to give a brief report of our stake work during the past year. We have a wonderful group of women in this stake, and they are ever ready to do all in their power to be of service to the great Relief Society cause. There are seven wards in the stake, and we completed our seven conferences just before the close of the year. We held our stake conference on November 23, 1930, at which time we put away a "Memory Box," to be opened at the end of fifty years. Each organization of the stake, both ward and stake, put away histories of the organization since the beginning of the stake, and some of the Relief Societies since its organization. The annual party given March 17, 1930, began our flower show project. The flower show was

held in August, and each ward had a wonderful display. Timpanogos Ward carried first honors, Sharon and Pleasant View Wards tying for second honors, and Edgemont Ward receiving third, besides the splendid individual exhibits in different varieties of flowers. Prizes were given for the best flowers of the following varieties: Roses, Asters, Marigolds, Zinnia, Gladiola, Dahlia and Petunia.

"Our stake is building a new administration and seminary building, and the Relief Society was asked to furnish it with suitable shades and drapes for the windows. During the past year this has been accomplished.

"Our project for this year is more efficient teachers' work and larger attendance at meeting, especially of the very young mothers. Also more *Relief Society Magazines* in the homes. We hope to be on your honor roll before the end of the season."

Timpanogos Stake:

THE Relief Society visiting teachers' convention of the Timpanogos stake was held January 13, 1931, at 2 p. m. in the Pleasant Grove Third Ward Amusement Hall. During the year 1930, the visiting teachers in all the wards have made 100%. The convention took the form of a testimonial in honor of those who had worked so faithfully to make this enviable record possible. The hosts were members of the Relief Society Stake Presidency and Board. All Relief Society members were invited to be present. The hall was filled to capacity, more than three hundred in attendance, among whom were Mrs. Jennie B. Knight and Mrs. Inez K. Allen, of the General Board, the Stake Presidency, and the Bishopric from the ward, members of

the High Council. The stake president, Mrs. Ella M. Cragun presided, and expressed appreciation for the labor so faithfully performed by the teachers. The program of songs and speeches was very beautifully carried out, and also a play was a feature of the entertainment. At the conclusion of the program a very tasty luncheon was served. It was felt that the afternoon had been a most delightful and profitable meeting, with a wonderful spirit prevailing throughout.

Californai Mission:

ON September 28, 1930, the Sutter Branch Relief Society, at Sacramento, California, presented

of Teacher Supervisor and Relief Society Teachers," "Activities of Work and Business Meeting," "Theology," "Literature," "Social Service."

The sisters in this branch have been most devoted in the discharge of their duties, and they rejoice greatly in the privilege which is theirs, that of ministering to the needy, and of giving of their means and service to further the work of the Lord.

Southern States Mission:

SISTER GRACE E. CALLIS, president of the Southern States Mission Relief Society writes: "The organization of four new Societies shows that the interest of the wom-



"ETERNAL WOMANHOOD," SAN FRANCISCO STAKE

the little pageant "Eternal Womanhood." The purpose of the meeting was to introduce the ensuing year's work, and show the scope of Relief Society activities. The characters portrayed were: Womanhood, Motherhood, The Word of God, Obedience, Love, Service, Home, Prayer, Virtue, Intelligence, Faith, Beauty and Loyalty. The topics discussed as a part of the evening's program were as follows: "Duties

en in the Relief Society and their desire to be actively associated with it is ever growing. A whole-hearted and enthusiastic response was given by the sisters to the request to make articles of clothing for the needy. The clothing thus made, or as much thereof as was necessary was used in the branches; the surplus was sent to mission headquarters for distribution to the needy in the country districts. In addition

to the social service work done by the Relief Society as an organization, the sisters are cooperating with well known local charitable associations in studying the conditions that prevail among the poor, and by example and precept are helping to bring about an improvement in the home conditions of the unfortunate. Imbued with the missionary spirit quite a number of the sisters in the branches do regular missionary work when their household duties permit. They tract two by two, hold cottage meetings and accompany the lady missionaries in distributing Gospel literature, holding meetings, visiting, etc. More and more the sisters are relying on the *Relief Society Magazine* as an authoritative, helpful and inspiring guide in their work. In the study of the outlined lessons, the spiritual side of our duties is clearly seen, and the desire for advancement along literary lines is well answered. We are most appreciative of the wise counsel and blessing and friendship of the general organization of the Relief Society."

Central States Mission (Leavenworth Branch) :

FROM the Leavenworth Branch, Kansas, comes a very interesting report of the Relief Society. It is a small branch, but the spirit of the organization is the same in all parts. There were just eight members in the organization, but they prepared dinner for all who attended the East Kansas district conference in Leavenworth, on August 10, 1930. It was a very successful affair. Due to the fine cooperation of the Bee Hive Girls in the branch, dinner was served to all in attendance, and a nice little sum was netted for the use of the organization. Sister Charlotte T. Bennion, president of the Central States Mission, was in attendance. There were also some visitors from other conferences. Very excellent instructions were given, and the sisters in this branch, as in others, are widely scattered and have many difficulties, but they are enjoying their work, and through it find inspiration to solve their problems and continue in the work of the Lord.

Notes to the Field

Bicentennial of George Washington

In 1924, when Calvin Coolidge was President of the United States, the George Washington Bicentennial Commission was created by joint session of Congress.

The purpose as expressed by that body is—"to so commemorate the first true American that future generations of American citizens may live according to the example and precepts of his exalted life and character and thus perpetuate the American Republic."

An important part of this celebra-

tion will be the planting of ten million trees throughout the United States to be dedicated with appropriate ceremonies by the citizens of the various communities on Feb. 22, 1932.

A record will be kept of all trees planted and the names will be recorded as members of the American Tree Association, and certificates will be sent to each one.

In Dec., 1930, Governor George H. Dern appointed the Utah Bicentennial Commission of which Chauncy P. Overfield is chairman,

to arrange Utah's part in the National celebration.

The Utah Commission aspires to have each city and town in Utah arrange a tree planting program for Arbor Day, (Which will be on or before April 15.)

Such trees are to be dedicated with appropriate ceremonies Feb. 22, 1932.

The General Board of Women's National Relief Society in recent session voted to co-operate with the Utah Commission in this tree planting program.

Every stake and ward might arrange for appropriate planting in suitable places such as grounds of houses of worship, play grounds, public parks, etc.

The Relief Society has always responded to every patriotic appeal.

This is a rare opportunity to honor the father of our country and at the same time to enrich the forestry and beautify some sacred spot.

The Jones-Cooper Bill

The General Board is watching with keen interest the fate of the Jones-Cooper Maternity Bill, the successor to the Sheppard-Towner Act, which authorizes "an annual federal appropriation of one million dollars to be spent along with equal amounts from states for promotion of the health and welfare of mothers and infants."

The Bill passed the Senate by a vote of 56 to 10 on January 10. On January 15, night letters were sent

to Utah's representatives Colton and Loofbourow by the General Board stating that the Relief Society strongly favored the passage of this measure, and replies were received that these representatives favored the bill.

Magazine Subscriptions

We had hoped to publish in this issue the record of stake subscriptions to our magazine. So few stakes have made their report to us that we will wait to get word from more stakes. We note with pleasure that earnest, efficient work has been done by those who have reported. Many stakes have given prizes to the wards securing the highest percentage of subscriptions. Kindly send in your reports as soon as possible.

* * *

We wish to inform subscribers to the *Magazine* who have not yet sent in their renewal for 1931 that we still have January numbers. Also let us suggest that as an organization you have one volume bound each year and keep for reference in the files of your Relief Society.

Class Teachers:

Are you having the membership of the class participate or are you occupying all the time yourselves? Teaching is not a pouring in process. Draw out the members, stimulate their thinking, encourage them to express themselves.

Henry Ford asked Steinmetz, "In the next fifty years, where do you think the greatest development will be made?"

"I think the greatest development will be made along spiritual lines—the greatest power in the development of mankind," was the reply.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

Our Mother Tongue

ONE of the graces and the delights of a public speaker and conversationalist is a knowledge of and a correct use of his mother tongue. To have a large vocabulary and to pronounce words correctly is very desirable. Few people give the time and attention that they could and should to increasing their vocabulary and learning the correct pronunciation of words.

Some carry too far the feeling of their inability to speak as perfectly as they would like to, however, and lose golden opportunities of growth. We heard of a woman recently who was afraid to give a lesson in Relief Society lest she might mispronounce a word. College graduates and even professors

are not entirely free from errors in this line. The procedure which one woman followed who had a remarkable knowledge of words might profitably be followed by others. When asked how it was that she knew how to spell, pronounce, define and use accurately so many words, she replied, "Whenever I come across an unfamiliar word, I look it up, impress it upon my memory, and make it mine. Then as soon as possible, I use it. If an educated person pronounces a word differently from what I am used to, I look it up to see which pronunciation is correct." Her extensive range of words was a delight to her family and to all who conversed with her. Let us learn more of our mother tongue.

Our Anniversary Celebration

IT is a desirable thing to fittingly observe anniversaries. We hope every society will enjoy a special program on March 17. Such occasions offer excellent opportunity to portray the first organization, to graphically show what it entailed, to follow the history of the organization from its genesis to the present, and to honor those who have been instrumental in carrying on the great work in times past.

Since 1842, when the Prophet Joseph Smith organized the Relief Society, countless thousands have been benefited by it—some by help extended in time of need, but the majority by working in its varied activities. Those who have administered to the sick, the dying, the sorrowing, the needy, the distressed, have learned the joy of service. Those who have studied the lessons offered have realized the joy of communing with great works of literature and studying great problems and seeking to solve them.

The growth of the Relief Society has been marked—from 18 at the

first meeting to more than 62,000 at the present time. At first, its membership consisted largely of elderly women. Now, the young like to join, participate in its courses of study, and serve. Once, no study courses were offered; now it is realized that to give abundantly, one must store up abundantly. The richer and fuller her own life, the more she has to give to the distressed and needy.

Let those who have served the Relief Society and are out of office at the present time, be not forgotten. We urge our officers to invite them personally to any special affairs the Relief Society may give, and especially to the 17 of March celebration. Let those who have presided over the work in wards and stakes in times past be greeted most warmly and given seats of honor.

It is a good thing to vary the routine of the program by something different, so appoint your committees early. Let them plan carefully that March 17 may be a red letter event in our season's activities.

John Q. Cannon

OUR sympathy goes out to those who are called upon to mourn the death of John Q. Cannon. His wife, Annie Wells Cannon, and his sister, Rosannah Cannon Irvine, are two of the General Board's most valued members. Sister Cannon has been a wonderful wife and mother. She is blessed in being the mother of twelve children, only one preceded the father to the great beyond. She

and her husband were most congenial, enjoying literature and the fine things of life together. In his editorial work (he was editor of the "Deseret News") she was a constant help to him. She will have many happy memories of their long life together and great satisfaction in knowing that she always helped and encouraged him in his work.

A Period of Stress and Strain

Many have been going through a period of stress and strain. Finan-

cial difficulties have caused them to endure sleepless nights and anxious

days. Now the strain is beginning to lighten, and as people look back they realize that the big thing was not so much what they have had to pass through, but how they have met it. Seneca has his pilot say, "Oh, Neptune, you may save me if you will; you may sink me if you will; but whatever happens, I shall

keep my rudder true." Those who have kept their rudder true, who have maintained their integrity, and have met their difficulties squarely, will emerge from the furnace as gold purified by fire. They will have been made stronger and more steadfast by the struggle.

The First Relief Society

(MARCH 17, 1842)

By *Jeanette McKay Morrell*

The key was turned,
The portals opened wide
And those who yearned,
And longed, and prayed, and cried,
Found themselves free—

Their hearts aflame
With love of fellow-men,
In His dear name,
They pledged their honor then,
His elect to be;

With flag unfurled,
To march, with might and mind,
First in the world,
Of glorious woman kind
With this equality.

Their sincerity attest—
They brought their jewels rare,
And everything the best,
With those less fortunate to share
At the first gentle plea.

Their duties these:
To seek poor suffering souls
Their pain to ease
To urge them toward new goals
On Life's broad sea.

Auspicious day!
From that first morn 'til now,
They've led the way;
Kept sacred every vow;
And justified the trust.

Love of God, the very essence of religion, was always with me. I never doubted the Lord's existence, his goodness or his power. When in trouble my first thought was to pray to him. I did not share the notion, expressed by some of my fellows, that "the Lord doesn't want us to bother him about every little thing." I have never believed that we trouble our Heavenly Father by craving blessings at his hand. Prayer is an expression of faith, and the exercise of faith, whereby comes spiritual development, is one of the great objects and privileges of this earthly existence, our "second estate," where we "walk by faith," as before we "walked by sight." I believed then and believe now, that God's ear is as open to the pleadings of a little child, as to the prayers of the congregation or the shouts of armies going into battle.—*"Trough Memory's Halls,"* by Orson F. Whitney.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in May)

BOOK OF MORMON—THE LAST OF THE NEPHITES

Assignment

Read carefully the section called "The Book of Mormon" from beginning to end, till you reach the section known as "The Book of Ether." Then, skipping the "Book of Ether," which we shall take in the lesson following this, read all of the "Book of Moroni."

It will be helpful also if you can read what is said about Mormon and Moroni in the *Dictionary of the Book of Mormon* and in chapter 31 of the *Message and Characters of the Book of Mormon*.

Story of the Lesson

Here is where the Nephites come to the precipice and jump off. They have continued to go from bad to worse in the period after Christ, till they reach a point where they cannot see where their own higher interest lies, as has been the case so many times in the history of individuals and of peoples.

Ammoron, who has the plates and the other sacred things, charges the ten-year-old Mormon with the duty of keeping the record of his people, because he is an observant youth. Meantime, he hides the records in a hill, where Mormon is to look for them when the time comes for him to begin setting down the historical facts of his own day. Mormon began this work fourteen years afterwards, when he was twenty-five years old.

In 322 A. D. the last war broke out between the Lamanites and the

Nephites. It continued, with occasional recesses, till after the year 400. At first the Nephites won. This was due partly to the fact that they were not yet "ripe in iniquity," as the historian picturesquely puts it, and partly to the fact that they were led by Mormon, who was made their leader at fifteen. But, as time went on, they lost out in the numerous battles. Meantime if the Lamanites were victorious, they drove the Nephites from their homes into the north countries; if the Nephites won in the battle, they returned to their homes. Occasionally Mormon, who was also a prophet, induced his people to turn to the Lord. Whereupon they would win victories, but presently they would lapse again into forgetfulness of God. Then they would lose. Finally Mormon became disgusted and refused to lead them into battle, till, as he saw their disasters, his heart would soften and he gave in. This is the way things went between the years 326 and 385, with a ten years' respite, during which both peoples were nursing their hatred of the enemy.

Hundreds of thousands of troops were engaged in these battles. Toward the last days we read of horrors unspeakable. Whenever the Lamanites took any prisoners, they proceeded to kill the men, ravish the women, and maltreat the little children. Mormon writes to his son that the women and children were fed the very flesh of their slain husbands and fathers. Truly, as Mormon

says, they were without civilization. In the end—that is, after the year 400—the Nephites disappear or are absorbed into the Lamanite population.

Meanwhile, however, Mormon performed the task assigned him by Ammoron. He got the plates from the hill, set down on them the events of his own time, made an abridgment of the entire history of the Lehtes, from the beginning to the end, and turned the records over to his son Moroni, with a set of small plates of Nephi, to be finished and then hidden away in the earth.

Moroni also had been a Nephite military leader. He is not the same Moroni that we read of some lessons ago, who was a contemporary of Amalickiah. This Moroni is the one who delivered the plates of the *Book of Mormon* to the prophet Joseph Smith. After being given the record by his father, he adds some of the happenings of his own day, translates and abridges the record of the Jaredites, and then hides away the precious things in the hill Cumorah, where they remain undisturbed for about fourteen hundred years.

Outline

- I. The record of Mormon.
 1. His war record.
 2. His struggles with the Nephites for righteousness.
 3. His leadership of the army against the Lamanites.
 4. His work on the history of his people.
 - (1) As historian of his times.
 - (2) As abridger of past records.
 5. His character.
- II. The work of Moroni.
 1. Who Moroni was.
 2. His work on the plates.
 3. His task of translator.

4. His own additions to the record.
5. His appearance to Joseph Smith.

Notes

1. *The Fall of Nations*: The Nephite nation came to an end after it had lived for a thousand years. It was not the first nation, however, to do that, nor the last. Babylon, Chaldea, Ninevah, Israel, Greece, Rome—these, too, have gone, leaving only their names and the lesson of their downfall. Why does a nation die?

A nation does not come to an end for the same reason that an individual does. An individual dies because his body gives out—the respiratory system fails, or the food channels refuse to function, or the circulatory ducts cease to work. The trouble is generally physical. Sometimes, however, he leads too fast a life, as we say of one who dissipates; and that also reacts on the body. Often we find people dying from sheer old age.

But there is no such reason why a nation's life cannot go on forever. A nation is merely an association of individuals, a group of people bound together by invisible ties. Kingdoms are snuffed out at times when the ruler becomes oppressive and tyrannical, or just merely weak. Democracies die because the majority of the people want the wrong things. That is what the good King Mosiah tells us in the *Book of Mormon*. There are certain laws of perpetuity for governments of every sort, and if they do not adhere to these laws they go down.

In the last analysis, however, the decision as to whether a nation shall live or die, rests with the individual members of that nation. One historian attributes the fall of the Roman empire to the fact that every-

body wanted to live in a city; another, to the general immorality that prevailed at its downfall. Individual sins brought on the final scenes in the Jewish nation. And that is probably why the Nephite people came to their end. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link. Whenever the individual members of any nation become so corrupt as to give a general tone to the thinking and the deeds of the nation, then the end is in sight. That is why the more intelligent men and women in our own nation are becoming alarmed at the corruption of the courts in New York City, the gangster's power in Chicago, and the almost universal disrespect for law in the United States.

2. *Mormon*: The last of the prophet-generals among the Nephites is one of the most interesting characters in the *Book of Mormon*.

In his long life of perhaps seventy-eight years he was an active leader among his people. Born in the year 311 A. D., he seems to have attained his maturity, both physically and mentally, at a very early age. At ten his qualities attracted the attention of the historian Ammoran, who placed in his keeping the Nephite records. At fifteen he was asked to take command of the entire Nephite army—a heavy responsibility in times like this. There must, therefore, have been some extraordinary qualities about this man.

One of these was his physical stature. As already stated, he matured in body very early. And then he was a man of strong, decided convictions as to the religious life. For, say what you will, to believe with all your heart in anything as fundamental as religion at once sets you apart in any society or age. Mormon was a firm believer in Jesus Christ and his power to save. Since this sort of thing appears to

have been rare in his time, he therefore stood out.

Also he was full of courage. Not the courage merely that enables one to face the enemy in battle, but the rarer courage that inspires one to reprimand a whole people, including the army, when they leave the path of duty and righteousness. And Mormon did that time and again. "Behold," he says to his son concerning the people, "I am laboring with them continually; and when I speak the word of God with sharpness they tremble and anger against me; and when I use no sharpness they harden their hearts against it. Wherefore, I fear lest the Spirit of the Lord hath ceased to strive with them."

But Mormon was more than a prophet and military man. He was also an historian. And he carried on his literary tasks alongside his other duties. To make an abridgment of the record of a people for a thousand years is no easy job, even when you have nothing else to do, especially, one would imagine, as all the writing had to be engraved on gold plates. It may well be that Mormon had to make even the plates on which he wrote the history.

3. *Moroni*: A worthy son of a worthy sire, is what one thinks on approaching the life of Moroni.

In all three respects Moroni was the son of his father. He was a military man, a prophet, and an historian. During the life-time of his father, Moroni had command of a division of the army, and appears to have been very efficient in that capacity. That he was a prophet, not in the lesser sense of one who predicts but of one who is a seer, is evident from the fact that he translated the *Book of Ether*, a Jaredite record in a foreign lan-

guage. Most probably the means he used in its translation was the urim and thummim, or interpreters. And then he finished the record on the plates which his father had given him, adding some letters from his father and some of the forms practiced by the church of his times.

Moroni, furthermore, is the connecting link between his time and Joseph Smith's. He buried the plates and the other precious things in Cumorah, and then, after the lapse of fourteen hundred years, uncovered them to the gaze of the prophet of the nineteenth century. In the meantime, however, he had died—just how we are not, of course, informed—and was raised from the dead, so that he appeared

to Joseph Smith in his resurrected form.

It was a great mission that Moroni performed.

Questions

1. Tell in brief the story of the years during which the Nephite nation was disappearing.

2. Compare the character and personality of Mormon with those of the first Nephi in as many respects as you can.

3. Do you see any evidences of decay in the nations of the earth today? If so, what are they? Is there any cause for alarm respecting our own nation? If so, point them out. What must the people of our country do in order to preserve our principles of government?

Work and Business

(Second Week in May.)

TEACHER'S TOPIC FOR APRIL

(This topic is to be given at the special teachers' meeting the first week in May.)

OUR RESPONSIBILITY TO FAMILY AND NEIGHBORS

- I. There is a duty in every Latter-day Saint home that rests almost entirely upon the mother and that duty is teaching the children to love and cherish every ordinance of the Gospel.
 - a. Blessing the baby should be made a real event to all members of the household. Tell of Hannah and other mothers in Ancient Israel, looking upon this ordinance as very important.
 - b. Children should be told of the importance of Baptism years before they are candidates for baptism; and also of confirmation.
 - c. Training in the Priesthood

quorums and especially the privilege of passing the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper should be held high in the estimation of boys participating.

Many others could be named but space will not permit.

- II. Our duty to our friends. There are a number of obligations we owe to our neighbors that we must not overlook.
 - a. Where there are parents in any given neighborhood striving to send their children to Sunday School regularly and on time, every parent in that locality

- should silently cooperate to have their children do the same. This applies to day school also.
- b. If one are endeavoring to abstain from Sunday amusements, all parents should do team work along that line.
 - c. The curfew law should receive the united support of all.
 - d. Quarantine Regulations;
 - e. Respect for property, in

fact, everything that makes for a better community standard should be taught and enforced. Boys and girls who live under regulations of this type make better citizens than those who have been denied this wholesome training. The value of cooperation of parents for community welfare cannot be over-estimated. Try it.

Literature

(Third Week in May)

PART II ON THE SHORT STORY IN FRANCE

Suggested Stories

"The Substitute," by Francois Coppe.

"Our Lady's Juggler," by Anatole France.

The Authors

Francois Coppe

Francois Coppe was a man who prospered in life, both in a material and spiritual way. Success came to him while he was still young, and it continued with him the rest of his life. With it, however, he managed to retain much of his simplicity and his sense of spiritual values.

He was born in Paris in 1842, where he spent the greater part of his life. Coppe's father was a very minor official in the Ministry of War and his mother, to eke out her husband's earnings, kept books for a neighboring tradesman. While Coppe was still very young and attending school, his father died. Now the boy had to earn his own living in addition to helping support his mother and sister. One of his first appointments was that of a very junior helper in the War Office.

If he had not been endowed with some genius, his record might have been as humble as that of his father's. The boy wrote verses in secret, and once he became so discouraged that he threw them all into the fire and was for leaving poetry to her own devices. But the poet in him refused to die and some time later that man of French letters, Catulle Mendes, became interested in Coppe and helped the young man to place his poems. The first one to bring Coppe any great popularity was "Le Reliquaire," published in 1866. Soon his verses were known all over France and schoolboys were declaiming them. By this time Coppe seemed definitely to have found his subject material. He was interested in the lives of the resigned and voiceless poor. He was naturally sentimental, and often his pathos was overdrawn, but his observations are true and his form of writing beautiful and precise.

Coppe, like every other writer, wished to produce a drama. In 1869 he wrote "La Passant" in which Sarah Bernhardt made her first real success. Heartened by the

reception of his drama in verse, Coppe wrote a number of epic plays, using French, British, and Italian history for his subjects.

After a few years, however, he gave most of his attention to prose. His contributions were found in many of the periodicals of his day. He continued to interpret with some humor, and with real understanding the prosaic facts of life. Somberness rather than humor, is more apt to be the prevailing tone of his stories, but his details are never sordid.

Before he had really begun to grow old his literary eminence was recognized, and in 1876 he was made a member of the Legion of Honor and in 1884 elected to the Academy. He was also a sincere convert to the Catholic church during the later years of his life. Many of the critics of his time asserted that not one of his lines would outlive him, but Coppe's stories are already listed among the classics. He died in 1908.

Anatole France (Anatole Thibault)

Anatole France must be included in the lessons on the short story in France. For the last twenty-five years of his life he was the recognized leader of French letters and enjoyed a world wide fame. It is almost impossible to write of him briefly because of his many-sided nature. He produced some fifty volumes, including drama, criticism, history, poetry, novels, short stories, and philosophical reflections, and there was an unbelievably wide range of thought in each of his fields of writing. And Anatole France is as varied as his writings.

His dates are from 1844 to 1924, and Paris was his home for a good many of those years. In his youth he learned much of books from his father's shop and from the clerical

college, where he also acquired a hatred of monks. (He does not disclose this hatred, however, in his story of "Our Lady's Juggler.") Like most writers he was born poor. "Poverty," he wrote, "taught me the true value of books useful to life."

When Anatole was very young he began to write. Indeed his masterpiece, "Sylvestre Bonnard," one of the most beautiful stories in the world, was produced when he was thirty-seven, and it is quite probable that he wrote it several years earlier. By 1894 he was elected to the Academy, an honor that he held lightly.

Throughout all of Anatole France's works there is a subtle intelligence. He was rightly called one of the most intelligent men of his day. His intelligence was accompanied by a great curiosity, a thirst for knowledge. But he was a dilettante, eager to know for the sake of knowing, without practically applying his knowledge. Yet, for all of his apparent laziness, he was a voluminous writer. Much of it would never have been done had it not been for a certain woman who forcibly encouraged him to write.

Art with him was not art for art's sake. France believed that the writer should throw himself into the strife of the political and industrial world. In 1894, when Captain Dreyfus was wrongly accused of treason so that guilty superiors could be protected, Anatole France was one of the few men who fought for Dreyfus. For years he threw himself into the Dreyfus affair, and because the church and army were so closely connected with it, he bitterly attacked both of them. But in 1914 at the age of seventy, he asked to be allowed to serve his country as a private.

For the most part, however, his life was what he said of it: "I have

always been inclined to take life as a spectacle."

France believed that existence would be intolerable if one did not dream. Several of his most charming books are concerned with the dreams of the boy, Jacques Anatole. Along with his dreams he was sensual. The great sin, he once declared, was to deprive one's self of pleasure. But there was a redeeming side to his nature. He had a genuine kindness and sympathy, and did much to help the poor and oppressed.

At forty-four he said: "I am sure of a very few things in the world." At seventy-five: "I should be tempted to put very large question marks after all that I write, all that I say, and all that I think." But now comes another contradiction in his nature. It was perhaps of himself that he was thinking when he wrote: "Those who thought him irresolute and fickle had not taken the trouble to observe his world of ideas."

Few people have loved beauty more than Anatole France. In sheer beauty and charm of style he has few superiors or even peers. On the other hand he refused to take the trouble to compose. Events in his writings are rarely well coordinated, and the outcome of the plot is rarely the chief point of interest. Sometimes, indeed, there is no outcome. It is for the subtleness of thought and the charm of his expression that he is read.

"Our Lady's Juggler," however, is one of his better coordinated stories. Unlike most other French stories there is little in the forepart to indicate what the end will be. Other writers would have been apt to finish the story with the Virgin's act, but France rambles on a few lines further. Throughout the story he diffuses his love of beauty. His

descriptions of the monk's worship of the Virgin are sheer delight to read, and even the humble Barnabas is touched with beauty.

If the class members are not acquainted with Anatole France it is best to approach him guardedly. Many of his works are only for a certain type of reader, but the "Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard," the story of an old man, is a delightful book for any one to read. Then there is a collection of short stories called "Bluebeard and Other Tales," whose skepticism most people will enjoy.

The Substitute

Coppe's "The Substitute" presents the pitiful struggle of a man to find some way of living in honor. It is not so much an indictment against the world that allowed Jean Francois Leturc to be beaten in the end, or even to have to make the struggle, as it is an exposition of one man's soul.

The story, in many ways, follows the true French form. It has only the two major characters, though the underworld of Paris, the men of the prisons and of the galleys, and the humble working men of the city, make up its background. And its single impression is unmistakable.

Its major character, Jean Francois Leturc, was born into poverty and vice, but he was blessed with a sweetness of disposition and a desire to live in harmony with people. Had he been privileged with a normal life—home, parents, friends, security, and education, he would no doubt have grown into an amiable, hard-working man, not so intelligent that he would have escaped being imposed upon. But life chose that he should be thrown on the streets to sing a refrain with a drunken failure.

It is at the turning point of Jean's

life, when he sees the young priest standing in his schoolroom, that many critics would say that Coppe's pathos was overdrawn. But life occasionally furnishes examples of that kind of pathos. At any rate the sentiment that carried Jean away from his old ways was strong enough to change his whole mode of thought and doing.

Jean needed just one more thing to complete his life. He found a friend—not a woman, for that kind of life had been too long denied him—but a man whom he could love. The new friend was much younger than Jean, a peasant named Savinien who was new in Paris. In him Jean found piety and an untarnished background, the things he so longed for in his new life.

But Savinien had a weakness for women, which is perhaps the most disastrous of all weaknesses. To obtain money for some woman he stole money. And the French police are not hesitant about thieves. It was then that Jean was forced to make his decision. He could choose either security or the sight of the one person he loved being started on the dark path of crime from which there is little escape. He did not wait long, and he made but one request of Savinien.

Coppe pictures Jean's sense of futility when he feels that his failure to protect Savinien is due to his bad habits of the old life. On the other hand there is no futility in Jean's deed. It was a thing so splendid that it entirely redeems him and it may save the younger and weaker man for a life of honor.

Questions

What is the significance of the title?

Why could not this title be used for an American story of the same subject?

What things in the story give it a strictly Parisian flavor?

What is the single impression of the story? What is the irony in the last line? Show the importance of this last line to the whole story.

Point out parts in the story that might be called overly sentimental.

In what ways does Savinien show his weakness?

Why was Jean so drawn to Savinien?

Our Lady's Juggler

Our Lady's Juggler is a beautiful story both in subject matter and in style. It shows one of the contradictions in Anatole France's life that he who seemed to hate the church and professed no belief in God, could write so lovingly of the medieval life of the monks.

The story concerns itself with a poor juggler who, "like most of those who exist by their accomplishments, had a hard time making a living." Barnabas, the juggler, was a simple man, enjoying the warmth of summer and enduring the bitter discomforts of winter because he knew the warmth would come again. Juggling was "the finest calling in the world if he could but eat every day" until he learned of the ways of the priests whose lives were perpetual hymns to God. That to him seemed better than juggling.

So he became a monk and his days were pleasant until he discovered that while all the other priests exercised some special talent in their worship of the Virgin, he had none. He was not jealous of the talent of Brother Maurice who could copy on parchment or Brother Alexandre who decorated the parchment with delicate miniatures of holy things, nor of Brother Marbode who cut images in stone. No, he felt badly because the Virgin must think him poor who could do none of these

wonderful things. But there are compensations and France gives Barnabas a whimsical compensation. He declares that one's talents, however lowly and mean they are, if they are executed in love and in the best manner possible, are as acceptable as those of the highest. And he has the Virgin step down from her pedestal to prove his contention.

This story should be read slowly to enjoy France's subtle wit and his mellowed observations on life.

Questions

What things kept Barnabas from

enjoying his juggler's life to the utmost?

What was the Virgin Cult of the middle ages?

What other things in this story place it in the middle ages?

Why did Barnabas feel that he was stupid and ignorant?

Characterize Barnabas briefly.

What was the first reaction of the brothers when they learned what Barnabas was doing? Was it a natural reaction? How did the Virgin rebuke them?

Social Service

(Fourth Week in May)

PERSONALITY STUDY: THE CREATIVE MIND

Based on Overstreet's "Influencing Human Behavior," pages 217-255

"Is it scientific?" "Has it been established experimentally?" The standard for judging things expressed by these questions seems to have come to dominate if not also to domineer in our present civilization. The writer is inclined to pity certain musicians, painters, religionists, etc., who constantly talk as though the interests they represent would be greatly enhanced if they could persuade others that music, or painting, or religion, has not merely a scientific aspect, but that each of these is in reality a science. As though something that could be proved experimentally or found to satisfy the standards of science were more important or more to be appreciated by us than a thing of beauty or one of the great arts!

Our last lesson was designed to help us appreciate some of the methods of science. This lesson has much the same general purpose. The above paragraph should not be

construed as one intended to disparage the technique of scientific experimentation. The point is that science is held in such very high regard today even by non-scientists that we need especially to be prepared to distinguish between the genuine article, so to speak, and the many counterfeits which are bound under the circumstances to show up on every hand. Remembering that our appreciation of science need not carry with it a disparagement of art, let us learn even more about how the scientific spirit may contribute substantially to social progress.

The very popularity of science is perhaps its greatest present handicap. The tendency to accept mere verbal parroting of scientific phrases as the equivalent of a genuine understanding of science; the fact that almost anyone can manipulate such physical and mechanical benefits of science as the automobile, the radio, and the telephone; as well

as the deliberate pseudo-scientific practices of fakers in medicine, geology, psychology, etc., all tend to introduce confusion. Even the supposed sources of reliable training in the technique of scientific experimentation have become contaminated. Mr. Overstreet quite rightly is led to deplore the great amount of "authoritarian" stuff and mere "cook-book" science which passes for real science in our school laboratories. Students are made to go through the motions of experimenting without ever actually doing any real experimenting. The shadow is accepted in lieu of the substance. Is it any wonder that in this so-called scientific age we have no widespread "experimental habit of mind?" The spirit of fearless and independent adventure coupled with a sufficiently disciplined sense of responsibility is indeed rare. Especially is this so when it is proposed to extend the methods of scientific research beyond the field of the physical and mechanical into the realm of the emerging social sciences.

We need to take active steps to substitute for the older type of "authoritarian training" with its consequent "passively acceptive" system of habits, a kind of training calculated to develop habits that are inquisitive, experimental, and creative. We need to clarify our notions as to what constitutes originality in the best sense of the word and then try to find out if and how this valuable trait may be encouraged.

The psychologist, Thorndike, has given an excellent discussion of the nature and development of initiative and originality. In this paragraph we can do little better than attempt to give a condensed version of part of his very helpful paper. Self-

reliance, initiative and originality are not capricious general faculties of the mind. They are not like little slaves which might be made to respond to commands and admonitions. They are not to be perfected by indiscriminate practice for they represent, perhaps, a good many rather specialized habits. It is certain that in a democracy we have little use for a general, diffuse, busy-body type of initiative or for a never conforming, mad-house type of originality. "Effective independence, initiative and originality are not the negations of dependence, imitation, and fixed habits. * * *

A good definition of intellectual independence is 'reasoned dependence.' The truly initiating mind does not imitate less, but more. * *

It is reasoned imitation; the zeal to take the profitable risk, the hopeful leap in the dark." Originality in a very worthy sense of the term implies considerable industry at routine tasks and aggressive willingness to learn what others may have already contributed on the matter in question. It implies "strength in doing work that is new or doing it in new ways, an attitude of hoping to change knowledge or practice for the better, an organization of habits that causes their progressive modification.

The person who is creative or original is successful in making significant improvements in already existing material. Perhaps the need is for material to be extended and elaborated, or to be useful it may need something like condensation and reorganization, or again it may need to be vitalized or put into more dynamic form in some way. In each case the creative mind may furnish us with a thing not wholly "new under the sun," but yet changed significantly for the better by the

touch of his personality. It is the product of his unique past experience, his yearning to be of service to his fellows, and of his intense and often long-continued effort. It comes to be recognized as an important contribution to human welfare and is accordingly conserved by society and is later used as a basis for continued improvement by other creative minds.

There are many people who believe that we must simply let things take their natural course—some of them even assert that the natural course of events is the best guide as to what is right. They are the advocates of the now discredited *laissez faire* doctrine in politics or the so-called theory that nature is right, formerly believed by some psychologists, sociologists, and educators. They are the counterfeit optimists who seem to hold to the theory of automatic social progress. They are the well-meaning people who think that God is going to force Heaven or the Millennium upon us independent of what we may do or not do in relation to achieving these conditions. We must admit that many of these people are at times quite inconsistent. For example, they curb the natural appetite for sweets, they patronize barbers, they wear eye-glasses, they punish bullies, they attend schools, they insist on promptness, they obey traffic signals, etc., etc. But what is most important just now is the fact that as a class they obstruct social progress. They do not encourage or initiate programs to bring about social betterment. They do not appreciate the need of social experimentation for with them whatever is, is right. In a pinch they expect a sort of bell-hop god to come at their bidding and get them out of their difficulties. As for us, we

should be genuine optimists—open-minded experimentors, and industrious workers—willing to do our own “dirty work” and all other work that needs to be done. We should cultivate inquiring minds—minds accustomed to doubt the finality of many of our ways of doing things. We should often take matters into our own hands and become “anxiously engaged in a good cause, and do many things of (our) own free will, and bring to pass much righteousness.”

We seem to need someone or something to keep us at our best. We need vigorous challenges or we become lazy and indifferent. It is an old saying that necessity is the mother of invention. Overstreet says that “conflict is our gadfly” to keep us from mental “slumping.” Heraclitus is quoted as even saying that “war is the Father of all things.” And one of our recent writers seems to say that practically all of the characteristic ideals, sentiments, and institutions of Mormonism have simply grown out of “its conflicts, its struggles, its crises.” We may not agree with all of these statements. Certain it is that mere conflict is not to be sought after, for in itself it is neither good nor bad. There no doubt have been many fruitless industrial conflicts, race conflicts, religious conflicts, family feuds, etc. Overstreet suggests that conflict can only be considered intelligent and “civilizing when it involves an effort (1) to understand the opposing factor; and (2) to invent a means whereby the opposition is succeeded by fruitful cooperation.”

In relation to the topic of our lesson we can hardly over-emphasize the importance of meeting our necessary conflicts in ways that make for progress. Whenever possible we should capitalize our handi-

caps and treat our social conflicts as opportunities for the exercise of the creative mind, and the result should be an enlarged group consciousness and an increase of general good will.

Strangely enough we sometimes deliberately create senseless conflicts and even offer prizes to induce our young folks to engage in them. The reference is to school debating. And why call these scantily attended public combats senseless? Because they have little better justification than mere custom. These "verbal orgies" were started at a time when people thought that they afforded valuable general mental discipline and before we had learned to appreciate very generally that problems are not settled by flowery oratory nor the marshalling of mere statistics or high sounding opinions. The whole process has even been declared to be immoral and subversive to straight thinking because it necessarily involves a great deal of insincere rationalization. It tends to substitute sophistry for the scientific ways of finding things out.

Are these lessons helping us to do less of the *sincere blundering* that was mentioned in the Preface of our text? Are we gradually becoming more genuinely progressive and more skilled in what our author calls the "major art of life?"

A Few Possible Problems for Discussion

1. Do you agree with the first sentence on page 217 of our text? Support your answer with real evidence if possible.

2. Why is the average housewife so notoriously non-progressive in relation to labor-saving devices in the home? Answer this question carefully without indulging in mere wise-cracks.

3. In science it is *evidence* that

counts—not mere authority in the usual sense of the word. Much of the medieval notion of authority has come down to us today. We ought to obey, even blindly, for "the king can do no wrong," is something like this old idea. Science, democracy, and true religion have made some headway in establishing a newer conception. It is that one has authority to the extent that one has superior insight and sincere willingness to serve. It is not a matter of arbitrarily established prestige as in an aristocracy, but rather a democratic "leadership based upon special knowledge of the facts and flowering toward control of these facts for human ends. * * * Every man leads where his knowledge justifies and follows where his ignorance compels." Discuss these two notions of authority in relation to the paragraph in Overstreet which begins near the bottom of page 225 and also the first paragraph on page 226.

4. Do you know of a better challenge to worthwhile individual initiative than that given in Doc. and Cov. 58:26-29, or a more sobering conception of authority than that expressed in Doc. and Cov. 121:34-44? What appeals to you especially in each of these passages?

5. Explain clearly what you understand by originality in the best sense of the word. Read and report briefly on the article "What is Invention?" in *The Literary Digest* for January 10, 1931. It would be easy to prove that during the first third of the last century there was considerable propaganda in America, based upon the findings of eminent physicians quite in line with the teachings of the Word of Wisdom as to the advisability of abstaining from wine, strong drink, tobacco, tea, coffee, the excessive eating of meat, etc. Might not the

Word of Wisdom be considered as highly original, nevertheless? What original elements, if any, can you point out that would not appear ridiculous to informed people? What do you understand by the term "plagiarism?"

6. Criticize the notion that nature is unreservedly bad. That what is natural is right. What things must we do besides pray that God's "will may be done on earth as it is in Heaven?" Try to be quite specific. Do any of these things imply that some natural tendencies need to be improved?

7. What are the really important things you learned from studying pages 244-245 of the text. Read to the class the one sentence on each page which you regard as most significant.

8. Relate an instance or two within your own observation illustrating how "people tend to be down on things that they are not up on." Can you also tell of a conflict that was

settled intelligently in ways similar to those our author suggests as being effective and proper?

9. Discuss as fully as you can the first paragraph on page 253 of our text. Refer to what is said on rationalization in the lesson for last month. What do you think of Overstreet's plan for what he calls "constructive debate?"

10. Discuss the last paragraph on page 254 of the text, especially the part quoted from Woodrow Wilson. What does this paragraph suggest as to good missionary technique? A successful missionary reports that he makes it a special point in his first conversations with an investigator to establish a basis for friendship and to emphasize important gospel matters upon which they can both substantially agree. Points of possible difference are reserved for later conversations. He says to do otherwise is to make yourself into a sort of religious porcupine. What are the possible advantages and disadvantages of his method?

Oh Let Me Live by the Roadside

By Ida R. Alldredge

Oh let me live by the roadside
Where the press of life goes by
Where travelers may stop to rest them
And be sheltered by such as I.

Oh let me live by the roadside
To cull from the surging throng
The hapless youth of love bereft
That I may cheer him along.

That I may share my simple fare
To succor some needy soul
Oh let me live by the roadside
And aid him to reach his goal.

Oh let me help by the roadside
As they tread the dusty sod
For creed nor color matter not
We're all children of one God.

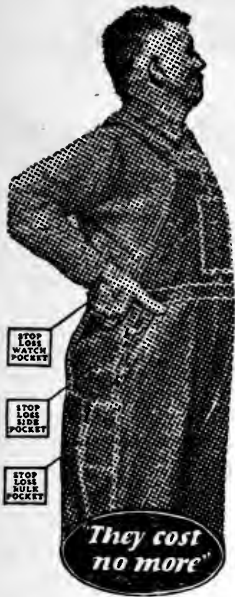
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The RELIEF SOCIETY Magazine

April,
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Vol. VXIII
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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. 18

April, 1931

No. 4

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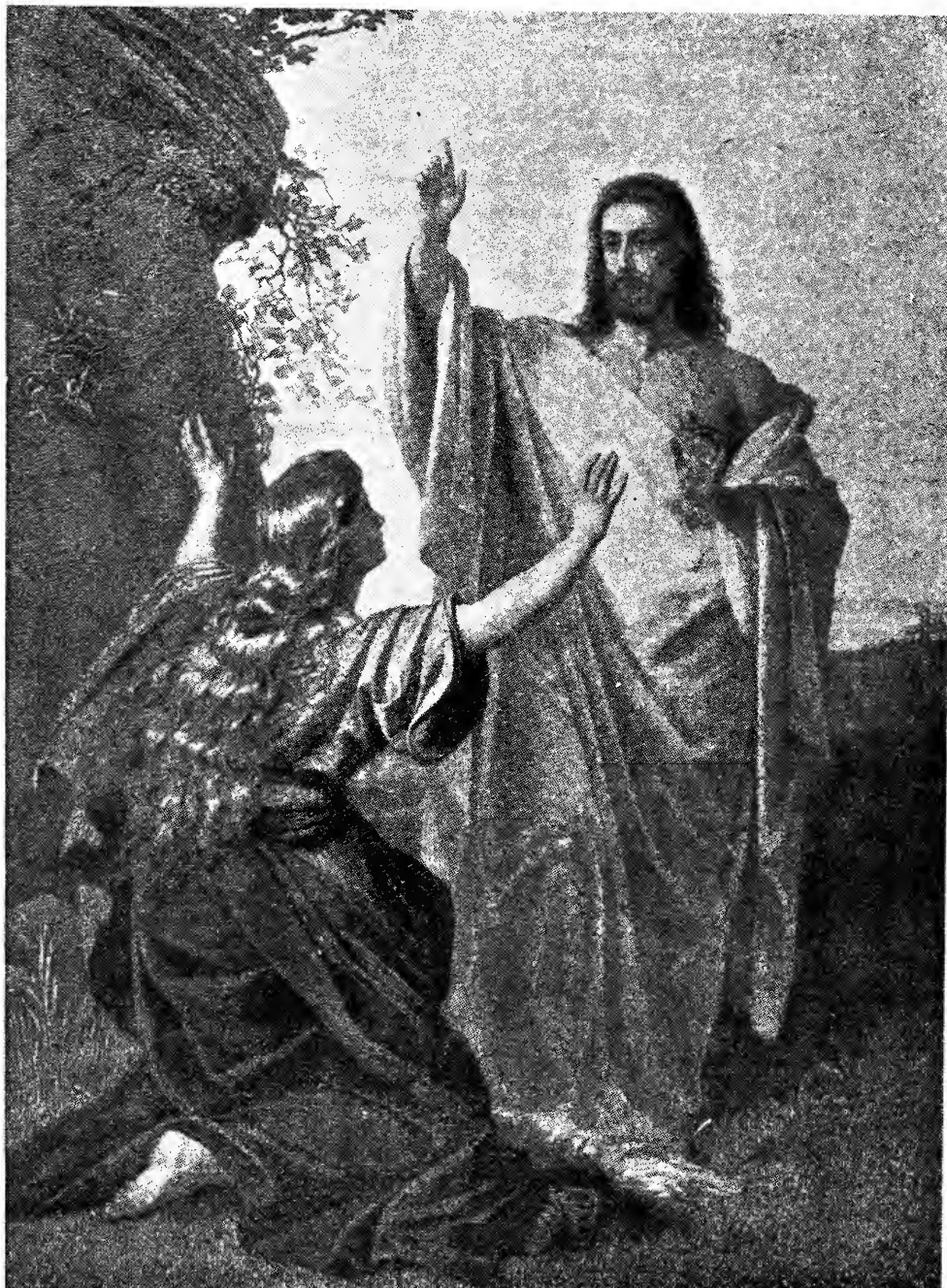
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EASTER MORNING

From an Engraving by P. Habelmann, after the Painting by B. Plockhorst

THE Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XVIII

APRIL, 1931

No. 4

The Spirit of Easter

*By George H. Brimhall
President Emeritus, Brigham Young University*

No matter though the sky be dark
On Easter Sunday morn,
The season call for nesting lark
Or harvesting of corn.

No matter though the Easter feast,
Be in the tent or grove
Or gilded hall or shine of east
Its spirit must be love.

And gladness shall be hostess there
And Faith and Hope shall sing
Sweet Gratitude a crown shall wear
And Good-will shall be King.

THE thought behind the spirit of Easter antedates mortality. The resurrection was planned before the world was made, and its revelation to man runs concurrent with the life of the race.

"For behold, this is my work and my glory to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man." These are the words of the Lord to Moses, in the Book of Moses, as recorded in the Pearl of Great Price 1:39.

The soul of man becomes immortal through the resurrection or the reuniting of the spirit and body. The life worth living becomes eternal through the infinite extension of liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

In this revelation the resurrection is made one of the two great objectives of the Lord's work with the inhabitants of this earth. And in the presence of the plan the parents of the human race were filled with gratitude and gladness, as shown in the following: "And in that day Adam blessed God and was filled, and began to prophesy concerning all the families of the earth, saying: Blessed be the name of God for because of my transgression my eyes are opened, and in this life I shall have joy and again in the flesh I shall see God. And Eve, his wife, heard all these things and was glad." Do we not have here in spirit the first celebration of the prospective resurrection?

Out of the depths of sorrow and woe Job arose to the apex of gratitude and gladness, for the hour of his greatest exultation is seen in his testimony of the resurrection: "Oh that my words were now written! Oh that they were printed in a book! That they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever! For I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall

I see God." This is gratitude and gladness at high tide.

THE Spirit of Easter is fostered by cumulative evidence. Some of the occurrences of the first Easter Sunday are recorded by Luke. On that first Easter angels from the tomb declared his resurrection, and it was there that Mary met him. On his way to Emmaus he reviewed the prophecies fulfilled through his advent from the grave, and revealed himself to two disciples while at meat. He met with his apostles and gave them physical proof of his resurrection by showing them his hands and feet. These events and more are but one day's evidence that the resurrection was a physical reality.

Christians revere Christmas and Easter as the two great days of the year. And of the two "Easter is greater, for it represents not merely life, but life victorious; not merely joy, but joy that has been tested and yet endures. The happiness of Christmas is the happiness of the child. The happiness of Easter is the happiness of maturity. Christmas represents the faith that faces life like the happy warrior. Easter represents faith that has been through the battle like the veteran. He who thinks that to be wise is to be sophisticated, and therefore cynical, has not graduated from the school of life."*

"The assurance of immortality

**The Outlook* for March 31, 1926.

alone is not enough. For if we are told that we are to live forever and still left without the knowledge of a personal God, eternity stretches before us like a boundless desert, a perpetual and desolate orphanage. It is the Divine Companionship that the Spirit needs first of all and most deeply."—*Henry Van Dyke*.

"Not another day of the year comes upon the earth with such universal acceptance as Easter. Although every Sabbath day is now changed to be a day of rejoicing for the resurrection of the Son of God, yet this is the annual and all-inclusive day, and is the Sunday of Sundays, which proclaims the resurrection of Christ from the dead with sounding joy and sympathy of the whole Christian world. Christ is risen! There is life, therefore, after death! His resurrection is the symbol and pledge of universal resurrection!"—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

"You will be brought forth from death to life again, just as surely as Christ was brought forth from death to life."—*Joseph F. Smith*.

The spirit of Easter is one of humility void of humiliation. The egg is symbolic of a life potentiality within, awaiting a something from without to complete the possibility of life. No egg can hatch itself, no one alone can be resurrected. In the presence of this knowledge the spirit of Easter is one of happy humility, and leads one to ask, "O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

Tears

By *Vesta Pierce Crawford*

Once I thought that nothing was
So cool as April rain,
So cool as winter snow against a win-
dow pane!

Once I thought that nothing was
So cool as ocean spray,
So cool as pebbled streams in caroled
May!

But sorrow-crowned have come the years
And I have felt the touch of tears,
Their utter sharpness in a silent place.
Cold, wet tears brushed from my face!

Women in Organization Work

By Amy Brown Lyman

THERE has never been a time in the history of the world when women generally were so interested and so influential in public affairs as they are today. In the practical consideration of social and economic problems, in the field of human welfare, and in education, they are making important contributions. To substantiate this fact, one has only to make a survey of the work of women's organizations and of the activities of women as individuals.

This condition has come about gradually as the result of extended opportunities to women, such as college training, woman suffrage, and release of time and energy through labor saving methods and devices. It is a far cry from the position of women today back to the days when no woman could enter a college anywhere in the world, when no woman could vote, and when woman's sphere was limited to the four walls of her home.

The purpose of this article is to discuss very briefly the work and extent of the women's national organizations of the United States, rather than to feature the work or achievements of individual women in the various fields in which they have entered and are so successful, such as industry, education, business, and the official and professional world.

THE first organized effort of the women of the United States occurred in 1837, with the formation of the Female Anti-slavery Society. The next great cause in which they became interested was woman suf-

frage, which began with the organization of the Woman's Rights Convention at Seneca Falls, in 1848, and which finally culminated in the passage of the Susan B. Anthony amendment to the Constitution of the United States, seventy-two years later, in 1920, granting woman suffrage. In working for the freedom of the black man, American women discovered their own strength, learned the lesson of freedom for themselves, and began to organize their forces in their own behalf, as well as in the interest of humanity at large.

It is significant to note that midway between the organization of the Female Anti-slavery Society and the Woman's Suffrage movement, the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized (in 1842), and while it was limited in the beginning to one group and locality, it soon spread across the country.

These early organizations were soon followed by others until today there are more than three score in the country.

General Federation of Women's Clubs

By far the largest group of organized women is the General Federation of Women's Clubs, founded in 1889, and with a present membership of two million, eight hundred thousand. The object of this organization is to promote educational, industrial, literary, artistic, and scientific culture, and to promote general welfare. A recent piece of work accomplished by this organization was a survey of both rural and

urban homes and a follow-up campaign instituted in connection with the American Home program. The result of the survey shows the equipment in almost eight million urban homes, and in forty thousand rural homes. The Federation is now conducting a follow-up campaign, the objective being to raise the level of efficiency of American home-making by ranging the nation's twenty-six million homes on the side of science and industry, in the struggle to eliminate waste and to conserve human and material resources.

Women's Christian Temperance Union

The second largest group is the Women's Christian Temperance Union, organized in 1874. The present membership of this organization is 600,000 women. The purpose of the W. C. T. U. is to educate public sentiment to the standard of total abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors; to train the young in habits of sobriety and total abstinence; to secure the full benefits of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution through law observance and law enforcement; to promote good citizenship and the general welfare. This organization considers prohibition as a child welfare measure and maintains that the government has a right to decide whether or not poisonous narcotics and drugs detrimental to child welfare may be freely distributed. When the organization was fifty years old, in 1924, the members raised one million dollars for scientific welfare work.

Young Women's Christian Association

The third largest group is the Young Women's Christian Association, organized first in 1858, and

with a national board in 1907, and has a membership of 586,000. The purpose of this organization is to advance the physical, social, intellectual, moral, and spiritual interests of young women, and to promote growth in Christian character and service.

The National League of Women Voters

The National League of Women Voters is fourth in size, with a membership of 350,000 to 400,000. This organization is the child of and the successor to the National Woman's Suffrage Association, and was organized in 1920, following the passage of the Susan B. Anthony Amendment. The object of this organization is to promote education in citizenship, efficiency in government, needed legislation, and international cooperation to prevent war. It is now organized in practically every state of the Union, where regular educational work is being carried on.

The Supreme Forest Woodmen Circle

The Supreme Forest Woodmen Circle, founded in 1895, is a fraternal insurance organization for women with a membership of 130,560. The organization conducts a home for aged members and orphaned children.

The American Nurse Association

The American Nurse Association, organized in 1897, has a membership of 70,000. Its object is to promote the professional and educational advancement of nurses, to elevate the standard of nursing education, and to work for a better distribution of graduate nursing service.

The National Woman's Relief Society

The National Woman's Relief

Society, an auxiliary of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, was founded in 1842, and has a present membership of 62,550. In point of age and seniority, the Relief Society heads the list of national organizations in the United States. The Female Anti-slavery Society, organized five years earlier than the Relief Society, discontinued its work and went out of existence when slavery was abolished. The Woman's Suffrage Association, organized six years later than the Relief Society, ceased its labors after seventy-two years. The Relief Society has a two-fold program—welfare activities and educational work for its members. The aims and objects of the Society are to manifest benevolence irrespective of creed or nationality; to care for the poor, the sick and unfortunate; to minister where death reigns; to assist in correcting the morals and strengthening the virtues of community life; to foster love for religion, education, culture and refinement; to save souls; to raise human life to its highest level; to elevate and enlarge the scope of women's activities and conditions.

The Girls' Friendly Society

The Girls' Friendly Society, with branches in forty-four states, was founded in 1875, and has a present membership of 60,000. Its object is to uphold Christian standards of daily living in the home, in the business world, and in the community.

The National Federation of Temple Sisterhoods

The National Federation of Temple Sisterhoods (Jewish), was founded in 1913 and has a membership of 55,000. This group is the women's branch of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations,

which is comprised of the reform element of Jewry in America, and was organized for religious purposes. The aims of the organization as prescribed in its constitution are: to bring the Sisterhoods of the country into closer cooperation and association with one another, to quicken the religious consciousness of Israel by stimulating spiritual and educational activity, to make propaganda for the cause of Judaism, to espouse such religious causes as are particularly the work of Jewish women.

The Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association

The Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, an auxiliary of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, was founded in 1869. Its membership is 54,000. Its object is to inculcate faith in God, provide religious and moral instruction, offer training for home-making and citizenship, and establish ideals in recreation and supply the highest type of leisure time activities. The problem of supervision of recreation for the L. D. S. Church has been assigned to the Young Men's and the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations, and great development has been shown in this field in recent years. A feature of the Y. L. M. I. A. is the establishment of summer camps in the canyons. A score of these are in operation and can accommodate 4,500 girls.

The Women of the Maccabees

The Women of the Maccabees was organized in 1886, and has a membership of 50,000. It is a mutual benefit insurance organization.

The Needlework Guild of America

The Needlework Guild of America was founded in 1885 and has grown from a small group of wom-

en to a present membership of 50,000. Its only requirement for membership is the giving of two or more new garments or a sum of money. Aside from this there are no dues or assessments. The object of the Guild is to collect and distribute once a year new and warm articles of clothing and household linen suitable for the inmates of hospitals, homes, and other charitable institutions. During a two year period recently, two million, five hundred thousand articles were distributed to individuals and institutions. In cases of disaster, the new garments have been especially appreciated by the National American Red Cross.

National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs

One of the most vigorous and active organizations of women in the United States is the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, which was organized in 1919 to promote the interests of business and professional women, and to bring about a spirit of cooperation among them. Its present membership is 50,000. The organization has recently completed an occupational survey which made inquiry into every factor which can possibly affect the business or professional woman's choice of vocation—economic and psychological. This survey contained also a comprehensive study of salary scales, with causes for fluctuations in them. The Federation is actively interested in plans to encourage girls who expect to make business a career to continue through high school, and if possible, take additional training in business schools or colleges, before entering the business world. To this end a loan fund of \$500,000 has been established. This organization is unique in that its membership is composed of actual wage earners

who are economically independent as well as efficient and progressive.

The National Council of Catholic Women

The National Council of Catholic Women was founded in 1920. Its membership includes women representatives of every Catholic Diocese in America. Its purpose is to promote unity of thought and action among its members, and to preserve Christian social principles upon which the safety of the nation rests.

The National Council of Jewish Women

The National Council of Jewish women, organized in 1893, numbers 52,000. The program of this organization includes civic, religious, educational and social service activities. In its department of education, a number of scholarship funds are in operation. A new feature in the educational work is a department of vocational guidance and employment.

The National Motion Picture League

The National Motion Picture League, founded in 1913, has a membership of 25,000. The object of the League is to encourage production, exhibition and patronage of wholesome motion pictures, and to render constructive criticisms to producers before the pictures are released to the theatres. The League has no connection financially or in any other way with the motion picture industry. It is thus able to be impartial in its judgment and to be free from any domination by the industry.

The American Association of University Women

The American Association of

University Women was organized in 1882. Its membership consists of graduates from accredited colleges and universities only. The Association works for proper recognition of women on faculties and for adequate provisions at colleges for the housing, physical training and social life of women students. Another feature is the encouragement of women students by means of fellowship and scholarship.

National Council of Administrative Women in Education

This organization was founded in 1915 to promote and strengthen the interests of women executives in educational work and to raise professional standards of women educators.

The National Kindergarten Association

The National Kindergarten Association was founded in 1909 to secure the establishment of a sufficient number of kindergartens in the public schools to provide early systematic training for all of the nation's children.

The National Association of Colored Women

The National Association of Colored Women was founded in 1896, to obtain for colored women the opportunity of reaching the highest standards in all fields of human endeavor and to promote interracial understanding so that justice and good will may prevail among all people.

Health Organizations

There are a number of women's health organizations in the United States, such as Medical Women's National Association, organized in 1917; the Association of Women in Public Health, organized in 1920;

the National Organization for Public Health Nursing, organized in 1920; and the Osteopathic Women, organized in 1920.

Patriotic Organizations

Women's patriotic organizations have been formed following the various wars in which America has participated, the object being to honor the memory of those who fell in war, to commemorate the deeds of soldiers and sailors, and to guard their welfare and that of their families. They are Daughters of the American Revolution; the Daughters of the Revolution; Ladies of the G. A. R.; Women's Relief Corps; Auxiliary to the Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War; Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil War; National Auxiliary, United Spanish War Veterans; Service Star Legion; Gold Star Mothers; Women's Auxiliary of American Legion.

Girls' Organizations

Three very interesting groups of girls' organizations are the Campfire Girls, organized about 1910; the Girl Scouts, organized in 1913; and the Bee-Hive Girls, organized in 1915.

The Primary Association

While the members of this group are composed of both boys and girls, this list would not be complete without the Primary Association, an auxiliary of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which was organized in 1878, and has a present membership of 109,500. The purposes of this organization are threefold: religious instruction for children; supervision of leisure time; health program—convalescent care for children. All officers of this organization are women.

In contemplating this array of women's organizations, one is impressed with the extent of the work

and the varying fields of interest and endeavor covered. But, on second thought, two questions naturally arise. Are women over-organized? Is there not duplication of effort in all this work? These are pertinent questions and might apply also to the multiplicity of organizations generally—organizations of women, organizations of men, and organizations of both men and women.

There is no doubt that in organization work there is duplication of effort, and especially in department and committee work. But as time goes on, there is no doubt but that through experience, broader

knowledge, and better understanding, there will come a closer union of effort and amalgamation of interests among the women's groups, and also between them and other national organizations composed of both men and women.

It has been a long, hard road that woman has traveled in the last one hundred years, seeking freedom, recognition, and an opportunity to assist with the world's work. In some instances, she may have gone to the extreme; nevertheless, she has made rich contributions along the way which have been constructive and beneficial and have helped to raise the standard of human life.

Self-Giving

By Margaret P. Naisbitt

The flowers in the garden are many,
 And all of them are lovely,—
 But the dainty pansies are the most friendly and generous.
 Each morning from the time they begin to bloom,
 They lift their little baby faces and ask to be picked.
 The more they give of their little flowers
 The more they *have* to give the next day, and every day,
 Until the snow comes and takes them away.
 And so it is with human life, with us,
 The more we give of ourselves, our talents, our love, sympathy and
 understanding,
 The more *we have* to give.
 And like the pansy, the more numerous our gifts the bigger, the finer, and
 the better we grow and bloom.
 So let us give and give today, and when tomorrow comes,
 Our store will have increased to the advantage of those around us.
 Then when winter comes for us, we shall leave behind,
 Blossoms of self-giving that will never die.



All Year Club Photo.

BRANCHES STRETCHED HEAVENWARD

Spring, beautiful Spring, adds to Mother Nature a touch of life. Grasses peep from the ground and buds burst on the trees—burst into pretty blooms and add fragrance and beauty to the landscape. There is something inspiring about the above sight—apricot trees in full bloom in northern California. The trees stretching their branches heavenward as if holding up their blossoms to God, who gave them life.—Glen Perrins.



A Spring Song

By R. J. Green

Hear the laughter and the singing
That the infant, Spring, is bringing
In her wake!

As from snowy bed she merges,
E'en the willows, oaks and birches
New life take!

Every bee and bird and flower
In each greening, budding bower
All astir

At the earliest peep of day
Each one busy in its way
Just for her.

See the glorious rosy morn
Of her drear and coldness shorn
Spread her rays!

Beauteous blossoms—every hue
Bathed with perfumed drops of dew
Homage pays!

And the fairy leaflets dance
Baby eyes look on askance;
All things new!

Birdlings twitter, chirp and sing
Dainty Cherub—lovely Spring,
All for you.

April Showers

By Terrance Sylvester Glennamaddy

April showers
And the flowers
Of spring.
Morning hours
In the bowers
Where robins sing.
Daffodils
Mid the rills
All day.
My heart fills
With thrills
And a lay.

Tulips bright
Over night
Have burst out.
Morning light
On the height
Makes me shout.
Dandelion
In Zion
Makes me sing.
When I'm dyin'
On cot lyin'
I hope 'tis spring.

Springtime

By Camille C. Nuffer

Joyous spring is on the wing;
And we shall all be gay,
When bleak old winter sheds her
coat;

And slyly slinks away.
When chilly frost, to us is lost.
And spring has come to stay.

Balmy spring is on the wing,
And winter's fast retreating.
Loudly blows the old north wind,
Round barren cliff's a beating.
When Robinbreast, does build her
nest

And sings her anthems gay.
Oh we shall all be happy;
When spring has come to stay.

Joyous spring is on the wing,
Old winter echoes low.
Daisies peep their naughty heads
From out beneath the snow.
When sparkling rills rush from the
hills,
And dance through woodlands
gay;
Oh we shall all be happy
When spring has come to stay.

Fragments from a Spring Day

By Grace A. Woodbury.

A dash of sunshine—
A splash of rain—
A golden measure of bird refrain.

A glimpse of the river—
A cool damp breeze—
A fragment of rainbow caught in the
trees.

The blossoming pink of almond,
The white-robed apricot,
The weeping willow—tender green,
The brown plowed garden spot.

On hillsides, frail spring beauties,
Phacelia's dainty blue,
Anemones and brake fern,
Rocks with moss-green hue.

And weary man responding
To awakened appealing spring,—
Though his lips may refuse the
impulse,
The heart within will sing.





Zina Young Card

A MEMORY AND A TRIBUTE

By Annie Wells Cannon

IN Memory's Book there are many lines recalling the spiritual uplift, the sweet influence, and the delicate charm brought into one's own life through the acquaintance and friendship of such women as Zina Young Card.

I can't remember when I did not know Zina, but during my childhood it was more in a nebulous way,

as it were from a distance, when she and my older sisters mingled in their several activities. She became to me a distinct personality when I was about fourteen years old. At that time her mother, Aunt Zina Young of blessed memory, lived next door to us, having moved from the Lion House into a home of her own. There Zina also lived, after

she was married; there her two sons, Sterling and Tom were born, and there her husband, Thomas Williams, died.

Between her mother and mine there existed not only a neighborly association but an association in Church activities and public affairs which necessarily meant friendly intercourse between the two families.

Zina as I knew her then, Zina as I knew her later in a more intimate way, was ever the same—gentle, smiling, happy in girlhood and womanhood; proud of her name, of her heritage and of her people; confident, helpful, hopeful, even to the end. When she lay dying she wrote to a friend, who had met a great sorrow, these tender words: "Sister, you are in my heart and thoughts every hour. God bless and comfort and sustain you. He will, I feel. I cannot see to write more. God bless you. I am your sister, Zina."

The comforting, saintly spirit expressed in these pencilled words, the last perhaps she ever wrote, are typical of her whole unselfish life.

ZINA YOUNG CARD was born in Salt Lake City, April 3, 1850. She was the daughter of Zina D. H. and Brigham Young and from both of these parents inherited a religious fervor and spiritual insight—which remained with her throughout her life. Her girlhood home was the historic Lion House, where with others of her father's large family she enjoyed the privileges of practical training in many lines under the guidance of her wise father.

Zina was one of the officers in the first Retrenchment Society. Her father, President Young, deeming it necessary to organize the young women of the Church, called his daughters together in the Lion House parlor and organized them,

telling them "to be an example in matters of dress and conduct to all the daughters in Israel." Zina always tried to follow the admonition of her father in this respect and though neat and becoming in her dress, avoided extremes of fashion and extravagance. Gentle in word, and kind in heart she taught the young women righteous living, both by precept and example.

At eighteen she became the wife of Thomas Williams, a prosperous business man connected with the mercantile establishment of Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institution and the Salt Lake Theatre. By him she had two sons, Sterling and Thomas. After six years of happy wedded life Mr. Williams died and the young widow with her two little boys moved to Provo, where she entered the Domestic Science department of the Brigham Young University to prepare herself for a career of teaching, a career she followed off and on for many years; serving at different times as matron of the Brigham Young University of which institution she was a Trustee at the time of her death; as matron of the Brigham Young College at Logan, and also matron of the Latter-day Saints University at Salt Lake City.

In 1884, Zina married Charles Ora Card. They went to Alberta, Canada, where he founded the Latter-day Saint mission. They took with them their first son, Joseph Young, who was born in Logan in 1885. Here she repeated, to a large extent, the pioneer work of her parents and endured many hardships, known only to those who settle in new lands. She became a saintly mother to the young women in this new unsettled community, nursed and cared for them in hours of travail, and encouraged them in hours of despondency.

Other children came to bless the home during the fifteen years residence in Canada, Zina Young, born in 1888, and Orson Rega, born in 1891. In 1903 the family moved back to Utah. Three years later Mr. Card died and Zina, again widowed, resumed her teaching.

Mrs. Card was a member of the General Board of the Primary Association for many years and traveled extensively in its interests.

She was a charter member and one time president of the society of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers and always one of the most enthusiastic and active members of the central organization, giving much time collecting books and pamphlets, especially those pertaining to Church history and biography.

She accompanied Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells on her first visit to Washington to attend a National Woman's Suffrage Council and while

there they presented a memorial to Congress in behalf of the people of Utah.

Many of the last years of her life were devoted to Temple work, where her ministrations and instructions to young women were blessings long to be remembered.

She was a loyal daughter of the pioneers who lived to see her beloved land pass from a desert to a garden. She shared in all the passing incidents from the days of the covered wagon to the horseless carriage and the airplane, and one who with all the rich experiences of passing time maintained a wonderful poise, a remarkable memory and a manner so gentle and so kind that blessed indeed were those who knew and loved her.

It was a lovely coincidence that her spirit passed from earth on the birthday of her beloved mother—January 31st, 1931.

Have You a "Clean Suds" Fetish?

By Elsie C. Carroll

I HAVE often thought that a tub of clean suds looks innocent in its calm, creamy, softness. Yet it is an insidious spirit making its way with regular periodicity into many well-regulated homes, and scattering, without a moment's warning, the serenest domestic tranquility.

A housewife who exhibits unerring judgment in most matters of life—who can dismiss a persistent book-agent with a dignified abruptness her husband might envy; who can say no with the finality of the Supreme Court when it comes to deciding important questions for Betty or Jack; who can argue with apparent soundness when it comes to preparing an indictment against the

possibility of using the dining-room furniture another year, or the impossibility of getting along without a frigidaire—this housewife stands helpless before a tub of clean suds, her judgment shattered; her will-power, in all directions save one, turned to spongy nothingness. Yet in that one direction her will is dominant enough to defy husband, children, and if need be, health and happiness.

While this process of metamorphosis is going on, this transformation of a family-and-peace-loving woman into a sort of monomaniac whose one purpose in life is to get over as much surface of floors and woodwork as possible with that tub of seductive clean suds, she

stands before the tempter, Eve once more being beguiled by a serpent of destruction. She hesitates. Her glance travels through the basement window at the long line of snowy clothes fluttering in the sunshine, and her hand goes sympathetically to her aching back.

It *was* a big washing. There had been all the new tea-towels she had made last week, and the extra napkins from Betty's party, and Jack had had an unusual number of shirts. Then she had laundered the white counterpane from the spare bed and the white lamb's wool blankets. Why hadn't she done the tan or gray blankets instead, or one of the dark quilts? Then there would not have been all this lovely clean suds left?

She *was* tired. And she could feel those unmistakable rheumatic pains shooting through her shoulders and hips. They were becoming more and more frequent on wash days.—It would be terrible to get all crippled up with rheumatism like poor Mrs. Dennis. She looked up the stairs and thought of her own cool room with its soft, inviting bed waiting to rest her tired body.

She had counted on lying down for a couple of hours when she was through washing, before time to get supper.

She wavers.

Her hand reaches to turn the washer outlet. But it is lured to the surface of the innocuous suds. Her fingers stir lightly through its warm depths. Little mountains of soft bubbly foam spring up under her touch.

The thing is done! Eve has fallen!

She will forego the Eden of those hours of rest and relaxation in her peaceful room. She will doom herself to the wrath of a provoked hus-

band, and querulous protests of unreasoning children.

A look of invincible determination comes into her face; her lips narrow into a grim line and her tired body straightens with the resolution of an invincible purpose.

Where shall she use the suds? Betty went over the kitchen floor this morning and Jack hosed off the front porch while he was watering the lawn.

The pantry shelves. They hadn't been cleaned for two weeks. There'd be suds enough for them and for the woodwork and floor of the sun parlor. Does she dare ask Jack to help? He made such a fuss over scrubbing the screened porch last week. He always declares he can't see a bit of dirt and that it is foolish to save suds just to make a fellow work.

Dipping out a bucketful of the vapid-looking suds, she marches to the foot of the stairs and her voice, bravely trying to sound casual and cheerful, floats up to break through the romantic enchantment that surrounds the boy curled up with a book in the library. "Jack, wouldn't you like to wash off the woodwork in the sunroom? I have such a lot of nice, clean suds left from the washing."

I shall considerably drop the curtain on the bit of domestic turmoil that follows.

THE other day I took a spring walk out toward the foothills. I was passing a neat little cottage on the outskirts of town when I heard a heated altercation taking place on an open back porch, from the post of which hung a line of freshly laundered clothes.

"I tell you I'm goin' to empty that tub of suds." The man's voice was deep and convincing.

"But, John, look how nice and

clean it is. It will just take me a minute or so to wash down the woodwork in the kitchen and wipe up this porch." There was a pleading note in the woman's tone.

"No! You didn't feel well this morning before you started to wash. Do you want to get down sick? You women with your clean suds, beat anything I ever saw. I tell you I'm going to empty that tub." I heard a resolute step followed by an alarmed little scream; then the woman's voice again, which had now lost its pleading note.

"John Banks, you just leave that suds alone." One could easily have imagined she was protecting an endangered child from some heartless monster. "You tend to your own affairs and leave mine to me. I tell you I'm going to use that suds. You just let it be."

I had to pass on to save myself from the appearance of prying, but an hour later when I returned from the foothills, I saw the worsted John sulkily hoeing in a small garden at the rear of the house, while the triumphant "missus" was wearily wiping up from the bottom porch step the last of her precious suds.

This interesting frugality in the direction of clean suds, is a subject to call forth analytic thinking. One observes, of course, that the tradition has a stronger hold on the older generation than upon the younger. For instance, my young daughter can pour out a tub of the loveliest suds without an apparent qualm of conscience. I must confess that it gives me a peculiar twinge of guilt to see her do it, in spite of the fact that I must recognize the saneness in her protests against saving it. While I have never been able to bring myself to the callous throwing away of suds that is absolutely clean and un-sullied, I must admit that I sometime indulge in a compromise that

would shock my scrupulous mother. When I have a tub of clean suds left, the old impulse, given me without doubt through inheritance and early training, is to dive into a siege of heavy, useless cleaning in spite of the clamor for rest of my already weary body. The new impulse, born of long struggles with masculine superiority and sarcasm on the subject of feminine inconsistency, and of innumerable wise discourses on efficiency from up-to-date offspring, is of course, to empty the suds without any to-do about it. A sort of brain-storm ensues when the two impulses clash, so I compromise by washing out in the clean suds some garment that I know will fade. When the suds is colored, even though its cleansing qualities are unimpaired, I can throw it away with a clearer conscience. So I should advise all women who are struggling between the old and the new impulses, to invest in a percale apron, or cheap gingham house dress of precarious colors, to be used as a convenient conscience anaesthetic.

It is easy to explain why this feeling for clean suds has its strongest hold on the older generation. It is but a reflection of those habits of frugality and thrift of our pioneer forefathers, the fruits of which we are now enjoying. Of course, the habit crops out in this age often with conspicuous incongruity. Some of the champion clean-suds hoarders, are reckless spendthrifts in other directions. To understand this we must look into the origin of the suds-saving tradition. It had its origin in the old rain-barrel and soap-kettle of Colonial times; in the old process of distilling lye, by a laborious process, from white wood-ashes, and of making soap from the carefully hoarded grease-scraps of half a year. When you think of

those primitive methods—the careful mixing of those grease scraps with the right proportion of water and lye, the weary hours of watching and skimming and testing and boiling until the mixture became clear and jelly-like; the cooling and cutting and drying and storing away of the precious product—when you think of all this, does it not take away, in a measure at least, the desire to laugh at the fetish for clean suds? Is it any wonder that in those days when a cube of home-made soap represented the careful preservation of hundreds of "rimmings" from greasy dishpans, and hours of back-breaking labor; when water had to be hauled in barrels from springs or streams perhaps miles away—is it any wonder it seemed almost sacrilegious to throw out nice clean suds, or that the "feeling" for clean suds should have persisted through the years of increased prosperity which followed those lean years of saving and toil?

As I have already mentioned, this feeling is often mixed with incongruity—with humor and pathos.

A short time ago I was visiting a friend whose charming mother still clings to the old tradition. Her daughter is trying to break her of the "clean suds" obsession. Granny always makes the toast for breakfast. Her toast is a perfection of culinary art—each slice an even golden brown; each slice buttered lavishly to its very edges, the butter

melted into the pores and standing in little shining pools over the golden surface. One Sunday morning as Granny was generously buttering the stack of crisp slices, my friend said, "There, mother, go easy with the butter this morning. There's only another half pound to last through the day." Then she added laughingly, "I keep telling mother that if she would be a little more stingy with the butter on the toast, we wouldn't have to save suds." The poor old lady was so wounded at this remark she wouldn't eat any breakfast. One of her revered household *dieties* had been insulted.

A TUB of clean suds! What does it represent? A half bar of laundry soap at four or five cents a bar, two or three pails of water of which an endless supply may be had by the mere turning of a tap. What does it cause? Unnumbered family strifes; the sacrifice of precious leisure for rest, recreation, pleasurable companionship with children and friends; weary bodies and frazzled nerves—often sickness, doctor bills—early graves.

Should there not be a concerted effort on the part of reformatory forces to combat this insidious foe? Perhaps.—But if it were not clean suds, you can't be sure it wouldn't be a fetish for something else just as ridiculous.



The Pine Valley Flood

By the Late Josephine Spencer

IT goes against my blood," said Peggy rebelliously, "to think of you and Pa going over there to talk it over. If anybody tried a trick like that on me, I'd go to law first, and do my talking after. I can't see what Pa's taking so much pains for—with his papers all straight."

"It's just this, Peggy. Pete Haightly has got a half dozen o' the sheep-herders over there on his side, that'll swear the cattle's been stole or died off—or anything Pete tells 'em to. My idea is, Pete had the plan all made up to lie about the stock—when he got your father to agree to make it up to him out o' the property, if the profits failed to pay for his work."

"It's a mystery—Pa making such a promise, anyway," suggested Peggy frowningly.

"Oh, but it only would have been fair—with Pete takin' charge and seein' to the place over there, that he should have his pay for the work. The mean trick about it is—he's being more than paid—and now means to cheat your father out o' his share of the ranch, if he can."

"If I was Pa I wouldn't go near Pete. If he'd steal, he'd do any other wicked thing," said Peggy ominously.

"Oh, I guess he won't try to do your father any injury," said her mother. "With this deal on of the sale of the ranch, and the dispute he's raised—he would be too sure he'd be suspected. "He'd like to get hold o' them papers, though; that's why I was so bent on your father leavin' 'em home. If that crowd over there thought he had 'em with

him, they wouldn't stop at any trick, to get 'em and destroy 'em. If Pete don't come to terms with me and Abe Snow goin' over there and testifying before the syndicate agents—why then the case'll have to go to law. Father's papers'll be proof enough in any court to show he's entitled to his half-interest."

"Then I'd let Pete Haightly do the troublin' and come to me," said Peggy.

Amelia Hickley smiled. Peggy's well-known characteristics of simultaneous thought and action, made it certain that the case would have been as she said. It was, in fact, an axiom in the entire Pine Valley region that Peggy Hickley was "the best man and woman of the whole Hickley lot." Every one in the valley knew how Peggy, two years since, when she was only twelve years old, while her parents were absent on a three days' visit to the "other ranch"—had not only cleaned the house from porch to kitchen—taking up carpets, and laying them—to say nothing of scrubbing floors and woodwork and furniture—but had put a bright coat of paint on the porch and all the outside window casings—"a job" that her father with characteristic consistency had been promising to do and putting off for an indefinite number of years—Peggy's innovation making the place to shine inside and out, as it had never done before since the Hickley's advent into the valley.

There were other minor things, too, that had helped to build up Peggy's reputation for "smartness"—the Pine Valley opinion being materially coincided in by Peggy's par-

ents—who were provided with innumerable testimonies, in the daily life lived with Peggy—that the rest of the world knew not of.

Peggy's character was such, in fact, that she had—since the passing of her tenderest years—been entrusted with a large share of the family's responsibilities. But nothing else had figured in her mind like the predominant importance of having the precious papers entrusted to her charge during her parent's absence.

Ned, who was two years older than Peggy, had not been taken into council concerning the papers, or purpose of his parents' trip to the ranch—Ned's well-known proclivity for retailing bits of family history about the valley, being a serious reason for keeping the affair from him for the present;—and Ben and Lennie were of course too young to share the important secrets of the family—being respectively but six and three years old.

But Peggy's pride in her responsibility did not equal her ire at the occasion of it.

"They started in to cheat Pa if they could," she still opposed stoutly—ignoring her mother's deprecating shake of the head; "and if I was Pa I wouldn't go over there begging for my rights, when I had the law on my side."

"Well, father thinks its better to settle it up without any trouble if he can—"

"Yes, that's Pa—of course," assented Peggy scathingly. But the corners of her firm little mouth softened in a moment, and her black eyes filled with tears. Her father was her dear comrade—she loved him with all the strength of her loyal heart, but his disposition to yield disputed ground, whether abstract or actual, on the score of "keeping

peace" was a sore bug bear to the fiery Peggy.

"It makes me about as mad as a hornet to think of Pete trying to cheat anyone as easy and good as Pa," she declared.

"Well, he can't do it, Peggy—unless something happens to the papers."

Peggy's black eyes flashed.

"There shan't anything happen to 'em while you're gone—if I'm alive to look after 'em," she said.

"We ain't a bit afraid you're goin' to let 'em out o' your sight," her mother said. "There—hand me my shawl, Peggy. Here's your father with the wagon."

Peggy kissed her parents good-bye—and when they drove away, stood in the doorway and watched the wagon out of sight. Ned and the two children were going to the station—Ned to bring back the wagon, and the children, because it would be easier for Peggy to get the breakfast dishes washed, and the house straightened in their absence.

When the wagon disappeared, Peggy set to work—her deft fingers soon setting the untidy kitchen and bed-rooms in order.

She took the precaution of locking the door while she was alone—for though the seclusion and peace of Pine Valley were such as to make such care ordinarily unnecessary, either by day or night—the fact of the important papers being left in her charge, moved Peggy to cautious measures.

THE Hickley homestead was not in the valley, where the rest of the colony was gathered, but stood on the slope of the foot-hills some little distance from the canyon—whose streams watered the farms that lay clustered near the southern part of the valley.

The nearest house to Hickley's

was that of Amos Riser whose ranch lay two miles westward near the base of the "Point o' the Mountain"—a name given to a hill-spur whose terraced slope jutted in a crescent shape eastward from the further stretch of the surrounding mountains—and thus situated, Peggy felt that discretion, at least, was justifiable—though there really existed no probable danger of her molestation.

It was nearly seven miles to the railway station—and the time seemed long before she heard the welcome sound of the returning wagon from the road leading to the house.

Ned drove up to the door, and the two children came dashing in pell-mell, hurrying to get out of the rain, which had commenced a slight patter some little time before.

While Ned drove the wagon to the barn, and unhitched the horses, Peggy put dry clothes on the children and re-built the kitchen fire, which had gone out.

Not that it was very cold—to be sure—being late in May—but the sky had grown so dark that she wanted the shine of the bright flames for company.

By the time Ned came in from the barn, the rain's slow patter had changed to a steady downpour, making the air so chill in a short time that the fire was needed for comfort as well as cheer.

They all sat around it—Ned mending his fishing gear, and Peggy darning stockings and telling stories to the children until noon, when Peggy prepared lunch. Afterwards she and Ned made molasses candy and had a pulling-bee for the benefit of Ben and Lennie, who by this time were fidgety, and inclined to be rebellious about staying indoors.

At sunset the skies cleared a little, but an hour later sent down a steady downpour, which, with oc-

casional short lapses, kept up all night.

The doors were shut and securely fastened at dark, and for the safety of the precious papers Peggy herself slept in the bed under which the oak chest was kept where they—with the other family valuables were locked.

No one could get at them without making a noise—for her father had taken the key with him, and to open the stout oak chest without it, meant both time and trouble. Peggy lay awake till nearly midnight imagining her possible line of defense, in case of the advent of "some of the Haightly gang" into the house in an attempt to capture the coveted deeds of agreement upon which so much depended.

But no thief disturbed Peggy's watch that night—and her imagined plans of circumvention were not called into play.

The foe which was to challenge Peggy's reserve-power of reliance and courage was far more formidable than her human enemies; and being unimagined—one which her ingenious foresight might not forestall.

IN the morning the sun shone, and the children influenced with its infection of cheer, and the re-action from yesterday's gloom, arose with buoyant spirits.

They had just finished the breakfast Peggy's deft fingers had prepared, and the children were putting on their hats to go out, when they heard the clatter of horses' hoofs dashing up to the door, and a man's voice called sharply from outside.

Ned went to open the door, with Ben and Lennie following close at his heels.

It was George Hickman, one of the hands from the saw-mill which

was located some two miles up the canyon near the big reservoir.

He held his horse, whose mouth and nostrils were white with foam, reined close to the steps—and spoke breathlessly as Ned appeared.

“Tell your father to step out here, quick,” he said.

“Father ain’t here,” said Ned. “Him and mother went away yesterday.”

The man muttered something under his breath.

“Have you got horses here—anything to carry you over to the foot-hills?” he asked anxiously.

“There’s three,” Ned answered. “The span of sorrels and the bay mare—”

Hickman interrupted him.

“Get on one and ride over to the ‘Point o’ the Mountain’ as quick as you can. A cloud burst last night just above the reservoir, and that and the rainfall have strained the dam. There’s a leak, already, and the bank may give way any time. Don’t wait for saddles—I want you to take the word to Amos Riser’s people—it’ll be right on your way to the Point. I can’t take time to ride round there—I’ve got to warn the valley. How many of you are there?” he asked, reining in suddenly, as Peggy’s startled face appeared over Ned’s shoulder.

“Four,” said Ned.

An anxious look disturbed Hickman’s face. Four—with Ned, the oldest of them, a mere boy, and the littlest a baby.

“I’ll take the little girl with me,” Hickman said, “and the rest of you will have to do the best you can for yourselves. Don’t stop for anything—get on your horses and ride over to Riser’s and the hills as quick as you can.”

He leaned over and lifted Lennie from the step, putting her in front

of him—and galloped away down the valley.

For a moment the three children stood staring at each other in silence—their minds dazed by the suddenness of the news, and the threatened danger.

It was Peggy’s practical mind that first sensed the situation, and suggested instant action.

“We’ll have to put bridles on Moll and the bay mare,” she panted, leading the way to the barn, “and Ned, you must take Ben on the mare with you. She will ride faster than either of the team horses—and there’s no time to lose if we are going to warn the Riser’s.”

It took but a moment’s time to put the bridles on the two horses. All the children were used to riding without saddles—so there was no need, even if there had been time—to wait for them.

Ned lifted Ben to the bay mare’s back, and leaped on behind him.

“You’d better hurry, Peg,” he called out impatiently. “Seems to me after what George Hickman said you’d have sense enough not to stay here mooning.”

It was unusual to have to prompt Peggy to action—but in this case it really seemed necessary.

She had stepped on to the watering trough that stood near the barn, to enable her to mount her horse—but had stopped suddenly, and stood there with her hand on Moll’s bridle, her eyes fixed on the ground in intense and serious thought. She looked up at Ned’s rebuke, and spoke almost in a whisper. “I forgot, Ned,” she said, her face paler than it had been before—“I forgot Pa’s oak chest under the bed. There’s all his papers, and money and everything in it.”

Ned’s face seemed to take a paler hue. Though not aware of the precise contents of the chest, he knew

that it contained whatever of value belonged to the family—the fact of its being kept jealously guarded by his parents, suggesting that the contents were precious at least to them.

In the excitement of the sudden news, Ned, like Peggy, had forgotten all else but the necessity for instant flight, and as Peggy spoke, there came to both of them for the first time, the sense of what the event would mean in case the flood came—even if they themselves should escape. The house and all that it contained—the barn, the wagon—all the property they owned, in fact, except the bare acres of ground on which they stood—all would be swept away.

“Did Pa leave the key to the chest here?” asked Ned with a gleam of hope in his tone.

“No,” answered Peggy.

“Then it’s all up,” said Ned. “We can’t carry the chest, horse-back.”

“No,” said Peggy hopelessly. Ned glanced anxiously beyond her towards the mouth of the canyon.

“There’s no use stopping here to worry about it,” he said.

“If I could break the box open—” commenced Peggy, her face brightening.

“George told us not to wait for anything,” interrupted Ned, “and besides, there’s the Riser’s. They won’t know anything about this—till we get there.”

Peggy leaped on Moll’s back, her quick sense of duty quelling all hesitation. Where human lives were at stake, her father’s interests—important as they were—must be set aside.

As they rode to the gate, Peggy glanced towards the valley.

Hickman had ridden swiftly—and she could see people in evident commotion outside the farm houses below—many of them already on horseback and in wagons, fleeing to-

wards the foothills—which fortunately for them, rose not far from the populated portion of the valley. The three children were in fact further from safety than the other inhabitants—the “Point of the Mountain” being nearly two miles distant. Then, too, they must take time to stop at the Riser farmhouse.

Ned’s eyes and thoughts had followed Peggy’s, and he glanced apprehensively once more towards the canyon.

“I guess the dam ain’t broke yet,” he said, “or we could hear the water roaring in the canyon.”

The cloud on Peggy’s face suddenly lightened. The dread of the water’s bursting suddenly from the near canyon-mouth, had kept her nerves strained each instant since Hickman’s coming—but Ned’s words awakened a sense of partial-assurance in her heart.

They must certainly hear the roar of the waters, if they had already burst their bounds—the mile of canyon way, with the high, resounding walls of the mountains to send out echoes—making previous warning certain.

If one only knew—there might be time, yet, to burst the lock of the chest, and save at least the papers, upon which so much depended. Peggy shuddered to think what their loss—with all that which was threatened by the impending flood—would mean to them.

With Peggy, to think, in case of emergency—was to act. They were just out of the yard when she turned suddenly to her brother, reining in her horse, as she spoke.

“Ned—I’m going to try and break open the chest and save father’s papers. The flood ain’t started yet, and maybe won’t for a long time. We mustn’t stop to talk,” she interrupted, as Ned, scowling, uttered angry resistance; “you don’t know

all there is at stake. If you'll do your part and let the Riser's know—and then get Ben safe to the Point—I'll take care of the rest."

Peggy did not stop to parley—nor in truth did Ned. The latter was too well acquainted with Peggy's peculiarities of disposition to doubt the eventual outcome of argument, even if indulged in—and besides, his own fear—sharpened wits told him the necessity of the instant performance of Peggy's instructions.

When Peggy leaped from her horse to the doorstep, therefore, her quick glance, darted backward as she threw Moll's bridle over the post of the porch railing—saw the brown mare, with Ned and Ben tightly hugging her back—flying swiftly down the road towards the Riser farmhouse.

Peggy drew a quick gasp of mingled relief and apprehension. It was one sensation to know that the children were on the way to safety—and another to feel that she herself was absolutely alone—with the fateful canyon yawning like a dragon's mouth—threatening momentary destruction.

All that had passed since George Hickman's coming, both in thought and action, had taken few more moments than the telling; and in much less time, Peggy had run to the kitchen—seized the ax from the woodbox and was in the bedroom pulling the oak-chest from its place under the bedstead.

Hack! Hack! Peggy lifted her ax aloft and struck blow after blow upon the unyielding oaken lid. The chest had been made for utility in a region where banks were far off and vaults and safes were untransportable luxuries—and its iron locks and clamps and bindings, combined with the hard wood, made a hopeless task of Peggy's efforts to demolish them. It was no shame to her that, when,

finally, she knew her task hopeless, the tears blinded her eyes so that she could hardly see her way to the door. For the first time she almost regretted that she had let Ned go. Perhaps together they might have managed the chest. But then, there was Ben and the Riser's.

Peggy leaped on Moll's back, and for the second time set forth on her flight. As she reached the corner of the house her glance fell on an object standing outside the barn. The wagon! In her first moments of frenzied fear Peggy had not thought of that. The harnessing would have meant too much time then. But now, since she had stayed so long without harm—why give up, when a few moments perhaps would save the chest and its precious contents?

Peggy felt quite sure of being able to manage the chest in this way for though it was strong, and awkward—it was not so heavy that her lithe young muscles—trained with the household work—could not lift it into the wagon. An impossible burden for the horse's back—it would be a light one for the team.

How foolish, indeed, not to have thought of it at first. Peggy's heels dealt Moll's flanks a sudden sharp blow. A moment later she had reached the barn, and was leading Moll's mate and Moll to the wagon—where with a skill born of frequent practice, she soon had the team harnessed. It seemed an age to her, though, till she was back in the house again—tugging away at the oak-chest.

It took hardly a moment to drag it to the doorstep, but there came the most difficult part of her task.

She had backed the wagon to the edge of the steps—the slope upon which the house was built aiding her plan by bringing the end of the wagon almost level with the steps. With the end-board out, she had

only to lift the trunk a little distance and shove it into the wagon. Spite of her strength it was a hard task and when it was done—and the end-board replaced, the trembling in her hands was not all caused by fear. Peggy sprang to the seat and gave both horses the whip—sending a last fearful look towards the canyon, as they dashed down the road.

A long stretch to safety it was, with that unspeakable terror threatening behind.

The road, save for herself, was quite lonely—its only traffic at all being the families of the mill hands who lived in the canyon above the reservoir—and the Riser farm people who lived beyond.

Peggy could not doubt that the latter, with Ned and Ben, were well on their way to the slopes of the Point by this time, and though the thought gave her relief—she could not help wishing that someone were near to ride with her.

She reached the bend made by the rise of ground—and from here could see both the Riser farm, and the Point, beyond—and could distinguish figures moving about on the level strips that terraced the hillside.

Doubtless they were, Ned and Ben, with the Riser family and farm hands. The clear atmosphere made the hills seem very near, and this, with the sight of the people gathered there—gave Peggy a sense of relief.

Peggy again laid the lash on Moll and Doad—the animals, unused to such severe discipline, dashed forward at a speed that rapidly lessened the distance between them and the hills.

Peggy drew a long breath of relief and triumph. How glad she was that she had waited! Though their house would be lost to them—everything else of value that belonged to

her parents was in the trunk—and that was safe.

She had often heard her father say that if he could sell his share in the other ranch—he would tear the “old shack” down, and put up a new house, so that with the papers saved, and the sale to the English syndicate pending—the flood, if it came—might not be so disastrous after all.

Just then Peggy’s heart gave a great thump—and in an instant the blood in her body seemed to have turned to ice. Far behind, from the direction of the canyon, came a sound as of a dull clap of thunder—yet the sky was like turquoise. The sound did not cease—but rolled into a long, continuous roar, that constantly came nearer. There was no mistaking what the sound meant. The dam of the reservoir had given way—and the water stored in the lake above, was rushing down to the valley.

With sudden desperate energy Peggy sat up and took the reins in a firm grasp, and with another stinging blow from the whip—brought the horses to their best speed. The Point was so near now, that she could see the people gathered there, wildly gesticulating—the faint sound of their voices, raised in shrill cries—reaching her above the clatter of the bouncing wagon and horses hoofs.

With the lines and whip held in a tight clasp, Peggy set with strained eyes fixed on the hills. They were quite near now, and she could hear the words the people were shouting.

Suddenly, once more, Peggy’s heart gave a leap, and then seemed to stand still. The dull roar behind her broke suddenly into a great turmoil of splashing and hissing—like the leap and splash of a monstrous waterfall. Peggy looked back. The flood had reached the mouth of

the canyon, and breaking there in a mimic Niagara—spread itself out—a great gray sheet—over the foothills, and came rolling onward swiftly to the levels of the valley.

Peggy had time to note, in her brief glance, how quickly the face of the flood narrowed the distance between it and herself. She was nearing the Point now—and could see Amos Riser, with his eldest son and two hired farm hands running down from the upper slope of the hill towards her.

They were calling out words of encouragement—and above these she could hear the shrill voices of his mother and wife, who with Ned and Ben, were uttering cries of terror.

It was only a little further now—but she was driving up hill, and the horses, spent with their unaccustomed speed, were commencing to lag.

The steady swish and roar of the waters were sounding close at hand now, and before Peggy had time to realize that the worst had come—the flood caught the wagon, lifting it and the horses bodily on its strong tide—and bore them onward.

But it had not far to carry them. Close in front the Point loomed—and as the water swept them to the edge of the high banks made by its terraced slope—Peggy, dazed and hopeless—saw Amos and the three younger men scrambling down the slope, with their arms outstretched—all of them shouting to her to jump.

Before she could obey, however, Sol Riser's hand grasped the halter of the plunging horses close to the bits; then the other three laid hold—and tugging and yelling they pulled the struggling horses up the slope—Peggy, a moment later, finding herself still sitting on the wag-

on-seat, pulled high and dry upon the comparative level of the Point.

THERE were no fatalities listed in the record of the Pine Valley flood. George Hickman's timely warning gave each human being of the little colony time to reach the near hills—only the personal property of the people suffering material damage from the waters. Happily—almost all houses were left standing, though the water stood, for all that day, window high in the rooms of the cottages.

Only the Hickley and Riser homes went down—the flood's greatest force being spent near the upper foothills.

Widow Sharkey, whose curiosity was one of the exciting themes of the valley, was heard to declare disappointedly after the first few days' excitement had passed, that "if we'd only know'd how it was all goin' to turn out we might have set up on our roofs and enjoyed the sight—'stead of turnin' tail and runnin' and hidin' our faces in our skirts up there on the hills, fear o' some o' our neighbors being swept to glory."

Peggy was the only real heroine in the valley; and when the waters had subsided, and the community began to regain its usual calm—the story of her rescue of the trunk became the sensation of the Pine Valley region.

As to John and Amelia Hickley—who hurried home at first word of the flood—their hearts sore with anxiety and dread—no words existed, in their opinion which were able to express adequate justice to Peggy's exploit.

"We'd all be beggars today, if she hadn't saved the chest," her father said. "All I've got to say is, that if the law-suit comes out all right—I'm going to put Peggy in a place where her education'll have a chance

to catch up with her wits. I'd like folks to see what sort of a girl, such a span as that harnessed together'll turn out."

When the case was settled, John Hickley came in for a half share of the purchase money paid by the syndicate for the "other ranch"—a sum so generous as to make him independent of the sterile acres from which he had eked a bare living for many years, and which he was glad to sell to the syndicate for grazing land—at a price, which, though not large, yet helped to furnish the new home in the city where they were henceforth to live.

The people in Pine Valley declared amongst themselves that the flood was "a mascot for the Hickley's"—the opinion of the majority being that in spite of the ranch sale

John Hickley's natural inertia of temperament made it probable that "the old shack" would have served as the roof-tree of the family for years to come—had not the flood acted as a progressive agent, and laid it in ruins.

"I don't know about that," said one, however, to whom this view was expressed. "I heard Peggy say once that if the family ever had money, she'd never rest till they moved to some place where it was worth while to git out of bed mornin's; and someway, whatever Peggy sets her mind on seems to go through—like the oak chest that time of the flood. I'll bank all my money on it, though, 'twas Peggy's idea—gettin' out o' the valley. All John Hickley had to do with it is to put Peggy's plan in pants."

Contentment

By Merling D. Clyde

The far-away birds are singing,
 The far-away flowers are in bloom,
 But hearts that are near are dearest,
 Our birds sing the sweetest tune.

Distance may lend its enchantment,
 But the view is more perfect here,
 If we look with clear, unbiased love
 On familiar objects near.

There's no use in going somewhere
 To wander sad and alone,
 For the best is here at our doorsteps
 And the rainbow's end is Home.

Exit Back Yard, Enter Out-door Living Room

By Maud Chegwidden, Garden Editor, Salt Lake Tribune

"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Fern grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not.
Not God in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign!
'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

—Thomas Edward Browne.

YEARS ago that anomalous piece of ground directly behind the house, which was not seen from the street and so received scant attention when it came to beautifying the property, was called the backyard—an ugly name for an ugly place, usually of bare beaten earth or straggly weeds, and frequently the depository of tin cans, the dog's dinner-bones, and other rubbish.

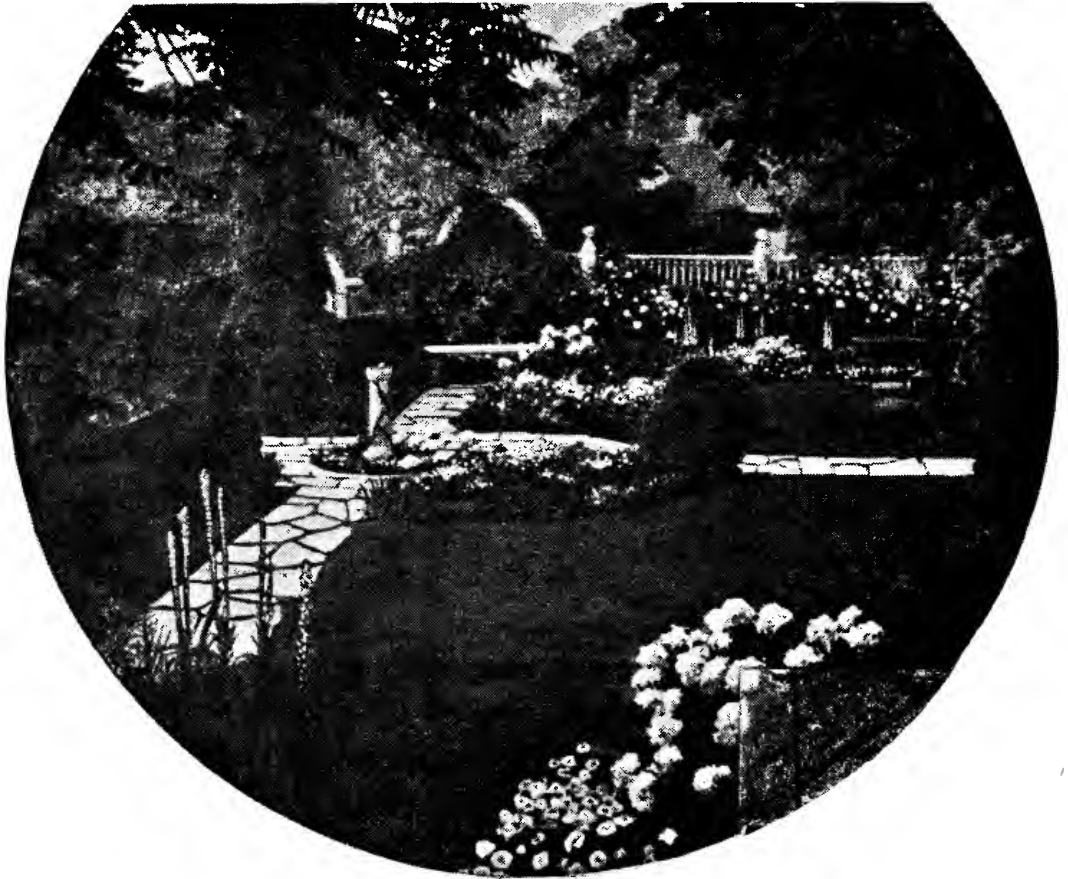
Nowadays, however, more attention is being paid to this area of the home grounds than to any other, and it has become the fashion to call it the outdoor living room, and to make of it an open air sitting and dining room. In our beautiful Utah climate every home should make an outdoor living room in the rear of the house, for we may spend hours and hours of rich and peaceful living there.

It is not a hard job to make a secluded beauty spot in the rear of your home. Once you have persuaded friend husband to do the heavy digging for you, all of the rest is quite within a woman's powers. You will often find that he himself will become so enamored

of the garden work that it will be a race between you to see who reaches the spade or hoe the first. Working side by side, together making a charming spot for the enjoyment of family and guest, is the ideal way.

MOST important of all in this outdoor living room is the boundary. You would not think of living in a house without walls, where all and sundry might gaze at your daily occupations, would you? and no more may this new garden we are to make be without walls—not walls of brick and mortar, but of beautiful green drapery on snowy lattice fences, or of a choice selection of flowering shrubs. The floor is already there, to be carpeted with emerald grass and edged with flower borders; and the roof is the blue sky, patterned with clouds or stars.

If you are able to have a picket fence, or a lattice fence, painted white, you have a beautiful foundation for growing vines or climbing roses. The first year you would need to choose the annual vines, which would grow, bloom and spread quickly all in the first sum-



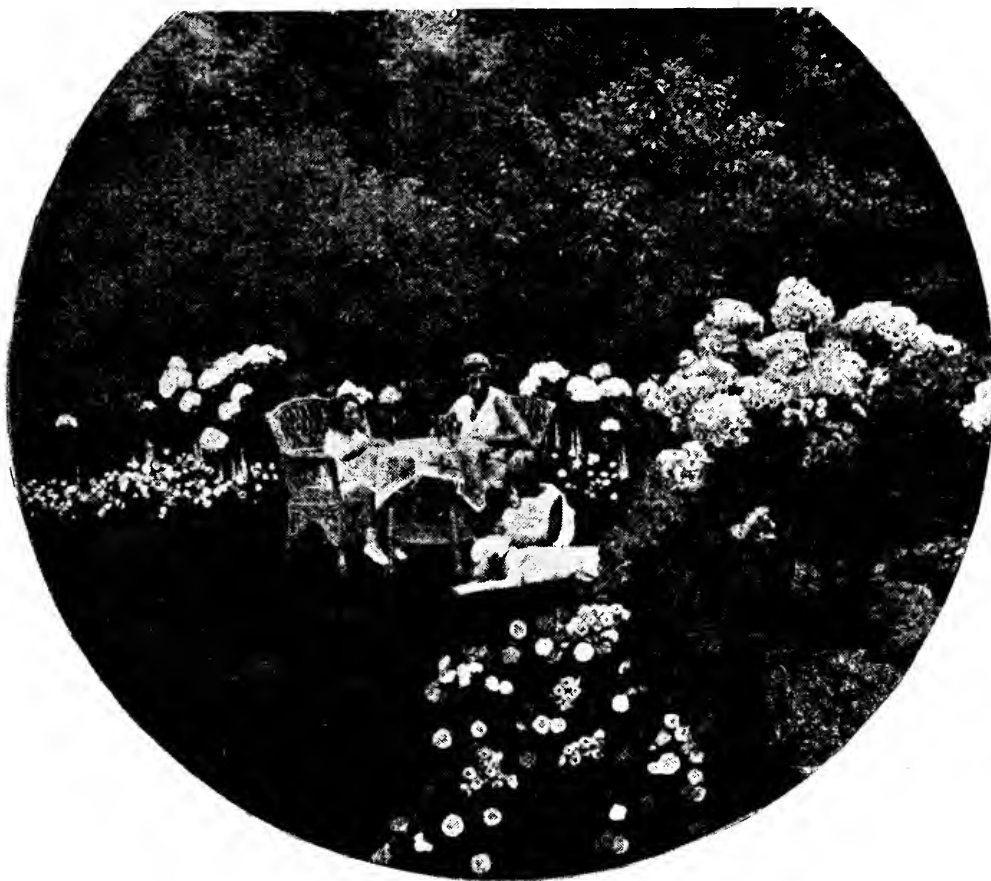
mer. These will fill the time until the slower growing but permanent perennial vines are getting a good start.

Excellent annual vines include morning glories, canary climbers, cardinal climbers and even nasturtiums. The wild cucumber is a fine vine which grows fifty feet in a season in rich soil, and which seeds itself from year to year. The fragrant sprays of creamy flowers and the odd, prickly fruits are alike attractive. The scarlet runner bean is perhaps best of all, for not only will it give handsome scarlet flowers which are beloved of the humming birds, but it gives luscious beans which, picked while young and tender, are cooked exactly as string beans are.

Another splendid annual vine for draping over your fence is the moonflower. This gives large, heart

shaped leaves, with the most exquisite white flowers, six or more inches in diameter, like a glorified morning glory. The flowers only open as evening approaches, and one may stand in admiration and watch the waxy petals unfold, and so see one of God's miracles. A moonflower vine, seen in the moonlight, is almost too lovely.

Seeds of these annual vines may be sown about the beginning of May outdoors, if you think there will be no hard frosts after that time. The scarlet runner bean is tender, so take no chances if you expect frost. The moonflower, too, is a late bloomer and so may give a longer period of bloom if the seeds are planted indoors in tiny pots or tins, and then by the time you are able to place them outdoors with safety they will be nice large plants. The little cans which contain spices



are excellent for starting seeds this way in fine soil, a few seeds in each, providing you punch a hole for drainage in the bottom.

Perennial vines are of course the best to use on your fence although they will give little result the first year. Many of these may be grown from seeds or from rooted slips, but purchased roots give quicker results, and they should be planted before the beginning of May as a rule.

The silver lace vine (*polygonum Auberti*) is a lovely vine, which twines around its support and will be covered from midsummer until frost with fleecy cream colored flowers. Climbing honeysuckle is the most fragrant vine I know, and also the most successful for a shady position, although it will grow in full sun, too. The perennial peas, (*lathyrus latifolius*) are splendid for fence-work, and come in white, pale

lavender, and deep rosy pink. They have no perfume but are constant bloomers.

Another vine for perpetual bloom is the scarlet trumpet honeysuckle; this has no fragrance, but the clusters of coral-colored, tubular flowers are beautiful. The Chinese wisteria may be grown on a fence, and will be the most beautiful thing in sight when it is hung with its racemes of purple flowers, but this vine is sometimes temperamental and takes years to bloom; however, the leaves are handsome and worth while, even without the flowers.

Perhaps you wish climbing roses to form the walls of your outdoor living room. I like these roses in this position better than on an arch, particularly where there are little children in the family, for it is so easy to have young faces and limbs scratched with the cruel thorns.



ANY BACK YARD MAY BE MADE AS ATTRACTIVE AS THIS ONE

Crimson rambler and Dorothy Perkins are, I believe, the two climbing roses most universally grown, but there are many varieties just as cheap and far superior. Both of these two suffer from mildew on the leaves, and this powdery looking effect is to be deplored. Omit these roses if you can, and try some of the newer introductions.

No white climbing rose can surpass Silver Moon, which has the most exquisite buds of pale yellow before the full white flowers open, to display the charming golden stamens. Two of the best pink roses are Dr. Van Fleet and Mary Wallace. The former is pale pink, so delicate and fragile in appearance that one thinks it is too lovely for this earth. Mary Wallace gives beautiful rose-pink flowers, formed like miniature bush roses.

Red climbers among the roses are always beloved by men, and they will revel in the brilliant scarlet blooms, carried in clusters and each

flower very large, of Paul's Scarlet climber. Whatever you do, never plant this rose near the Climbing American Beauty, which has flowers of a magenta tint terrible to behold when near the scarlet. The Climbing American Beauty, however, is a fine plant and one of the earliest to bloom.

You have now a sufficient list of tried and trusty vines from which you may choose to grace your fence. Even a common wire fence will soon be a thing of beauty thus draped.

Inside the fence, if your lot is large enough, a planting of mixed shrubbery will both add beauty and usefulness. Shrubs may be chosen which will give bloom from April until frost. You must not crowd the shrubs, however, allowing at least six feet for the larger sorts to grow gracefully and symmetrically.

If the neighbor has an ugly garage, or a chicken coop, or any other outbuilding which is no asset

to the appearance of your garden, screen it from view by planting tall growing shrubs there. Suitable ones are the bush honeysuckles, with either white or pink flowers later forming bright red berries, beloved of the birds; the elderberries, both the native sort and the golden-leaved variety, with huge flat clusters of creamy flowers and dark, rich looking berries afterwards; the mock orange blossoms, with fragrant white flowers in June, and the lilacs, those sweetest things of all. Try the Persian lilac, or some of the new hybrid French lilacs, instead of the common old-fashioned sort.

If you want bloom on your shrubs from earliest spring, choose several specimens of the forsythia or golden bell, that shrub which bursts into golden glory in April, before the leaves appear. Then there is the flowering almond, in either pink or white, and the snowy bridal wreath, called spirea Van Houtte in the catalogues, and the cydonia japonica or flowering quince, all for bloom in May and June.

Later in summer comes the butterfly bush or summer lilac, (*buddleia variabilis*) and the althea or rose of Sharon, which will remain in flower until frost. The butterfly bush will give you a terrible shock the first year you grow it, for it winterkills right back to the ground in our climate; but next year it will

spring up as good as new, and will flower profusely again.

Dwarf shrubs, which never grow taller than three or four feet, are sometimes needed. One of the best of these is the snowberry, *symphoricarpus racemosus*, and almost as good is its cousin the coralberry, *symphoricarpus vulgaris*, both of which have the faculty of living and thriving in the shade. Each shrub has tiny pink flowers in summer, followed by handsome berries, snowberry having large milk-white ones and coralberry small ruby-purple ones.

There are two spireas among the dwarfs which are very useful. One is Anthony Waterer, the other Froebel's spirea; they grow about two and a half feet tall, and have flat clusters of deep pink or red flowers. You must try the hypericum if you want an unusual and beautiful dwarf shrub. This has bright golden flowers, each with a prominent center of stamens, and the yellow flowered shrubs are quite scarce. The Japanese barberry, that thorny creature which turns such brilliant colors in the fall, and is hung with red berries, must not be forgotten.

Now we have learned how to enclose with living walls of beauty our outdoor living room. Next month the flower borders will have our attention, along with the lawn, which is most important.

The Afterglow

By *Abbie R. Mcdsen*

Out of the grime, and after the tears,
Out of the dust, and after the years,
There comes a joy—if we'd have it so
The peace and joy of the afterglow.

Dark though the shadows loom on the way
Hard though the labors with little for pay,
Peace in the offing bekons I know
The peace and joy of the afterglow.

Notes from the Field

Ensign Stake:

SOME months ago the Ensign Stake Relief Society presidency and board members entertained all of the Relief Society members of the Ensign stake, wishing especially to honor the sisters who had given long years of untiring service to the great Relief Society cause. The party was also in recognition of the teachers' efforts and those who had cooperated so willingly in every endeavor. Each ward had a most attractive display of handwork completed during the year. Many lovely articles adorned the large assembly room, and the great variety of work displayed proved the ingenuity and thrift of the good sisters, depicting a real story of busy hands and an unfolding of real accomplishments. President Alice B. Castleton, a real Relief Society stimulator, welcomed over four hundred guests at this genuinely hospitable entertainment. A little play written by Jane Cutler Weaver was presented by the 20th ward Relief Society. Mrs. Weaver read the verses, and as she did so, the different characters appeared in costume to the accompaniment of suggestive and beautiful music. A boys' chorus and a dance number by two little girls completed the program of the afternoon, after which mirth and happiness reigned when prizes were given to the sisters establishing the best record during their Relief Society experiences. The awarding of prizes was really an amazing feature, for example, the one to whom the prize was given for raising the best flowers read: "These lovely flowers my garden enhanced; I knew I'd get a prize if given half a chance." Later in the

afternoon in the 21st ward Relief Society rooms the guests were served a delicious luncheon. Altogether it was voted a most delightful affair, and the following little verse typifies the spirit of the occasion:

"It is good to live
When the years are young,
And the buds
Give promise of flowers.
But it's better to live
Till the blooms have come
And the fruit
Has followed the showers."

Big Horn Stake:

AS ever, Big Horn has been very active in all the branches of Relief Society work. Each organization closed the regular meetings for the year by having a social, and at this the guests of honor were the Pioneers of each locality. The entertainment consisted of a program, luncheon, and social hour. The hardships relative to the pioneering and settling of Big Horn had been so recent in the experiences of all present, that keen sympathy was felt and the joys and sorrows of this experience formed a part of the life story of those present. All were thrilled with the great development that has taken place, and the feeling is that the Big Horn pioneers take second place only to the Utah pioneers.

In connection with the annual convention, a Work and Business exhibit was held the day previous. Each ward was asked to arrange its own booth, which was done in a manner exceeding the fondest hopes. The Thermopolis branch of the Western States Mission cooperated with Big Horn stake upon this oc-

casation, and a special meeting was held at 2 o'clock. On this particular occasion President Louise Y. Robison, General President of the Relief Society, was in attendance. That evening all the Relief Society workers were given the opportunity of meeting the General President.

During the Fall a vacation was enjoyed by the Relief Society. The month of October saw the culmination of the project "Every Home a Garden." About 98% of the families in this locality participated in the project, and a great amount of produce was conserved for Winter use. The latest project of the stake is "Improving Our Meeting Places." The sisters of Relief Society have attacked this problem with the same enthusiasm that has been exemplified in others, and the meeting houses have been overhauled and the unpleasant features removed. Altogether a most inviting appearance will soon be presented in most of the meeting houses of the organizations.

Hawaiian Mission:

FROM far away Hawaii comes the greetings and news of a general Relief Society conference which was held at Wailuku, Maui, October 24, 1930, where all the conferences of the Islands were represented and reported to be in good condition. There are 48 branches of Relief Society in the Hawaiian Mission, and all are fully organized and functioning properly. They are certainly to be commended for their large treasuries, for their care of the poor, although most of the sisters of the organization are poor themselves, but they follow the admonition to give until it hurts.

Since the general Relief Society conference in October, representatives of Relief Society have made a

tour of the islands, and the spirit among the people is wonderful.

The Relief Societies of Honolulu met together in the latter part of December, and had the very unusual experience of a visit from two of the General Board members, Mrs. Jennie B. Knight and Mrs. Lalene H. Hart, who were visiting in Honolulu. There were also President and Mrs. Chipman of the Alpine stake, and Dr. and Mrs. George H. Brimhall of the Brigham Young University. A very hearty welcome was extended to them. Wonderful testimonies were borne and altogether it was a very delightful experience for the guests and for the native sisters of Honolulu.

South African Mission:

FROM another far distant quarter comes the news that the Relief Society work is a great factor in missionary labors. It goes right to the heart and helps. Many people in this part of the world are becoming interested, and are able to see the application of Gospel teachings through the ministration of Relief Society. There is a great work for the Priesthood and the Relief Society organizations. They must take care of the poor and needy, and while there are many obstacles in the way of accomplishing all that may be desired, the Relief Society does much to bring about good will among the people, and interest them in the work that is so important. Many of the people are turning their attention to this, and are lending their efforts toward the furtherance of the work. There are seven organizations already completed in the South African Mission, and three more are in process of organization. Many of the members live a long way from the branches, but they are anxious to do their part and send their con-

tributions and labors in to be used for the benefit of the people. All are anxious to get help and to know how best to carry on the work.

Northern States Mission:



Members of the Linton Branch Relief Society. Rena Keller, Nellie Centers, Chloe Lawrence, Pauline Lawrence

THE above picture was sent to the office some time ago, but it shows the type of women who are interested in the great Relief Society work. From the president of the Northern States Mission we get a report of the very excellent work the organization is doing. At this time, however, the Relief Society appreciates the very sad situation of finding so many people out of work. While the sisters have been brave and kept their organization together,

it has been impossible for them to do as much in a financial way as they would like to do. However, the spirit has been very brave and fine. There is a new organization at West Frankfort, Illinois. These sisters are living in the Illinois mining district, where most or all the men are out of work. The President, Sister Allie Y. Pond, made a call for old clothing, and the response was wonderful. Six boxes of good clothing were sent from the Logan Square branch, and some of the others which had a surplus. After looking after the needy in their own branches they helped many families who were not even in the Church. In the big home for incurable diseases were many poor souls who had no one to look after them. The Relief Society donated some of the warm underwear and clothing that was given to the Relief Society, to this home, and caused feelings of gratitude in the hearts of the unfortunate who were made happy through the generosity of the Relief Society sisters. After all this was done, word came that a woman out away from any Relief Society was destitute, and there were six little children in the family who could not go to school because of lack of clothing. When the president reported this to the Relief Society within a few days two large boxes of clothing were on their way to supply their needs. This sister, after three weeks, reported that she had sewed night and day, and now all her children were ready for school, and her gratitude was unbounded. These are only a few of the examples that are taken from the wonderful report submitted by the Mission President. The sisters of the organization have responded most generously, those who had it to give, and loving service has accompanied the donations. All of the Relief Societies are busy

in preparation of programs for the 17th of March. Really and truly Relief Society work is wonderful, and the women who put their heart

and interest in it are able to accomplish a marvelous work, both among their sisters in this world, and in the sight of our Father in Heaven.

Notes to the Field

Social Service Institutes:

The General Board is delighted with the whole-hearted response of 46 stakes in sending representatives to take six weeks of intensive training in social service work, preparatory to doing more efficient service in this important line of our activity. The following stakes sent representatives to the first institute, which was held from Aug. 18 to Sept. 27, 1930: Bear River, Benson, Box Elder, Cache, East Jordan, Ensign, Granite, Kolob, Liberty, Lehi, Logan, Morgan, Mt. Ogden, North Weber, Oneida, Ogden, Palmyra, Pioneer, Salt Lake, South Davis, Summit, Weber, West Jordan.

Delegates from the following stakes were in attendance at the second institute, which was held from Jan. 5 to Feb. 14, 1931: Alpine, Bannock, Bear Lake, Boise, Cottonwood, Desert, Fremont, Grant, Hyrum, Idaho, Idaho Falls, Minidoka, Millard, Nebo, North Davis, Parowan, Portneuf, Raft River, Rigby, Sevier, St. George, Teton, Timpanogos.

We wish to especially mention Bannock, Bear Lake, Boise, Fremont, Idaho, Idaho Falls, Minidoka, Parowan, Portneuf, Raft River, Rigby, St. George, and Teton stakes, because they sent such splendid representatives on very short notice. Some stakes that had been invited to attend the second institute were unable to accept the invitation and then letters of invitations were sent to the above mentioned stakes and their response was very wholehearted.

The women selected by the stakes were of the finest type—earnest, dependable, efficient, thoughtful. They read, studied, listened to lectures, until they felt full to overflowing. They discussed questions in an intelligent way and did able field work. New interests were aroused, new trends of thought begun. They delved into the field of social literature and their appetites were whetted to want more. Their vision was expanded so that they returned to their homes seeing the vastness of the field of social work and its tremendous possibilities. Delightful friendships were formed, and when they returned to their dear ones who had sacrificed that they might leave their homes for six weeks, they were better wives and mothers and daughters and infinitely better fitted to serve in their communities. We wish to thank those who came and those who made it possible for them to come, and feel sure that all will feel abundantly repaid because of the growth that came to them during this period of intensive work.

We wish them every success in their work and hope that the same spirit that actuated them during their sojourn in Salt Lake will continue with them in their stake work.

Our Responsibility:

The great responsibility given the Relief Society by the Presiding Bishopric, is a challenge to all Relief Society officers to be prepared.

Read carefully paragraph two in the pamphlet compiled by the Presiding Bishopric—*Ward Charity*—

Details of Administration. A copy of this was sent to every Bishop, and later General Board members carried copies into the stakes for all Ward Presidents.

After the announcement, "the Ward Bishopric are responsible for the care of the worthy poor," and "the Relief Society labor under their direction," is the startling statement, "the Bishopric should refer all cases to the Relief Society for investigation." This requires careful and prayerful preparation. We urge each Stake to be ready to give helpful assistance to Ward Presidents when the Priesthood Authorities of the Stake ask for cooperation. It is

one of the most important assignments ever given to Relief Society.

Bring in Young People:

The members of the General Board, in visiting the celebrations held in honor of the anniversary of the organization of the Relief Society, were delighted that many young people were brought into the programs, some as ushers, others as participants in the musical programs, or in the pageants and pictures. This is a most desirable thing as it brings freshness and brightness to the Relief Society program, and brings to the young people an understanding of and a love for the Relief Society work.

Forget It

By Sarah C. Maeser

Is some trait of your neighbor's distasteful to you?

Forget it.

Is he getting more favors than you think his due?

Forget it.

You have your own questions and problems to solve,

Your own goal to strive for, and plans to evolve.

Don't waste your time airing his faults, but resolve

To forget it.

Are you hurt by some careless or slighting remark?

Forget it.

Does hate in your soul try to kindle a spark?

Forget it.

Are you prone over wrong and injustice to brood?

Turn quickly your thoughts to the lovely and good;

And should aught that's impure ever seek to intrude,

Forget it.

Let no evil passion encumber your life,

Forget it.

Be it vanity, jealousy, anger, or strife,

Forget it.

For life's well supplied with most beautiful things,

And harmony sweet through each avenue rings,

If we learn to pass by what e'er dissonance brings,

And forget it.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

Easter

THROUGHOUT Christendom again is celebrated Easter-tide. The glad message, "He is risen," rings out from choir and pulpit. Again is told to reverent worshippers the story of his victory over death and the grave, and in glad exultation people remember that because he arose they too shall come forth from the tomb.

What dramatic contrasts the crucifixion and resurrection offer. 'Midst brutal jeers and cruel suffering, with all the contumely that scoffers could think of, he was led to the hill of crucifixion. He endured the sarcasm and scorn of the soldiers, a crown of thorns was placed on his head, a purple cloak was flung around his shoulders in derision of his kingship. He was

scourged and hailed in mockery, "King of the Jews." "Ha, thou that destroyest the temple and buildest it in three days, save thyself and come down from the cross." His divinity showed itself when under such treatment he could fervently pray, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." Then came the final agony and the lingering death. His torn flesh, his cramped muscles, the weight of his body pulling against the nails, tortured him almost beyond endurance, and in agony he cried out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Then came the final glorious, victorious cry, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." Night descended. The three crosses stood out in bold relief on Calvary.

The disciples assembled. What could they say to one another? Jesus whom they had expected to redeem Israel was gone; all their hopes had vanished.

AS soon as the first day of the week dawned, Mary Magdalene and the other Mary hastened to the sepulchre. They were fearful when they saw the stone rolled away, but an angel whose countenance was like lightning and whose raiment was white as snow, said to them, "Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay. And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you." (Matt. 28:5-7.) Joy winged their feet as they hastened to proclaim the great message. On the way Jesus saluted them with "All hail." As they worshipped at his feet, he said unto them, "Be not afraid: go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me. (Matt. 28:10.) When the eleven disciples went into Galilee, as directed, Jesus appeared among them and they worshipped him. Then he gave them this wonderful commission: "All

power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." (Matt. 28:18-20.)

Eight days passed. Again he visited his assembled disciples. To the doubting Thomas he said, "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing." A third time, at the sea of Tiberias, he visited his disciples, and through following his instructions, their net was so filled with fish that they could not draw it. After dining with them, he asked Peter, "Lovest thou me more than these?" "Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee," said the disciple. As a test of his love he was admonished, "Feed my lambs," and to make as emphatic as possible that this was the test of true love, a second and third time he admonished, "Feed my sheep."

Thus again and again did the risen Lord appear to his loved apostles, giving proof that he had indeed risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that sleep.

Anna Garlin Spencer

IN the passing of Anna Garlin Spencer a most inspiring leader left us. She has been a pillar of strength to the National Council of Women of the United States, and has been a potent factor in advancing its purposes. Although past eighty years of age, she was the outstanding figure at the Council gathering held February 3 and 4, 1931.

Miss Lena Madelin Phillips, president of the National Council of Women, pays her this tribute:

"The National Council of Women has suffered a great loss in the death of its beloved leader, Dr. Anna Garlin Spencer. Her love for the Council through many years of invaluable service, tirelessly given, and her hopes for its future will serve as a perpetual memorial and

source of inspiration to those of us who follow humbly in her footsteps, with the light of her great vision to serve as our guide, and the memory of her enthusiasm to spur us on to greater effort."

All those who have represented the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association and the Relief Society at National Council gatherings have come home with words of praise and love for this able, distinguished and understanding woman.*

She was interested in all that pertains to the welfare of mankind. An able writer, a forceful speaker, she championed many causes and helped to establish better conditions.

At her funeral, Dr. Lon R. Call said:

"Such people never die. In our own lives we give them immortality. Let us arise and take up the work they have left unfinished, and preserve the treasures they have won, and round out the circuit of their being to the fulness of an ampler orbit in our own. Such an effort on our part will be our best tribute. Thereby the force and flow of their action and work may be carried over the gulfs of death and made immortal in the true and healthy life which they worthily had and used.

"When are the good so powerful to guide and to quicken as after death has withdrawn them from us, when we feel that the seal is set upon what was made perfect in their souls? They take their place like stars in a region of purity and peace."

Another Victory for the Eighteenth Amendment

Some time ago Federal Judge William Clark of New Jersey startled the country by claiming that the eighteenth amendment had been improperly ratified. We rejoice that the Supreme Court of the United States has vigorously and emphat-

ically upheld the constitutionality of the amendment. We hope that in the future lawmakers everywhere will strive more vigorously to enforce this law and that its beneficial effects will be more and more widely observed.

Something for nothing is not a principle of eternal justice. We pay for what we get, even from the Divine Giver—pay to the limit of our ability to pay; and He does the rest, the part that we cannot do.

Parents of the wilful and the wayward! Do not give them up. Do not cast them off. They are not utterly lost. They have but strayed in ignorance from the Path of Right, and God is very merciful to ignorance. Only the fulness of knowledge brings the fulness of accountability. Our Heavenly Father is far more merciful, infinitely more charitable, than the best of his servants, and the Everlasting Gospel is mightier in power to save than our narrow, finite minds can comprehend.—From "Through Memory's Halls," by O. F. Whitney.

*In a later issue of our Magazine Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman will give a sketch of her life.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in June)

BOOK OF MORMON—THE JAREDITE PEOPLE

Assignment

Read the "Book of Ether" in the *Book of Mormon*. It will help you to acquire clear ideas on the subject if you read also what is said in the *Dictionary of the Book of Mormon* about Jared, his brother, and Ether; and chapters six and seven in the *Message and Characters of the Book of Mormon*, also the story of the Jaredites as told in this last reference, pages 40-44.

Outline

- I. Conditions in the Old World.
 1. Social conditions.
 2. Time and place.
 3. The Tower of Babel.
 4. Jared and his brother.
 5. The journey to the New World.
- II. Conditions in the New World.
 1. Growth of the community.
 2. Political government.
 3. Religious government.
 4. Death of the leaders.
- III. Jared and his brother.
 1. Life of each separately.
 2. Dissimilarities between them.
 3. Outstanding quality in each.
- IV. Later history.
 1. The kings.
 2. Social and religious conditions.
 3. Causes of decline.
 4. Ether, the prophet-historian.
 5. The end of the nation.
- V. Ideas in the book.
 1. About the relations between man and God.
 2. About the pre-earth life.

3. About political government.
4. About the land of America.

The Story

The story opens in Babylon, about four thousand years ago. It was after the Great Flood, of which the *Bible* tells us, when Noah and his family were saved.

For some reason—maybe fear from another flood—the people in Babylon erected a high tower. The Lord, however, we are informed, confounded their language, so that they were unable to understand one another. This is why it is now called the Tower of Babel—which means confusion.

In Babylon were the families of two brothers—Jared and Moriancumr. At Jared's request Moriancumr prayed for the Lord to allow them to retain their language, and then to permit their friends to retain theirs also; finally he prayed that God would lead them all to another place. All these prayers were granted.

Presently this small colony was led to the land which we now call America. They crossed the great ocean in eight barges, or ships, which they made for the purpose under the guidance of the Lord. On landing here they formed a government—a kingdom it turned out to be before the death of the brothers.

Here the Jaredites lived as a nation for about fourteen hundred years—that is, from around 2000 B. C. to about 600 B. C. They had a great many kings during this period; they cultivated agriculture,

built houses, smelted ore, and even had a process, it seems, of making glass; and they carried on a government and a religion. Also they exercised the same virtues and human weaknesses, privately and publicly, as people have done before them and since. Prophets arose to warn them of impending calamities if they persisted in sin. One of these was Ether, who also made a history of his people from the beginning.

The end of this nation was very dramatic—for they did not heed the warnings of their prophet. Civil war broke out over the question as to who should be king—Coriantumr or Shiz. The whole nation—men, women, and children—was arrayed in battle on one side or the other; and they fought till only the two aspirants for the kingship remained alive to carry on the battle. In the end Coriantumr cut off the head of Shiz, and then wandered about till he ran into the Mulekites, who had not been in the land very long. To them he told the sad tale of the decline and destruction of his people. It is probably the only instance—certainly it is the clearest case—of the suicide of a nation.

Notes

1. *The Pre-earth Life*: In the record of the Jaredite nation we get the clearest view of the pre-earth existence to be found in sacred literature.

While the Jaredite colony was yet in the wilderness of the Old World, Jesus Christ appeared in spirit-form to Moriancumr. This was, of course, before his incarnation in the flesh. The brother of Jared gathered from this vision that the spirit is in the form of the body, that the spirits of all men had a pre-earth life, and that the spirit itself is a spiritual tabernacle. It is one of the greatest revelations ever given

to any mortal. You will find it in chapter 3 of "Ether."

2. *The Land of America*: Another idea of great significance concerns the continent we have come to call America.

To the Jaredites, as to the Nephites after them, it was the Land of Promise, just as Palestine was to the Israelites. It was a place peculiarly blessed of God, dedicated as a land of freedom. Over and over again is this idea stated in the *Book of Mormon*, especially in the "Book of Ether." But it was to be a free country, politically, socially, and religiously, only on certain conditions. These conditions are thus stated by Moroni, and he sets them down mainly for the benefit of those who should read the Nephite record in our time:

"Behold, this is a land which is choice above all other lands; wherefore he that doth possess it shall serve God or be swept off. * * * Whatsoever nation shall possess it shall be free from bondage, and from captivity, and from all other nations under heaven—if they will but serve the God of the land, who is Jesus Christ."

Here is a patriotic view of America, the like of which has never been expressed elsewhere in any literature, and it furnishes a splendid background for what Nephi the First says about its discovery in modern times, about God fighting on the side of the "Gentiles who had been separated from the mother country," and also for what our own prophet says concerning the inspiration of the Constitution of the United States.

3. *The Two Brothers*: In Jared and Moriancumr we have two very remarkable characters.

In one respect they are alike—they both have supreme faith in God. But in all other respects they

are different. Jared is a leader in matters that belong to the material world; Moriancumr, in things of the spirit. This is clear from all details we have in that swift narrative, the "Book of Ether."

Jared it is who sees that the small group of believers can do nothing unless they have the same language, that it would be useless for them to remain in the old home, and, after their arrival in the Promised Land, that the people ought to have their say as to the form of government they are to have, even if that is to be an unlimited monarchy. But he has enough faith in God to request his brother to find out from Him just what to do in each of these situations. For generally it is at his request that information comes to the colony through Moriancumr.

Moriancumr, on the other hand, was highly spiritual in his nature. He was what we would call today "psychic." That is, he was more susceptible to spiritual truth than most persons—specifically, than his brother Jared. He therefore became a medium between Jared and God. Indeed, he was one of the most spiritually susceptible men of whom we have any record. Said Jesus to him on the occasion of his visitation to him, "Never have I showed myself unto man whom I have created, for never has man believed in me as thou hast." And Moroni comments—"Because of the knowledge of this man, he could not be kept from beholding within the veil."

4. *Moroni and Ether*: In the reading of the "Book of Ether" extreme care must be exercised to distinguish between what the prophet Ether says and what the translator Moroni adds by way of comment.

Usually a translator sticks to his text; he does not make any comments on what he is translating; and if he deems it necessary to do that,

he puts his notes at the bottom of the page, instead of in with the matter he is translating. That, at least, is what Moroni would do today. But this is not what he does in his rendering of the history of the Jaredites on the plates before him. And sometimes these comments are both long and valuable. It is as if Moroni were translating for a reader who has to have things pointed out to him, so that he will be sure not to miss anything. Or, possibly, it is because he realizes that he is boiling down his narrative to such an extent as to make it hard to follow. At any rate, it becomes necessary to discriminate between the text translated and the notes of the translator.

5. *A Bit of Evidence*: Moroni's part in the composition of the *Book of Mormon* is extremely varied. This is what he gives us—(1) The rest of the history of his people; (2) a translation and abridgment of the record of the Jaredites, in the "Book of Ether;" (3) some letters from his father to himself, while the war between the Nephites and the Lamanites was in progress, thus giving us a first-hand account of events he did not see; and (4) the exact wording of some of the religious forms used in his day—baptism, for instance, and the Lord's supper.

This is exactly as it would be, if we take into consideration the circumstances under which Moroni wrote his part of the book. Had Joseph Smith been imagining all this, it would most likely have been different. There would not, one would think, be so many afterthoughts. As it is, there is what the teachers of English call "verisimilitude" especially striking in this part of the narrative. We get from a reading of this section of the *Book of Mormon*, that is, a sense of reality which we could not get if

Joseph Smith had made it all up instead of giving an actual situation.

If, therefore, the *Book of Mormon* be a work of fiction as unbelievers would have us think, then the Prophet must have had a most vivid imagination to have sensed so clearly a situation so realistic as the one Moroni is supposed to have been in. For, considering the conditions, Moroni does exactly what he must do under the circumstances.

Questions

1. Tell briefly the story of the Jaredites from the time of the tower till the end of the nation.

2. Compare and contrast the

downfall of the Jaredites and that of the Nephites. What appears to have been the cause in each case?

3. Make two lists of famous characters in religion—one that might be headed by Jared and another that might be headed by Moriancumr. One might begin with Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, for instance.

4. Are we in any way influenced in our conduct by the statements in the *Book of Mormon* concerning the Promised Land—its discovery, its colonization, its dedication to freedom? If so, point out this influence specifically. What is the meaning of the phrase “serve the God of the land, who is Jesus Christ”? Is America now serving the God of this land? How?

Work and Business

TEACHER'S TOPIC FOR JUNE

OUR RESPONSIBILITY TO OURSELVES

“Our education should be such as to improve our minds and fit us for increased usefulness, to make us of greater service to the human family, to enable us to improve our methods of living, speaking and thinking.”—*Brigham Young*.

“The one duty of life is to lessen every vice and enlarge every virtue by education.”—*David Swing*.

“Real education is measured by our ability to get along with others and to be interested in others rather than getting others interested in us.”—*Wiggam*.

“All love for others begins by a wise love for self.”—*Dwight Hillis*.

“The Divine Teacher asks each youth to love and make the most of himself that later on he may be

bread to the hungry, medicine to the wounded, shelter to the weak.”—*Dwight Hillis*.

We have an obligation to develop ourselves to the highest possible attainments:

I. Intellectually

By careful and systematic study. (A short time each day devoted to systematic study soon accomplishes much.)

By keeping abreast of the times and what is going on in the world, and discussing it with the family.

By taking an interest in the studies of the husband and children. (How much more interesting a husband's study becomes when he is joined in it by his wife, and how

much more interesting a boy's lesson, if his mother can take part in its discussion and add encouragement as he studies.)

By reading well chosen books, and attending lectures, etc.

By reading of the accomplishments of women.

II. Spiritually

By studying and applying the gospel.

By reading and studying the life of the Master.

By taking advantage of the Relief Society lessons.

By making the most of the oppor-

tunities for service, as exemplified by Christ's life of loving service.

III. Physically

By keeping physically fit. (Emphasize self-care and self-love.)

By realizing that we are responsible for our own growth and happiness and for the growth and development of those about us.

By proper diet and health habits, including exercise.

By regarding the Word of Wisdom as a guide to health.

By caring for personal appearance.

By developing personality.

Literature

(Third Week in June)

LESSON IX—THE SHORT STORY IN ITALY

Suggested Story

"The Falcon." by Giovanni Boccaccio (Bök-kä'-chō), from the "Decameron."

Few countries are as rich in stories and story tellers as is Italy. This lesson, however, will deal with only one writer of tales, Giovanni Boccaccio. In spite of the fact that for many years Boccaccio's works, including his "Decameron," were kept in dark places, if kept at all, he is the one Italian writer who has done most to influence Italy and other European countries in the art of short story writing.

Dante, writer of the "Divine Comedy," who is to Italy what Chaucer and Shakespeare are to English speaking countries, was the first great figure in Italian literature. He was a poet and it was left to Boccaccio, born about half a century later, to become the first great writer of Italian prose. The novela, or

short story, which he developed, seemed to be exactly suited to the Italian temperament, and for three hundred years it was carefully developed.

When the Renaissance declined, story telling as an art, fell into disrepute, and it was not until the 19th century, with the naturalist, Verga, whose fame would rest on his story of "Cavalleria Rusticana" alone, that the short story again became one of the prominent arts. Today, Italy has, like America, numberless writers of the short story:

Out of all the stories in the text, Boccaccio's tale of "The Falcon" has been chosen for two reasons: It is one of the loveliest stories found in any language; and it was written by a man who helped to bring about the Renaissance in literature and who has profoundly influenced writers all over the civilized world.

Indeed, the literature of modern

Europe as distinguished from that of medieval times began with three Italian poets—Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, for Boccaccio was also a poet. Several characteristics made these men modern. They all had a firm grasp on the form they developed; they all projected their personalities into their art (medieval writing very often does not reflect the personality of the writer—it is too apt to be vague and dreamy); and their natural vigor lifted writing into the world of facts.

Dante chose to write the drama of the human soul, Petrarch of the heart, and Boccaccio of the field that is every day life—man as he is. Out of these three spheres, Dante gave the world the epic, Petrarch the lyric, and Boccaccio the novel.

And so great was the genius of these men that their work is final. Many have learned from the three Italians, but none have excelled. It was from them that modern literature came.

Strangely they were all born in Florence, Dante in 1265, Petrarch in 1304, and Boccaccio in 1313. The "Divine Comedy," the "Canzoniere," and the "Decameron" represent the best of all three.

Boccaccio's father was a merchant, and it is supposed that his mother was French. Whether he is legitimate no student has been able to determine fully. Boccaccio's class, the lower middle one, was in the ascendancy at the time of his birth, and he, himself, exerted more influence over his successors for three hundred years than did the two other men, though in force of genius and character he was third.

Perhaps the reason for his sway was that more than the other poets, he anticipated the future. Instead of using mystic and abstract ideals, he substituted sensual and concrete men, and in his younger years he

frankly abandoned theological and political doctrine for men and nature as they are, particularly in their lesser moments.

The Italians of the Renaissance sought for pleasure above all else, and Boccaccio portrayed life as they wanted to find it.

But Boccaccio was not altogether of the pleasure loving world. It was he who did so much to bring Greek studies into Europe, and he devoted much of his life in aiding Petrarch, the man who brought back humanism and scholarship and who gave us the modern intellectual ideal.

Little is known of Giovanni Boccaccio's early life. It is fairly well established that his father sought to make him a merchant, and for six years the boy was in service to a great trader. Boccaccio, however, cared for little save poetry, and if he had been allowed to follow his desire, he might have been a poet alone, and not the greatest in Italy either.

For six more years after the merchant-service, he studied ecclesiastical law, producing poetry in moments when he should have been working. When he was old Boccaccio wrote of these early years: "It is unbecoming and indecent for anybody to attempt that which he cannot believe himself capable of performing. Consequently since, I think God was pleased to make literature my vocation, and in this I am determined to persevere."

After Boccaccio had served his second six years, he went to Naples and definitely pursued literature. It was here that he met the lady renowned in literature as Fiametta and who so profoundly influenced his writing.

Boccaccio first met her in the church of San Lorenzo in 1338, on Easter Eve. She was a few years

older and married to a nobleman. Another of the indefinite things about Boccaccio is that no one has been able to determine whether he knew this lady intimately or if he loved her from afar as Dante did Beatrice and Petrarch Laura.

Soon after his arrival at Naples, he was invited to the most distinguished homes. He made friends among the noble and the celebrated and he was early renowned as a brilliant story teller, and both qualities helped him in his social life.

All of his early work can be traced to the influence of Fiametta, whom he must have met at some of the homes in Naples. Even when her influence was on the wane at the time he was writing the "Decameron," he paid homage to her.

In 1344 (or 43) he returned to Florence, but his father's second or third marriage caused him to hurry back to Naples. Here Joanna, one of the most dissolute rulers of all time, was upon the throne. This strange woman, whose life was so licentious, was also a patron of the arts, and it was at her command that Boccaccio wrote the "Decameron."

Southern Italy at this time was torn by war, famine, and pestilence. The Black Death raged through Naples, and Boccaccio again returned home—this time no doubt to attend to his inheritance. His father had died from the Plague.

It was the Plague at Florence that gave him the setting for the "Decameron." In his book a group of pleasure loving people left the ghastly city for the safety of a beautiful garden in the country. They were to forget Death, who was forever approaching them, by telling stories. The "Decameron" contains the stories.

These stories relate of human experience, but Boccaccio does not

trouble to probe the meaning of the experiences. He uses light but stinging satire, and the church, matrimony, and other sacred institutions are not spared. Because of his satire, many people have believed that the "Decameron" was a subtle attack on the Catholic Church, and for that reason the book is on the banned list.

Boccaccio, perhaps, had no such idea. He was a Catholic in good standing, and at that time there was no danger of separation in the church. Everyone belonged, and people were accustomed to speak freely of it. It was only in another century, when the Reformation was upon Europe, that the "Decameron" was exiled.

Men who have spent years in investigating the sources of the "Decameron" have concluded that few of its tales were original with Boccaccio—that they came from many lands and people. Story telling was much in vogue during the Middle Ages, and Boccaccio gathered and preserved these tales. To them he gave his great art, and he made a complete book, written in a stately and beautiful style, and one that touched the heights, and depths, the pomp and misery, and the pleasures and sorrows of human life. It is no mistake to call it the "human comedy."

Some years after the "Decameron" Boccaccio wrote a book that was displeasing to his readers, even then, and two years later a strange thing happened to him. In the summer of 1361 a Carthusian Monk named Pietro died. Before he died he asserted that he had had a vision that must be communicated to Boccaccio and several other celebrated men of the times. Warning was then sent to Boccaccio and the others that unless they repented and changed their ways, they should be

damned—that they were already hovering over the brink of hell.

Boccaccio's first reaction was to give up his library and studies to become a monk. Luckily, Petrarch, who was a close friend of Boccaccio, hurried from Padua to advise moderation. Petrarch pointed out that poetry and literature, in themselves, are not displeasing to God. Boccaccio continued with his studies, but he wrote no more tales of life in its frailer moments.

He became saddened and pious, and counseled his friends to forget the "Decameron"—by means of which he lives today. With his interest in poetry gone, he turned to scholarship and to service in the church. In old age he suffered much from bodily afflictions, but his work continued. One of his labors was to lecture at Florence on Dante and to write a life of the great poet. It was at this time, also, that he did many of his Greek translations. He died at Certaldo, December 21, 1375, about a year after Petrarch's death, and was buried in the Certaldo church.

To the Teacher

"The Falcon" is a love story of the romantic and idealistic type. It is the story of a man who heedlessly gave away the greater part of his possessions to gain the love of a woman, and who, through his desire to serve her, unknowingly sacrificed the last and most beloved of his possessions just when she most needed this bit of property. All of us at some time or another throw away something that at a later time we dearly need, so that there is no difficulty in understanding the appeal of Boccaccio's story. The story is saved from tragedy by Federigo's gaining the love of the lady he had

despaired of so long. If the main interest had been centered about the lady or her small son, the ending could not have been so happy, but the reader is so anxious to see Federigo succeed that his attention is not particularly drawn to the boy's death.

Questions

1. Is "The Falcon" a true short story? Explain your answer. In what way does Boccaccio's art, as shown in this story, differ from modern short story writing?

2. What customs mentioned are characteristic of Italy in the fourteenth century?

3. How has Boccaccio overcome the difficulty of his story's covering a number of years?

4. Are the details of the story presented fully enough to be convincing?

5. What acts of Federigo's help most to reveal his character?

6. Is this a satisfactory love story? Give reasons for your answer.

7. In what way is the love story idealistic?

Alfred Tennyson thought this story so beautiful that he wrote a one-act play in verse using the same theme. The play is beautifully written and makes the motives, situations, and characters more clearly defined. Some teachers may prefer the play to the story. It will help the teacher in the interpretation of the story to read the play first.

The last Italian story in the text, Deledda's "Two Miracles" is a beautiful story, dealing with the religious customs of the people. The class members will enjoy this story if time will permit the reading of it.

Social Service

(Fourth Week in June)

PERSONALITY STUDY: PROPER USE OF HUMOR

Based on Overstreet's *Influencing Human Behavior*, pp. 256-277

"Humor is a powerful factor in influencing behavior," says the author of our text. A writer in the field of business psychology says that "it is extremely difficult to handle humor successfully, and when not used successfully it is very likely to do positive harm." (Strong.) These two quotations express very clearly the keynote of this lesson. The definite implication is that we may well cultivate a sense of humor and that we should learn how it may be used more effectively.

The subject of mirthful behavior, to many may seem very trifling, yet it is a fact that great men like Aristotle, Hobbes, Kant, Schopenhauer, Spencer and Bergson have seriously tried to understand the causes of laughter and whole volumes have been written by way of exposition of their findings. Their views are couched briefly in such phrases as "imitation * * * of a lower type," "theory of superiority," "nullification of expectation," "theory of incongruity," "an effort which suddenly encounters a void," "the appearance of mechanical inelasticity in human life," etc.

Ours is a practical interest, so it will not be appropriate to dwell on the merely theoretical aspects of this very interesting and important general topic. However, we do want to know something of the conditions which make for mirthful behavior as well as something of the social effectiveness of humor, and how we may avoid certain common mistakes in relation to its use.

We may begin with a brief quotation from a valuable discussion of this subject by Bogardus:

"In order to see the humorous

side of life one must enjoy a fair degree of physical health and of mental exuberance. If he has suffered long hours of tedious labor without sleep, if he has been the victim of recent financial reverses, if loved ones are dangerously ill, the mirthful self is likely to be quiescent. The play tendencies and the social spirit are fundamental to the expression of mirth." * * *

"Laughter is born of social contacts. Whenever two or more persons who are kindred spirits are gathered together under agreeable circumstances, they are likely to burst out into laughter at any moment. * * * A member of an adult group may laugh because he is unconsciously stimulated by the laughing of others. * * * Laughter sometimes results from the desire not to be conspicuous. The listener may fail to catch the point of a story, but joins in the group laughter. * * *

"Laughter is occasionally forced. An individual is insulted by a slighting remark. He does not want to recognize the incident, therefore he will parry the thrust by laughing. * * * Laughter is sometimes utilized to cover pain. One's pride may lead him to invoke a laughing mood. Pain is frequently camouflaged by laughter. Tears may be concealed by laughter." * * *

"Probably the most common cause of laughter is found in the incongruous actions of other individuals. A dog chases his tail, a boy with a basket of eggs falls down, a dignified man runs after his wind-blown hat—these are never-failing, mirth-provoking incongruities. * * Then there are incongruous ideas which are common causes of laughter, such

as (1) Illogical statements, (2) Grammatical and rhetorical errors, (3) Idiomatical and related mistakes, (4) The play on words, (5) Overstatement or understatement that is moderate and implied, (6) A sudden change from the serious to the trifling or ridiculous, and (7) Unintended suggestions." * * *

"To make fun of others constitutes an entirely different set of causes of laughter. * * * There is laughter which is simply ridicule—the individual is merely derided. * Then there is laughter which is purely and openly sarcastic, biting, and generally anti-social. Social ridicule of whatever degree is powerful because it directly affects the socially reflected self. Social laughter is a corrective. It arouses fear, and 'restrains eccentricity.'"*

These brief quoted extracts on laughter are very inadequate as a sample of the way social psychologists discuss this interesting topic. However, a careful rereading of this material should stimulate considerable reflection and help in a measure to understand mirthful behavior, and the last paragraph especially suggests how at times the provoking of laughter may have considerable social importance in addition to the possible amusement afforded.

People who are more than superficially acquainted with the Bible know that it contains many situations that were intended perhaps to be humorous. Consider, for example, the answer of Job to his critics who had been parroting ancient so-called wisdom to him after the fashion of a Bromide. He says, "No doubt you are the men who know! Wisdom will die with you." Job 12:2, Moffat's translation.

Read in Amos 4:4-5 where the

prophet tells the "unspiritual ritualists" to whom he is speaking to "come to Bethel, (a sanctuary) and transgress; to Gilgal, and multiply transgression; bring your sacrifices every morning, and your tithes every three days." Is he not poking fun at some of the respectabilities on which they have gone to seed? Or could any intelligent reader think that Jesus intended the plain implication of his answer recorded in Mark 2:17 to be taken seriously? The self-sufficient scribes of the Pharisees were questioning the propriety of Jesus eating and drinking with publicans and sinners. What effective irony is contained in his splendid answer and what a fine key it is into the insight which Jesus had as to the kind of people with whom reform may best be begun. When Jesus learned about the question and noted the self-satisfied anxiety of the delegation of scribes looking in at the feast he said to them, "They that are whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick: I came not to call the righteous, but sinners." What do you suppose was the effect of this carefully worded reply? Certain it is that even our sacred literature illustrates how humor may be used with telling effect.

In the business world today it is recognized that humor if properly used may be very effective. Advertisers, a few years ago, who wished to promote the use of starched collars tried to convey the impression that most of the wearers of soft collars were down at the heels in their business. Said their advertising, "Almost all successful men wear stiff collars." It is clear that in this we have an effort to use humor to undermine the business of the manufacturers of soft and semi-soft collars. It is interesting to know that a humorous advertising appeal was used by the Van Heusen

*Reprinted from *Essentials of Social Psychology* by Emory S. Bogardus, with permission of the publisher, Jesse Ray Miller.

people by way of rebuttal and defense. They could not remain in dignified silence nor trust to an ordinary denial while their customers were being belittled in this way and dubbed as unsuccessful. Soon the reading public were smiling if not laughing at the expense of those who imitate with their uncomfortable collars the vain asceticism of those in days gone by when, for no good reason at all, such things as starched ruffs, hard-boiled shirts, etc., were worn. In a subordinate part of the advertisement it is pointed out by way of contrast that the present generation with its sensible appreciation of comfort as well as style, wears soft shirts with soft bosoms and soft cuffs, soft hats, etc. If you happen to remember this advertisement picturing "Ye Hall of Discomforts" with its judicious use of humor you will agree that it was very effective.

But let us not assume that successful business men use humor freely. As a matter of fact they exercise considerable self-restraint. A beginning store clerk is often cautioned about how he attempts to joke with the customers. It is easy by joking to give offense when it is really not intended. Humor is recognized as being so very difficult to apply successfully that one important advertising concern restricts the use of humor to only those advertisements where this sort of appeal has been specifically authorized by the president.

It is significant that one of the best recent discussions of the practical use of humor is entitled "Mistakes to Avoid in Using Humor."*

*See Webb and Morgan—"Strategy in Handling People" (1930), pp. 238-243. Publishers: Boulton, Pierce and Company, 232 East Erie Street, Chicago, Ill. Price \$3.00. This book is a very interesting and helpful approach to the same general problem as that treated in our text.

It brings home to us again the fact that "humor is an edged tool; it can be used to fight with as well as to please." The characteristic feature of this consideration of the problem is the use of many illustrative examples culled from "incidents from the careers of successful men." Some of their conclusions arrived at which might supplement our text are expressed briefly as follows:

"We cannot go wrong with a joke on ourselves. We accomplish much the same result by joining in the laugh when someone else springs one on us. * * * It is giving a thought to the victim that able men make their humor effective in creating good will. They take care that their thrusts inflict no damage which they may regret. Kindly humor charms people and puts them at ease. It is perhaps unequalled as a means of relieving tension and drawing people together."

At the close of this season's work it may be of interest to many of the Relief Society members to know that it has been decided to use the same text for another year and to try by a slightly different series of lessons to master the material much more thoroughly. The Magazine lessons will have new content and an attempt will be made to make the work somewhat easier.

A Few of the Possible Problems For Discussion

1. Relate instances to illustrate the truth of the statement from Strong quoted in the first paragraph.
2. Read to the class and comment briefly on the quotation from Bogardus. Which paragraph do you regard as most significant? Why?
3. Why is it considered such a high compliment to say that a person has a fine sense of humor? If it is available read the interesting column on the "Sense of Joy" found in *The*

Nation for April 27, 1927, p. 468. Do you consider a sense of humor more important than a sense of joy as a "distinguishing mark of supremely and passionately happy persons?" Give reasons.

4. Under what circumstances is it justifiable to poke fun at the "solemn respectabilities" of people? What good, if any, do you suppose came out of the verses quoted in the text on page 260? Do you suppose they were intended to be merely amusing?

5. Two bromides, (See November *Magazine*, page 632) in this case a school teacher and a garrulous club woman had been relating publicly in church their experiences during a summer's trip abroad. Their remarks seemed so trifling and commonplace and unnecessarily prolonged that the chorister expressed his reaction by having the bishop announce that the closing song would be the hymn entitled, "Ye simple souls who stray." Do you suppose that the effects on the whole were good or were they bad? Do you regard the act as an unkindly thrust or a justified corrective? Make your comments in the light of what Overstreet says on the last half of page 262 and of what Bogardus says in the last paragraph quoted here in the *Magazine*.

6. Mention some of the delightful personal qualities of one who has cultivated a truly humorous attitude.

7. One of the many alleged "eleventh" commandments says, "Thou shalt not take thyself too seriously." Comment on this especially in the light of the first half of page 266 in our text.

8. The writer has heard it said that in a certain theological class the members became very much exercised about the problem of the location of the ten lost tribes of

Israel. After much discussion they sought for the final solution of the problem at the general church headquarters. The answer came promptly. It was about as follows: "We do not know where the ten lost tribes are. They are lost." Have you ever heard of similar profoundly trivial discussions where the participants had at least temporarily lost their sense of humor? How can such people be helped?

9. What do you think of the suggestion that humor is to be found in the Bible? Discuss some of the passages you are acquainted with where some form of humor is used. One writer characterizes Matt. 23:32 and Rev. 22:11 as "gravely ironical." What is your opinion of these passages? Do you know of any preachers who make effective use of humor in their sermons to further the cause of righteousness? Name them and relate an illustration or two.

10. Present as convincingly as you can the considerations which cause you to believe that we can successfully cultivate a system of habits that make for humor and actually break up those habits we have that tend to make us pitifully unhumorous.

11. What to you is the best contribution you get from Chapter XVI of the text?

12. One of America's greatest educators says that we might well judge the value of educational activities by (1) the extent to which they stimulate a desire for continued growth and (2) the extent to which they furnish the necessary basis upon which further development may take place. Judged from these standards have you made this "social service" course a success? What are the evidences which would support your answer?

Woman

Three Part Chorus, written for and dedicated to the Salt Lake Stake Relief Society

Moderato con espress mf

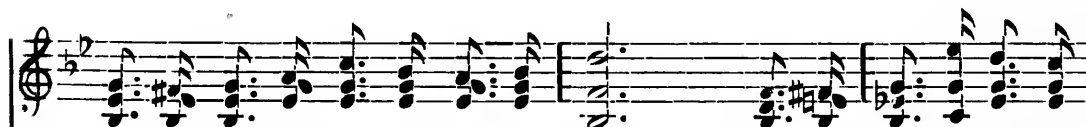
ALFRED M. DURHAM.



1. In her sphere the noblest work of God is wom - an, As a
2. When the light of truth was hid den by trans - gres - sion, Man in
3. To what heights shall she at tain in this re - la - tion? What can



Mod. to mf



help-mate in the great re-demp-tive plan: Standing side by side they
blindness failed to rec-og-nize true worth: She was forced to serve and
stay her in the a - ges yet to come? As a moth-er she has



rit.



form a per-fect be - ing—God in em-bry - o—the wom-an and the
fill a low - ly sta - tion, Darkness, aye gross darkness, covered all the
laid a sure foun-da - tion, As com - pan - ion and co-build-er of the



rit.



a tem.

mp



man. No - bly she has play'd her part thru all the a - ges, Filled her earth. But the shadows lift-ed as they lift at dawn ing, When to home. Queen on earth she is, then why not queen in heaven? Are there



a tem

mp



cres.

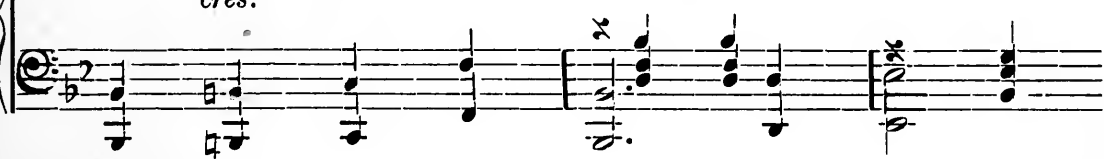


niche in life as on - ly wom-an can; man a - gain was giv'n the gos-pel light, bounds to which she cannot sometime rise?

Shared the bur-den, she with Wom-an took her rightful If she fol-lows in the



cres.



rit.



him in joy and sor-row, Up the hill to - geth-er ev - er in the van. place as man's companion, Standing by him there in all her re - gal right. light that has been given, Her re - ward is sure—the ev - er-last-ing prize.



rit.



Explore Your Mind

By Claire Stewart Boyer

"The aim of science, art and religion is forever the same—to bring the mind into possession of the truth, goodness and beauty of the world. The aim of science is to find a universe that works, the aim of art and religion is to find a universe that is significant." This statement which opens Mr. Wiggam's great book gives the scope of a mind that can see world problems in their true relationship and can state them, fearlessly and with a satisfying certainty. Mr. Wiggam is just as efficient in dealing with individual problems. He tells us that Character tests have proved that 80 per cent of the failures in life are due to things which the individual can control.

In addition to the physical, mental and emotional phases of personality he adds social intelligence and will power. Social intelligence is the ability to judge, appreciate and adjust. The person who can judge himself well, usually overestimates others. He is interested in others, makes human contacts easily and successfully, stirs others to enthusiasms. He is the inspirational type, the leader. He who judges others well, is the cold-blooded driver. He is interested most in himself. He should choose and hire employes but never direct them. He is the egoist. Overestimation of self reveals stupidity, good estimation of self reveals intelligence.

Desirable qualities in men seem to be linked together. The able person has common sense, sociability, talent and appreciation. "Rate

yourself, compare yourself, with others," says Wiggam.

Success depends greatly upon will power. No one is denied a measure of success who will use this great force. Recreate your lost enthusiasms, overcome fear, develop the qualities you admire through using will power. One woman learned to use a paralyzed arm through will power. Fear shuts up the pathway of expression and response. It binds one to failure. Will power can overthrow fear. Don't let your feelings overcome you. Action is the remedy for the blues.

Only the self controlled person is free. Mental and emotional tests are now given for an estimate of the worth of an individual. If he has established definite, purposeful habits, coordinated and controlled them he will be an efficient human being.

Imagination, reason and memory are merely habit responses. If the memory is weak, the habit has not been well developed, has been mistreated or ignored. It is startling to know that the genius and the idiot think in the same way, only the higher mind makes connections of thought with thought in order to be able to retain and recall them, to build and create with them.

Few people even begin to live up to their possibilities. The object of vocational guidance is to make accomplishment run parallel to ability. To make the most of life, physical, mental, social, emotional and will habits should be carefully developed.

The establishment of these habits is education, and education is life.

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By Owen Woodruff Bunker

I like t'watch my Ma make pies,
An' roll out ci'mon muffins.
I like t'see her mix th' dough
Fer cake, nex' bes' t'nuthin.
I like t'see her stir th' stuff
Fer gingerbread, an' fix
Th' raisins in, but tell th' truth
I'd ruther see her mix

Them Sody Biskits.

I like t'watch her pick a hen
An' make a batch o' dumplin's,
'Nen stuff it full o' crum's an' sage,
An' spice, an' salt, an' somethun'
Else she allus stuffs it with
Away up in a 'twix',
But not s'good as standin' by
A watchin' at her mix

Them Sody Biskits.

I us't t'like it best uv all
T' see her mix a batter
O' cookies up, an' bake 'em brown,
'Nen pass 'em on a platter,
N'take th' leavin's from th' pan
An' mix up five er six
O' quirlie cakes, but now I guess
I'd ruther see her mix

Them Sody Biskits.

There's somethun' 'bout the' dough 'at makes
A feller git t'lovin'
'Em things a hour 'fore she gits
'Em greased an' in th' oven,
An after all m'tellin' if
She'll let me have m'picks,
I'll take a place up clost t'Ma
So's I can watch 'er mix

Them Sody Biskits.

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. 18

May, 1931

No. 5

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When Buying Mention Relief Society Magazine

Resurrection

By Rachel Grant Taylor

In tune our hearts throb with the song of spring,
"I am the resurrection and the life."

Held close in winter's icy bands, the germ of life lies hidden.
Those coatings dull and brown are but its somber grave clothes.
Peacefully in darkness deep it rests, beneath a coverlet of snow.
But when the light of spring's fair sun, dispels the shades of
winter's night,
Deep in the earth, life hears the Master's call,
Casts off its shroud and triumphs over death.

In tune our hearts throb with the song of spring,
"I am the resurrection and the life."

Mother

By Jennie Bastian Mansfield

Bits of heavenly wisdom,
A thousand kinds of cheer,
A million kinds of comfort,
For every need that's here;

Love that never faileth,
Tenderness sincere,
God put them all together
When He made you, Mother dear.



MOTHERHOOD

By Bessie Potter Vonnoh.

THE Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XVIII

MAY, 1931

No. 5

Sketches of Representative Women

Of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

By Susa Young Gates

WHEN the roll of honor is called in heavenly courts, the women whose names will lead all the rest will be those who have crowned wifedom and motherhood with the jewels fashioned out of the glowing sacrifices of their own hopes, ambitions, gifts and love. The names will be not those of the female poets and painters, the orators or authors who have emerged from domestic obscurity to emblazon their names on earthly scrolls of fame, but of those wives and mothers whose human masterpieces have gone out from their hearthstones to repeat again and again the dramas, comedies, and tragedies of life! And if life or opportunity have deprived the childless, husbandless woman of her God-ordained destiny, she too, if she has risen to her full womanly stature, whether her feet have trod the highways of fame or the byways of absorption in other related lives and interests, if she has preserved and developed her mothering instincts and qualities—she, too, will be named among those chosen ones when He makes up His jewels.

Augusta Winters Grant

Wife of President Heber J. Grant

MRS. AUGUSTA WINTERS GRANT, wife of President Heber J. Grant, is a true representative of the womanhood of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, sincere, modest, intelligent. Her life has expressed the best there is in wifedom and motherhood.

Mrs. Grant was born July 7, 1856, at Pleasant Grove, Utah. Her ancestry answers the problem of her own distinguished and beautiful personality. Her puritan and American pioneer ancestry on both maternal and paternal lines molded the strong lines of courage, the delicate tracery of natural refinement and peace with the added resourcefulness which enabled them and their descendants to meet wisely and calmly life's daily problems.

MRS. GRANT'S father, Oscar Winters, descended from two Puritan strains, the Burdicks and the Winters. His mother, Rebecca Burdick Winters, was a daughter of

Gideon Burdick who was a Revolutionary soldier. Gideon enlisted in 1776 in the Colonial Army at the age of 16 years, and served throughout the war with some years of subsequent service. He rose to the rank of lieutenant and finally to that of captain; but he began his record as a drummer boy. He enrolled from Charleston County, Rhode Island, and was with Washington on that fateful night, the 25th of December, 1776, when the ice-filled Delaware bore the determined American troops across and met and out-flanked the enemies' treacherous assault. Gideon vividly recalled and described to his descendants the scenes and tragic events of that night and his subsequent experiences. The war records show that he remained in active service until 1804. He was a pensioner of the government until his death. Gideon joined the Church in June, 1833, in Jamestown, New York, his whole family being baptized at the outlet of Lake Chautauqua, near Buffalo.

Oscar Winters, son of Rebecca Burdick, grandson of Gideon, was a well-read, intelligent man, who always kept abreast of the happenings which were of world-wide interest. As a child, Mrs. Grant remembers her father reading Greek history and the biographies of noted men in their little pioneer home. For years he was a subscriber to the *Toledo Blade* and the *New York Sun*, when these papers were scarcely ever heard of in Utah. In those days indeed few books and papers were obtainable, as pioneer conditions and the long journey across the plains prevented general distribution. The children in the household read these papers with great interest. Particularly was the mind of the growing girl, Augusta, formed along educational lines. She was

assisted by her wise father in acquiring opinions of national affairs and prominent people which were uncolored by political bias and untouched by heated controversy. Oscar Winters had not the remotest idea of becoming a school teacher; but he was called by the Bishop of Mount Pleasant about 1860 to take charge of the winter school with his wife, Mary Ann Stearns Winters, who had long been a trained school teacher. Mary Ann Stearns Winters, the wife of Oscar and mother of Augusta, was a school teacher from the time she was a little girl. She taught in Winter Quarters and all her younger life in Utah.

AUGUSTA'S earliest recollections were concerned with the pleasurable task of assisting the younger children in the class work of those primitive schools. She acted as teacher and assistant teacher from the early age of thirteen years. She was so successful and so beloved a teacher that her pupils and associates carried her reputation all over the State. She was the principal of the school in Pleasant Grove for two years. The next year she attended the University of Utah, and was invited by Dr. Park to take charge of a department in the city schools in his first attempt to grade and organize the city schools. Prior to this time each district and ward managed its own educational affairs, and the tuition paid in by the children was given to the teacher. Again asked to act as principal, she accepted the responsibility of the 17th Ward Academy where she presided over a group of pupils older than herself. This was her last experience in direct school teaching. Augusta taught school altogether about ten years. She has "ex-pupils" all over the State of Utah.



AUGUSTA WINTERS GRANT

A hunger for learning has always characterized her life and is one of her outstanding attributes. She never has had to make herself study, but does it because she loves it. It is her recreation. At the age of eight she spelled down her entire school in an old-fashioned spelling contest. As her mother was a school teacher, she encouraged her children to get all the education they could. The "Winters girls" were among the first to go away from home to school in Provo and Salt Lake City, and older heads in the town were shaken seriously as the townspeople prophesied that "Oscar Winters was going to spoil those girls by spending for their education instead of keeping them home to help him." They would go to school one year and teach the next, saving the greater part of the money earned to help pay for their education.

When in New York the winter her daughter Mary was at Columbia University, the mother Augusta registered there for one of the courses. At this time she was nearly sixty. She loves to study French and used to keep up with her daughter while she was taking it and has remembered it always, taking frequent opportunities to speak it since. She learned Japanese quite readily, and the knowledge of the language enabled her to do much good while in Japan. She has always been interested in books and magazines and has kept up on current events.

She organized a night school in Pleasant Grove for young people who had been denied educational opportunities and had a very successful class in English. One member of this class was head of the schools in this little town.

AUGUSTA was married happily and congenially in 1884 to President Heber J. Grant and found

herself in a family of ten—the orphaned children of her husband and her sister. While she was privileged to bear but one daughter of her own, she has mothered in her home twelve fine girls; the children of her husband and of two of her sisters. She has seen them all grow to maturity and develop into fine characters, worthy citizens and all happily married.

To her one daughter, she is a haven of joy and still waters, where the restless barks of her noisy grandchildren may harbor without storm or delay. All of these, as well as her husband's children and children's children, cast anchor into the soundless depths of her love and peace.

She is a firm believer in the principle that we receive our reward for all we do, as we go along, and is sensitive of the fact that she has received more than her just reward in the loyalty and devotion of her family.

SHE is never aggressive, nor a seeker in any sense of the word. She has to be chosen. She cares nothing for formal society and its arbitrary rules and restrictions. She has always been beautiful, and has been sought after by all who knew her. Yet she has preserved her modest character without a taint of vanity or self-seeking. Her charm of personality and her refined taste, quiet attire and modest appearance, have given her an air of distinction which she herself has never sought.

Early in life she decided that she would "always like to do what she had to do" and "she would never want anything which she could not have." These two decisions have influenced her life deeply.

She is never averse to telling her age, and rather enjoys announcing the fact that for four months in the

year she is older than her husband, while for the rest of the year they are the same age. She cares nothing for jewelry and has told her husband that instead of buying diamonds and jewels for her she would prefer to have him use the money for charitable purposes. She sometimes says that diamonds, instead of adding youthful charm and attractions, rather accentuate the lack of them.

WITH gifts and graces which qualify her for highest public position and responsibility, with a radiant personality and supreme powers of leadership, she has accepted only of such minor offices and duties as will permit her full discharge of those domestic responsibilities which flood the swift flowing river from her husband's burdened public life. She is ready at his instant call for voyage, sudden dinner guest's change of plan or removal. Never flustered, never reluctant, peaceful, hopeful, self-reliant, and with abundant tact, she is the ideal helpmate for her virile, swift-moving, inttensely active husband.

Yet she has served in many offices in our Church organizations. She was made secretary of the Pleasant Grove M. I. A. by President Emmeline B. Wells, who was always proud of the fact that "she had discovered Augusta Winters Grant." She was made secretary of the Salt Lake Stake Relief Society in 1898 when that stake comprised all of Salt Lake Valley and when the venerated M. Isabella Horne was president. She was appointed on the General Board of the Y. L. M. I. A. September 19, 1898, by President Elmina S. Taylor. She assisted in establishing traveling libraries and served on the editorial committee of the *Young Woman's Journal*. She

has also been a member of the Reading Course Committee, the Advanced Senior Course Committee, and on the Committee for Summer Homes for Girls. It was she who selected and suggested the beautiful site of the Girls' Summer Home in Brighton. She has greatly enjoyed all these and other labors on the General Board of which she is still an honored member.

She is and has ever been the quietly acknowledged leader of any circle where she moves. No one, least of all herself, ever announces that prominence. Few know the secret of this power; yet all might. It is that she is impersonal in her wishes or purposes. She has used her governing powers in her home and social circle so discretely that only those who observe closely realize what force is moving them. She has the rare reserves of a thoughtful frankness. Her own inner fortress rarely opens, even to her friends. She guards her own and her husband's secrets with strong yet gently fastened locks. It would not be friendship to endeavor to infringe upon her silences. In all her speech there shines her quiet insistence on the virtue of truth. Never does she exaggerate! It is rarely possible to find so strong a personality blended with such simple graciousness, consideration, and uplifting helpfulness. Steadfastly cheerful, quietly hopeful, wisely prayerful, she rules in her own circle because she wins love and obedience. She never asks: "What do I get of this?" It is always: "What can I give to this or that cause or person?"

MRS. GRANT has traveled widely. She, with her husband, has met many of the most eminent people of the nation—men and women famous in science, edu-

cation, and governmental renown. She greatly appreciates the privilege of thus widening her own field of observation and experience. She spent two years with her husband in Japan. In all of this traveling, Mrs. Grant finds great delight in nature and the beauty spread before her eyes by Him who made the stars and set bounds to the rivers of water. She is very much interested in art and music, Wagner's operas being her favorite. Her favorite of all forms of entertainment is grand opera. She would now rather read Shakespeare than to see the plays on the stage, for since the days of Booth and Barrett, few are good Shakespearian actors. She cannot endure a whole evening of piano music, and is not partial to victrola music. She has only contempt for jazz music and plays.

Only the very best in theatricals appeals to her. Popular vaudeville and film pictures do not interest her. Ancient relics of the past move her only as they relate to the development of character and the purposes of God. Her principal interests are in educational fields and in Church organizations. Her attractions in education are history, literature and the

languages. She is, to this day, often intrigued with a new French book or a French newspaper.

NO more exalted example has been set by the wife of any President of the Church than by this good woman in her constant devotion to temple work for many years. She has and does give liberal funds to the research work for her kindred dead. Following in the pathway marked out by her saintly mother, she not only gives of her substance for this work—she likewise gives herself. At least once a week, oftentimes more, she enters the Salt Lake Temple, and there she slips in and out of the crowded halls, so retiring, so modest, that newcomers are astonished when they learn that she is the wife of President Heber J. Grant. She accompanies her devoted husband when he is in town and can attend, but she goes many times when he is absent or busy. And her manner of doing what she does is no less an example than the work she does. Quietly, modestly, simply, she moves in her wide circle of friends, loving and beloved by all. Verily, of such are the queens of heaven.

A Tribute

To Charlotte Stahr, California Mission

By Amy M. Rice

Sometimes when I am tempted most,
Beset by grief and fears;
The words I've often heard you say
Keep ringing in my ears.
And to my weakness comes your strength
To lift me to the sun.
And I am able by that grace
To say "Thy will be done."

Sometimes I'd give the world to be,
Where you could take my hand;
For in your kindly sympathy
I know you understand.

We must have known each other There
In ages long gone by;
You in your strength to help inspire
The weak ones such as I.

This tribute rare I give to you
No greater if I tried.
'Tis Zion's grandest womanhood
In you personified.
And if you're called to journey first,
To other lands more fair,
May your kind hand extended be
To help me enter There.

A Visit to the American Embassy in Mexico

By Alice D. Moyle

A LONG felt desire to visit the wonderful ruins of Yucatan and Mexico resulted in Brother Moyle and myself sailing from New York recently bound for Progreso, the only port of entry for the peninsula of Yucatan, where we landed five days later and proceeded to Merrida. This quaint Spanish City is the capitol and only city of any size in Yucatan, it has a little less than a hundred thousand inhabitants.

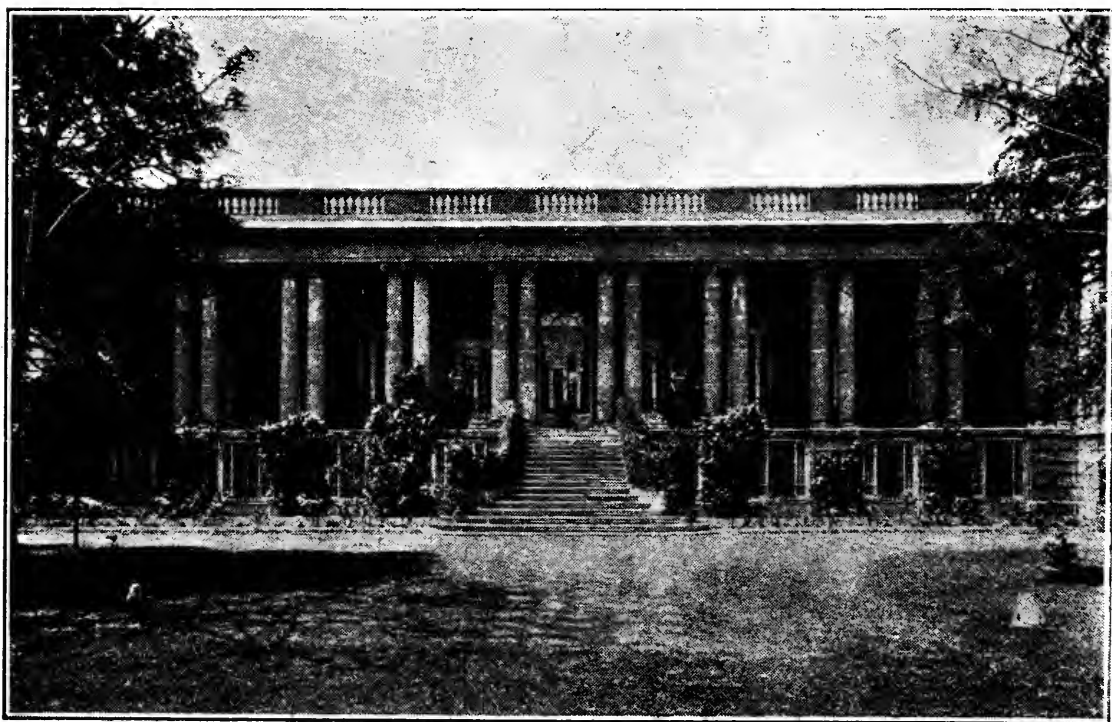
From there we visited Uxmal and Chichen Itza where are found some of the most extensive and remarkable ruins of the cities of the Mayas—the most progressive and enlightened nation of the ancient Aborigines of America. These cities must have had a far greater

population than Merrida now has.

I should like to dwell on this fascinating part of our trip, but I want to tell you of our visit to Mexico City, and of the interesting and important position occupied, and of the work being performed by our own Mrs. Clark and her distinguished husband.

After leaving Yucatan we took a steamer to Vera Cruz and from there went by train over one of the most picturesque roads on the continent to Mexico City, where we were met at the station by Ambassador and Mrs. Clark and taken bag and baggage to their beautiful home, the American Embassy.

Mexico City is seventy-five hundred feet above sea level on a great plateau surrounded by mountains,



AMERICAN EMBASSY

towering over all is the famous Mount Popocatepetl, which is ten thousand three hundred feet above the valley and nearly twenty thousand feet above sea level. It has been called the "Vesuvius of America," but now only occasionally emits smoke. Its peak is snow-capped, and on a bright day its summit seems to link with the sky.

Mexico City is perhaps the oldest city on the continent, and has a population of 968,443. The Span-

high arched windows and huge fireplaces. The drawing rooms are beautifully furnished and draped with old brocades, antique furniture and beautiful mirrors. The large dining room easily seats fifty to sixty people. This room opens with low French windows onto a wide veranda which runs the length of the house, and from this we reach a lovely garden, or patio enclosed by a high wall covered with vines and flowers. In this enclosure at



THE CLARK FAMILY

ish atmosphere, the tropical vegetation and flowers, combined with its temperate climate, make it a most desirable place in which to live.

The American Embassy, by far the finest of any of the Embassies in Mexico, is imposing and impressive, and is very fittingly called "The White House of Mexico." It is a large one-story structure, Spanish style, with flat roof, heavy columns, ceilings twenty-five to thirty feet in height, marble floors,

the other end of the garden are the offices of the Ambassador and his staff in a dignified building called the Chancery. The Embassy is beautifully decorated for all entertainments and every day is filled with the loveliest flowers, immense bowls of which are in every available space. As we approached the Embassy, we entered through large carved iron gates, which were closely guarded. These led to a recessed white marble entrance, which was very striking with its red

velvet carpeted steps, and looking out upon a wall of beautiful flowers and beds of Calla lilies.

Ambassador and Mrs. Clark are very busy people. Besides affairs of State there is much entertainment. Luncheons, teas and dinners

During our stay we were fortunate enough to be among the guests at two large dinner parties, one given to educators and men of affairs in Mexico, the other to Diplomats and distinguished visitors. A large dinner dance was also given



LIVING ROOM IN AMERICAN EMBASSY

follow each other in quick succession. Once every month the Embassy is thrown open for a large reception at which three or four hundred people are entertained. The guests include Mexican Diplomats and Officials, American and British Subjects, in fact, the Embassy is an open house.

for the American Consuls, eighty in number, who were attending a conference in Mexico City at the call of Ambassador Clark.

Mrs. Clark shares the distinction, with the wife of President Rubio of Mexico, of being chosen an honorary President of the Pan-American Society. This Society was enter-



MUSIC ROOM IN AMERICAN EMBASSY

tained recently at a beautifully appointed luncheon by Mrs. Clark. It is the privilege and custom of the Ambassador to entertain any and all distinguished people who visit Mexico. Mr. Thomas S. Gates, President of the University of Pennsylvania, and until quite recently, the partner of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, with his wife, were guests at the Embassy during our visit.

Ambassador and Mrs. Clark planned and accompanied us on several wonderful trips to places of interest. One delightful jaunt was to Xochimelico,* where are located the famous floating Aztec gardens. These gardens were originally made by inter-lacing twigs strong enough to form a mat, and covering them with a thin layer of earth. Being light they were easily moved across the canals with oars. They were sometimes one hundred feet long. Fragile huts and gardens were built upon them. Eventually these gardens took root, and trees and shrubs grew, until now they are stationary gardens of trees, flowers, and vegetables. Each little plot of land is a floral paradise. At one of the landing places, awaiting our party of eight, was a quaint flat bottom boat with posts supporting a canopy covered with bunches of flowers. Down the center of the boat a table was spread with a most delicious luncheon. We were towed by a native through picturesque canals lined on both sides with gardens of flowers, and the most wonderful tropical vegetation. At every turn in the stream, we passed boats bound for markets laden with fruit, vegetables and flowers.

We visited the wonderful pyramids, temples, and ruins of pre-

*Xochimelico means "Where flowers grow."

historic time, in and around Mexico City.

Another delightful trip was our visit to Cuernavaca, where the summer home of the former Ambassador, Mr. Morrow, is situated, and is still maintained by him. Here the most luxurious tropical gardens, swimming pool and quaint Spanish home is at the disposal of Mr. and Mrs. Clark.

Of all the demands made upon Mrs. Clark, none does she enjoy more than her philanthropic and charitable work. She has already identified herself in the work of the Red Cross and other local charities. Mrs. Clark had the honor lately of opening a large bazaar.

Mr. Clark's decision, that no liquor be served at the Embassy, while quite an innovation, has impressed the American Colony with its consistency and good taste. If one may judge from the popularity and length of time the guests linger, Mr. Clark has refuted the idea so prevalent, especially in Latin countries, that dinners and entertainments cannot be popular without serving liquor.

Twelve native servants are employed at the Embassy, and Mrs. Clark is able to give, in Spanish, the final word in the management of her household. One of the most highly prized members of the staff is the efficient and attractive Social Secretary. Mrs. Clark's Chef is reputed to be the finest in Mexico, with which I heartily agree.

This article would fall short if I did not tell you about Luacine, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Clark at home. She is not old enough to attend formal parties, but is a joy in the Embassy. Luacine will graduate from the American High School in June. She speaks Spanish, and is very accomplished in music and composition. She, with

her mother, are at work now on an operetta. Her intelligent, sweet unaffected manner is winning for her many friends.

Mr. Clark's appointment to this high position, is due to his expert knowledge of International Law, and to his demonstrated ability to handle successfully the delicate and important diplomatic affairs of our government, with Mexico. It is common for Ambassadors to be appointed because of great wealth, social distinction, or coming from

important centers of population, but Mr. Clark was chosen not for these, but for his recognized ability, knowledge, fitness for the place, and popularity with Mexican people, who are not easily understood. That so small and remote a state as Utah should be thus favored, is a distinct honor, not only to Mr. Clark, but to the State. Mr. Clark's home and domestic life in Mexico is typical of the highest ideals of the people to whom he belongs, and of the country which he represents.

Where's Mother?

By H. L. Reid

When father comes home at the close of day,
From the office, or road, or the field of hay,
He puts out the team, or drives in the car,
Then enters the house, leaving the door ajar,
And asks, "Where's Mother?"

As the setting of the sun is drawing nigh,
Sis comes home from her work at the High.
She giggles and laughs with the crowd at the gate,
Then enters the house, she knows she's late,
"O! Where's Mother?"

Bill comes home, gaunt and slim
From his work on the track, or perhaps in the Gym.
He bounds in the house, leaving wide open the door,
Throws his cap and his books upon the floor,
"O! Where's Mother?"

Then the kiddies come home, each in his way,
As chicks to the roost at the close of day,
They find father, sister, and brothers all,
But yet each echoes that little call,
"O! Where's Mother?"

If she should chance to step out of the way,
Or lie down to rest for a minute some day,
Though nothing is needed, there's nowhere to go
Yet everyone seems to just want to know,
"O! Where's Mother?"

When Mother's gone the "home" isn't there,
Of course, there's the house and the garden fair,
But amid it all there's an empty sting,
The spirit of home! There isn't such a thing
Unless Mother's there.

Anna Garlin Spencer

By Amy Brown Lyman

DR. ANNA GARLIN SPENCER, one of America's noted women, passed away on February 12, 1931, at her home in New York City, only two months before her eightieth birthday. She was born April 17, 1851, of excellent parents, in Attleboro, Massachusetts, and was a direct descendant of Peter Garlin who emigrated to the United States in 1637.

Mrs. Spencer was one of the rarest spirits and most gifted women of her time. Although slight in figure and rather delicate physically, she was possessed of a powerful intellect and remarkable mental clarity. Availing herself of every opportunity for study and training, she won many academic honors. Free from prejudices and complexes, her lovely personality and fine mind were released for constructive, helpful work, of which she did her full share.

Mrs. Spencer was a pioneer in social work and public welfare. She was a suffrage leader, sociologist, philanthropist, teacher, preacher, and writer; and withal, a faithful and helpful wife and devoted mother.

She was well known to many Utah women through association in the National Council of Women of the United States, and was always their loyal and interested friend. She had been active in the Council from the beginning, and attended the organization meeting in 1888, appearing on the program on that memorable occasion. She had held various offices in the Council, and at the time of her death was honorary vice president.

It is a deep satisfaction to all who knew and loved her that she was able to be her active, busy, and efficient self until almost her last moment. On February 2, 3 and 4, 1931, she attended the biennial meeting of the National Council of Women, where she was the foremost figure and leading spirit of the convention, directing in a marvelous manner plans for the reorganization of the Council. On Monday, February 9, the day before she was taken ill, she gave a lecture in her course on The Family before one hundred and seventy-eight students at Columbia University. On Tuesday, the 10th, she was at her desk in the office of the American Social Hygiene Association, from which she directed her work in the Family Relations Division. On Tuesday evening she attended a dinner given by the League of Nations Association in honor of Dame Rachel Crowdy of England. She was taken sick during this dinner, and two days later passed away without distress or anxiety.

Dr. Spencer's public career began at the age of eighteen when she taught school in Providence, Rhode Island. She later took up newspaper work and magazine writing, and for nine years was connected with the *Providence Journal*. All this time she continued her academic studies. In 1891 she was ordained a minister of the Unitarian Church, in which she preached regularly for fourteen years. Her husband was also a minister of this denomination. Early in life she had been interested in moral education and social reform, and she later specialized in

these fields. She was for ten years associate director and staff lecturer of the New York School of Philanthropy; for three years she was special lecturer on social service and

Theological School, Meadville, Pennsylvania; in 1918 she was lecturer at the University of Chicago; and since 1920 she had been a lecturer in social science at Teachers'



ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

social aspects of education, at the University of Wisconsin, and director of the Summer School of Ethics for the American Ethical Union; for five years she was Hackley professor of sociology and ethics at the

College, Columbia University. At the time of her death, she was director of the Division of Family Relations, American Social Hygiene Association.

She was for six years a member

of the Board of Control of the Rhode Island State Home and School for Dependent Children; she was secretary and later vice president of the Rhode Island Woman's Suffrage Association; president of the local Council of Women of Rhode Island, in which capacity she aided in securing the law by which the legal age of the child worker was raised from ten to twelve years, and other reforms in the interest of factory workers; she was an officer of the Providence Society for Organizing Charity; and chairman of the section on child saving and care of the International Conference of Social Work.

The memory of Anna Garlin Spencer will be sacred to all those fortunate enough to have known her. They will remember her for her keen interest and active participation in causes which have had for their object the benefit of humanity and the raising of human life to its highest level—in woman suffrage, in temperance, in social reform and legislation, in health work including social hygiene, in world peace. She assisted personally in all of these causes and held numerous positions of trust and honor in connection with them.

They will remember Mrs. Spencer for her fine outlook and progressive views on the problems of the day, as she expressed them on the platform and in her writings, among which are the following interesting volumes: *Woman's Share in Social Culture*; *The Care of Dependent,*

Neglected, and Wayward Children; *The Family and Its Members.*

They will remember her for her keen intellect, her power of discrimination, her ability to weigh and sift evidence on a mooted question; for her ability to assemble facts and organize a constructive plan; for her eloquence and power as a public speaker; for her sincerity and honesty; and for her courage and sense of humor which were so effective in times of discouragement.

They will remember and appreciate her most of all, however, for her charming personality and her precious self—free from envy, jealousy and prejudice, and abounding in tender sympathy and love for her Father's other children.

The following tribute was paid to Dr. Spencer by Dr. Valeria H. Parker, honorary president of the National Council of Women of the United States:

"I count as one of the greatest blessings of my life the privilege of sharing work with Dr. Anna Garlin Spencer and of knowing her as friend. Her mind and spirit retained their radiance until she entered in her last hours of sleep. Her physical body never changed to the heavy potter of old age. Her last public appearance was as she would have wished it, at a great international gathering.

"Her nearly four score years of rich and fruitful living and rare vision of the future will challenge the many who miss her earthly presence and who will forever cherish her bright and loving memory."

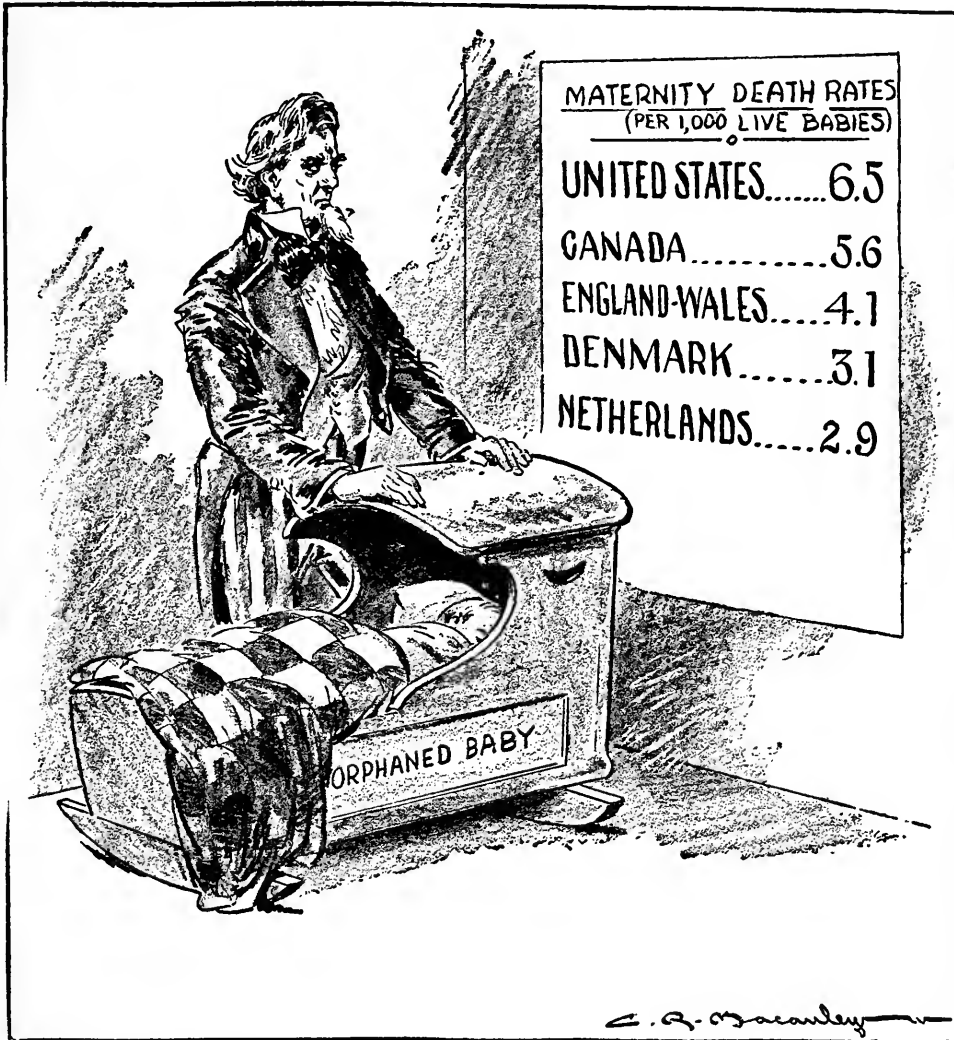
Mothers' Day

By Winona F. Thomas

If I could give you just one gift,
I'd try to make your dreams come
true.

I'd see that my life was so spent
That I would be a monument,
Commemorating you.

Facing Facts on Mothers' Day



© MATERNITY CENTER ASSOCIATION, N. Y. C.

Uncle Sam is troubled—16,000 mothers every year fail to answer roll-call on Mother's Day. They die having babies. Of these 10,000 could be saved, if people knew the importance of adequate maternity care. For information, write your health department, the Children's Bureau, Washington, D. C., or Maternity Center Association, 578 Madison Avenue, New York City.

The Children's Charter

President Hoover's White House Conference on Child Health and Protection, recognizing the rights of the child as the first rights of citizenship, pledges itself to these aims for the Children of America

FOR every child spiritual and moral training to help him to stand firm under the pressure of life.

2. For every child understanding and the guarding of his personality as his most precious right.

3. For every child a home and that love and security which a home provides; and for that child who must receive foster care, the nearest substitute for his own home.

4. For every child full preparation for his birth, his mother receiving prenatal, natal, and postnatal care; and the establishment of such protective measures as will make child-bearing safer.

5. For every child health protection from birth through adolescence, including: periodical health examinations and, where needed, care of specialists and hospital treatment; regular dental examinations and care of the teeth; protective and preventive measures against communicable diseases; the insuring of pure food, pure milk, and pure water.

6. For every child from birth through adolescence, promotion of health, including health instruction and a health program, wholesome physical and mental recreation, with teachers and leaders adequately trained.

7. For every child a dwelling place safe, sanitary, and wholesome, with reasonable provisions for privacy, free from conditions which tend to thwart his development; and a home environment harmonious and enriching.

8. For every child a school which is safe from hazards, sanitary, properly equipped, lighted, and ventilated. For younger children nursery schools and kindergartens to supplement home care.

9. For every child a community which recognizes and plans for his needs, protects him against physical dangers, moral hazards, and disease; provides him with sane and wholesome places for play and recreation; and makes provision for his cultural and social needs.

10. For every child an education which, through the discovery and development of his individual abilities, prepares him for life; and through training and vocational guidance prepares him for a living which will yield him the maximum of satisfaction.

11. For every child such teaching and training as will prepare him for successful parenthood, homemaking, and the rights of citizenship; and, for parents, supplementary training to fit them to deal wisely with the problems of parenthood.

12. For every child education for safety and protection against accidents to which modern conditions subject him—those to which he is directly exposed and those which, through loss or maiming of his parents, affect him indirectly.

13. For every child who is blind, deaf, crippled, or otherwise physically handicapped, and for the child who is mentally handicapped, such measures as will early discover and diagnose his handicap, provide care and treatment, and so train him that he may become an asset to society rather than a liability. Expenses of these services should be born publicly where they cannot be privately met.

14. For every child who is in conflict with society the right to be dealt with intelligently as society's charge, not society's outcast; with the home, the school, the church, the court and the institution when needed, shaped to return him whenever possible to the normal stream of life.

15. For every child the right to grow up in a family with an adequate standard of living and the security of a stable income as the surest safeguard against social handicaps.

16. For every child protection against labor that stunts growth, either physical or mental, that limits education, that deprives children of the right of comradeship, of play, and of joy.

17. For every rural child as satisfactory schooling and health services as for the city child, and an extension to rural families of social, recreational, and cultural facilities.

18. To supplement the home and the school in the training of youth, and to return to them those interests of which modern life tends to cheat children, every stimulation and encouragement should be given to the extension and development of the voluntary youth organizations.

19. To make everywhere available these minimum protections of the health and welfare of children, there should be a district, county, or community organization for health, education, and welfare, with full-time officials, coordinating with a state-wide program which will be responsive to a nation-wide service of general information, statistics, and scientific research. This should include:

(a) Trained, full-time public health officials, with public health nurses, sanitary inspection, and laboratory workers.

(b) Available hospital beds.

(c) Full-time public welfare service for the relief, aid, and guidance of children in special need due to poverty, misfortune, or behavior difficulties, and for the protection of children from abuse, neglect, exploitation, or moral hazard.

For every child these rights, regardless of race, or color, or situation, wherever he may live under the protection of the American flag.

The Waste in Mothers' Lives

By Mrs. John Sloane, President Maternity Center Association
New York City

APPALLING facts about the number of mothers dying from childbirth came to the attention of members of the Women's City Club of New York in 1917. They were aroused to action when they realized that, during the decade preceding, typhoid fever had been practically eliminated; tuberculosis had diminished from first to second place on the roster of lethal diseases; smallpox had been controlled; but deaths of mothers in childbirth had shown no reduction whatever. And this was in the face of the fact that obstetricians advised that adequate maternity care could prevent a large part of these deaths.

Something soon began to happen. In the summer of 1917 a maternity center was opened, financed by the Women's City Club. Then, in April, 1918, a group of women met and conferred with several prominent obstetricians. They were inspired by these doctors with hope that the skill and care which showed such excellent results among their own patients could be extended to women at large.

This led to the organization of the Maternity Center Association. It was predicted when the Association was organized that as a result of the activities which were outlined, the deaths of mothers in childbirth would be reduced by 66 per cent, and of infants under one month by 40 per cent.

This is how nearly the prediction has come true. Among 4,726 mothers cared for by the Association, the deaths were reduced to

2.2 per thousand live births, as compared with 6.2 among mothers in the same district not under the care of the Association. Infant deaths in the first month of life were 29.1 in the special group, while they were 42.9 per thousand in the general population.

The records of mothers cared for were analyzed by Louis I. Dublin, statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, who made this comment: "This result is indicative of the saving of lives that might be accomplished were every mother to receive adequate maternity care. More than 16,000 women in the United States die every year from causes related to maternity—the highest rate of any civilized nation. If these mothers received adequate maternity care 10,000 could be saved."

The situation existing in this country can only be explained by the fact that childbirth is so commonplace and the accidents attendant upon it are accepted as the will of God. The lack of care is due to an uninformed public rather than to the lack of medical knowledge. It is not indifference but ignorance that allows us to continue last on the list of nations in the maternity care we provide.

"One of the most dramatic of all human events, the birth of a new being, is accepted casually, almost without concern, because it is so frequent—so commonplace."

The cold, bare, terrible fact is that we, as a people, are not aroused

sufficiently to this national disgrace to take the necessary measures to remove it.

Maternity hazards can be reduced by money wisely expended in any community when doctors, nurses and lay people will learn how to work together to provide adequate maternity care for every expectant mother.

The need today is to set into op-

eration the machinery which will bring to doctors, nurses and the public what obstetricians have learned will save mothers' lives.

Your State Department of Health and the Children's Bureau at Washington, D. C., will send helpful literature on request, or write to the Maternity Center Association, 576 Madison Avenue, New York City.

What is Adequate Maternity Care?

By Hazel Corbin, General Director Maternity Center Association, New York City

ADEQUATE maternity care is the observation, care and instruction by doctors and nurses of pregnant mothers from the time the mother thinks she may be pregnant until she is able to resume her regular activities and to care for her new baby. The Maternity Center Association cares for mothers in one section of New York City by holding clinics where doctors examine those patients who, for one reason or another, would otherwise have no medical supervision; by sending public health nurses to visit mothers in their homes, and by conducting classes for mothers at the centers where they can see the model clothes and supplies for babies and themselves and practice bathing and dressing a baby-sized doll.

Nurses urge each mother to register as early as possible with the private doctor or hospital physician who will deliver her so he may direct her care during pregnancy and know all about her when it comes time for the delivery and care of the baby. Each mother is helped to select, from the facilities

available, what is best suited to her condition.

The nurses, working with the doctors and reporting to them each time they see the mothers, see each mother at regular intervals during pregnancy to:

1. Help with every question or problem that may disturb her peace of mind or happiness or interfere with the health of the other members of the family.
2. Detect any discomforts, abnormalities or complications in time to have them corrected before they can hurt the mother or the baby.
3. Teach the mother and father about:
 - (a) The mother's hygiene, diet, rest, exercise, elimination, bathing, clothes, care of breasts, care of teeth, and how these items may be fitted into the daily regime of the home.
 - (b) The preparation for the baby including clothes, bed, toilet supplies and the care of them.
 - (c) The preparation of delivery

supplies and planning for the mother's care when the baby comes and during the next few weeks.

- (d) The care of the baby—bath, rest, exercise, food, habit formation—and how the best daily regime may be secured without disrupting the family life.

The nurses help the doctor or midwife during delivery and make regular visits afterward to give, or teach some responsible person to give, the necessary care to mother and baby, as well as to see that the household is running smoothly so the mother can rest as long as necessary, and gradually, as the doctor advises, resume her usual activities and increased responsibilities.

When the mother begins to care for her baby, the nurse is right there to explain again all those points—each so important—that the mother has learned in the classes at the center. Then, she helps the mother to plan her day's work so she can

have time for rest and other things and still give the baby the best of care.

Before the nurse stops visiting she makes sure of three things—first, that the mother has seen her doctor for the last examination that is so necessary to detect and correct at once any bad effects of the pregnancy, and second that the baby is registered with a doctor or a clinic for regular health supervision and instruction until he goes to school, and finally that father and mother both recognize that “an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure,” and that regular health examinations for the whole family are that ounce of prevention.

The death rate among mothers who have had this care was two-thirds lower than it was among those mothers living in the same district who did not have this care. If every mother in this country could have the care she needs, we would no longer have a maternal mortality rate higher than twenty-one other countries.

My Mother's Smile

By Mary Petterson

Did you e'er see my mother's smile
When a little child was near?
I cannot think of anything
That to me is half so dear.

Scent of violets on the air
When spring breezes lowly blow
A bit of blue that flashes by
With secrets—none may know;

A crevasse parting snow-drift clouds
Disclosing a heav'nly view;
Lines of Lombards 'gainst the sky,
When the sunset's rays fall through;

The meadow lark's glad call in spring
When scarce the snow is gone;
Cirrus clouds at early morn
Rose dappling with the dawn--

All these and some I cannot trace
So elusive is their wile
But far above them all I place
My mother's loving smile.

Mothers' Day

By *Ida R. Alldredge*

JUST two weeks until Mothers' Day," mused Mrs. Thurber, "Dr. Keate is to pay tribute to the mothers who have passed away and they say he was ashamed of his own mother after he became so great a doctor. And she slaved over the washtub to educate him too." She died of neglect and a broken heart."

"Ken Martin will sing 'That Wonderful Mother of Mine.' His mother deserted her home and children."

"Betty Jones will be sure to choose 'Love at Home' as the opening song. Her family do nothing but quarrel the whole time. And so it goes."

Mrs. Thurber painfully rose from her knees, straightened up and wrung out her mop.

"It seems to me like Mothers' Day is about as much a farce as anything could be. The real Mothers' Day comes every other day of the year, especially wash day, ironing day and Saturday. Here it is nearly sundown and I'm not through yet."

"Lil must take her week end out of town. John must see the football game, and Ted's class is off on a picnic. Jean thinks she should practice all afternoon so there's only the two babies home. And then to cap it all John phones that he is inviting two of his old college chums home to supper."

"You don't mind, Mumsie dear, do you? You see they're old pals of mine. Make things nifty, too, won't you? A fellow sort of wants to appear his best. Perhaps you might have time to make some of

those lemon tarts like you used to fix. Goodbye until seven."

"If that isn't just like John to hang up the receiver before I had time to refuse. He just took me for granted. That's what they all do."

She emptied her bucket, hung up her mop, and looked at the clock.

"Five already. Just exactly two hours to finish straightening up the house, bathe the babies, clean myself up and cook supper. If I only had two pairs of hands I might manage. But somehow I must get things done so John won't be disappointed. If they had only come some other day than Saturday."

IN spite of mother's misgivings supper was ready exactly on time. The tablecloth was spotless and the table was laid with the best silverware and china. She eyed her preparations with pride. The tarts looked unusually inviting, she had added an extra touch to her salad. Father would be late so the table was set for only three.

"I do wish John would hurry before everything is spoiled from waiting," she said.

The telephone rang and as she went to answer she said to herself:

"That must be father. Perhaps he has decided to come home early after all. He's working altogether too hard lately."

"Hello, is this Mother? I'm sorry Mom, but we've changed our plans and won't be down to supper after all. Hope it hasn't put you out. So long."

Mother dropped into the nearest chair and covered her face with

shaking hands. The light of anticipation died in her eyes and tears filled them instead. A great weariness overcame her. She hadn't realized how tired she was until now. For a long time she sat there until the striking of the clock roused her. With lagging steps she crossed the room and slowly mounted the stairs that led to her bedroom. With aching limbs she climbed into bed and soon fell into a troubled sleep.

The following morning, the first time in many months, mother remained in bed, after the rest were up and making preparations for the Sunday services. Her head ached and she was too weary to get dressed.

Father couldn't decide which tie to wear without consulting Mother. And John couldn't find his socks.

"Mother, could you tell me where my slippers are? I put them up last night but can't remember where," said Lil.

"And would you hook my dress? I can't reach. Jean knelt by the bed while her mother assisted her.

At last they were all off to Sunday School and Mother settled down under the cover with a sigh. Everything was in confusion but she was too tired to care. However, she was not too tired to think. All night she had tumbled and tossed trying to decide what she could do to shift a little of the responsibility. Why should she take it all when there were so many others to share it with her. After all had she been the right kind of a mother to become nothing but a door mat for the family to trample upon? Was the fault with her or the children?

She knew that John had not purposely hurt her last night.

"I hope I've not put you out; Mom," she said bitterly to herself.

"Well, maybe it's a good thing

that it happened, for it waked me up anyway. I'm afraid something's wrong with my training. I must decide upon some plan and start all over.

She got out of bed and went to the glass.

"Dorothy Dean, you're not nearly as old as you look, only forty and anyone would think you were at least fifty. You used to be the belle of the town and folks said you were pretty. Now your face is wrinkled and you're getting stooped."

She threw back her shoulders and a smile lighted up her face.

"I have it! The very thing! It may be hard on the family but they'll get along some way and it's worth trying. I'll wire Aunt Alice today that I'm going to accept her invitation and pay her a long visit. It will do the family and me both good. I'll spend a few weeks in making myself over while the family learn a little about what I have to do. Perhaps they'll wake up, too."

Mother hastily dressed, for she must wire Aunt Alice before they returned or she might change her mind.

Already she felt younger at the thoughts of a real vacation. She'd have nothing to worry about and nothing to do. She laughed when she thought of her, Dorothy Dean, who always waited upon the whole family, eating her breakfast in bed. She could read all she wanted to and if she needed anything she could ring and her wishes would be granted. "A few weeks of rest will remove some of the wrinkles, and I'll have time to take proper exercise too, so I can limber up a bit."

With springing steps she hastened down town to the telegraph office. With a smile of satisfaction she handed them the message.

FATHER and the children were amazed, upon their return, to find the house still in confusion and instead of their usual Sunday dinner waiting upon the table, there were dirty dishes left from the hurried breakfast.

Where could mother be? Perhaps she was really ill and they should not have left her alone.

John, leaping three steps at a time, rushed to her room but returned with a puzzled expression upon his face.

"She's not there. Maybe she decided to go to church after we left and we missed her."

Lil shook her head.

"That's not like mother and besides I'm sure she wasn't there. Jean, run over to the neighbors and see if she is visiting."

"Dad, look again in her room. Maybe she's covered up so John didn't see her. He never could find anything or anybody."

Father looked in the bed, under it, and even in the closet. He returned with the same puzzled expression.

"Mother! Mother!" they shouted in chorus, but there was no answer.

The children cleared the table, Jean made the beds and tidied up the front room, while John, Ted, and even father were pressed into service.

Lil prepared dinner from the untouched supper. As they took their seats at the table mother's smiling face greeted them from the doorway.

"Well, I'm just in time, and I'm hungry, too."

"Mother, where have you been?" they all asked in a chorus. "We've hunted everywhere."

"Well, I got to thinking and decided to accept Aunt Alice's invitation to visit her. So I went down

and wired that I would leave this evening. You know Father, I'm a little tired and I thought it might do me good. Lil can manage the babies, and you can all help."

"But Mother, how can you leave us to do everything. Surely you will at least take the babies? You'd be worried about them," said Lil.

"Say Mom, what will I do about that party I've planned? You'll just have to wait till after that," said John.

"And my new dress; It's only half done. And I must have it ready to wear to the dance."

Dorothy looked in consternation at her mother.

"Just a minute children, said Father. Mother's right. She does need a rest, and I'm glad she has decided to visit Aunt Alice. We'll manage some way. John can do without his party. And Dorothy can get Miss Simpkins to finish her dress. We'll all help Lil. You go and have a good time, Mother."

AUNT ALICE was waiting when Mother arrived. In a moment they were off, threading their way through the heavy traffic.

"Well, Dorothy, I'm so glad that you changed your mind and decided to come, and that I'm to have you all to myself for a long visit.

"I want you to get that tired look out of your eyes."

Before she could realize what had happened she was standing in a large hall, brilliantly lighted. And a moment later was led up a broad stairway and into the loveliest bedroom she had ever seen.

The dainty covers were thrown back and it looked so inviting after the evening trip that Mother could hardly wait to go to bed.

"You are probably tired after your trip, so I ordered your dinner served here. I hope you will find nothing lacking, but if you should,

just ring and Isabelle will answer. I hope you rest well and tomorrow we'll have a real visit together. Good night."

Aunt Alice kissed her and closed the door.

"How thoughtful she is, just like she used to be. I *am* tired and that bed looks so inviting."

The days that followed were one round of pleasure. With skillful hands Isabelle dressed her mistress' niece. With deft fingers she arranged her hair, until Mother could scarcely believe it was herself. If Father could see her now he might fall in love all over again. One more resolution took form. In the future she must try to preserve her youthful appearance, so that father and the children would be proud of her.

AFTER a week of never ending pleasure Mother began to grow lonesome for the sound of baby voices and the touch of their little hands. She even longed to hear John calling her "Mom." She wondered how Lil was managing the family, and if Father was receiving the attention which he needed. The house seemed so still that she wanted to shout to make things seem more natural. How did Aunt Alice endure the quiet, sameness, of it all, with never a sound of baby feet pattering about, the call of baby voices, the slamming of doors, and the shouting of Mother! echoing through the house. She had thought she was tired of it all but now she longed to hear it again.

What would Aunt Alice think if she decided to go home a little

earlier than she had planned? But no, she must stay with her resolution.

The second week dragged by, for in spite of all Aunt Alice could do Mother was homesick.

It was the day before Mothers' Day. As she sat in her room writing a letter home Isabelle entered carrying a large box. Mother opened it with eager fingers. As she lifted the lid the perfume of home grown carnations filled the room. She hastily opened the note which read:

"Dear Mother, day after tomorrow is Mothers' Day. We feel that it would be a most imperfect one if you were not here to be honored with our love. We have learned through your absence, what it would mean to be deprived always of your loving presence. From now on we will all help share the responsibility that you may take your rightful place and not that of a servant.

"Do you think you could be content to shorten your visit and return for that greatest of all days? Signed, Lil, John, Ted and Father."

ALL the family were waiting to greet Mother as she stepped from the train.

That night after she had tucked the babies into bed she turned and slipped her hand into Father's. "I've had a wonderful trip and it has taught me the real value of "Motherhood," she said.

And father, putting his arm around her said, in a husky voice, "And it has taught us the real meaning of Mother."



A Mothers' Day Observance Without Children

By Olivia S. Waddoups

A VISIT to Hawaii or a study of Hawaii and her problems would not be complete without some study and mention of the unique and in many ways beautiful little Leper Settlement on the Island of Molokai.

If you were to take steamer from the peaceful harbor of Honolulu you would in all probability leave about 8 p. m. If you were fortunate enough to have a sufficiently smooth voyage to permit sleep and were a good enough sailor not to spend the night nursing your stomach, you would likely be awakened early the next morning by the crowing of numerous cocks, and upon investigation would find yourself quietly resting in the secluded little harbor outside the entrance to the Kalaupapa Leper Settlement.

As soon as day was sufficiently advanced you would be lowered into a little row boat, rowed to shore, in the manner used by the boats in these little landings for a hundred years. At the pier you would be met by the genial Manager of the settlement, R. L. Cook, who would give you such a welcome that you would at once feel at home. The welcome shower and tasty breakfast of the manager's home would put you in perfect physical and mental condition to enjoy the many surprises which you would find in this one of the most unusual little settlements in the world.

The purpose of our little visit was to lend help and encouragement to the members of our church living there, and of course our first con-

cern was for them. To our perfect satisfaction, we found that the president of the branch had arranged a series of meetings in the commodious meeting house, so that we could present the principles of the gospel to the people, and lend whatever encouragement and hope we could to our dear saints residing there. Let me pause to say, that in all the branches of the church I have ever visited, I have never found more faithful and energetic saints than live in Kalaupapa. Perhaps they feel closer to our Father in Heaven because they feel so very dependent upon his mercy and love.

ONE of the most interesting of all the meetings which we held was the meeting held in honor of Motherhood, on Mothers' Day. Not a child in the meeting house. Not a baby in any of the homes in the Settlement. In other churches in Hawaii, on this Mothers' Day the children place a lei or wreath of carnations lovingly around the neck of their mother, but here in Kalaupapa there are no carnations, the mothers request that there be none presented; perhaps they feel that they prefer no flowers if their own children's hands may not place them on their necks. In all it was a sad meeting, and yet there was a feeling of peace and contentment there, that I have never felt elsewhere. If children could not pay tribute to their mothers, mothers could thank God for their children. I wish you could all have the experience of visiting this little colony. As we entered the

little chapel we were greeted with "Aloha nui, pehea oukou," "Good morning, how are you." The Hawaiian greeting is full of love and good will, no word I know of in any language expresses the meaning of the Hawaiian "Aloha." Every scarred face is wreathed in smiles, every swollen and disfigured mouth breathes a prayer to our Heavenly Father for you, every honest but often feeble beating heart is full of love for you and the Gospel, which means so much to them.

My heart was somewhat heavy, as I was away from my own children, my mother, and the missionaries whom I love as my own, and who treat me as a mother. How proud the mothers at home should be of their noble sons, who are in the mission field.

After the service is over, a service not unlike the usual service held for Mothers' Day in other places, except as noted above, we were invited by the Doctor, the Superintendent and their wives to visit, with them, the nursery, at the hospital. On arriving there we found thirteen beautiful babies less than eight months old, all babies of leprous parents, clean and perfect in body and mind. These babies are never touched by the mother's hands but are taken away at birth and cared for in the nursery. The reception room had in the center, serving as a partition, a large plate glass window. Through this glass partition the mothers sat and looked on their darling babies, never knowing the feel of their chubby arms, their lips at the breast, nor their wriggly little forms in their own arms, loving them at a safe distance, permitting them, as only

mothers know how to sacrifice, to be separated from them, for their own safety. Truly mother love knows not self, but is sacrificed for the good of their children, how like the love of God. These mothers gazed with tear dimmed eyes, asking by motion of lip, which was her baby, if it slept well, if it liked the artificial feeding, if it was good natured, and other questions so close to a mother heart.

After a half hour of this my heart was so full that my eyes overflowed, and I thanked God for my own children, all of whom I have personally fed at my breast, loved and through them been glorified. Motherhood through a plate glass window, yet all of them, outwardly, at least, were happy, smiling and thankful, that they could thus see their darlings. How selfish of me to complain that I am separated from my own for just this one day. Now when Mothers' Day comes round my thoughts and prayers are for the mothers who view their babies through a plate glass window, in the Leper Settlement of Kalaupapa.

The Territorial government has amply provided for the care of these babies, until they are old enough to be either placed in the homes of their own relatives or cared for and educated in private homes, of honorable citizens of Hawaii. One very fortunate, and perhaps surprising thing about these beautiful children, is that so far as is known, few if any of them, during the past fifty years, are known to have contracted the disease from their leprous parents. They seem to be as free from it as the ordinary child. Just one of the mysteries of this oldest, and perhaps least understood disease.

Bessie Potter Vonnoh

By Jennie B. Knight

MRS. BESSIE POTTER VONNOH, whose "Motherhood" is the frontispiece of this issue of our *Magazine*, holds



She has chosen for her subjects the things of daily life and in a degree preserved for the future the costumes, the characters and habits of our time. This is particularly true of her figurines which emphasize the newest and oldest of all subjects, Motherhood and Child Life. In her statues she has truly expressed the contentment and supreme joy found in no other realm.

The Columbian Exposition at

a distinct position in the field of Art.

An article furnished by the Ryerson Library of Chicago, gives us the following about Mrs. Vonnoh: "Her young mothers are essentially maternal, her young women delightfully feminine, her children are childish, lovable and sincere. Thus in her little group Mrs. Vonnoh touches upon those human relationships which are elemental and which stir emotions both deep and profound."

Mrs. Vonnoh is an American, born in St. Louis, Missouri. She was a student with Mr. Lorado Taft and also of the Art Institute of Chicago. Her work, being original with a touch of delicacy and grace, attracted attention in her early years.



THE SANDMAN'S TRAIL

Chicago occurred during her student days, which gave her an opportunity of seeing some of the works of

artists from abroad. She had the opportunity later of spending some time in Europe. While she has a



DAPHNE

profound admiration for the great artists, there is nothing imitative in her work.

Mrs. Vonnoh has the rare good fortune of enjoying the companionship of a husband who is also an artist. Robert Vonnoh is a painter of renown. In one of their joint exhibitions he presented twenty-six paintings, she forty pieces of sculpture, among them a Portrait Relief of her husband.

She has held many positions in the field of Art and has been elected a National Academician which honor she shares equally with Mr. Vonnoh, whose works have been known in America for years.

She is represented in the Metropolitan Museum of Art with eleven statues, in the Art Institute of Chicago with thirteen. Others are to be seen at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C., The Brooklyn Museum of Art and Science, Newark Museum Association, Capitol Building, Washington, D. C., Cincinnati Art Museum, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg, and the Art Museum at Tokio, Japan.

The Roosevelt Memorial bird fountain erected at Oyster Bay in 1925, is one of her creations. Another fountain, Water Lilies—which was awarded the Barnett



GIRL IN VENETIAN COSTUME

prize of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors in 1920, is worthy of the praise it re-



GIRL READING

ceived. One who has seen it says: "Its beauty lies in the sweet simplicity of youth." The lines of the silhouette are beautiful in every turn. The poise of the figure is balanced by the outstretched arms. In one hand she holds a lily which serves as the water course whence the water drops through tiny holes when the bronze is used as a basin fountain figure. The "Girl Reading" has repose and beauty. The lines are excellent, the straight Mexican chair contrasting with the curve of the figure. Mrs. Vonnoh has done life size work.

All of us are proud that through her, one more woman has added to the art of America, and that many other figurines in gold, silver and bronze have found their way into the homes of those who love and appreciate Art.

Our Field

By Martha J. Barnes

We Relief Society members like the farmer must not shirk.
 In whatever field is ready, that's the field where we must work.
 There's a place 'round every homestead, though a small secluded spot,
 And a time that's right for planting of the sweet forget-me-not.
 It may be a branch needs healing where a bud was cut away,
 Or there's lack of pleasant sunshine 'cause the clouds hang low and gray,
 Or perhaps the gate needs watching lest the lethal knife should stray
 And the cruel hand, returning, cut more precious buds away,
 Or a field needs getting ready, out where cool green meadows roll,
 For the planting of true character and nobleness of soul.
 There's a place that's very lonely since the bird notes cease to ring;
 And there's some one there needs cheering—one to whom we well may sing.
 There's an isolated corner, slightly touched by blight of sin,
 We must spray with love and kindness and the thoughts of good bring in.
 There's a weed that's giving trouble—yes, more trouble than we guess—
 It's the weed we all are growing—the dread weed of selfishness.
 It is growing in our gardens, in our fields and orchards too;
 And the only way to kill it is to think and give and do.
 There's a plot of drooping flowers. If we want to bring them through,
 We must call down grace from heaven and must bathe them in its dew.
 If it's cold around the edges and the frost is threatening harm,
 We must call the hand of friendship to light smudge-pots on the farm.
 Now in judgment I am thinking what a slacker I would be
 If I failed, at least attempting, to perform what's asked of me.

Growing Old with the Poets

By Lois V. Hales

WE must all grow old or die. It is important that we grow old successfully. Each one of us has an idea of the ideal way of growing old. We may not be conscious of it until we read books and poetry which arouse us either to agreement or disagreement. Then we become conscious of our own philosophy—what we would like to think, feel, recall, look forward to in our old age. Poets often help us to find ourselves.

Generally youth is considered the golden time of life, the time of high thoughts, daring deeds, grand adventure. There are poets who look forward with dread to the time when they shall be old. Edwin Arlington Robinson complains that as he grows older the stars are not "quite so friendly, nor quite so near." To him we are nearer God in our childhood and youth. Heaven is far off in age. Stoddard mourns for his lost youth with which went something never to return. We are stronger and better in age, he says, but

"Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again."

Winifred Welles in her exquisite little poem "Lifetime," says that she must "grow old and sleep into indifference." There is no turning back. All she asks is to go onward close to the dark, sweet earth—

"With the sky's mark hidden in my
breast,
And a star's shadow falling on my
face . . .
Death is the beautiful and bitter sea."

Some of us are so afraid to live "for fear that we may die." Often

we hear our older people say that for them "life is over." They look back instead of forward and always with a sense of regret.

However, there are many who see themselves growing old without any feeling of remorse or regret. Robert Browning at the age of seventy-seven, rejoiced that he had lost the rose-colored glasses of youth and could now look at the world nakedly, clearly, wholly. Old age, to him, was rich and good. "Come," he states,

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was
made . . . * * *

Youth shows but half; trust God; see
all, nor be afraid."

We need not lose our enthusiasms as we grow old. They change for we grow out of things—we change to finer things. "A well-ordered life," says William Lyon Phelps, "is like climbing a tower; the view half way up is better than the view from the base, and it steadily becomes finer as the horizon expands."

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts,
not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs.
He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts
the best."

John Masefield in his famous poem, "On Growing Old," says that now that he cannot sail seas, wander on cornland, nor hill-land, nor valleys, he asks only his old dog, his old book and his sense of beauty which is the "bread of the soul."

"Give me but these, and, though the
darkness close,
Even the night will blossom as the
rose."

To Sarah Cleghorn age is like a captain returning with a great sea-chest of treasure. She is content to climb the hill of life hoping that the other side "shines on a silver shore." Rupert Brooke in his little poem "Treasure" asks for some golden space in his life when he may unpack his scented store of memories and count and touch and turn them o'er as a mother, who

"Has watched her children all the rich day through,
Sits, quiet-handed, in the fading light,
When children sleep, 'ere night."

John Burroughs waits with joy the coming years for his heart shall reap where it has sown, and "garner up its fruit of tears."

"Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea.
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo my own shall come to me."

Sara Teasdale thinks that "the heart asks more than life can give." When she is old she will have learned this lesson and then the beauties of life will not hurt her. Symons feels that in this life we let slip so much, we are so little awake, and we shall sleep so long, that we should live this life consciously, fully, valiantly. In "An Old Thought" we see the difference between youth and age as seen by another poet.

"Framed in the cavernous fireplace sits
a boy,
Watching the embers from his grand-
sire's knee,
One sees red castles rise, and laughs
with joy
The other marks them crumble silent-
ly."

To Robinson Jeffers old age is the time to gloat over one's treasures.

"The heads of strong old age are beautiful
Beyond all grace of youth. They have
strange quiet,

Integrity, health, soundness, to the full
They've dealt with life and been at-
tempered by it."

"Praise Youth's hot blood if you will, I
think that happiness
Rather consists in having lived clear
through
Youth and hot blood, on to the wintrier
hemisphere
Where one has time to wait and re-
member."

Some think that youth is not a time of life—it is a state of mind. Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old by doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair. In the central place of your heart there is a wireless station. "So long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, grandeur, courage, and power from the earth, from men, from the infinite, so long are you young."

William Butler Yeats in his poem "When You Are Old" says,

"When you are old and gray and full of
sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this
book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft
look,
Your eyes had once, and of their shad-
ows deep."

Rosamund Watson says that as she grows old she will rejoice that the world is yet young, that spring will come again, that the birds will sing. It will be sweet to know

"That though my meagre days be with-
ering
Still shall be wrought the miracle of
spring."

She will rejoice that others are doing the things she would like to have done—that there are always adventurers on the hazardous sea of life.

Lizette Woodworth Reese asks only for an old quiet house away from the town, a clump of lavender with "small cross bees astir," a few

tall well-thumbed books and "old friends who from the village walk on Sunday afternoons." To her

"Whether we climb, whether we plod,
Space for one task the scant years lend
To choose some path that leads to God,
And keep it to the end."

To Oliver Wendell Holmes the ideal way to grow old is told in his famous poem,

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave the low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's un-
resting sea."

Frances A. Kemble wants us to grow old in trust and hope.

"Better trust; and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart that, if believed,
Had blessed one's life, with true be-
lieving."

Newman says there was a time when he loved to choose and see his path, but now

"Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling
gloom,
Lead Thou me on:

The night is dark, and I am far from
home,

Lead Thou me on:
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
see
The distant scene; one step enough for
me."

Longfellow in his matchless sonnet likens age and death to the child who comes to love his toys and looks longingly back at them as the nurse takes him to bed.

"So Nature deals with us, and takes
away
Our playthings one by one, and by the
hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay.
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the
what we know."

Ulysses, the great adventurer, gives us some of the most comforting and inspiring advice on growing old.

"You and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all; but something 'ere the
end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be
done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with
Gods."

Maytime

By Merling D. Clyde

Noontime and sunshine,
A breath of flowers on the breeze,
A song of love and loveliness
Murmuring among the trees;
Gay little buds in springtime green
Swinging to and fro,
Awaiting the touch of the sun's
caress
Their full blown beauty to show.

Down in the grass a shy white
flower
Sheds a fragrance in the air,
Close where a baby's feet may pass
And find it growing there.
By the garden gate a winsome maid
Waits for her lover so true,
Hoping he'll come when no one's
about
And there'll be a kiss for two.

Moroni the Faithful

By Nora A. Davis

ONE of the choicest gifts anyone can bequeath to the world is himself at his best. Each of us gives this contribution according to his opportunities, and to his ideas of values and ideals. Moroni thought more of his testimony of the Savior and of preserving the sacred plates of the Book of Mormon than he did of his own life. That was one way he gave himself in a super-gift. Everything else was secondary to these spiritual duties. No precaution or effort was too great for him to take in protecting the holy records. He was faithful in his care of them in life, in death, and in resurrection.

Moroni was born and grew to manhood in the terrible civil war time previous to the final struggle between the Nephites and Lamanites. He was an officer under his father Mormon, and commander of a corps of ten thousand men in the last battle. In this war of annihilation all the Nephites were killed save twenty-four strong men, and a small number who escaped southward, and a few dissenters who joined the Lamanites. Moroni and his father were among the twenty-four survivors.

Living in that wicked age and passing through the blood and destruction of the final battles it was singular for Moroni to place emphasis on spiritual things above all else. In spite of every opposition he was determined to obey the teachings of his faithful father, and always be true to his calling and testimony. He had the insight and vision of the value the records would be to a future generation and

forgot himself in his resolute efforts to preserve them.

Moroni's last days were anything but pleasant. The rigor of the northern winters, and the necessity of supplying himself with clothing, food, and shelter, added greatly to his difficulties. Then his very existence was in jeopardy. In fact, for the most part, his life was filled with great personal danger, and constant anxiety for the safety of the records. At first he had his father and companions for company, but sixteen years after the last battle he was the only faithful Nephite living.

In 400 A. D. he wrote: "After the great and tremendous battle at Cumorah, behold, the Nephites who had escaped into the country southward were hunted down by the Lamanites until they were all destroyed, and my father also was killed by them and I even remain alone to write the sad tale of the destruction of my people." Mormon 8:2-3.

During the next twenty years he lived alone, finishing up the Nephite history and abridging the Book of Ether. After he had finished this he wrote: "Now I, Moroni, after having made an end of abridging the account of the people of Jared, I had supposed not to have written more, but I have not as yet perished, and I make not myself known to the Lamanites, lest they should destroy me.

"For behold, their wars are exceeding fierce among themselves; and because of their hatred, they put to death every Nephite that will not deny Christ.

“And I, Mōroni, will not deny Christ; wherefore I wander withersoever I can, for the safety of my own life.” Moroni 1:1-3.

Rather than sacrifice his testimony he lived as an outcast, his life in constant peril for those last twenty years. During this time alone he must have longed for human companionship. But he refused to sell his soul for this association. He chose the harder but wiser course of remaining faithful and protecting the records at all hazards.

His loneliness must have been trying at times and yet it was not as depressing as it could have been, as he realized he was sacrificing for a great cause. He knew what he was doing was tremendously worthwhile. Then he was sustained spiritually from heaven. On one occasion he and his father had a visit from the three Nephite Apostles. Then most of the time he was occupied in literary work connected with the plates. I wonder if he could have stood his solitude without an occupation, and without great spiritual fortitude and vision.

In 420 A. D. Moroni sealed up the records and hid them away in a stone box in the Hill Cumorah. His earthly work was then done. In speaking of his passing he once wrote: “And whether they will slay me I know not.

“Therefore I will write and hide up the records in the earth, and whither I go it mattereth not.”

How he met the final end we do not know, but we are sure he was always faithful to his trust as custodian of the holy things in his care; and although he died the last representative of a fallen race, his tenacity in giving his best to safeguard the sacred records in his charge makes one marvel at his great

strength of character and spiritual endurance.

In the dramatic restoration of the Gospel in this dispensation, Moroni, as a glorious angel and resurrected being, was just as careful with the plates and the other articles with them. He wouldn't even allow Joseph Smith to touch them at first. Before he permitted the Prophet to remove them he required him to wait four years, during which time he yearly instructed him concerning their sacredness. He warned the boy many times that the plates could not be used for financial gain, that their value was greater than money, because they contained the fulness of the Gospel, and that he should make every endeavor to preserve them or he should be cut off.

Joseph heeded the warnings and used many successful strategies in keeping the plates safe during their translation. After this was accomplished the angel appeared to the Prophet and received back the plates in his care.

Moroni's watchful care over the plates fully tested him. It required more than his time in mortality. On this earth he gave his life to the cause, and now in a resurrected state still functions as custodian.

But glorious has been his reward, for to him came the well earned honor of being the angel to fly from heaven bearing the everlasting Gospel to the earth in the last days.

Like Moroni, we are all faced with problems and ideals that test us, and to which we have to be faithful even though we stand alone.

We all have sacred things entrusted to our keeping. Our lives, and the way we live them are holy charges. We also have our dear ones, our friends, our testimonies of the Gospel, and our ideals to protect from evil at all times.

What Does Your Home Afford?

By Jean Cox

WOULD you like to measure your home with some of the measuring sticks suggested by the White House Conference?

Have you often wondered what kind of a home you have and how it compares with other homes with which you are more or less acquainted?

Have you a rather definite picture in your own mind of what constitutes a so-called good home?

Have you wondered if there are other means of measuring homes than the indefinite terms used when the matter is up for discussion?

Have you wondered if there is a way of rating some of the intangibles which make homes differ?

Attempts to answer questions such as these were part of the objectives of the committee on Family and Parent Education which made its splendid contribution to the White House Conference. Some very unique studies were reported by these committees in their efforts to find a way of measuring, for instance, that elusive something called atmosphere. Their measuring stick was in terms of product or result. One study was made on the assumption that children from homes are symptomatic of the home. Dr. Rachel Seutzman of Merrill Palmer and her committee made a study of the homes of one hundred children. Fifty of these were considered well adjusted children, and fifty were poorly adjusted children. A study of the homes from which the children came showed that the first group came from well conditioned homes and had fewer troubles in their human relationships than did

the other group. Their fathers and mothers lived more harmoniously. There were fewer differences in religious and financial matters. Children from these homes had a more wholesome outlook.

Another question demanding careful consideration is, what do homes contribute in developing independence of children. Too many children are over-mothered even into adulthood. The following story represents many only sons.

The president of a southern college received this message from an anxious mother. "I fear a northern (cold storm) is coming. Will you please see that my son is covered up." The son a freshman at college was not known by the president, neither did he want to assume nurse guardianship to overcome lack of training which college youths should have had before entering high school or college.

Efficient home training should establish ideals of responsibility for children for maintaining their own health. Children, as well as adolescents, should desire health. With the right home atmosphere the desire to be well, to be strong, to be good natured, to be helpful becomes a part of the family creed. Positive appeal rather than negative should be made. Strength is a more potent force than is weakness. Many families, however, have fine health standards and to them living becomes a pleasure, an engaging experience. Unfortunately in other families children as well as parents, do not realize what good health is, and they know little concerning the resultant joys of radiant health.

Someone has said that a positive health ideal is worth more than a bank account.

Health and illness have been equated in terms of dollars and cents. Loss of work, or extra expense, however, are less significant than lack of mental health or desire for joy in living.

IT has been said that the only fixed thing in regard to the home is the ideal, and similarly it might be said that the only fixed thing in our education for modern family living is an appreciation of this ideal. Children change from month to month, relationships between husbands and wives, vary as a result of other changes. Economic and social differences are reflected in the home and also in the individuals who contribute to the home. With a rather definite ideal, however, of what a home should contribute to the different members of the family, the function of the home remains somewhat constant even if adjustments in the physical plant vary. Trite as it may seem, from better homes will result better individuals, communities, and nation; and better individuals will insure better homes which may make bigger contributions to the social development of the communities and nation.

In any child welfare program much must depend upon the home. While different homes vary in the physical plant the most important single factor, quoting President Hoover is, "that affection and devotion of the soul which is the great endowment of mothers." Because of this great love and understanding, she can supplement training from schools and church. Leaders do occasionally come from so-called poor homes. Doubtless the mother's influence compensates for other

unsatisfactory conditions within the home plant.

Due to the economic and social conditions the homes of today have different problems as well as increased responsibility, than the childhood homes of the present parents and grandparents. Fewer responsibilities for children in and around the home plant have decreased natural opportunities for child training. The crowding of families into the cities have multiplied problems in child care and training. Delinquency increases with congestion. Physical disease frequently results from over-crowding. This, however, is not all of the story for when the child's natural playground is taken from him, his mind does not have opportunities for wholesome imagination and play, in a make-believe world. Flights of fancy and development of initiative respond to the stimuli of wood, stream, and field.

The home must be a haven of safety for the child if physical, social, and emotional development are satisfactory. The average child is an acquisitive individual and delights in feeling ownership of toys, books, and playthings. For his best development he needs a sense of belonging to the family group, a feeling that he is necessary for their happiness as well as the repeated assurance that he is loved by those whom he loves. The sense of security, as well as freedom from worry, contributes to both physical, mental, and social health. This feeling of security in childhood will contribute to the individual's poise in adulthood. It will help in the development of a personality which will help its owner gain the big objective of joy in the art of living.

IN his White House Conference speech, President Hoover made

the statement that "Cheerless homes produce morbid minds." To produce happy individuals is one of the chief functions of the home. The happy hopeful personality is a distinct asset to the individual and is largely the result of satisfactory home conditions. This results when there is love and understanding among the different members of the family group. The ideal family relationships stimulate courage, confidence, and self-respect which are all necessary for the well-being of the child and which will also contribute to his later success.

There is little assurance for success if the human relationships in the home have made the person suspicious, fault-finding, self-effacing, and prone to carry the proverbial chip on his shoulder. Later success is also endangered if early years do not afford expression of love, understanding, and desire for, and satisfaction in the child, regardless of age or sex.

The query of the two year old, "Do you need me mother?" typifies his need for belonging to the group. Little children want to belong to a family. They desire appreciation, they desire their own toys and books.

Are you over-serious in your responsibilities as parents? Does intelligent parenthood necessarily involve only seriousness in action and contemplation to the exclusion of happiness and joy for both parents and children? Successful homes are happy homes. Someone said the eleventh commandment is Do not take your job too seriously. Perhaps this applies to you.

HOMES have many responsibilities. Does your home supply management and supervision in the control and prevention of illness? Frequent and prolonged illness

changes the home atmosphere, entails extra expense, and results in unnecessary human suffering. The White House Conference committee on management reported that in a study made of 355 families over a three year period, one-half of the group had one or more illnesses during the three years. Operations, whooping cough, and common colds were reported most frequently; constipation, diseased tonsils and adenoids, and various types of nervous disorders occurred less often. The homemakers admitted their inability to forecast the proportion of the income which is needed to promote health. They were concerned over the narrow margin left after other expenses were met which made the maintenance of health exceedingly important in the family of average income.

Have you sufficient knowledge of child psychology to deal satisfactorily with problems of the younger members of the family? A better understanding of human nature was one of the needs listed by a majority of the three hundred and fifty-six mothers studied. These women were also anxious to study books designed to give help in family relationships, including that of the parent and older child relationships. Additional emphasis was also given to the importance of providing training for fathers as well as mothers.

Ideally, fathers as well as mothers should have pre-parental training in order to establish ideals and set standards for the kind of home and family life they desire. Too great differences in training bring the husband and wife to the responsibilities of parenthood with divergent ideas and standards. This demands careful consideration. One of the difficulties arising out of the child study groups which are attended largely by women is that the

increased training given the mother may increase these divergencies. Having material for father to read as well as free discussion between husband and wife of the problems discussed by the group will tend to break down these differences. One of the big responsibilities of home-making is to make it a joint occupation of husband and wife by common understanding and consent.

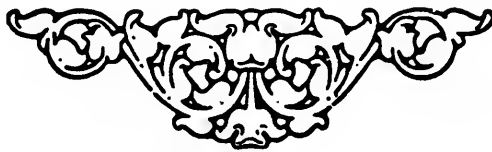
Mothers need health in order to carry on their many managerial and technical jobs as well as those entailing human relationships. Physical and nervous strain which results from the long hours as well as numerous duties make decided drains on the mother's vitality. In other words, long continued peak loads of work or responsibility and work may keep all but the very able from giving of their best to their husband and children. Further studies are needed to help determine better or-

ganization of the work in the home as well as discriminate between essential and less essential tasks for different homes. This elimination would vary also with ages as well as outside demands on the time of the different members of the family group. There is evident need of more cooperative plans for accomplishing the necessary work of the home, and making it possible for the different members of the family to share free time together.

The American home is in a way under fire. More studies need to be made regarding the present home for children who are growing up in the homes of today. More attention needs to be given to scientific studies regarding the so-called intangibles in order to more definitely determine what the individual home affords. You might be interested in scoring your home on the following chart. Range in score:

Normal Curve 1.....	5.....	10
Love and Under-		
standing		
Managerial		
Ability		
Child Training		
Economic		
Stability		
Suitability and		
Efficiency of		
Home Plant		

Does your home score average, above, or below?



Notes from the Field

Western States Mission:

ON January 10 and 11, 1931, a most successful branch conference of the Western States Mission was held at Omaha and Council Bluffs. President and Sister Elias S. Woodruff met with the missionaries and saints of the East Nebraska Branch in the conference sessions, where the time was

tion work, and help interpret it to the local officers. On Saturday evening, January 10, the Relief Society conference was held in the chapel at Omaha, where the accompanying picture was taken of the assembled group. President Woodruff and Sister Woodruff gave most inspirational instructions, which were followed by interesting reports



WESTERN STATES MISSION, EAST NEBRASKA BRANCH

given over to the consideration of the Relief Society and Sunday School work in the mission. Bishop David A. Smith and Brother Robert L. Judd of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, and Sister Julia A. F. Lund, General Secretary of the Relief Society, were in attendance, to represent their auxiliary organiza-

tion from the local presidents of the Omaha, Lincoln and Council Bluffs Relief Society, after which Sister Lund spoke of the great objectives of Relief Society work and its place in the missions. On Sunday morning, January 11th, Sunday School conferences and special executive meetings of the Relief Society were

held in the Council Bluffs chapel, where much constructive work was discussed, and it was voted at the close of this conference one of great inspiration and assistance in the work.

Australian Mission:

SISTER HAZEL B. TINGEY, president of the Australian Mission Relief Society, gives the following interesting report of her mission: "In traveling through the mission I am happy to report things in a very favorable condition. We now have six organizations of the Relief Society, and in visiting I find the spirit displayed by the sisters in each organization to be one of love and unity. It seems that our faith and devotion to the work is being increased day by day, and that we cannot be grateful enough to our Heavenly Father for the many blessings that He has bestowed upon us as a people. Due to the necessity of so many of our sisters having to earn their own living, also because of the great distance they are from the church, we do not have as many enrolled as we should like. However, we have changed the plan of meeting in the afternoon, and are now meeting in the evening when the Priesthood is in session. This plan seems to be far more successful, and will permit many more of the sisters to come, especially as many of them have young children, and these mothers are the ones who derive the greatest amount of benefit from the Relief Society work. The organization course of study in all its various phases is being handled very successfully in most of our districts. The sisters are timid in their feelings in reference to their capability of handling the subjects and doing them justice. We also find that not as many of our sisters are taking

the *Magazine* as we should like, but trust in the near future they will see their way clear to do so, as the *Magazine* is indispensable in the lesson work. I trust that this letter finds all well at home, and I pray the blessings of our Heavenly Father may attend all in this great work."

North Central States Mission:

FROM the North Central States we have the interesting report that the work is going on very splendidly, and that one of the new organizations has among its members about twenty women not members of the Church. These women come to get the benefit derived from the wonderful lessons and discussions. They donate to the charity fund, and say that the Relief Society is one of the most pleasant organizations among women they have ever attended. The winter has been a mild one in this quarter, but the unemployment has made it necessary to do a great deal of charity work. The Lord has blessed the missionaries with good health, and even though their numbers have decreased, the good work has steadily gone forward.

Portneuf Stake:

THE first of the reports on the recent Annual Day celebration to reach the office comes from Portneuf. The secretary writes: "I am pleased to report that most of the wards in Portneuf stake observed Relief Society Annual Day with appropriate programs of songs, readings and papers on the first organization. Also a one-act play was presented. Dancing of old time dances was very much enjoyed by the old people, and delicious refreshments completed a very successful gathering. In some cases two or more wards made this a district affair, while others made it

a home celebration. The wards throughout the stake thoroughly enjoyed the day and did full honor to the occasion."

Juarez Stake:

ONE of the most comprehensive and delightful reports of stake activities that has reached the office comes from our far away Mexican stake—Juarez. The president writes: "With the closing of the records and making of reports for the year 1930, we thought it fitting to report some of the accomplishments in this stake during the past year, and the means by which we have been able to do our work. We found it most interesting to check up on the aims we made at the beginning of last year, and see how nearly we have been able to accomplish them. When the work closed last spring we had a request from the ward presidents to permit them to hold Relief Society during the summer months. We were very happy to grant this, and submitted to them a uniform program that was carried out by all the wards, with very excellent results. This program consisted of two Work and Business Meetings a month, one Theology and one Testimony meeting, a topic for visiting teachers each month, and one lesson on moral training of children in the home, one on prenatal and postnatal care of the child, and one on the *Magazine*. With the closing of the summer work and the beginning of the Fall, we had a class leaders' convention which was well attended by class leaders and officers from all over the stake. The lesson work was carefully outlined and skillfully put over, and succeeded in imparting such enthusiasm at the beginning that the effects of it were felt in the class work throughout the year. The lessons planned are so wonderful and so broad in their

scope, that the women of this stake can ill afford to miss the possible benefits and development that may be derived from participation and study in these, and we have planned to devise ways and means of getting more women into actual contact with the lesson work. To increase the attendance we first had the presidents of the various wards write a letter to each member expressing appreciation for their support and cooperation, and pointing out the benefits that may be derived from regular attendance at the weekly meeting, and enclosed a record of their attendance at Relief Society during the past year. The letter closed with an urgent appeal to improve their record during the coming year. We also had them write a letter of good will and cheer to the homebound in their wards. Next we made out blanks for a monthly survey of the ward Relief Societies. This gives us specific information concerning the attendance of the officers and class leaders at prayer meeting, Relief Society, Union Meeting, the *Magazine* subscriptions, and the grade of the teachers' preparation. It also gives specific information concerning the attendance at Relief Society of the visiting teacher, her monthly visit, discussion of the topic, her *Magazine* subscription and her efficiency percent, if she reads the lesson. We made a yearly outline for our Work and Business Meeting, and in it we planned for a larger variety of work to be done than ever before, this to increase the attendance at the meetings, and our plan has worked out so successfully that the attendance has increased from 52 to 60%. Our Union Meetings are our best means of putting over our work, but owing to the scattered condition of our stake, and the distance some of our wards are from each other, we

can always be assured of a full representation of all our wards only once in three months. To offset this difficulty we put all instructions given in Union Meeting, both in the executive and lesson departments, into a monthly bulletin, and mail it to the wards after each Union Meeting. In these bulletins we send each month a detailed plan for the Work and Business Meeting for the month that is to follow. We feel that if every mother in the stake will determine that every party given in her home, whether for children, young people, or adults, shall be well planned and well supervised, much can be done to improve and raise the standards of amusement, and to aid in this we send out games and suggestions for a party, for both children and adults. These have been enthusiastically received, and on the whole we feel that our bulletin has given us closer contact with the wards, and brought heartier and more immediate results than anything we have done heretofore. In spite of our scattered condition we are able to make quarterly visits throughout the stake, and keep in fairly close touch. As the outcome of our lesson work in the literary and social service departments, we have planned a story-writing con-

test. We feel that our country is rich in material suitable for short stories, and that whatever incidents concerning the settling and development of our colony can be written and preserved, will be worth much to the coming generation. It will also help develop latent ability and talent that may be in our midst. The project seems to have created great enthusiasm and we are hoping the 1st of May will see a number of stories in our possession. We feel that we are beginning to get results from our work with the Relief Society in the Mexican branch. We have on our board an officer of the Mexican Relief Society, and through her we have been able to get in closer touch with the people of this country, and to understand their difficulties and be better able to help them. Our mission in this land is for that, and great effort on our part is necessary to prepare us to be of service to them. We are planning a Work and Business demonstration for the Fall. The members of our stake board are zealous, efficient women, full of integrity and an intense desire to be of service, and most of all they love the Relief Society work and are anxious and willing to further it in every way in our stake."

Hope

By Willamelia F. Barton

Sweet Hope you are welcome ;
 I have been so sad and lone,
 So desolate and afraid.
 Come closer, Hope,

That I may touch your robe.
 Now my heart seems
 A little nearer to God.

Relief Society Annual Report 1930

Julia A. F. Lund, General Secretary

FINANCIAL ACCOUNT

Cash Receipts

Balance on hand January 1, 1930:

Charity Fund	\$ 37,701.46
General Fund	119,878.98
Wheat Trust Fund	11,810.88

Total Balance, January 1.....	\$169,391.32
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Donations Received During 1930:

Charity Fund	\$100,849.91
General Fund	123,184.32
Annual Dues	22,984.18
Other Receipts	59,092.39

Total Receipts	\$306,110.80
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Total Balance on hand and Receipts	\$ 475,502.12
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Cash Disbursements

Paid for Charitable Purposes.....	\$109,493.19
Paid for General Purposes	143,745.33
Wheat Trust Fund Remitted to Pre- siding Bishop's Office.....	817.25
Annual Dues paid to General Board and to Stake Boards	26,764.56
Paid for Other Purposes.....	29,877.34

Total Disbursements	\$310,697.66
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Balance on hand December 31, 1930:

Charity Fund	\$ 38,229.58
General Fund	115,426.16
Wheat Trust Fund	11,148.72

Total Balance, December 31.....	\$164,804.46
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Total Disbursements and Balance on hand	\$ 475,502.12
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ASSETS AND LIABILITIES

Assets

Balance on hand December 31, 1930:

All Funds	\$164,183.75
Wheat Trust Fund Deposited at Pre- siding Bishop's Office	400,266.29
Other Invested Funds	56,275.81
Value of Real Estate and Buildings....	227,853.94
Value of Furniture and Fixtures.....	79,979.85
Other Assets	32,091.79

	\$960,651.43
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Stake Board Cash Balances on hand

December 31, 1930	\$ 25,423.82
Other Assets	59,637.49

	\$ 85,061.31
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Total Assets	\$1,045,712.74
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Liabilities

Indebtedness\$ 4,448.39
 Balance Net Assets 956,203.04

Balance Stake Board Net Assets..... \$960,651.43
 85,061.31

Total Net Assets and Liabilities... \$1,045,712.74

STATISTICS

Membership

January 1, 1930:

Executive and Special Officers..... 10,417
 Visiting Teachers 21,267
 Other Members 30,873

Total Membership January 1..... 62,557

Increase:

Admitted to Membership During Year..... 8,678

Total Membership and Increase..... 71,235

Decrease:

Removed or Resigned..... 6,180
 Died 830

Total Decrease 7,010

64,225

Membership

December 31, 1930:

Executive and Special Officers..... 10,619
 Visiting Teachers 21,765
 Other Members 31,841

Total Membership December 31... 64,225

The Total Membership includes:

General Officers and Board Members..... 23
 Stake Officers and Board Members 1,102
 Mission Presidents and Officers..... 70
 Number of Stakes 104
 Number of Missions 26
 Number of Relief Society Ward and Branch Organizations..... 1,568
 Number of Visiting Teachers' Districts..... 11,323
 Number of L. D. S. Families in Wards..... 115,725
 Number of Relief Society Magazines taken..... 26,639
 Number of Executive Officers taking Relief Society Magazine..... 5,401
 Number of Meetings held in Wards..... 55,973
 Number of Stake Meetings Held 2,090
 Number of Stake and Ward Officers' (Union) Meetings Held..... 1,107
 Number of Ward Conferences Held 1,251
 Average Attendance at Ward Meetings 24,521
 Number of Visits by Visiting Teachers..... 763,918
 Number of Families Helped 14,676
 Number of Days Spent with the Sick..... 43,672
 Number of Special Visits to the Sick and Homebound..... 186,436
 Number of Bodies Prepared for Burial 2,206
 Number of Visits to Wards by Stake Officers..... 5,678

COMPARATIVE FIGURES FROM RELIEF SOCIETY REPORTS

	1928	1929	1930
Paid for Charitable Purposes.....	\$100,836.76	\$ 98,925.02	\$109,493.19
Total or Present Membership	62,550	62,902	64,225
No. of Relief Society Organizations.....	1,452	1,501	1,568
No. of Relief Society Magazine Taken.....	24,570	26,509	26,639
No. of Days Spent with Sick.....	52,796	50,706	43,672
No. of Special Visits to Sick and Homebound	189,593	184,166	186,436
No. of Families Helped	17,550	13,578	14,676
No. of Visits by Stake Relief Society Of- ficers to Wards	5,032	5,490	5,678
No. of Visits by Relief Society Visiting Teachers	700,131	726,232	763,918

DISTRIBUTION OF MEMBERSHIP OF RELIEF SOCIETY

<i>Stakes</i>		<i>Missions</i>	
Arizona	1,618	Australia	68
California	1,624	Canada	147
Canada	1,304	Europe	4,469
Colorado	1,130	Hawaii	711
Idaho	7,991	Mexico	215
Mexico	165	New Zealand	575
Nevada	641	Samoa	267
Oregon	211	South Africa	97
Utah	35,827	Tahiti	309
Wyoming	2,047	Tonga	120
		United States	4,689

Total Membership in Stakes.. 52,558

Total Membership in Missions 11,667

Total Membership in Stakes and Missions..... 64,225

(Note: In the foregoing report all funds are held and disbursed in the various wards, with the exception of the annual membership dues.)



Notes to the Field

IN order that our stakes may see how they compare with their sister stakes in Magazine subscriptions we print herewith the Stake Membership and the number of subscribers each had when the reports were sent in. Many have already added to their number.

We heartily thank those who have given this part of our work such earnest effort and who have done so well. In spite of the financial depression many stakes have increased their subscription list over the 1930 figures.

	January 1, 1931	
Stake	Membership	Subscriptions
Alberta	617	220
Alpine	366	214
Bannock	290	132
Bear Lake	421	198
Bear River	502	256
Beaver	360	130
Benson	1,110	331
Big Horn	506	183
Blackfoot	645	249
Boise	446	184
Box Elder	948	539
Burley	365	160
Cache	804	411
Carbon	599	232
Cassia	170	103
Cottonwood	755	225
Curlew	158	73
Deseret	584	182
Duchesne	364	95
East Jordan	640	288
Emery	720	216
Ensign	718	355
Franklin	557	272
Fremont	855	512
Garfield	395	136
Granite	1,136	405
Grant	1,170	574
Gunnison	372	141
Hollywood	542	252
Hyrum	682	259
Idaho	194	110
Idaho Falls	651	256
Juab	425	147
Juarez	169	100
Kanab	304	127
Kolob	435	335
Lehi	416	171

	January 1, 1931	
Stake	Membership	Subscriptions
Lethbridge	288	163
Liberty	1,229	672
Logan	836	367
Los Angeles	695	366
Lost River	135	62
Lyman	306	170
Malad	539	251
Maricopa	645	236
Millard	527	157
Minidoka	378	160
Moapa	406	186
Montpelier	515	226
Morgan	230	100
Moroni	426	98
Mount Ogden	561	253
Nebo	655	201
Nevada	248	99
North Davis	489	140
North Sanpete	664	221
North Sevier	311	83
North Weber	789	369
Ogden	872	408
Oneida	556	221
Oquirrh	420	110
Palmyra	623	292
Panguitch	377	114
Parowan	635	236
Pioneer	648	161
Pocatello	625	205
Portneuf	355	139
Raft River	182	83
Rigby	619	302
Roosevelt	413	78
St. George	551	249
St. Joseph	852	421
Salt Lake	851	357
San Francisco	395	270
San Juan	218	176
San Luis	284	76
Sevier	562	226
Sharon	327	126
Shelley	391	189
Snowflake	411	184
South Davis	609	194
South Sanpete	745	224
South Sevier	435	134
Star Valley	411	170
St. Johns	244	90
Summit	546	213
Taylor	413	168
Teton	348	151
Timpanogos	315	148
Tintic	247	74
Tooele	476	168
Twin Falls	183	83
Uintah	447	168

Stake	Membership	Subscriptions
Union	216	157
Utah	851	441
Wasatch	531	267
Wayne	276	78
Weber	637	260
West Jordan	500	253
Woodruff	289	120
Yellowstone	451	223
Young	202	64
Zion Park	257	102

This interesting information came with the reports:

Alpine Stake offered a prize of \$10 to the ward having the highest per cent of the families in the ward subscribing for the *Magazine*. The First Ward of American Fork carried off the prize, reaching 39%.

Cottonwood Stake offered a prize of \$10 to the ward getting the largest number, based on their enrollment. Cottonwood ward had 31 enrolled and 27 subscriptions. The contest closed in February.

Grant Stake offered a prize of ten annual subscriptions to the ward that should get the highest percentage of its members as subscribers and five annual subscriptions to the ward that should secure second place in the contest. Burton Ward won the first prize with membership of 69, it secured 62 yearly and 10 half year subscriptions. Whittier Ward won second prize with a membership of 65, it secured 58 yearly subscriptions. Southgate won a third prize which was given for unusual attainment, with a membership of 41 it secured 23 yearly and 34 half-yearly subscribers.

Hollywood Stake, Mar Vista Ward, has a membership of 47 and a subscription list of 40.

North Sanpete Stake offered two prizes as an incentive to the wards.

San Francisco Stake, Martinez Relief Society, with 14 members, subscribes for 20 magazines. Burlingame, a new Society has 82% of its membership subscribing.

Due to financial conditions, some stakes urged neighbors to subscribe for the *Magazine* together.

Begin and Close on Time

Do you begin and close your meetings promptly? In visiting, we

note that some Societies close from fifteen to thirty minutes behind the scheduled time. The meeting is marred after the hour for closing has passed by restlessness and withdrawals.

Some ward conferences are not timed carefully enough and run away beyond the time scheduled for the sacrament meetings. Let all Relief Society presidents be noted for beginning and closing on time.

Relief Society Handbook

The General Board of the Relief Society is pleased to announce the publication of a Relief Society Handbook which is now ready for distribution.

This Handbook has been carefully prepared by an appointed committee and approved by the officers and members of the General Board.

It contains a fund of information pertaining to the history and functioning of the Society, which has often been called for by both officers and members and which it is hoped will be beneficial to the organization.

This information is now compiled in a neat little volume carefully indexed forming a ready reference. It contains a brief but complete history of the Relief Society, biographical sketches of its seven presidents and all the dates of organization with rulings and instructions from the time of organization, March, 1842, to the present time, 1931, as gleaned from the records of the Society and kindred publications; also other valuable and interesting material.

In issuing this book the General Board trusts it will fill a long felt need, and find a welcome place in the homes of the officers and members of the Relief Society.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Fails

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RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor	MARY CONNELLY KIMBALL
Manager	LOUISE Y. ROBISON
Assistant Manager	AMY BROWN LYMAN

VOL. XVIII

MAY, 1931

No. 5

EDITORIAL

Mothers' Day

THROUGH the activity of the Maternity Center Association of New York, Mother's Day this year is to have a new significance and an added factor of practical usefulness. Public-spirited men and women everywhere, educators, physicians, women's clubs, churches and civic organizations, are joining to center public attention on the fact that America's death rate from causes connected with maternity is the highest in the civilized world. The Maternity Center can speak with authority since it has been working on the matter for eight years with nearly five thousand mothers.

Louis I. Dublin, Ph. D., statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, internationally known as an expert, has examined

the records of 4,728 mothers cared for by the Maternity Center Association over a period of six years in a certain section of New York City. He compared the results with what happened to mothers in the same section of the city not receiving such care. This showed that those in the first group had about three times as good a chance to survive as the others. The report says:

"The result is indicative of the saving of lives that might be accomplished were all the mothers to receive the benefit of adequate maternity care, as more than sixteen thousand women in the United States every year die from causes related to maternity. This means that more than ten thousand deaths are preventable. In addition, 30,000 of the 100,000 babies who now

die in the first month of life, would be saved. Infants as well as mothers are protected by adequate maternity care."

Commending this campaign for Mother's Day, Surgeon General Cumming said, "The high maternal death rate in this country is a disgrace to our profession, and I am sure that efforts such as this will go far toward improving conditions."

Grace Abbott, chief of the Children's Bureau, endorsing the project, said, "There are no more tragic deaths than of mothers in childbirth, and I feel sure that if it were understood by people of the United States that to a very large extent these deaths are preventable they would be prevented."

Magazines and newspapers are to take up the campaign, radio talks from coast to coast are to be made by physicians and laymen, meetings of women's clubs are to conduct special programs designed to see what can be done to stop the waste in mothers' lives. Dr. Ralph W. Lobenstein says: "An informed public opinion, demanding adequate maternity care, is a condition precedent to improvement." He points out that while typhoid fever, small-

pox and diphtheria have yielded to scientific control in the last quarter of a century, and that tuberculosis has been reduced to half its toll, that the death rate from causes connected with maternity has not been lowered at all during the period for which records are available.

The Center points out that the essentials by which so many mothers' lives were saved who were taken under its care, are "a medical examination immediately upon the discovery that a baby is expected; frequent and regular examinations and instructions until the crucial time, adequate preparations for the birth itself, assuring the presence of the doctor and the nurse too; and remaining under the doctor's care for six weeks after."

Here is a wish for Mother's Day, May 10: "That every baby could be born healthy, and every mother escape the dangers which take 10,000 every year from preventable causes in childbirth.

"Something can be done to make this wish come true. Medical science, like a fairy Godmother, provides the means to reduce these ravages by offering modern maternity care as a gift to be had for the seeking."

Another Victory for Women

PRESIDENT HOOVER has signed an amendment to the Cable Act, which was sponsored in the House by Ruth Bryan Owen.* This brings success to a twenty-five year campaign against laws that have deprived women of American citizenship when they married for-

eigners. By this act the United States has added its name to a list of thirteen nations that give women the same nationality rights with men. *The Woman's Journal*, of New York, gives this explanation of this amendment:

"The amendment to the Cable Act provides that an American woman shall not forfeit her citizenship, even though her alien husband

*Mrs. Owen once lost her own American citizenship rights through her marriage to a British Army officer.

may because of race, nationality, or other causes be ineligible for citizenship.

"It permits women who have previously lost their citizenship by marriage to an ineligible alien to become repatriated without submitting to a long nationalization process.

"It also permits women married to aliens who have lived abroad for more than two years, and who have formerly been presumed to have lost their citizenship, to regain it."

The New York *World-Telegram*

and the Buffalo *Courier-Express* give these interesting comments on the success of this campaign:

"The most important battle women have carried on since the suffrage campaign."

"A woman's right to her nationality should be equal to that of a man. So long as both have political equality, their rights to citizenship should rest on the same footing. This is so logical that anything to the contrary is absurd."

Twelve Outstanding Women

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING magazine recently invited nominations for a panel of the twelve most famous and greatest American women. A jury composed of such prominent men as Newton D. Baker, former secretary of war; Dr. Henry Van Dyke, the famous author and educator; Booth Tarkington, novelist; Otto Kahn, banker, and Bruce Barton, publicist and writer, made the final selections. This choice was made from a list of twenty-six women that had been culled from 2,786 nominations submitted by the readers of the magazine during a four months' survey. Two interesting things about the results of the vote are that only four of the twelve women finally selected are married, and all of those chosen have shunned publicity, going about their work unostentatiously, working for an object, a cause, rather than for personal glory. The list is arranged alphabetically, leaving it to individuals to place the names in the order of merit. Here are the twelve names selected:

Grace Abbott, Chief of the Fed-

eral Children's Bureau, and a leader in campaigns for child labor laws, children's clinics, and community nurseries;

Jane Addams, whose work in Hull House and other pioneer achievements in social welfare work make her known the world over;

Cecelia Beaux, an American artist, whose works hang not only in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, but also in some of the world's leading galleries;

Martha Berry, whose work for mountain boys and girls of the South has led many to become successful because of the start that she gave them;

Willa Cather, a novelist;

Carrie Chapman Catt, the great woman suffrage leader and a worker for international peace;

Grace Coolidge, whose endeavors to aid the handicapped have been so effective, and who is responsible for a million-dollar endowment for deaf mute children;

Minnie Maddern Fiske, the noted actress, who is also famous for her

humanitarian work in behalf of animals;

Helen Keller, who, though deaf, dumb and blind from infancy, has so developed her mind that she has won the highest educational attainments and honors, and has even learned to speak;

Florence Rena Sabin, whose scientific work has brought her rec-

ognition from scientists all over the world;

Ernestine Schumann-Heink, the noted singer;

Mary B. Wooley, who as president of Mount Holyoke college for thirty years has influenced vastly the education of the women of the country.

Relief Society Handbook

LONG and eagerly have our officers and members looked for the publication of a handbook. The April Relief Society conference of 1931 will go down in history as distinguished for the issuance of this greatly desired book.

Much time and thought and efficient work have been put upon it, so that it comes forth attractively bound, clearly printed, comprehensive in its contents—a credit to the great Relief Society organization. It contains a brief, comprehensive history of the Society from its organization in 1842 to March, 1931, biographical sketches of the seven presidents of the Society, and the rulings, regulations and instructions that have been issued for the benefit of the Society from time to time. An interesting feature and one

which the General Board has long felt necessary to be placed in the hands of the officers and members of the Society is a list of names of the charter members, the Nauvoo members, and all general officers and General Board members with the time of service from the first organization up to the time of its issuance.

Every efficient officer will need to acquaint herself with what the book contains. It is worth re-reading many times. Every member should be happy to own a copy and read and digest the information it contains.

Price: paper binding, 60c; cloth binding, 85c. Orders should be addressed to Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund, General Secretary, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Hats Off

SEVERAL years ago a strenuous effort was made to get all women to remove their hats in places of public assembly. The law required it, church officials requested that women in church gatherings keep their hats off during the entire services. With the advent of the small, close-fitting hat, the vigilance relaxed and many women became law breakers, for the law was not re-

voked, the request was not withdrawn. There are so many reasons why women should remove their hats and so few why they should not that we are surprised how difficult it seems to get the majority of them to bare their heads in places of public assembly.

It is much pleasanter for those who are behind to have all hats removed, and it is much more in-

spiring to the speaker who faces the women. Women thus show reverence for places of worship, those who remove their hats show consideration for the well being of others; they are law abiding, they show a readiness to observe the requirements of those in authority in the Church, and they add to the

general appearance of public assemblies. What if removing the hat does disturb a few hairs? What if it is a little awkward to hold a hat on the lap? These are trivial considerations; the important thing is that we observe the law and cheerfully respond to the request of Church leaders.

"Mother Heart of Gold"

THEODORE E. CURTIS, has issued his fifth Mother Day Booklet. The mothers featured this year are Juliana L. Smith and Margaret McNeil Ballard—the tributes are beautifully written by their sons Joseph Fielding Smith and Melvin J. Ballard. A number of poems to

be sung to well known tunes will be widely used.

The popularity of the series is shown by the fact that 100,000 of the booklets have been sold during the past five years. Price 25c each. \$1.35 per doz.



Mothers of Men

By Vernessa Miller Nagle

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE recently conducted through its pages a contest for the purpose of determining the twelve greatest living American women. This contest has attracted nation-wide interest. The names of twenty-two women were featured representing twenty-two various walks of life. Front page prominence was not to be considered a test of their greatness, for such distinction often means only momentary fame. Among these twenty-two eminent women were the names of a consulting engineer, historian, composer, stateswoman, worker for the blind, singer, actress, athlete, sociologist, and wife and mother. That among these many professions of life, that of wife and mother should be listed is significant. It appears to be the glorifying of the commonplace. It means that being a wife and mother is at last considered in the light of a business or profession. Ida M. Tarbell has written a delightful little book on "The Business of Being a Woman." She says, "The meaning of honor and of the sanctity of the principles of democracy and of the society in which we live, the love of humanity, and the desire to serve—these are what make a good citizen. The tools for preparing herself to give this training are in the woman's hands. * * It is not too much to say that the success of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution depended, in the minds of certain early Democrats, upon the woman. The doctrines of these great instruments would be worked out according to

the way she played her part. Her serious responsibility came in the fact that her work was one that nobody could take off her hands."

Nancy Hanks, mother of Lincoln, was a woman of simplicity and strength. She had married his father because she loved him, and when Abe was born she was living with his father in the poorest kind of shack in the wildest part of Kentucky. But, even though she may have felt the pinch of poverty, she did her duty toward this boy tenderly and with the affection of motherhood. She taught him not only to read, but she awakened his imagination with fairy stories and legends that influenced his nature all through his life. His kindness, humor, humanity, and hatred of slavery come from his mother.

William Lloyd Garrison was a man of conscientious convictions that came directly from that mother of whom, in later years, he wrote in a letter to his fiancée:

"I had a Mother once who cared for me with passionate regard. Her mind was clear, vigorous, creative, and lustrous, and sanctified by an everglowing piety. How often did she watch over me—weep over me—and pray over me."

Robert E. Lee's father died when Robert was but eleven years of age and the responsibility of rearing the lad fell entirely upon his mother. So many of the praiseworthy characteristics of this mother have found their counterpart in the life of her son.

It has been possible for the painter with his brush to transfer the

landscape to the canvas with such fidelity that the trees and grasses seem almost real; but perhaps one of the most perfect reproductions of a subject of life is Whistler's immortal portrait of his mother. In this picture we see all that Whistler so much adored in his mother.

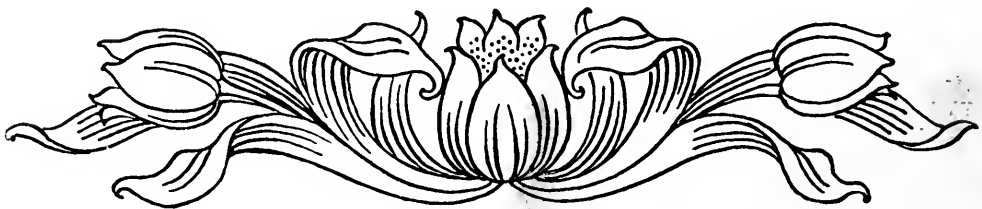
One of the prominent speakers at the Women's Encampment last Summer spoke these words, "Happiness in life lies in its echo." I have often thought of these words as applying to this business of home-making. The echoes of any successful mother's life are those splendid men and women with whom she enriches society. Many a little mother has foregone the self-satisfaction that comes from a successful career and has found the echo of her fame in the achievement of her boys and girls.

Theodore Roosevelt has said regarding mothers, "The mother who does her part in rearing and training aright the boys and girls who are to become the men and women of the next generation, is of a greater use to the community and occupies, if she only would realize it, a more honorable position, as

well as important one, than any so-called successful business man."

"A Lantern in Her Hand," by Beth Streecher Aldrich, is the story of a woman who found the happiness of her life in its echoes. As a young girl Abbie harbored great hopes of a wonderful musical career. All who heard her sing gave her encouragement. But there were so many things to interfere—the coming of the babies, the droughts of '78, '79 and '90. Through all the hardships and poverty she sang on and on. Oftimes it was a song of despair, but always she tried to make it a song of hope. At last Abbie realizes that her own ambitions must be sacrificed on the altar of love. The joy she found in the success of her sons and daughters was recompense for all.

The American woman has played an honorable part in the making of our country, and for this part she should have full credit. There are many women who through riches become idle, selfish, miserable, and anti-social. But they are not the women upon whom society depends; they are not the ones who build the nation—the mothers of men.



The Consumer's Responsibility to the Manufacturer and Merchant

By Vilate Elliott, Professor of Textiles and Clothing, B. Y. U.

IGNORANCE and selfishness are two factors in buying; often it does not occur to a woman that she is affecting anyone but herself in what she buys. Yet it is a part of her responsibility to know how and where the garment is made. She must know something of the sanitary conditions, of the number of hours required of the workmen, if a reasonable wage is paid to them. Some people are heedless of these facts until they are told that little children wearing uninspected clothing may be endangered and exposed to disease. If a mother understands these conditions, she will insist on branded garments. These things help her to realize that the selection for her family takes her out into the world and into many homes not so pleasant as her own, where the living is scanty, where a starvation wage is paid, where the mother is not permitted to give her time to her home and family. She will know she must take her share of the responsibility of such places of garment making. She will be anxious to identify herself with the consumer's league or other associations for the betterment of working people. The woman who does these things, giving of her time and strength, usually profits by it: she has the satisfaction of knowing that other little children are being better cared for, that people are working in cleaner, lighter, and more sanitary buildings, where rest rooms and nurses are found, where a decent wage is paid, and where a limited number of hours is considered a day's work.

Where a woman trades at one store frequently, she may form the habit of trading with the same saleswoman. If she continually asks for certain lines of goods she will be shown that class of garment. In this way the habit of right choice will grow, she will have satisfaction in her knowledge of buying that which makes for the betterment of her home, which makes her a more competent spender in handling the money with which she has been provided.

The retail stores have given their customers many privileges and accommodations such as rest rooms, phones; credit, delivery. Some people have misused these privileges, they have taken advantage of them until the American woman has formed many bad shopping habits.

Getting garments on approval without any or very little intention of keeping them, and then returning them, sometimes in a soiled or crumpled condition and showing marks of having been worn, is a practice to be condemned. Such garments are usually returned and sold at a discount. The manager does this rather than lose a customer or his reputation for being generous. This habit also makes it necessary for the store to keep a bigger stock of goods in order not to lose sales while the garments are out. There should be a time limit on a garment sent out on approval. It is morally wrong to permit an article to be sent out unless one expects to make a purchase, but there are people who deliberately plan to have them sent out, expecting to wear them on some

special occasion and then return them.

Free delivery is another much debated question. Delivery adds about five per cent to the cost of the merchandise and is paid by all alike. Would it not be better to make a small charge for delivery for those desiring it? Is it not fair for those who wish special privileges to pay for them? Should not delivery be limited to at least once a day? However, more packages would be carried if the time of waiting for the package could be eliminated.

Late shopping adds to the expense of the store and incidentally to the cost. Seventy-five per cent of the sales are made after two o'clock. Some stores offer a ten percent discount on all shopping done before ten o'clock. Early morning habits of shopping are excellent: the buyer is fresh and better able to judge what she wants. The sales people are not so busy and are anxious to show their materials, and can give

more time in helping the customer in her selection.

It is well to be definite in your shopping. If you have not decided on what you want to buy, tell your saleswoman you are just looking. Don't feel vexed if she does not give you an unlimited amount of time. Be frank with her, tell her you may return after having looked elsewhere. If you do return, go to the same saleswoman, as the sale belongs to her. Many of them are paid a commission on their sales. If a customer takes up much of her time and buys nothing, her commissions are diminished. This is discouraging, you really have prevented her from making other sales. A customer expects courteous treatment; she should be willing to accord the same to the saleswoman. A kindly word carrying with it an expression of appreciation will throw an atmosphere of cheer around the saleswoman, perchance, for the rest of the day.

A Tribute

To Sister Georgenia O'Brien and her Board of the Taylor Stake Relief Society, Alberta, Canada, who are retiring after many years of faithful services.

By *Helen K. Orgill*

From crimson eve till break of dawn
The mills of God go on and on,
In silence never ending.

And ah, I think within, that mill
The cries of happy children will
E'er blend with Heavenly music.

And grateful glances sent above
From "these the best" whom "God doth
love"
Will each one be remembered.

For He who lives in "regions fair,"
Who knows us all and "counts each
hair";
Rewards with joy eternal.

But we'll not wait, we'll praise you here,
Present our love, O sister dear;
From hearts that beat in union.

To thousands in this far off land,
A mighty rock of strength you stand;
They rise and call you blessed.

To you, and all, that faithful band,
Who've worked together hand in hand,
We send a heart-felt greeting.

And may your days be multiplied
To cheer the old, the young to guide;
To succor still the needy.

And may God bless your days with peace,
From every sorrow find surcease;
And joys be ever boundless.

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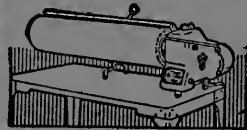
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June
1931

Vol. XVIII
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| No. 3 Ribbed med. wgt. cotton, bleached or unbleached. Our all season number..... | 1.75 | No. 8 Light weight Spring and Summer garment. Men only.. | 1.00 |
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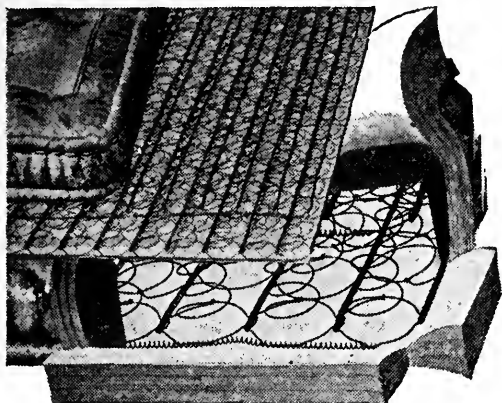
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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. 18

June, 1931

No. 6

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SUMMER TERM STARTS JUNE 1

Crusade Against the Use of Tobacco

By President Louise Y. Robison

THE instinct of mothers to be alarmed when danger menaces their young is universal. Both human and animal mothers are forever on their guard to protect their young from destructive forces—no sacrifice is too great, even to endangering their own lives.

Some evils are limited in their power and individual mothers can cope successfully with them but there are others which demand united effort.

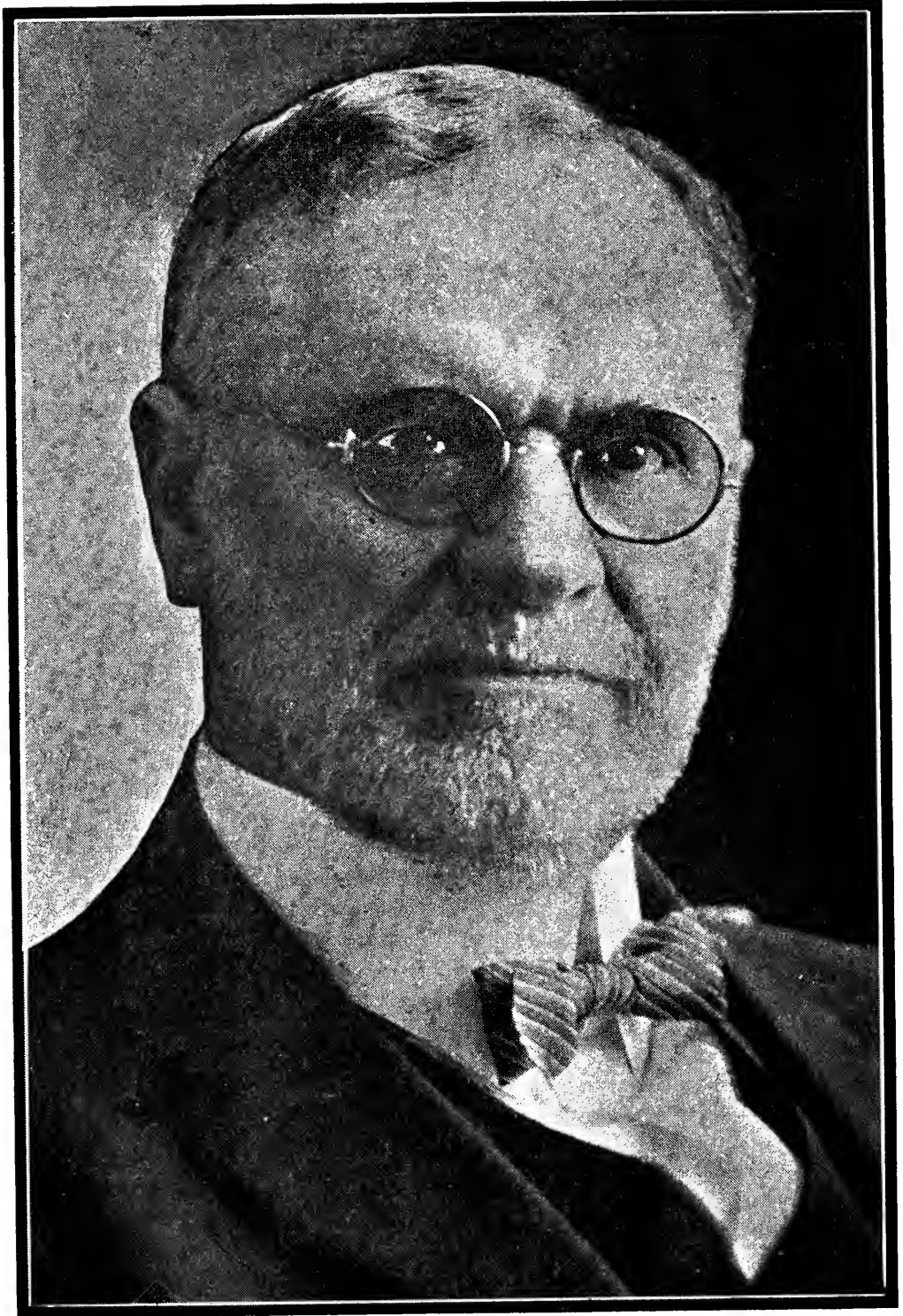
Such a destructive influence is with us today and challenges the motherhood of our nation. It is not enough that one mother nor twenty mothers become alarmed—but all people who desire the health, efficiency, and spiritual development of our youth are urged to join forces for their protection.

Human judgement may err but we have the word of our Heavenly Father that tobacco is not good for us. The Relief Society believing the Word of Wisdom to be the word of God calls on all its members to cooperate in helping our young people to see the benefit of living strictly in accordance with its teachings.

With the approval of the First Presidency, the Auxiliary organizations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are uniting in a crusade against the use of tobacco. Each has its special assignment. To the Relief Society it is that we will not condemn nor make unhappy those of our young people who have acquired the tobacco habit but with all the power of our love and prayers we will help them to see the benefit of complying with our Father's admonition and of stopping this injurious indulgence.

And further, as a safeguard to those who have not formed this habit and to protect and help the weaker ones, that we will not patronize any merchant who sells tobacco, in any form, to minors. Relief Society always has stood for law enforcement. In Utah, as in many other states it is illegal to sell tobacco to minors. We certainly, even at inconvenience to ourselves, cannot support violators of the law especially when such violators are destroying our youth.

We especially appeal to all Relief Society women and all other women in our communities to seriously and zealously work for the welfare of our young men and women and to see that the laws that have been enacted to safeguard them are not violated.



ELDER ORSON F. WHITNEY

THE Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XVIII

JUNE, 1931

No. 6

Orson F. Whitney, Apostle, Poet, Historian, Philosopher

By Annie Wells Cannon

IT was dawn. The warm glow of the rising sun kissed the eastern hills. The new day spread its golden loveliness over an awakening world, just as the kingly spirit of Orson F. Whitney, passed into the great beyond. He died May 16, 1930, peaceful and content.

His way in life was pleasant for he sought only the beautiful in art and nature; had enjoyment in companionship of friends and the pursuit of knowledge. Holland's beautiful verse which he sometimes used for a text might easily apply to his own career.

"Heaven is not reached in a single bound:

But we build the ladder by which we rise

From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies

And we mount its summit round by round."

While his experiences were varied, he marked for himself a pathway clear, motivated by earnest endeavor, poetic ideals and fervent emotion.

ORSON FERGUSON WHITNEY was born in Salt Lake

City July 1, 1855, son of Horace K. Whitney, one of the original pioneers of 1847, and Helen Mar Kimball, eldest daughter of Heber C. Kimball, a member of the first council of the twelve under Joseph Smith and counselor to President Brigham Young.

His boyhood was spent largely in the open spaces. Amusements were few for the pioneer children save such as they themselves provided. There was, however, an exceptional opportunity in the community of seeing the classic drama and Shakespeare's plays, given by the old Salt Lake dramatic association, of which Orson's father was a member. His father was also a gifted musician while his mother was a forceful writer and speaker.

These inherited talents added to his natural gifts—a remarkable memory, a rich mellow voice, a graceful and pleasing personality, would seem to point to a stage career, and that was his choice, but Providence ruled otherwise. In 1876 he answered a call for a mission to the eastern states. Engaged in this ministry, he found his true

vocation; here, too, he began his literary work, contributing poems and articles to the home papers.

Soon after his return from this mission Elder Whitney was appointed Bishop of the 18th Ward, a stewardship he held for 28 years and wherein he was greatly loved and honored. The capacious and beautiful annex to the ward chapel is named Whitney Hall in his honor. In 1881 Bishop Whitney took a second mission, this time going to Europe. While in England he availed himself of the rare pleasure of visiting places he had learned to love through the medium of romance and poetry—homes and haunts of the English poets, the abbeys and castles around which their stories are entwined, like the ivy on their walls.

In 1906 Elder Whitney was appointed a member of the Council of the Twelve. To this high calling he gave the most sincere and reverent devotion.

In 1921 he went again to England, this time to preside over the European mission. A severe illness shortened this mission and he returned home in a few months.

Always in the ministry he found happiness and satisfaction and was an eloquent defender of the faith with tongue and pen. Among the stakes and missions he traveled, exhorting and encouraging the people in ways of righteousness.

Elder Whitney's literary work is outstanding. As an historian he was accurate and careful, as a poet lofty and idealistic, as an essayist logical and convincing, all making a valuable contribution to the literature of the Church and state.

"The Lifted Ensign—A Call to Israel" was written for the Centen-

nial Conference, April 6, 1930, and read by the author on that memorable occasion before the vast audience in the Tabernacle.

Notwithstanding his inclination for the more quiet calling in the ministry or literary field, Elder Whitney was not unmindful of his responsibilities as a loyal and patriotic citizen and held many offices both civic and state. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1894, held prior to statehood, at which time he made an earnest and eloquent plea for the cause of woman suffrage. He was Chancellor and Regent of the State University, taught philosophy and history at the Brigham Young College at Logan and for many years was a member of the Church Board of Education.

December 18, 1879, Elder Whitney was married to Zina Beal Smoot, the piquant and charming daughter of Abraham O. Smoot of Provo. Zina died in 1900. She was the mother of nine children, seven of whom are living. In July, 1888, he married May Wells, daughter of Gen. Daniel H. Wells, and to her fell the task of caring for these motherless children as well as her own two boys. To all she gave tender care and devotion.

In the atmosphere of social and home life Orson Whitney's charm was most apparent. There his ready wit, his gift as a recounter of fascinating stories, his many accomplishments afforded delightful entertainment. Always the gentleman, refined, sensitive, kind, how he will be missed. To his family he rendered sweet affection and has left a legacy of things imperishable.

He mounted the ladder round by round. Who doubts but he reached the "summit of the vaulted skies."

Relief Society Conference

Held April 2 and 3, 1931

THE Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints held Annual Conference on Thursday and Friday, April 2 and 3, 1931, in Salt Lake City, Utah. President Louise Y. Robison was in charge and presided over the General Sessions of the conference.

The meetings were as follows: Stake Officers and General Board Members, held in the Auditorium of the Bishop's Building, from 10 a. m. to 12 noon on Thursday. There were seven department meetings: Theological, Literary, Social Service Lesson, Visiting Teachers, Class Leaders, Social Service Case Work, Choristers and Organists, and the Secretaries' Department. The two general sessions were held in the Tabernacle on Friday, April 3. There was an Executive Officers' Banquet, held at the Hotel Utah on the evening of April 3, the Presidency and the General Board being hostesses. In addition to the presidents, the executive officers of the various stakes were included.

The attendance at the General Stake Officers' Meeting was as follows: There were 102 out of the 104 stakes of the Church represented, 10 of the missions in the

United States, in addition to the president of the European Mission, Sister Leah D. Widtsoe; and Mrs. Arthur Gaeth of the Czecho-slovakian Mission; also representatives from the Canadian and Mexican Missions. There were 22 General Board members; 603 Stake and Mission Officers, including: Stake presidents, 80; Counselors, 123; Secretary-treasurers, 64; Other Board Members 324; Mission presidents 12. Ushers furnished by the Salt Lake City stakes and some of the Salt Lake County stakes gave excellent service in handling the large number in attendance and in properly seating them in the various meetings.

A very delightful feature of the conference was the music. Mrs. Lizzie Thomas Edward directed the congregational singing. There were special musical numbers from Mrs. Pearl Kimball Davis, Miss Miriam Erickson, Mrs. Annette R. Dinwoodey; a very delightful string trio consisting of Miss Miriam Gilchrist, Miss Lucille Merrill and Miss Sina Brimhall. An unusual feature was the splendid music furnished for the general sessions of the conference under the direction of stake choristers, special mention is made of Grant and Liberty stakes.

OFFICERS' MEETING

Morning Session, Thursday, April 2, 1931

PRESIDENT LOUISE Y.
ROBISON

I WISH I had words to express the gratitude we feel this morning in greeting you all here. Our

prayers have been answered. Our hearts are full of gratitude to our Heavenly Father, and to you, our dear sisters, for the efforts which you have made to come to this Conference.

I have often heard that Conferences are the finest medium we have of holding interest in the Church. I believe this, and the joy we have in meeting again with our sisters whom we meet out in the stakes, wards and mission fields, is beyond expression. I wish you knew how we appreciate you, and all the service that you have rendered.

I believe that the record has been made in Relief Society in getting replies; for anything that we wanted at the office. Just a short time ago the White House Conference Committee asked for some special information, which we did not have in the office. On Saturday the Secretary and her helpers sent out letters and asked that we have this information in at once. On Monday afternoon we had some of the replies, and on Tuesday they came in from far away places. I want to tell you how we appreciate this, because I know that you are all busy women.

Usually in making an address we want to leave the most thrilling thing to the last, but I am so eager to tell you some good news, that I am going to tell you first. For years we have been wanting a handbook. Numberless appeals have come to us for something that would help women get started with the Relief Society work, and I am very happy to announce that we have now a perfectly wonderful handbook. The committee, Counselor Amy Brown Lyman, and Sister Annie Wells Cannon, have been working on it almost day and night, because we have been so eager to have it ready for this Conference. This handbook contains full information pertaining to the history of the Relief Society. It has a sketch of the seven presidents, and information that has been compiled from all of our records that we have had since

the beginning,—how to conduct and what to do in all activities. It seems to us it is going to be a most wonderful help, especially to the new officers, and we feel it will be a tower of strength to our officers who are in charge.

We hope you will use it as officers of the army use their rules. No matter how long an officer is in the army it is one of his requirements that he read his rules every day.

There are illustrations in it, a table of contents, and it is indexed and cross-indexed, so that you can easily find anything you wish.

For many years we have been using gold and white for our Society colors, but a very exhaustive search fails to discover any official word that these were really made the Relief Society colors. We love the old traditions of our organization and we were loath to give up gold and white. I think there was just a bit of sentiment about it, thinking the gold represented the wheat, but wheat is not really gold—we call it the “golden grain” but when you take a piece of straw you find it is not really gold, but yellow. After much thought and discussion we decided to choose something distinctive, so now our official colors are gold and blue. I would like to know how many of you would like to have gold and blue instead of white and gold (vote unanimous).

We have had a few reorganizations since last Conference. It makes us sad to think that there is need of reorganizations. We love these women so dearly; they do such beautiful work, and when we think of their leaving it seems impossible to find anybody who can take their places. That is one of the beautiful things of this Church, it does not matter how splendid a person is,

and how much we miss and love him, the Lord is always able to help us find someone else who can ably fill the place.

to the Work and Business Meetings. On the contrary, one of the stake presidents told me that in her stake, which is a stake of large wards—

Reorganizations

Date	Stake	Released	Appointed President
Mar., 1931	Beaver	Mrs. Susan J. Murdock	Mrs. Kate Jensen
Feb., 1931	Box Elder	Mrs. Lula B. Call	Mrs. Vera D. Sederhold
Oct., 1930	Cache	Mrs. Lizzie B. Owen	Mrs. Lula Y. Smith
Feb., 1931	Franklin	Mrs. Veroka G. Nash	Mrs. Bertha P. Larson
Feb., 1931	Garfield	Mrs. Irene N. Rowan	Mrs. Ida H. Steed
Mar., 1931	Malad	Mrs. Eleanor J. Richards	Mrs. Nellie K. Dredge
Nov., 1930	Oneida	Mrs. Nellie P. Head	Mrs. Anna R. Hawkes
Nov., 1930	Taylor	Mrs. Georgina O'Brien	Mrs. Julia E. Ririe
Dec., 1930	Union	Mrs. Evelyn R. Lyman	Mrs. Josephine Hanks

Some of our people have said, "Let us go back to the old method of having our teachers go to Union Meeting, and not have their special meetings in the wards." I would like to ask as a personal favor, that you stake officers make this a matter of prayer. The General Board has discussed this matter, and prayed and we cannot see how it would strengthen our work to have the Relief Society visiting teachers go back to Union Meeting, and not have the specific instructions which they get in their wards. In stakes and wards where this has been tried out persistently it has worked beautifully. One stake president told me just the other day that it would be a calamity to go back to the old method, the teachers are doing so much better and the work is going along much more harmoniously. We do earnestly beg of you that you will try just a little longer, and make some provision where this teachers' training meeting can be held in a regular meeting. This need not be very long, but make it just the very finest meeting of which you are capable. Have the class leader who goes to the stake union meeting come back so full of help for the visiting teachers that they cannot get along without her. Some believe that the teachers will not come out

there is an attendance in one ward of 104, and in another of 80. She asked her stake to keep tab of the women who left during the Work and Business Meeting, and only two women in that whole stake, with such a large enrollment, leave the Work and Business Meeting before 3:30. She feels that there must be something lacking that even two women leave. In some of the wards the women are not interested, they are tired when they go to meeting and to go there to sew might not be so interesting. In some of the stakes they will have in connection with this meeting a class in something. We have in one stake a class in child care. You can go in and sew on quilts (you know everyone cannot sew on quilts, but everyone who chooses can do so) then they can make rugs, lamp shades, tied and dyed work; there is a department for young mothers, and in one of these wards there are 17 new young mothers who have come in and joined the organization just for this class in child training. Now if they have someone there capable of giving help to mothers on how to make little things out of spools that the child can make, or how to tell stories that the mothers can tell to their children when they go home, or give a little talk on the guidance of the

child; what to do with a child who sucks its thumb, or a child that tells fibs, or a child that takes things that do not belong to it. This is very appealing and will increase attendance.

Have your teachers' training meeting some time that will coordinate with this work and business meeting, and then have something in the Work and Business meeting that will interest all the women in the ward, and you will be surprised how successfully it will turn out.

Last spring we asked that all of the Relief Society women of the Church donate one article, either a new article or made-over or remodeled article, for the benefit of those in need. It seems in some stakes this has hardly been understood, and they have not known what to do with the articles when they were collected. You can have the articles range in price from ten cents to any amount, even to a pair of blankets, if anyone would care to give that much. We asked every woman to turn in to the Relief Society president one article of clothing that would be suitable for those who are in need, and let the ward have it for use in the ward, but do not send it away until everyone in need in your own ward has been supplied. Now look about you and see if all the children are taken care of, that no little child is going to school humiliated because of its clothing. It is a cruel thing for a child to have to go to school or Sunday School and be ashamed because its clothing is worn. Take care of your ward out of this contribution, then if you have your ward supplied, (and we do have wards where there is very little or no need, but we still expect and hope that these sisters in such wards will contribute), and you still have a surplus, have the ward president

speak to the stake president about this. In almost every stake there will be one ward where there is greater need than in other wards.

Other women's organizations do this type of work. Last year the Needlework Guild of America supplied 1,300,000 articles. To be a member of the Needlework Guild one must donate two articles a year, or an equivalent amount of money. These are given to the Red Cross or to any group that are in need. We are not trying to take care of the world, but sisters of the Relief Society, do you not think this Relief Society is strong enough to take care of every Latter-day Saint child there is in this Church? Don't you think it is our calling, as mothers of the Church, to see that there is not a child in this whole Church suffering?

We have a very good storehouse where used clothing and furniture are sent. The Presiding Bishopric provided these excellent quarters for us. This last year there were 3,892 articles and 621 pairs of shoes given away. When one of the sisters living here went over to get some things she needed she said, "I have five children, and not one of them had an article of underwear on this winter." Now sisters, is not this a challenge to every Relief Society woman to in some way provide for every Latter-day Saint child who is in need. One article a year given by our sisters would not be any hardship at all, but it would open a way that all could be taken care of. Care for your wards first, then if you have a surplus refer it to your stake president and let her see that every child in that stake is cared for, and then if you have a surplus do not send it to us but notify us that you have a surplus and what articles they are. We will instruct you what to do with them. I hope that the

Spirit of the Lord will be in this meeting this morning, and that it will sink into your hearts, and that you will see the beauty of this movement, and that it may accomplish some very good results.

We have to thank a number of our stake presidents who did splendid work in getting representatives to our social service institute on such short notice last winter. We have had some of the finest women here, taking the work in the institutes. Enquiries have been made when another institute will be held. The representatives from the stakes come into headquarters and for six weeks study and work just as hard as it is humanly possible to study and work, and then carry back to the stakes all the help they are capable of carrying. It is not just an innovation of Relief Society, but came from the Presiding Bishopric. To each of your stakes last year copies of the little circular, "Details of Charity Administration from the Presiding Bishopric," were sent. If you will read the second paragraph of this little booklet and see what work is assigned to us by the authorities of the Church, you will realize that we need training to do it properly. This seems to me the biggest responsibility ever given to the Relief Society, and we want to help you prepare to do this in a correct manner, so we are now going to have other institutes. We can accommodate only 25 stakes at one time. We had one last Fall beginning in August and carrying through until September, and the women said it was in the wrong time of the year, they were all so busy. Then we had one early in January, and the complaint was that it was so cold, and that was the wrong time of the year, so this time we are going to have it a vacation period, when we hope it will be satisfactory.

The Relief Society has asked for years and years that every ward and every stake in the Church keep a history of the organization. We hear that there are some stakes where there are no histories kept. We wish to say now that we shall instruct all of our General Board members who visit you this year to examine your records and read your histories and see what excellent records you have of your Relief Societies. A short time ago the three presidents of the women's organization were invited by Sister Susa Y. Gates to visit the Historian's Office, and I was amazed at the volumes and shelves of histories of the Church, but there was very little there about the history of the women. All of the ward and stake books are arranged so that you can write the history in them. We want to see what your histories are.

We want to thank the sisters for the wonderful effort they have put forth in regard to the *Magazine*. I know that there are so many women who have had a hard time this winter, and for the efforts you blessed sisters have made that our *Magazine* subscriptions have kept up as well as this, we are very grateful. In one of our far away stakes a sister said, "We are doing the best we can. In one ward we have 14 members and we are sending in 20 subscriptions."

MRS. JULIA A. F. LUND

General Secretary

MY dear sisters: I would like to say before submitting the Annual Report that it has been one of the most thrilling experiences of my life to go through the reports we have received this year, and I think every mission and every stake is to be congratulated upon the excellence of the secre-

tarial work. More than half of the mission and stake reports were perfect. Others did not quite come in this class, but in the main the reports were correct, and it was just a slight misunderstanding which we are sure will not occur another year. The standard of the work of the secretaries is very high indeed, and I want to congratulate all of them.

The following is the result of a very careful audit of the annual reports: Total balance on hand, January 1, 1930, \$169,391.32; Total receipts during 1930, \$306,110.80; Total balance on hand and receipts, \$475,502.12; Paid for charitable

purposes, \$109,493.19; Total disbursements, \$310,697.66; Total balance, December 31, 1930, \$164,804.46; total assets, \$1,045,712.74; Ward conferences held 1,251; Teachers' visits made, 763,918; Visits to sick and homebound, 186,436. Membership in 1929, 62,902, in 1930, 64,225, an increase of 1,323. The membership includes, executive and special officers, 10,619, visiting teachers, 21,765, members 31,841. Average attendance, 1929, 23,716; 1930, 24,521, an increase of 805. Paid for charitable purposes, 1929, \$98,925.02; 1930, \$109,493.19, an increase of \$10,568.17.

Reforestation as Bi-Centennial Celebration to Honor George Washington

MRS. INEZ K. ALLEN

General Board Member

MY dear sisters: You have read about the organization of a commission several years ago in Washington, to make due preparation for the celebration of the bicentennial of George Washington. This commission is composed of the highest officials in our country, the President of the United States is president, the vice president, chairman. In accordance with this there is also a commission organized in Utah, with Governor George H. Dern as chairman.

One part of this program is that trees shall be planted in honor of General Washington. The General Board of the Relief Society desires that the Relief Societies shall cooperate in this particular phase of the work. The national commission has said, "Let us have ten million trees planted this year—ten million monuments, ten million tributes to

a great man, the father of our country."

It is recommended by the commission that every citizen, and every child, have an opportunity to participate in this great event, which will be celebrated next year on the 22nd day of February. In order to get ready for that, trees must be planted this year, that they be rooted and growing, so that next year on the date set they may be dedicated to the honor of George Washington.

The General Board recommends that ever stake and ward plant one tree at least. We hope many of you will plant more than one tree. Some of you may desire to make lovely parks, or to beautify playgrounds, but at least we desire that every stake and every ward shall plant one tree, and the General Board is recommending that the tree which shall be planted by you shall be a Norway Maple tree, to be known as the Relief Society tree. One reason why this tree was selected is because

the horticulturists say it has the most perfect bill of health for this rocky mountain climate, which seems that we would be more likely of success. It is a very beautiful tree and entirely suitable to become a monument for this very rare and important occasion.

Recently I was permitted to visit Golden Gate Park in California. That park is ten miles long, and only a few years ago that whole area was nothing but sandhills, and now it is one of the famous beauty spots of the world because of the planting which has taken place there. This should encourage us, so that we may make our own communities more beautiful. Many magnificent structures there are builded by the hands of men, but the great living forests would surpass them all. I was recently in the midst of some of the highest and biggest trees known. Some of them were said to be as high as nearly two of Salt Lake's blocks would be if they were straight up in the air. I was filled with reverence and awe, as I contemplated how marvelous and wonderful a tree can be. One evergreen tree, in Yosemite, known as the Grizzly Giant, had withstood the wind and storm, and responded to the sunshine for more than three thousand years, and it still lives to perform the purpose for which it was created. In such a presence one feels inspired with hope, contemplating the ages in which the fibres of the tree have blindly groped and the leaves have unfolded their beauty, even as man's life must climb from the clods of earth to heaven. One feels joy in the comfort of the birds which sing and nest therein. A feeling of peace and harmony is there. One has re-

newed confidence in the growth of the soul, as he contemplates the new shoots each year on old growth.

The poet says:

"He who plants a tree,
He plants life;
Tints of coolness spreading out above,
Wayfarers he may never live to see,
Gifts that grow are best,
Hands that bless are blest,
Plant! life does the rest."

But even these rare specimens of which I have been speaking are not more worthy of sentiment than the trees under which our own troth perhaps was pledged, or under which our children or grandchildren have played, and their shade is no more precious than the shade of the old apple tree, or some other trees in our own door yard. The trees you plant to honor the father of our country may at the same time be monuments to the tears and the love, and the prayers with which you have done your part in building up your own communities.

Truly the poet has said, as was sung, "Only God can make a tree." Another has said, "The forests were God's first temples."

One writer has said:

"What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants, in sap and leaf and wood,
In love of home and loyalty
And far-cast thought of civic good—
His blessings on the neighborhood—
Who in the hollow of His hand
Holds all the growth of all our land—
A nation's growth from seat to sea
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree."

May the Lord bless us in our planting of trees, for we know that we plant and only God can give the increase. I pray for His blessings in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Legislation in Western States

Local Problems

MRS. ETHEL R. SMITH

General Board Member

AT the conclusion of a legislative session, undoubtedly the prevailing question that is asked by thoughtful people is, "What has been accomplished?"

We are social workers and as such are vitally interested in any legislation that affects our work. At the beginning of this nineteenth session of the Utah Legislature, we saw a "rainbow of promise" in certain measures which were presented, but at the end we discovered that we had not obtained all that we had hoped for.

The State owes a duty of protection to its children.

Mr. Drowne, National Probation worker, says in his survey: "In the past political favoritism has played an important part in the selection of judges and probation officers; in fact from what could be learned much more attention has been paid to the political affiliations of the candidates than to their qualifications and fitness to deal successfully with children in trouble. In Juvenile Court work a careful selection of personnel is more than ordinarily important because upon it depends the success of the courts in giving to each under-privileged boy or girl an opportunity to grow into self-respecting citizenship."

If there is any court which should be free from politics, and have intelligent social minded judges, it is the Juvenile Court. Juvenile judges and probation officers should be especially trained and fitted for their work, and have an intelligent, scientific attitude toward their problems. Every court should have an oppor-

tunity of the services of a psychiatrist as well as a physician to help determine the treatment of their case. Such advantages are slow to come if the court is tied up in politics. However, we are very grateful for the few crumbs that fell from the table, and hope for better things in years hence. In the past many grievous crimes have been committed against helpless children. People have been placing children, including matrons of maternity homes, doctors, etc., some of whom have charged for the babies. This monetary consideration and greed has defeated every altruistic motive. Now, however, due to the activities of those who are deeply concerned in children's rights, changes in the law have been made declaring it to be unlawful for anyone to place a child under 16 years of age in any home, either permanently or temporarily, other than the child's relatives within the second degree of consanguinity, or to solicit money in behalf of any child placing agency without a written license from the State Board of Health. The General Board has such a license, and is the official agency for child placing for the Church. This is a very important type of protective legislation. Child placing is a very serious undertaking, and should be done only by specially trained people. Adoptions should not be made without a definite knowledge of the physical and mental status of the child, something of the child's heredity, and without a knowledge of the intentions and abilities of the proposed foster parents. Some children are not placeable, and should not be given to prospective parents who might later suffer disappointment. Children from feebleminded

or syphilitic parents are not desirable for adoption.

Now, what is our responsibility as Relief Society and social workers? As I see it, it is as follows: First, to educate ourselves in regard to social needs. Second, to work for good social legislation. How can this be done? By ascertaining the attitude of prospective legislators and informing them in regard to human welfare, and by using our franchise intelligently that proper representatives who have a high regard for human value, may be sent to our legislatures.

One of the finest pieces of social work ever done was accomplished by a group of intelligent women in

some of the states in one of our Sister states when they secured an appropriation to provide a public health nurse in their county. Led by one of our stake presidents, they formulated a letter stating their stand, and asking the aspirant for legislative honors to give his stand on the question. The result was that the men were glad to pledge their support to such a measure. We can all by individual, as well as united effort, accomplish similar things, and become great factors in social progress in our communities. May our motto ever be the words of an eminent jurist: "For every child let truth spring up from the earth, and justice and mercy rain down from heaven."

General Problems

MRS. KATE M. BARKER

General Board Member

SISTERS of the Relief Society: Someone has said that "The love of justice which exists in the heart of man, is the distinguishing mark of his humanity, and should be respected as such. And it is the supreme obligation of each generation to find the means by which this love of justice may be purified and still further increased."

I think I would say in spite of the fact that recently we have had some very unfortunate legislation in some of the states, that the general trend of legislation in the Western States has been in the direction of wider justice and in accordance with the best ideals of social service work. Of course law must always lag a little behind public opinion, because it can wisely be made law only when public opinion has crystallized. There is apparently an increasing interest in attacking some of the more serious problems of community life through legislative means. In re-

cent years advance has been made not only in strengthening existing laws, but in further providing for modern protection for health and safety of the wage earners. The employment of women and children, which historically was the first labor problem to be attacked by the state, still holds interest in the legislature. California has recently strengthened the investigation power of the Industrial Welfare Commission, and has increased the penalty for failure to comply with the orders of this commission respecting the length of working hours and the working conditions of women and minors.

The care of the aged is becoming more and more a serious problem, and most of the existing agencies for the care of the aged are changing their methods, and there is increased talk of old age pensions. Idaho, in her last legislature, joined the other Western states in passing the old age pension bill.

Every child is entitled to a chance for normal development, and it is generally accepted that this normal

development can best be carried on in the child's own home, or foster home, and because this idea is so generally accepted the legislatures all over the country have tried to put it in operation, and so in most of our states now we have what is called the Mothers' Pension Law, but the trouble is that the administration has not kept pace with the legislation. Due to the fact that in many states the public interest has decreased for the passage of the bill, and adequate appropriation has not been made in spite of the fact that we hold to this idea of the care of the child in the home, the problem is not yet adequately solved.

The bulletin of the Children's Bureau estimates that in 1929, 200,000 children received help. This was not sufficient, as there were more than 400,000 children who needed it. It is quite evident that what we need is not more laws, but to create public opinion that the appropriations will be adequate to take care of the children the law was meant to benefit.

The earlier laws, and these are still in operation in many of the states, permitted only children of widowed mothers to receive this help, but the general trend of legislation in the last few years has been to grant aid to any dependent children of any mother.

Any child which is committed to an institution, whether for dependent or delinquent children, when he comes out of that institution is handicapped. It is now the idea back of the most advanced work in our Juvenile Courts to use the institution as a last resort, and to widen and perfect the probation system.

The Juvenile Court of California is probably the most up to date Juvenile Court in any state. It is an arm of the district court; judges

are elected and it is absolutely non-political. For this reason the judge can choose his own staff and he has a very well trained, well paid corps of probation officers. The idea is to use the juvenile institutions only as a last resort. They also have in connection with their Juvenile Court, a behavior clinic, and a psychiatrist who is appointed by the state. The idea is to individualize punishment, and to find out what each delinquent child specially needs, not with the idea of punishing him, but of trying to keep him from committing further misdemeanors.

There have been two movements in the Western states during the past year, which may give us an idea of the trend of legislation in the near future. One of these sponsored by Colorado is the idea of stricter marriage laws. If a couple wish to marry, the ceremony cannot be performed until five days after the marriage license is issued.

Another movement is that of social insurance. The Workmen's Compensation law has put the responsibility for accident and sickness of the employees back on industry itself. We are facing a very serious problem, that of unemployment, and the idea now is that this can best be solved by unemployment insurance. That is a matter that is now being agitated, and many bills are being introduced. As yet not one state has passed this law.

In 1921 Arizona took a step forward in her social service work. She organized a State Department of Public Welfare. At the head of this is a trained social worker, whose duty it is to go out into every corner of the state and help organize county units. This type of organization has been adopted by every western state except Utah, and every other state has a State Board of Public Welfare which supervises

all the welfare work which is done in the state.

We all know of the good that was accomplished by the Sheppard-Towner Bill, and the wonderful work that was done in the states during the seven years that bill was in operation. If the percentage of deaths of infants under one year had remained the same as when the bill was introduced in 1921, 60,000 more infants would have died. The percentage of deaths of mothers has been very materially decreased.

In 1929 the Sheppard-Towner bill ceased to function, and last year in Congress, the Jones bill was introduced to take the place of the Sheppard-Towner bill. The Sheppard-Towner bill gave \$5,000.00 outright to each state; then it gave \$5,000.00 additional to each state that matched that \$5,000.00, so that the states matching it had \$15,000.00. This was to operate for five years. The Jones Bill is somewhat different. Nothing is given outright to the states, but \$15,000.00 is given to each state which will match it, therefore each state will have \$30,000.00 to operate on, and there is no time limit to the bill. The bill was vetoed, but it is hoped that this will be one of the first bills that will be taken up at the next session of

Congress. After the Sheppard-Towner bill ceased to function, the advocates of the bill carried on quite a campaign in all the different states, trying to get the state legislature to appropriate an equal amount to that which had been given by the federal and state governments to carry on this work, but only nineteen of the states in the United States made this appropriation, New Mexico being the only western state to make it. This is an extract from an article in *The American Magazine*: "In some of these states the appropriation was made because the women of the state requested it in such overwhelming numbers that refusal seemed impossible." This is only one of the many instances in which women have influenced public opinion, and constructive legislation has resulted.

That is our responsibility as Relief Society workers, and as citizens of the various states, but let us not forget, as Jane Addams says, that this work of spreading justice is hampered inasmuch as each one of us "fails to perceive or perceives incompletely, or judges superficially."

Let us try to keep up with the social work of our state, and try our best to influence public opinion in that direction.

Taxation

MRS. IDA PETERSON BEAL

General Board Member

MY dear sisters: It is not my purpose or privilege to go into a discussion of tax problems, the merits or demerits of the same, but simply to bring to your attention the trends of tax legislation in some of our western states.

It is a vital question, and one upon which the women should in-

form themselves, so that when they go to the polls they may there register their approval or disapproval with understanding and satisfaction. I assume that many of you sisters have property in your own right, and I am certain that you are anxious to inform yourselves as to how these tax problems will affect you.

During the pioneer period of our state, and even in early statehood,

the general property tax was adequate, because tangible property, lands, homes, etc., formed a basis of wealth and ability to pay, but since the expenditures have increased for state and local purposes, it has become necessary for state governments to use additional means, such as the inheritance tax, various license and franchise taxes, and the income tax in order to raise enough revenue to meet these increased expenditures without placing too heavy a tax on that kind of property such as lands, homes, etc., which were already overburdened with taxation. It is estimated that about 80% of the tax burden of the state has been borne by this kind of property.

Utah. After a twenty year lethargy as far as accomplishments, but not as far as endeavor, a special or extraordinary session of the legislature of Utah was called for January, 1930, having tax reform as the chief problem for solution. During these twenty years three special investigating committees, 1912, 1922 and 1930, had produced the customary reports berating the outgrown property tax. Many people have a vague fear of a change, they would "rather bear the ills they have than fly to others that they know not of."

As I stated, in January, 1930, our legislature met to consider the report of the legislative committee of 1929, and a commission was appointed by the governor, the two bodies which had set about deliberately to find property tax relief, and a distribution of the burden so that intangible property, such as bonds, stocks, moneys, mortgages, etc., and large incomes would pay their rightful share. Public and private hearings were held by these two committees, so that the taxpayers in all walks of

life would have ample opportunity of airing their views and in a measure have their objections ironed out by the experts who were called in for advice. It was a lengthy session, but much good came out of this open minded procedure. Prejudice to the "new" was in many instances removed, and a better understanding of proposed measures established. The tax commission and the legislative committee appointed by the governor recommended six amendments to the constitution, four of which had to do with tax reform. These were passed by the people in the Fall election of 1930. These amendments provided for: First, the personal income tax; second, corporation or business tax; third, state school equalization fund; fourth, a tax commission. To these were added at this recent legislature, a filing fee, an increase in the gasoline tax from 3½ cents to 4 cents per gallon. From this tax it is expected to raise approximately \$3,000,000 per year, to be spent on the public highways of the state.

Under the new income tax law every person, except those exempt because of age or dependency, who has an income of \$1,000 or more, and is single, or an income of \$2,000 or more and is married, must file an income tax return. If married, the taxpayer deducts \$1,000 from his net income and is taxed on the remainder. If his taxable income is exactly \$1,000 after all deductions, his tax would be \$10. If married he is exempted \$2,000, and \$400 for each minor child under 21 years of age. So that a married man with three children would be exempted up to \$3,200. For example if such a person should receive \$4,000 a year, his taxes would be 1% on \$800 or \$8. Against this is an offset not to exceed thirty-three

and one-third per cent of the tax on income, and which does not apply to the filing fee.

Somewhat similar to the income tax is the corporation tax which provides for a flat rate of 3% on income of the corporation, with an offset of one-third, or thirty-three and one-third percent.

State school equalization fund—For some time it has been realized that inequalities exist in many of the school districts. To overcome this difficulty an equalization fund of \$5 per school child would be necessary to overcome this difference. The governor in his message to the legislature of this year sounded the warning that because of the financial condition of the state it might be unwise to enact legislation calling for \$5 equalization at this time. The legislature heeded the warning, and adopted a five-year program beginning with a fund of \$1 per school child, which will bring about \$150,000 a year, and increasing \$1 each year until the \$5 maximum has been reached. The bill will not be effective until the school year of 1932-33. The legislature also wisely said that no district should participate in the fund until a minimum school levy of 5.5 mills had been imposed, and the assessed valuation was in conformity with those throughout the state.

A filing fee of \$1 is required for every person, except dependents, over 21 years of age. It is estimated that this tax will bring in the neighborhood of \$200,000 a year.

Idaho. Idaho has adopted a similar system to that which we have here in Utah, but the same scale is applied to both persons and business. Single persons are allowed exemptions of \$1000, and heads of fam-

ilies \$2,500, and \$300 for each child and additional dependents. This is 1% on the first \$2,000 above exemptions; 2% on \$4,000; 3% on \$6,000, and all above, 4%. The rate is graduated at larger amounts.

Nevada. Nevada, from what we can learn, has not done much with tax systems, but provided additional revenue through license taxes, that is, a license tax for all kinds of business and games of chance, legalizing gambling somewhat. Much revenue is expected from this source.

Oregon. In Oregon the state legislature passed the three following measures: first, an excise tax of 5% on corporations with certain deductions allowed; second, a flat tax on income of intangibles, such as moneys, credits, bonds, etc., of 8%; third, a property tax relief act, providing for taxes on incomes of everyone on all net income arising or accruing in Oregon. These exemptions are somewhat similar to ours in Utah, \$1,000 for single person, \$2,500 if the head of a family, and \$400 for children under 18 years of age. The rate in Oregon is 1% on first \$1,000, 2% on next \$1,000, three on the third, four on the fourth, and all above, 5%.

California. Recent measures have provided for a bureau of tax research, also for the relief of property and inequality between taxes on corporations and persons. The personal income tax was introduced in 1931. The exemptions are similar to those granted in Utah.

The women of the Church will render a genuine service to their communities by becoming students of these vital problems, and lending their support to forward looking movements which will help fulfil the sacred obligations of citizenship.

OFFICERS' MEETING

Afternoon Session, Thursday, April 2, 1931

Theology Department

MRS. CORA L. BENNION

Chairman

MRS. ZINA BENNION CANON, Class Leader of Forest Dale Ward, gave a detailed and inspirational talk on the study of the Book of Mormon lessons. She suggested the extensive sources for a background for this study. The Book of Mormon cannot be fully appreciated when considered by itself alone, but clarifies the knowledge and expands the information presented in the scriptures, and in other historic materials. Considered in this broad light, and with the whole knowledge of the Gospel and the peoples with whom it deals, considered in true relationship, the Relief Society Theology studies are greatly enhanced in interest and value.

MR. JOHN HENRY EVANS

EVERYBODY, I suppose, who has ever studied the Book of Mormon has felt a very pressing need for something in the way of a map, so as to tell where these people came from, and where they are going. A map, however, of the Book of Mormon is really impossible. We have not sufficient information about the migrations of the Nephites to enable us to make a satisfactory map.

However, we do have a chart which enables us, I think, better than anything else, to understand the events of significance in the Book of Mormon. This chart was made by one of the greatest students of the Book of Mormon that we have ever had, Elder George Rey-

nolds. If a map of the Book of Mormon were possible, George Reynolds would have given us a map, but he has given us this chart, which I think is one of the greatest helps to a study of the Book of Mormon that I know anything about. It has been out of print for many years, and for that reason, I suppose, it had never been called to my attention, otherwise we would have been studying it a good many years.

My suggestion is that you keep this chart before you constantly, so that when you want to refer to any particular event, you can do it from the chart. I am sure it will contribute to a clear and more definite understanding of the history of the Nephites, and the chief events and characters in the Book of Mormon than anything else that you can possibly get.

Occasionally I think it would be a good idea to call attention to the whole period, and the characters, historical events and dates, and if you call attention to the chart you will find it will be much clearer than it otherwise would.

Now a few words about the course for next year. I am anxious that you get this view, because it is something different from anything that I have seen in the way of organization of the material that we find in the Book of Mormon.

I am going to write the nine lessons next year with the idea that we have more information about the immortality of the soul and heaven than the Christian world has ever had for more than 1800 years of time. Joseph Smith tells the world that he saw a resurrected

man. If Joseph Smith is telling the truth, that is the greatest piece of evidence that we have for the immortality of man that the world has ever had since Jesus Christ rose from the dead. How are we going to know whether Joseph Smith was telling the truth or not? These are two things by which we can test his statement, one is to be found in the Book of Mormon itself. The Book of Mormon is a tangible thing. We can test the truthfulness of the Book of Mormon by going into the book itself, which I propose to do.

I am going to ask you next year to consider the ideas that we find in the Book of Mormon. By ideas I mean the doctrines of the Book of Mormon. Some of these doctrines are truly remarkable. The idea of the pre-earth life, for instance, in the Book of Mormon, has never been revealed to man, so far as we know. Where did Joseph Smith get it? Then I am going to ask you to consider the views which we hold of the people of his day, with a view of finding out whether he could have got his ideas from these people. Then I am going to ask you to consider such ideas as the free agency of man in the Book of Mormon; the power of God in the Holy Spirit, which helps man to live properly, and some of the social, economic and spiritual truths that we are expected to live, according to the Book of Mormon. In this way we shall be able to cover the main doctrinal features of the Book of Mormon.

The other thing by which we are able to test the Book of Mormon, is the testimony of the truthfulness of Joseph Smith's statement, and the testimony of the witness of the Book of Mormon, and I am going to take them up in a slightly different way from which we usually take them up. So I am going to close the Book of Mormon study with as

much in the way of evidence as we can get from the witnesses and the Book of Mormon teachings themselves, so as to have an estimate of the truthfulness of the statement of Joseph Smith concerning the appearance of this resurrected man to him. If we can find out that he was telling the truth, then we have some foundation for the teachings of the Book of Mormon about heaven. We want to know what we are going to do when we die, and the Book of Mormon helps us to get an idea of heaven, especially in view of the fact that Mormon lived on this continent, that he died here, was raised from the dead, and did some service to his fellowmen in our own day. That is the outline in brief, of what we are going to study next year.

I imagine that this ought to be faith promoting. I do not think, of course, that this is going to prove the immortality of the soul, that cannot be done; the only way by which we can know these things ourselves, is to have them revealed to us, but aside from that we can have evidence in the testimony of other people, which we can test by certain fundamental laws, and that testimony, if it stands the test, will enable us to have a better and clearer idea of where we are going, than we could possibly have through any other means.

I do not want you to expect too much from the course, but you may expect at least that.

I hope that you will catch the main thread in this series of lessons, viz., that we are doing to find out, through the teachings of the Book of Mormon, and the testimony of the witnesses, as to its divinity, whether Joseph Smith was telling the truth, and whether we can rely upon his word respecting the appearance of Mormon, a resurrected being, to him.

Literary Department

MRS. JENNIE B. KNIGHT

Chairman

MRS. CHRISTEN JENSEN gave a very fine address and demonstrations upon the Short Story. She traced this type of

literary composition from its very old simple form, and pointed out the distinguishing characteristics of the modern art. She called attention to the nations where the greatest development has been reached, and gave some artistic examples of beautiful short stories.

The Social Service Lesson Department

MRS. INEZ K. ALLEN

Chairman

LESSON preview was given by Professor M. Wilford Poulsen of the Brigham Young University.

He stated in continuing the personality lessons, Overstreet's "Influencing Human Behavior" would be the text book for the year. The aim of all the lessons is to enable Relief Society women to enrich their own personalities and enhance their efficiency in the service of others. The subjects of lessons for the year are as follows:

1. Psychology and Personal Development.

2. Making New Friends.
3. Influencing People by Letters and Conversation.
4. Modifying Habit Systems.
5. Habit Formation.
6. Improving Our Ability to Think Straight.
7. Diagnosing and Influencing the Public.
8. Developing Initiative and Personality.
9. Social Conflicts and Social Progress.

A talk was given by Mrs. Eunice Jacobsen Miles of Yale Ward, on "The Creative Mind."

Visiting Teacher Class Leaders' Department

MRS. LOTTA PAUL BAXTER

Chairman

THE Worth of the Teachers' Topic and the Meeting, was given by Mrs. Hazel H. Greenwood.

The great importance of the Teachers to the organization was stressed. The good they have done can never be fully recounted. The need for keeping abreast of the times and for recognition of the preparation is felt. The institution of the Topic, and the Teacher Training Meeting constitute the answer to this demand. A worthwhile message in every home is the burden of the topic. The way in which to present this message so that it will

carry over, is the occasion of the meeting. There is no more important work than that of the teacher, nor one offering greater opportunities. If the preparation is prayerful and adequate, there can be no failures.

TEACHER'S TOPIC FOR JUNE
"OUR RESPONSIBILITY TO OURSELVES"

Mrs. Mary C. Kimball

The assignment should be so definite and inspiring that it will get all thinking, studying and talking on the subject. In the wards the assignment should be made at least one week previous to the topic being given; and to the ward leaders, it

should be assigned at the union meeting the month preceding the time it is to be given.

Suggestive assignment: Memorize quotations on education. Which appeals most strongly to you? Why? Define personality. (See index of Overstreet's "Influencing Human Behavior.") Come with suggestions on how to improve physically, mentally and spiritually. Study your people carefully to determine what part of the lesson each needs most. Study how you can get each one thinking along the lines she needs most. What will you make the entering wedge for this topic? Note: Be sure to get the women whom you visit talking. Study how to do it. Do not just pour the subject into them. Your visits should be conversational treats.

Suggestive questions for the les-

son presentation in the training meeting: Why do we not often speak of our responsibility to ourselves? Do we love ourselves too much or not enough? What did Jesus say regarding self-love? Give quotations from the lesson regarding love for self. Which do we neglect most, our physical, mental, or spiritual well being? Why should we cultivate our best selves? What do we do when we appear at our best? Why should we persistently and continuously develop our intelligence? Point out ways we may improve our habit systems. Give concrete suggestions for spiritual growth. Suggest ways to improve our physical well being. Show how the wife and mother who senses her responsibility to herself makes a better wife and mother than is possible if she neglects herself.

Social Service Case Work Department

AMY BROWN LYMAN

Chairman

Church and County Welfare Work:
Practices in Cooperation
Cooperation in Family Welfare
Work—Observations from
a State Survey

*By Alden Lillywhite, Utah State
Agricultural College*

THE survey was carried out in this manner: General information was procured from every county in the State, some of the work done by the county and some by the Church in that county; and then a detailed study was made in one particular county of everything done in charity welfare work in that county. The first thing I will give is the result of the State survey, then practices and cooperation, and then the results of some of the detailed study.

In every county in the State the

Board of County Commissioners authorizes the expenditure of money for charitable purposes. In eight counties charity expenditures increased every year during the five year period under consideration, notwithstanding the fact that this was a period of increasingly good times. In ten more, or 56%, the general trend was upward. Eighteen counties, 66%, increased in the five year period under consideration; only eleven decreased charity expenditures; four, or 15%, remained practically the same. The county clerks said they thought the commissioners were handling the charity and welfare problems adequately, that nothing more need be done. Twenty-seven of the counties that answered the questionnaire reported spending practically the entire amount of money given for charity to individuals themselves; there was very little—almost a negligible amount—being spent for supervi-

sion. In other words, there was no supervision in spending of charity by the county commissioners. Salt Lake County is not included because the conditions in that county vary so much that it is practically impossible to class them with the rural conditions in the other counties.

It was not possible to get statistics from the counties regarding what the Church does. In 1925, one county paid out \$12,630; in 1929, five years later, the same county paid out \$16,000, making an increase of \$3,370, or 25% increase in five years. During the same years, the number receiving help increased 320 persons or 76% in five years. The population of the county during the same years, decreased 500 people. In 1925 four percent of the people of the county were helped from county funds; in 1929, the number of people helped had reached 6% of the entire population of the county. Seventy cases out of 185, or 39%, received help temporarily during the five years that were studied; 158 cases out of 185, or 84%, received help permanently every year after being put on the county list. This may indicate that we put people on the charity list and seldom take them off.

Summary of L. D. S. Church Work Done in Counties

Figures in the Church are different. Church expenditures for charity in one county decreased from \$7,545 in 1925 to \$6,895 in 1929, a decrease of \$650 or 9%. In these same years, the Church population increased 30%; the number receiving help decreased 130, or 10%. Three, or 12% of the wards increased expenditures every year; eight or 28% decreased, while nine, or 36%, remained about the same. This indicates that the county has a set method, without

trained workers to do investigating—it puts a person on the charity list, sends the check every month, very seldom is able to take a person off the permanent list; while the L. D. S. Church is in closer touch with the work that is done. If an epidemic comes, or a period of hard times, the Church expenditures increase, and then as conditions improve, the expenditures decrease according to the need. Still, there is a general trend to increase.

Relief Work Done by Cities

A city is not ordinarily thought of as a charity relief organization. The city officials have no funds provided for that purpose, and persons applying for charity are referred to the county commissioners. The cities, however, often exempt charity cases from the payment of water and light rates. Eleven percent of the population of a city was given help in this way in 1925, and the figure was raised to 13% by 1929. A city manager told me that some people are exempt from the payment of these taxes who had daily incomes from investments which amounted to more than his salary. They had perhaps been in an emergent situation at some previous time and unable to pay the water and light rates, their names had been put on the exempt list and had remained there.

The County as a Whole

In one county, 170 people in 1925 were given \$32,000 by approximately 18,000 people. In 1929, 16,000 people were given \$38,000 by 18,000 people. The total amount given in the county increased approximately \$5,000 or 16%, an average increase of \$1,194 every year. The number receiving help increased approximately 320%; the number of people carrying the

burden was reduced 2,500, or 8%. The per capita cost of relief in one particular county was \$1.80 in 1925, \$2.06 in 1929. I secured the names of all persons receiving help from the three main sources, and found that 36% of all the cases in the locality were *getting aid from all three sources*.

I formulated several questions designed to show how the agencies cooperated with each other in handling the welfare work done in the county. I asked them to give the exact practices of cooperation, who the agencies were, the method followed, and the results obtained. 100% answered that they cooperated in some way with other agencies. 100% answered that they thought a greater degree of cooperation could be achieved with little or no additional cost. To the question, What organization or procedure would you suggest the answer was, a State Department of Public Welfare or a centralized head, or a State Department of Public Welfare with trained county workers.

Due to a lack of cooperation, it was found that relief was actually going to people who did not want. In one locality, the Parent-Teachers Association collected clothing for children and distributed it through the schools to families whom the teachers thought might need it. The next day they had parents there from every home to find out why charity was being forced on their children.

The county did a very remarkable piece of work which I will give the Relief Society credit for inaugurating, and that is the matter of maternity and child welfare, which you are all familiar with. Through the stake, a number of wards got together, secured doctors' services during clinic days, and the Relief Society, through the stake organiza-

tion, got the wards together, pooled their resources, and did a great amount of preventive work. That is one of the most outstanding principles developed in the last years, and I certainly compliment the people who put that into effect.

With regard to stake aids and the matter of establishing a permanent record of every case, your efforts in this direction are to be commended.

One bishop o. k.'s every cent of charity spent in his town except that spent by the different lodge organizations. There are seven different organizations that come to him before a cent of money is spent. He can do that for this reason: he is bishop of the ward; he is mayor of the city, and president of the Lions Club. The work done in that town shows what can be accomplished through the cooperation that can be secured through a centralized head.

I asked each person investigated how many agencies were doing charity relief work in the town. I got answers from 100%. The total number listed was 32% of the entire amount. Twenty-eight agencies in one town are giving charity, and the heads of all these organizations to whom I talked only knew of ten.

I have secured a great deal of very interesting information from the survey I have made. In spite of the fact that we are handling charity cases, we do not know all there is to know about it. When I took a card and went out and asked for specific information to put on that card as to amount in wages, charity given, etc., there was not one bishop or Relief Society president or head of any other organization that knew exactly what the family needed. We need to adopt some of the newer methods that your Relief Society directors are trying to give to you.

Cooperation Between Salt Lake County Charity Department and L. D. S. Relief Society

B. F. QUINN

Commissioner of Health and Charities, Salt Lake County

TO me this is a privilege and a pleasure and a great honor to appear before this gathering of this organization with its great historical background. If there was need for the organization of this Relief Society in 1842, it has grown today with the great changes in transportation, in industry, in manufacturing, in the life that we are living, many, many fold. Today we are leading a complex life that takes us away from the very fundamental bulwarks of our civilization—the home, the church, and the school. The conditions under which we are living, the grouping of the people in cities under unsanitary conditions that are not conducive to health, are reasons why this organization which has now grown, I understand, to 65,000, has every reason to exist.

I feel that we are particularly fortunate to have an organization of this strength, of this type, that reaches into every county, into every city, into every town and hamlet; and we should use you people to the very best of our ability. Serving as I do the people of Salt Lake County, I might say that practically all of the social legislation that is written into our laws comes under the direct supervision or direction of the county commissioner. I believe that he comes closer to the lives of the people than any other public servant I know. He supervises the health of the people, the milk supplies, the health of the community, the hospitalization of the poor. The care of the poor aged and the burial

of the indigent dead is under the direction of the county. In other words, your county commissioners are the social service agency of the State, and that commissioner who has the department of health and charity is the social service worker.

It seems as though this would be an opportune time to establish a minimum standard of social work throughout the entire state. We have a tendency in parties and politics to treat most everyone in a political way. It is only natural that the charity department of a county government should become a political thing under the control of politics. It is time, in my judgment, that we work toward the end of taking that department away from partisan politics. The powers of the county commissioner are great. You may get an idea of how it is possible to work in politics with the powers he has. In delinquent tax matters, a county commissioner is all powerful. He can adjust, compromise or abate these taxes. If he hasn't the proper social background, it is probable that that power can be used for political purposes. For instance, we have a \$10 widow's abatement tax, but there is no such law on the statute books. That section does not even mention the word widow. There is a \$10 abatement in the statute allowed to any idiotic, insane, aged person who is incapable of making a livelihood. I had an experience which I wish to recite to you in this connection. There was a lady I had known since a child. Her husband at one time was in business in Salt Lake City; he accumulated considerable money in this city in mining property; he died several years ago, leaving the lady a widow.

If she is worth a dollar, I would say she is worth \$250,000. She came into my office two years ago, soon after my election, and requested her \$10 abatement. If she had attempted to put another ring on her fingers, it would have dropped on the desk. She drove up in a Packard car. I told her it would be impossible to give her an abatement. She said she had had it for twelve years, that it was her right and her privilege. I said it could not be given her, and I suppose I have an enemy for life. That is one incident of how that office can or might be used.

Salt Lake County works in the closest harmony and cooperation with your Society. We have in Salt Lake County, a confidential exchange and through that exchange every case that comes to us is cleared. If it is a Family Service case, it is referred to the Family Service Society; if a Relief Society case, it is referred to the Relief Society; if it is a county case, we take it. During the year 1930, according to the charity report for that year, the Relief Society distributed for Salt Lake County \$15,299 in groceries, \$12,00 in milk, \$1,517 in coal, and \$3,348 in rent, making a total of \$20,176. That money has been expended not by the Relief Society

but by the county, after the investigation by the Relief Society trained workers, and I have no question but what that money went to do the most good. When a case comes to us, it is referred to the Relief Society, they investigate the case and recommend to the county the amount of relief they feel should be put in. If we did not cooperate with the Relief Society it would mean that within Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County would have to maintain five or six additional workers, so we make full use of your organization and your trained workers.

I wish to commend you upon the institutes that you have established for the training of workers. I have noticed in my department that since the institution of that school that we are cooperating in the county outside the city limits to a much better advantage. These workers who have had training are doing a much better piece of work than they were formerly, and I think that it is to the mutual advantage of the county and the Relief Society to work in the close cooperation that we have done in the past. I thank you for this opportunity of appearing before you here today.

Cooperation With Client, Neighbors, Relatives, Church

ANNIE D. PALMER

WE live in a cooperative age. Our job is a get-together job. While in its nature social work is private and confidential there are individuals who will be our stoutest allies or our most powerful opponents according to the wisdom and tact with which we treat our problem. To know when and with whom to share our planning is a matter of vital importance. As Miss

MacLean puts it in her interesting book, "Our Neighbors," one thousand poor people are just like one thousand rich people except for the absence of things. So we must treat our poor neighbors considerately, as we treat our rich neighbors and with the same regard for their likes and dislikes.

That success in case work depends upon wholehearted cooperation between worker and client is obvious. There is in the heart of

everyone the desire to make his own plans and to work out his own projects. Even though a man has failed miserably in many things he still wants to have his say about what the next move is to be and how it shall be made. We on the outside may feel that if we are to help we have a right to say that he must do thus and so, but to so try to force the issue is surely an admission of our own failure. It is like the youngster who owns the ball and says to his mates, "if you don't let me pitch you can't play." If they give up to him they think him a selfish prig, and if they do not, the fun is ended. It's failure in either case.

What is the object of our planning anyway? If I make for my client the best plan that can possibly be evolved and work the plan in the most perfect fashion, what have I really done for him? What experience did he get from my planning? What incentive? What new insight? What spur to his ambition? Did I enhance his strength or increase his weakness when I relieved him of the necessity of using his own head as well as his own hands?

What then can I do for the person who comes to me for assistance? Much. Help him, perhaps, to interpret his difficulty. Lead him to discover and evaluate his resources. Release him from fear, prejudice, jealousy and other inhibitions that bind him. Explain whatever there is of opportunity that he does not understand. Open his eyes to goals he has not seen, to joys he has failed to appreciate. Suggest approaches, ways, means, possibilities. And stand by, the friend in whom he can always confide; to whom he can always come with the certainty of meeting truth in its simplest guise.

With the client bravely working out the intricate pattern of his own

life, there will be times when I can help to lift a too heavy obstacle, or provide shelter from a too merciless storm. He will appreciate the service and not weaken. It is *his* plan. I am but the humble instrument who opened the door or watched while he wrought. Thus I may cooperate with the person I am to serve. Carl DeSchweinitz in "The Art of Helping People Out of Trouble," quotes from the Life and Letters of Walter H. Page: "A man ought to express himself, ought to live his own life, say his own say, before silence comes. The 'say' may be bad—a mere yawp, and silence might be more becoming. But the same argument would make a man dissatisfied with his own nose if it happened to be ugly. It's his nose, and he must content himself. So it's his yawp, and he must let it go."

Seldom is the person or the family in trouble so isolated that other eyes are not watching the progress or other minds questioning the plan, the treatment, and the outcome. The friend or neighbor who reported to the agency will be very critical if no report comes to tell him whether or not the appeal fell on ears that did not hear. More than that, he may frustrate the very objective for which we strive if he does not know or understand the purpose. An old case from our files will illustrate: Mrs. Bowman, a widow with four young children, was reported to an agency by Mrs. Grace, a neighbor. The case was described as one of the worst cases of neglect. Words could not express the condition of helplessness on the part of the mother nor the pity elicited on behalf of the innocent children. The case worker had long been trying to build up the family in which the mother and one of the children were definitely feeble-minded. Now after

most careful deliberation and expert advice, she turned to the J. C. with the recommendation that three of the children be placed permanently with relatives whose comfortable homes were open to receive them. The feeble-minded child was to remain with her mother. Through cooperation with these same relatives Mrs. Bowman was persuaded to consent to the arrangement. But Mrs. Grace threw a bomb into the otherwise peaceful proceeding and came near to undoing the entire plan. She aired her view garrulously among neighbors, Relief Society workers, and other ward officials. It was the most cruel, the most unreasonable, the most unheard of way of helping imaginable; and whoever thought it out should be sent to jail for life where no more of her nefarious schemes could be set in motion against unfortunate humanity. Only the wisdom of the stake president silenced the neighbor's bitter denunciations. When she came to the president he said calmly: "Yes, it *is* terrible! I understand that those three untrained, underfed, cold, neglected and abused little children are to be transplanted into real homes with relatives of their dead father. Isn't it an awful thing?" Mrs. Grace was hushed. She probably would have said nothing in the first place had someone taken the trouble to report back to her with some little explanation of what had been done and what might be necessary. Neighbors hear some things in spite of us, and often get a distorted story. I sometimes wonder if in our intense desire to put over a business-like job we forget the offices of the good neighbor or the importance of what social workers term the friendly visitor. My most grateful recollections of a very active Relief Society worker who has gone beyond, are recollec-

tions of lessons of thrift and cleanliness and morality, she efficiently carried into the home of one of my most needy clients. She was a neighbor in the sense of living near by. She was also a neighbor in the sense expressed in the Master's parable of the Good Samaritan. When Mrs. L. needed underwear for the children the good neighbor said: "I'll show you how to make it from the remnants you can buy so very cheap at the knitting mills." If in summer, "We'll just make that from flour bags." When outer garments were the requirement, "Here's a dress my daughter can't wear to work any longer, we can make it over for a school frock." In the course of a morning's call she would say: "Doesn't it take a lot of work to keep clean? I'm trying to train my youngsters to put all their own things away, and to keep the house always fit for visitors. Would you like some plants for the garden? I'll give you some and the boys will enjoy caring for them. Do you practice buying your groceries on bargain days? I hardly ever buy meat except on Wednesday and Saturday. Then I get a nice boiling piece and treat the family to a wholesome stew or pot pie. It shocks me terribly to hear my boys use bad language. I think every Latter-day Saint, rich or poor, can be clean in language and habits. Going to Sunday School helps a lot along that line." So week after week, month after month, quietly, faithfully, unobtrusively, this one friendly visitor worked with her family. Not in the life of this neighbor, perhaps, might the good she did be measured. But her influence will continue on, and the family of Mrs. L. must always be better for the lessons so tactfully taught.

In the Bowman case relatives

were taken into account and became a part of the plan. This was not so in the problem of Mr. Garn, a tubercular man. In this case Mr. and Mrs. Garn agreed with the case worker that the only hope of recovery for Mr. Garn as well as the only safety for the wife and six children, lay in his getting rest and treatment in the T. B. ward of the General Hospital. In their anxiety and perplexity they overlooked the very important item of consulting relatives, particularly the mother of Mr. Garn, who was sending help every month from another state. When the mother was informed after he was admitted to the hospital, she was so angry that she refused to send further aid; and the worry so caused greatly retarded the recovery of the sick man.

Quite naturally the person in trouble asks why we want to know about his relatives when we have already been assured they cannot give assistance. The answer is simple. We are never quite sure that we know our problem until we have looked at it from various angles. Neither can we estimate what some seemingly small service may mean when there is need of that particular service. While Mr. Jack was in a hospital his brother went to the home every day to carry the coal from the basement for the wife whose health was precarious. Mrs. May cared for her cousin's two year old baby for a whole year in order that the cousin could work for the support of her little family. The Roberts family consisting of 15 or 16 members contributed a dollar each per month to the support of a widowed in-law and her family over a period of 8 years.

A relative of Mrs. Smith kept one child in shoes, and one sent a roast for dinner every Sunday. Visits, car rides, summer outings, are some

of the services we may expect from kinsfolk who are not able to make substantial regular contributions. And such services are not to be counted of *little* consequence. They are the ties that bind, and their worth is not to be measured in terms of cash.

We must relate these expressions of good will to the need of the client for the strengthening of family ties. As one old fashioned woman has quaintly said: "I allus want to feel close enough to Mary to go to her to borry bread. That's the reason for bein' sisters."

Strengthening family ties is part of our job. The brother who said: "I didn't know Sis was having such a struggle" will be happier for doing his bit to lighten the burden of his widowed sister; and the daughter who for years has neglected writing to her lonely old dad will increase his joy and add to her own if she but writes a letter or sends him a pair of socks from a Kress store. Families need one another. If we are to help best we must make stronger the natural ties of kinship and affection.

In closing let me plead for cooperation with the Church. Perhaps because of indifference, or sickness, or poverty, your client has not been active in his Church for years. He comes as a stranger seeking food, fuel or shelter. Shall these be supplied and no effort be made to feed him with the bread of life? In the Mormon Church we boast that there is something for everyone to do. Can we help the humble wanderer to find the thing that is for him, and put *him* in the way of the doing? The various organizations of the Church must be our allies. One young woman who had done no Church work advanced rapidly in Mutual and became a stake counselor because someone

recognized and called into use her hidden talent. A poor widow became active and efficient in ward Relief Society work when the president was persuaded to invite her to join the Relief Society choir. Afterward when she led the same choir her happiness was almost complete. *Recognition* is so vital a thing! Perhaps that is why God gives to his people so many things to do. While it may not be the

business of the Social worker to teach religion, it is distinctly her task to see that her client is benefited by the morality, the courage, the patience, the spiritual influences, that only the Church can give. Strengthening Church ties is a part of our job.

And so we come back to where we began. We live in a cooperative age and work in a cooperative field.

Choristers' and Organists' Department

MRS. IDA PETERSON BEAL

Chairman

Gleanings From Music Institute

MRS. IDA PETERSON BEAL

I WAS very happy to attend all of these sessions of the Music Institute, and I gathered a great deal. It shows what a wonderful spirit we have among the choristers and organists of raising the standards of music in our Church and of lending their support to the fostering of fine music. Let us use the music possibilities that we have, and make the most of them. Professor Lund said, in the talk that he gave that "song is glorified speech."

Where there is no practice, there is no interest; and where there is no interest, there is no progress."

To the choristers and organists is given a great responsibility. Music is a language that all can understand. It is the flower of our civilization. Now see to it that you know the words of your song. Then, fit the music to the members you have. You all know what that means. Don't try to teach them arias from the operas, but teach them to sing their hymns beautifully. When you come, know ex-

actly what you are going to do. Know the songs, the pages they are on, etc. If your group feels that you have the spirit of unpreparedness, it is certain to filter over to the group. In the Relief Society the stakes can outline a program and all of the units within the stake can be learning the same song.

See that your music reflects the standards of your people. Let your music keep pace with the other fine activities of the Relief Society.

There should be cooperation between the music activities of your ward. You should help the Mutual, and the Mutual should help you. Through the efforts of all the groups, you should raise the music standards of your community.

PROFESSOR J. SPENCER
CORNWALL

I THINK there are two real outstanding purposes to which we have put our music—one is to unify the group. All are doing the same thing at the same time. That is a very wonderful thing. Music with its rhythm is one of the most orderly things we have in the world. I suppose if heaven is made up of order it will be very rhythmical. You must be in time. Things must be done exactly so. Then the second

thing is to express emotions—or in our case, very largely religious fervor. Most of the songs are religious songs, with religious sentiment in the words. These are the two outstanding things that we have followed.

There is a third thing which is coming in more and more—to add to the cultural development.

I think there is still another way. We sing at our work, don't we? We can keep ourselves in a good attitude in that way. Music must have that connection, otherwise it is a thing apart.

All part-singing is of excellence according to the way the ability of the group is handled. Not everyone can sing a part. First, hold your own. Sing your part and don't get it mixed up with the person's on the other side of you. The second thing is to blend. Blending is that peculiar phenomena of tone that is inexplicable but produces a beautiful effect. We know something about it, but not all about it. Blending is an amalgamation of the tone that takes place to unify all of it. That has to happen.

We must sing with our hearts in it. We sing notes, tones, or whatever it is. The expression makes music a part of us that is the thing that finally makes music worthwhile. There is only one difficulty with the whole situation—s o m e o n e else writes the song, and we have to fit into their idea and feel their inspiration. If we could sing as we feel, and could make up our own music all of the time, it would be much easier. We have to get that same naturalness into it by finding out what the other person had in mind.

I am very happy to be with you, and ask the Lord to bless you. Amen.

Correlation Program of Songs to the Lesson of Each Month.

MRS. TRESSA L. ERICKSON

ALREADY we have heard much that regards the correlation of our songs to our work, and this is a subject in which I have long been vitally interested. It strikes a very responsive chord in my heart when I hear it comes from the proper sources. We are told that music is a problem of emotion. In our lessons in the Relief Society, we have the emotional, as well as the religious, and the social service work, which make up a part of our lives. It speaks for culture, and we, as Relief Society people, are united heart and hand in doing anything we can to further and promote the cultural part of our lives. I find in my experience that no place in the world is the same cooperation that I find in the Relief Society members. They are rallying to our support 100% in our stake, and helping put over the things we have thus far suggested.

When possible, use seasonable songs, or songs that are fitting for that particular occasion. We don't want to sing a winter song on a bright spring morning, or a summer song on Christmas morning, for the songs fit from a seasonable point of view, as well as the particular occasion.

Our responsibility as the chorister or organist is one of no little consequence.

We do not want to destroy initiative in giving out these correlated programs. We give these songs as suggestive material.

Another thing that is coming out of the correlated program, is a much better response on the part of the ward choristers and organists. They are there early; they have their

books passed, and are ready to go. They are then ready for the beginning of the meeting. Hardly ever do we have a chorister or organist absent. They are feeling their responsibilities; they are not apologizing for their position as chorister and organist. They are adding dignity to the position, and are putting it over in that same spirit.

In our union meetings we put over these correlated programs, and we frequently have them do the work and ask them to take up these new practice songs and put them over in our little groups. We also ask them to suggest the practice songs for the month. This gives them originality and initiative, and it also gives us some greater variety.

GENERAL MEETING

Morning Session, Friday, April 3, 1931

PRESIDENT LOUISE Y.
ROBISON

WE are happy to have our mission presidents with us. For some time we have discussed the advisability of having this meeting in honor of the mothers, or the women of the Church who have contributed their wonderful sacrifices for the missionary cause of the Church. From the very beginning our women have willingly and lovingly sent forth husbands and sons, and in the later years, their daughters, to proclaim the Gospel, and it seems to me that it is one of the greatest contributions that women have ever made. In the early part of Church history we read that some of the early Apostles left their wives at home sick in bed, and we read of that courageous woman who was assisted from her bed to go to the door and wave goodbye and God speed to her husband. Women's hearts throughout this whole Church have just gone out in loving prayers for husbands, sons and daughters, and the sacrifices they have made. I am sure many of you have gone without the clothing that you would have enjoyed, or some lovely piece of furniture in your home which you had anticipated having, and have gladly given it to send a missionary

on his way. So this morning I feel that we are greatly blessed in having so many women with us. If it would not be out of place, I think it would be interesting to have a show of hands of all the women here who have had, or now have, people in the missions. Would you kindly raise your hands, you sisters who ever had people in the mission field. (Nearly all raised their hands.)

Our morning session is going to be given over to listening to reports of the women who have represented the Relief Society in the missions in the United States, in Canada, and in the European Mission, and I am sure that the love and prayers that you sisters have carried in your hearts through all these years and that are in your hearts this morning will ascend to our Father in Heaven, and that we will have a rich outpouring of the Spirit of the Lord, and that we will be richly blessed.

MRS. CHARLOTTE C. STAHR
Relief Society President, California Mission

I HAVE been asked to report the work done by the Relief Societies of the California Mission, which comprises 58 organizations—37 in

California, 13 in Arizona, and 8 in Nevada.

It is my pleasure to travel with my counselors through this mission twice each year, and give to them our hope, and our courage, and our faith; to assist them in performing the duties and labors devolving upon them as Relief Society workers. We always feel happy to meet these dear sisters of the mission and to strengthen and encourage them, for we realize that they are handicapped to a certain extent.

We have now organized a plan in the California Mission whereby we have a Union Meeting each month wherever it is possible to bring three or four organizations together. One organization will take part and carry on the work for one month, and the next month another, and so on until each organization has had charge of the work. Then they start over again. In these union meetings we expect one organization to take charge of the work, present the lessons, and have each class leader take the group of class leaders to one part of the building, and there explain their methods and systems of carrying on the class work. We have our secretaries meet together, and the presidents and the counselors meet together, and there discuss their plans and methods of carrying on the work. We have only had these meetings during the last few months, and so it has not been possible for us to find out just how they are working out throughout the mission, but wherever we have visited we are happy to say that they feel that there is a great deal of good accomplished.

All organizations have their prayer meetings before the general assembly, and they are carrying out the outlines in the *Magazine* to the

very best of their ability. We have a wonderful group of teachers, but they are handicapped by the distance they have to travel. I have suggested in the different organizations where I have visited, that they take from the general fund money enough to transport them from one place to another in their labors as teachers, that they might have the privilege of carrying on this work, and that the saints may have the pleasure of having the teachers.

We have received very many gratifying reports from some of our districts. This winter we have had hard times and many reports have reached us where the organizations have had to do a great deal to alleviate distress. In one Society in Northern California twenty quilts were made and distributed to those in need. Coal and wood were purchased and clothing made over and new articles provided to keep the children and the women from suffering.

In some of our organizations we are fortunate enough to have women who are taking up work which will help them to make their Relief Societies more successful. In one such we have a president who belongs to an art industry club, where they do sewing, dress-making, basket weaving, flower-making, oilcloth work, window painting, etc., and she is very happy to take this work into her Relief Society organization, and to call other organizations nearby to come and get the benefit of this work. The activity is carried on during the summer months, when we are not taking our regular work.

In nearly all our organizations they hold one work and business meeting a month, where the teachers make their reports.

In Bisbee, Arizona, all our sisters are doing the very best they can in

subscribing for the *Magazine* and we are 100% in our *Magazine* subscriptions. They feel it is impossible for them to get the benefit of the lesson work unless they have the *Magazine*.

I believe we are about 100% in our Book of Mormon charts. I have received letters from nearly every organization saying that they have received the chart ordered, and it has been a great help.

We have in our organizations a fund, known as the "emergency fund." About one and a half years ago I traveled through the California Mission, and in many of the branches I found many, many people who were in want, and in these branches where the distress was felt most, we did not have very much in the treasury. The branch presidents were not able to give to these members who were in need enough to sustain them until they could obtain employment (and many of our members have not had employment in the last year or more. I was grieved in my soul when I saw the distress there was throughout our mission. I wondered if there could not be some plan organized whereby those branches who had a large fund, and did not seem to have many poor, could contribute to a fund that would help those who had nothing. I consulted President McMurrin and the General Board. We worked the plan out and asked each organization in the mission to contribute \$1.00 a month from their general fund to be sent into the mission office, there to be held in trust by President McMurrin and sent out, under my direction, to those who needed assistance, and we also gave those throughout the mission to understand that if they needed help they were to send direct to me and that help would be given to them. I am very happy to say that

every organization has contributed its full amount in the last year, and has partly paid up for this coming year, and all seem to be one in this wonderful movement.

I feel that the Lord has inspired the women of California with the spirit of charity, and that the emergency fund has been a wonderful blessing to the Latter-day Saints who have been in need.

We are now taking care of one sister from Arizona, who is in Los Angeles being treated for an illness that will take many months perhaps to overcome, and we feel very happy in having this privilege to help.

I believe that all in all California Mission Relief Societies are working to the very best of their ability and for the advantage of the women in that mission.

MRS. LALENE H. HART

*Member of the General Board and
Former President of the Relief
Society of the Canadian Mission*

MY dear sisters and brethren: I feel it quite an honor this morning to be called upon to represent the Canadian Mission.

We have been told that a good social service worker must have interest and desire to advance welfare work, sympathy and understanding, steadfastness, patience and persistence, tact, trustworthiness, truthfulness, self control, sense of humor, enthusiasm, high personal standards, and a vital spiritual life. A Relief Society mission president must have all of these qualifications with many more.

There are many problems that come to us in the Canadian Mission, some of which are the territory which we have to cover, the need for cooperative spirit, the migratory groups with which we have to deal, and the lack of knowledge.

The Canadian Mission comprises the provinces of Ontario, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Isle, and Quebec, and the states of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. Most of our members, however, are in the province of Ontario. It is quite impossible for the far-off organizations, which are few in number and small in membership, to be visited very often by the Relief Society mission president, and the work suffers to that extent. It is so much easier to solve problems near their source. Then, too, our membership is separated so far in the larger cities that it takes so much time to go from one part of the city to the other. For instance, in the city of Toronto it takes two hours on the street car to go from one end to the other, and where our members are scattered you can understand how much work the visiting teachers would do in one day. However, they are doing that work.

We have the need for the cooperative spirit, and by that I mean that we are made up of so many different groups that we have to harmonize all of these in order for each to get the same point of view. If we accomplish the things that we desire to accomplish there must be harmony and union. Habit is a tremendously binding force. When we understand groups of people coming together under these conditions we can readily see that if one group does not understand the customs of the other, they unconsciously trample on each others rights.

The groups that we have, come from different parts of the old country. Some of them come to Canada for the purpose of making their homes, others with the intention of entering the United States, and so just as we get them settled, and they seem to be working in harmony,

some of them move, and the groups are disturbed again. This is a problem that the Canadian social service worker has to contend with. So many times people in the old country are given a rosy description of the advantages and the employment that they might get in Canada, and when they come they are sometimes disappointed.

Strong national feeling can be very constructive and not disjunctive only if used in a mixed group where each nationality will do its best for the mixed group in the spirit of friendly competition. We ought to be very much honored by the way in which national groups appreciate our interest and are ready to respond to almost any extent. The social workers of the different cities are working to bring about proper adjustment and harmony which affects, to a certain extent, our work in the Relief Society.

Some of the women who are trying to carry on, do not understand the work, their background and knowledge are limited. Our missionaries as a group, go out without very much knowledge of Relief Society work. It is surprising, however, to see the amount of work they do and how well they meet emergencies. If you mothers and Relief Society women want to do some especially fine work to help the Relief Society in the missions there is an opportunity for such service. We have reports of the women building up funds for the missionaries, which is a very splendid idea, but if the same energy with the same amount of work could be given in preparation of these boys and girls that go out to preach the Gospel, it would be much better than to send the money. I do want to say that the women are trying to do the work that is given them and are trying to put forth their very best efforts.

They all feel that the Gospel is the thing that has come into their lives that has made them the women that they are. They had not realized before what it meant to take part in civic work or be interested in any welfare problems until they had accepted the Gospel and had seen its beauty.

The laws in Canada are quite different in some respects from ours. They do things very quickly there, and have good observance of the laws, especially those for the keeping of the Sabbath day. They do not permit any more work than is necessary on Sunday. They do not print or circulate newspapers, keep open any picture shows nor eating houses, except as it is necessary for those who have to use them.

It was not until 1930 that the laws of Canada provided for divorce through the courts; before that time they were obtained, if at all, by an act of Parliament, with difficulties and at a cost of from six to eight hundred dollars. These difficulties in obtaining divorces contributed to illicit relationships, when people could not live together within the law, they would outside the law. It is only for certain causes that the courts now will issue a decree.

The liquor control in the Province of Ontario is not proving to be satisfactory to the mothers and women. There was opened last fall a new liquor warehouse near one of the prominent streets in the residential districts. The citizens objected, there were one thousand people who signed a petition not to have it there, but it was erected anyway, and last December when the Y. M. C. A. were making their baskets to send out to the needy people at Christmas time, the police had to be called to make way for them because there were so many people

who were lined up to receive liquor. They had license to obtain it, but the crowd was such that the welfare agency had difficulty in doing its work. Although there has been more need for relief work, yet there have been more licenses granted. It seems that the government and the liquor control board are taking fright at the amount of liquor being consumed by the people of Ontario, for in spite of all the talk of unemployment and distress, over one million dollars worth of liquor is being consumed weekly, which means that for every four new citizens there are three new permits."

We have some accomplishments as well as problems in the Canadian Mission. Some very outstanding pieces of work have been done. The whole story could never be told of the work that the Relief Societies do. We have tried to follow the outlines and the lessons given us, and while they have been hard in some places we have felt it best to give the fundamentals of Relief Society work and make the women understand that we were trying to give them an education as well as ask service. Our one objective has been to build up on a firm foundation so that when the storms and winds of stress and maladjustments come they would not fall. We have some visiting teachers, but their work cannot be done as efficiently as we should like due to the expense that is required for them to travel on the cars and because so many of our people are not well-to-do.

Another thing we have tried to do is to get our records into shape. Some of the branches had no records whatever, and we have tried to have them completed up to date.

We cannot hold union meetings or conventions of any kind very easily, but we did attempt to hold one in 1929, at which eight districts were

represented. All the women felt it was very splendid indeed for them, because they could meet together and get the ideas of the different groups and members. They liked it so well that they asked for another to be given this year. We held it in November, 1930, at the Mission Home. Two of the subjects discussed at this convention were "the evil effects of the use of tobacco" and "great movements pioneered by Canadian women since the organization of the Church." We Americans were impressed with some of the outstanding accomplishments of the Canadian women.

We have tried to hold branch conferences in all the branches and suggested that these same subjects be discussed in them in order to acquaint our members with the noted women of their own provinces and dominion and to keep them in touch with their own community activities.

I am happy that I was privileged to go to the Canadian Mission where so many of our splendid people have come from. My grandmother lived in Canada, in the very place where I had the opportunity of working. Some of those who have accepted the Gospel there are among the most prominent people in the Church. President John Taylor and Mary Fielding Smith, the mother of Joseph F. Smith, came from Canada. I thought, during the time I was there, of the great amount of work done by the missionaries in the early days of the Church and felt if I could be the means of inspiring the women to a greater knowledge of the Gospel and a desire to live more fully the Gospel as they knew it, my services would be well rendered.

Most of the women of the Canadian Mission are trying to live the Gospel and render that beautiful

service it offers. While they have had many problems they have also joy in solving them. I would like to tell you the many varied and thrilling experiences of our missionaries, your boys and girls, and how they come in contact with people who are hungering for something that will satisfy them. As we face our problems each new day may we have this prayer in our hearts:

"Oh wonderful new day, unfolding to
the children of men,
Bring us afresh the vision of beauty;
Show us anew the path our feet must
tread;
Flood our hearts with the warmth of
love, even as thou dost fill the waiting
valleys with sunshine;
And lift our eyes to the vast dome of
sky which, day and night, shelters us
all, children of one Father,
So shall we brave and rejoicing, go
forward in our untrodden paths,
quietly fulfilling our appointed tasks,
Until grateful, peace filled, and un-
afraid we face the setting sun, the
evening shadow and the quiet night."

MRS. GRACE E. CALLIS

*Relief Society President of
Southern States Mission*

THE Southern women have a love in their hearts for the work of blessing the poor, the widow and the fatherless, and of keeping their sisters in the holy paths of virtue. Imbued with the desire of service they regard the Relief Society as a great door, opening up unto them opportunities to give expression to the sympathies that God has planted in their souls.

Standing out prominently among the activities of the Relief Society are temple work and cooperation with the missionaries in giving regular missionary service such as distributing tracts from door to door, assisting in cottage meetings, and so forth. They furnish our chapels with rugs, draperies and seats, and

otherwise help to make them more beautiful and comfortable.

The steady growth of our Relief Societies proves that our sisters have in their hearts the desire to be of service in this great latter-day work. We have 27 Relief Societies in our mission, and in them are working noble, devoted women, who realize as the poet said that "Happiness is the flower of duty." Young girls, as well as young women, are encouraged to join our society. Owing to the early maturity of the southern girl, many of them marry in their early teens, therefore the value of the education that they receive in this organization cannot be named. We have a society of Lamanites, who love the Relief Society work, and in giving service they find the joy that comes from pure unselfish love, and their simple unwavering faith is beautiful to see.

Relief Society women are being recognized by the great charitable organizations in the cities, and the cooperation and advice of our sisters is sought when it comes to the care of the needy. The remarkable influence and the spirit of the Society is felt by non-members, and they show a desire to help us to render aid to the poor of our Church. They seem to say, "God is with these people, and we will work with them."

Southern hospitality is well known, and at our district conferences the sisters prepare and furnish, free of charge, at least one substantial meal to the missionaries, the members and the visitors, and much of this food is donated by non-members who join with them on these occasions. Our sisters give public dinners to raise funds—the wholesale and retail merchants and non-members are very liberal in their donations. Tea and coffee are not served at these public dinners,

consequently many opportunities arise to teach the Word of Wisdom by personal example.

At these conferences, between the afternoon and evening sessions, a convention or meeting of the representatives of the Relief Society is held, and all the sisters who are in attendance at the conference are invited to attend. Generally five or six Relief Societies are represented by their presidents or counselors, who report the work done. The meeting together of these different officers, and the discussion of the work, and the receiving of counsel proves very beneficial to our work.

The lady missionaries are rendering efficient help in the Relief Society work, and to their faithful labors is due much of the success of the Relief Society.

When the Savior was on the Eastern continent, as well as on the Western, he manifested great love for little children, and so, through the efforts of our Relief Society many L. D. S. homes in the South have been opened up for orphan children, who are being taught the fear of God, and several of them are at this time filling missions.

Conspicuous among the blessings which the Southern women enjoy is the faith they have in the Priesthood. We have in our mission a faithful sister who is president of a Relief Society. Her husband, though loving and considerate, was a non-member. She desired with her whole soul that he become a member of the Church, but it seemed that her prayers were of no avail. When one of our Apostles was visiting the mission he was introduced to this man and his wife, and seeming to discern the desires of this good woman's heart he said to her, "Sister, I understand the desires of your heart, and I promise you that if you will continue to do your duty,

and pray, and have faith, that your husband will come into the Church." Years went by, and this promise was unfulfilled, but one day, when this sister was performing her duty, and was presiding at a Relief Society meeting, she was called over the telephone by her husband. He told her that for several days past he had been thinking very seriously of joining the Church, and he desired to be baptized that afternoon. She wept for joy, and with tears in her eyes related to him the wonderful promise, and how she had cherished it in her heart by the prayer of faith, and now God was answering that blessing on her head. There was a wonderful manifestation at the baptism and confirmation of this man, which proved that the Apostle spoke under the dictates of the Spirit of the Lord. This convert became an active member in the branch and filled the office of a Sunday School superintendent.

We are thankful to the Lord for the noble women who are striving to do their utmost in forwarding the cause that God has placed us upon the earth to do.

MRS. LEAH D. WIDTSOE

*Relief Society President of
European Mission*

MY dear sisters and friends: I think it is not necessary for me to tell you this morning how very happy I am to be at home with you, and with loved ones and friends, and with my own people after an absence of nearly three and a half years.

In my own little Relief Society, of which I am a member in the Liverpool branch, I have many times, seen my president conduct a meeting with two members besides the officers, and she has done it with all the dignity and precision,

the order and the inspiration, that might have been had the room been full.

Our groups are small, particularly in some of the missions; in others they would average as large as the groups in the average ward, but there are not very many such.

I wish to say, in giving a report of the work done in the European Missions, that the object has been, during the last few years, to build the work on that done by my predecessors, and the Relief Societies were in a very splendid condition. Each one of the presidents there I am sure has tried to build on the foundation stones already laid. Adding a few bricks or stones, if you will allow the simile, as may be necessary to build the structure a little bit more toward perfection each year. Sometimes conditions change a bit, and occasionally a stone gets loose, and we have to add a little cement here and there, so that the building shall be strong, and according to the plan originally laid down.

The attempt is constantly made to keep the work in the European Missions as closely in harmony with the General Relief Society program as it may be possible. However, conditions in Europe are very different from those in the missions in the United States or Canada; probably not so different in Canada as in the United States.

Until the last few years most of the converts in the European Missions had it in their minds and hearts that some day they would gather to Zion, and the work of the auxiliaries in the past has been largely to keep the membership happy and contented while they were there, but also assisting them and preparing them to emigrate some day. Since Uncle Sam has said that immigration must be so

greatly restricted that it is now practically at a standstill, the problem of building Zion in the world has presented itself. Our members must now feel that Zion is not only in the stakes of Zion, but that we are building as well missions of Zion. They can have Zion in Japan, in the North Pole, if we should go there, and keep our hearts and our lives right.

We have in the European Mission eleven separate and distinct missions, so that in giving my report it will be impossible to give an itemized report of each, but report the group of European Missions. This comprises the Armenian Mission, which is now unfortunately without a head, and not operating as the missions generally do. What little work is done now in Armenia is done through correspondence, and entirely by the local members. We hope some day that the Armenian Mission shall have missionaries, but this is in the future. The active missions of the European group comprise Great Britain, which includes England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and we have branches in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, France—a division in the German speaking nations into two groups, the Swiss-German and the German-Austrian, our newest mission in Czecho Slovakia, and the South African Mission. The latter is very active, but we are unable, because of distance, to visit; our supervision is entirely through correspondence.

In this European group eight different languages must be used, so that all the material that is printed for use in the missions has to be translated into these different languages. It offers quite a problem because we do not have reference books, Church books, magazines, that are printed here at home avail-

able in the different missions. That is our big problem. It costs a great deal of money to have translations made and books printed, and this financial difficulty limits very much our source of supply.

The Church membership in the European Mission groups is well over 30,000 members. We have between seven and eight hundred young men laboring as missionaries, coming from the body of the Church, from Canada to Mexico. They are a constantly changing body and afford a problem of their own in supervision and direction, because most of them are very young. Of the 30,000 membership in these missions 62% in the European groups is female. There are about three women to every two men, so we should have and must have a very definite program for the activity of the women, because of the large majority. If we keep people busy we keep them happy, so we stress the Relief Society work in the missions.

In most of our missions we have most inadequate places of meeting. In many of our branches we find it impossible to get a hall oftener than once a week in which to hold meetings. In many of them we find it possible to get a hall for two meetings a week, one on Sunday and one during the week, and when a choice has to be made we have to leave it with the people, whether it shall be the M. I. A. or the Relief Society. We need meeting places, and when I see our beautiful halls out here costing thousands and thousands of dollars, and I know that in Lowestoft, a little branch in the south of England, we built a very charming little hall for something like \$7,000.00, I wonder why some of our people do not knock off some from their elaborate halls and send it to Europe. Very many of our people

are meeting in little tiny dingy most uninviting places of worship, and that handicaps our work very largely.

The percentage attendance of the Relief Society enrollment I am rather proud of. Over 53% enrolled attend Relief Society meetings. I should like to separate that body for you. In Great Britain 63% of our enrollment attend Relief Society meetings; in France 50%, German-Austria 58%, in the Netherlands Mission 62%, in the Swiss-German Mission 66%. Two women for every three of our enrollment in Relief Society attend.

We have tried during the last two years to encourage a little bit more the visiting teaching. We cannot call it block teaching, but rather district teaching. We encourage our members, in spite of distance, because we feel that so much good results from the women having a chance once during a month to take the message of the teachers' topic into the homes, but in order to do that we have to make a special effort. Some of our branches spread outside of the town, and it is impossible to make monthly visits, but during the last year we have suggested that a special fund be created, either by giving a special entertainment a year, or by taking from the general fund, never touching the charity fund, so that those who are willing to do the teaching may have some assistance in paying their car fare. Our people are not able to pay their own car fare. Many of them are not able to go to Church because they cannot afford the car fare. We have a problem to keep our people with their self respect intact and their spirits fed as well as their bodies. They find that it is very necessary to live according to the teachings of the Gospel and live near to their Heavenly Father

and through that the spirit, in spite of distress, is very rich, and the experiences most touching and heart-rending at times, but the Lord blesses the work and it is going on.

We find a great deal of difficulty in understanding and conducting the lessons. The majority of the sisters have come into the Church since the war, and during the war they used most of their time sewing. We have no central fund, each organization, through their own efforts, makes the money they need, and they keep it within their own society. That is our next problem to have a general fund.

Because of reluctance to study, we find that it is necessary to impress on the minds of our sisters that the Relief Society was founded for a different purpose than the name implies—merely the giving of relief. We have societies that want to do nothing but sew, but we stress the lessons for two reasons, that their minds shall be busy, and that they may understand the full meaning of Relief Society work. It is the greatest work for women in the world today, and we make them feel it is built on a four-fold foundation. The Relief Society is not only for helping the poor, it is built on four corner stones, and is as strong as the rock of ages.

The first corner stone in Relief Society work is self improvement. The making of each individual—woman member of this Society, a better woman every year that she meets together, a stronger woman, a better educated woman, a more capable woman than she was the week before. We cannot be members of this Society unless we advance, we are either growing up or we are growing down, we are either getting stronger or we are getting weak, there is no such thing as standing still in the Gospel of Jesus Christ,

and so we are trying to get that over to them, that they must grow or else they are not going to be worthy Relief Society women, worthy mothers and worthy teachers of others in their groups.

The second cornerstone of Relief Society work is that of assistance to others. It is but a selfish thing to think only of one's self. What good is it for me to grow if my neighbor does not grow, and so we have in that second cornerstone of Relief Society the desire to help our neighbors and friends, and the active program that prevents distress, that teaches people how to take care of their bodies so they will not be ill, to take care of their spirits, and the spirits and souls of their loved ones.

The third cornerstone of Relief Society work, is the one that our name implies. In spite of our best efforts people will get sick, and there are times when disease comes over us and death comes into our home,

when we need help. The third cornerstone is the giving of relief in the best possible way.

The fourth cornerstone to finish this structure we try to tell our women is that of perfect teamwork with our husbands, and the efficiency of our wives, and cooperation with the presidents of branches and bishops of wards, so that our work may go on in harmony with the general Church program, and we find that when our women understand the meaning of Relief Society work, that they are more interested in studying the lessons, and in progressing, and becoming stronger and better and more noble women and mothers and teachers in the world.

I am grateful for this opportunity of serving in the great Relief Society work, my dear sisters, and pray the Lord to bless our leaders and all others who are striving to do it, and I ask it in the name of Jesus. Amen.

GENERAL MEETING

Afternoon Session, Friday, April 3, 1931

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

I CONGRATULATE you on being in this building. I doubt if you could all get in the Assembly Hall, as I look over the audience.

It is always a pleasure to me to come and express my appreciation of the very splendid and wonderful work that is being done by our oldest auxiliary association. We are told it is more blessed to give than to receive, and it is our duty to give to those in distress. I would like to impress upon the minds of the members of the Relief Society the wonderful amount of good that they can do, in so far as such a thing is possible, if they spend their money for that which is made in our State, or in our states, I might

say, because I may remark we have 100,000 people in Idaho.

People get fads into their minds and imagine that goods that come from London, Paris, Italy and other places, are superior to those which we can get at home. I am first for Utah and Idaho, or where our stakes are; I am next for the United States; and I think that each and every one of us can contribute very materially to the success of our communities, and of our state and our nation if we are careful to, as far as possible, patronize homemade goods and articles. We have the capacity and ability ourselves to help change the condition financially. There is a little prejudice in the minds of people because they spend their money for things which often-

times are not one iota better just because they are foreign and because they are advertized as being better.

You sisters are perhaps well aware of the fact that in the days of President Wilford Woodruff the Church borrowed money and established a sugar industry in our community. There are ten thousand bags of sugar coming into this community outside of the states of Utah and Idaho, and any one of you that buy any of it pays ten or twenty cents more for that sugar than for the Utah sugar. I have heard it said that you cannot make fine kinds of candies with the beet sugar. Well, I have ten daughters, and they have all made this kind of candy from beet sugar, and it has been every bit as good.

I know something of the prejudices of people. When we just started people said the sugar was not good, so we changed the sacks on some of these people (rather I did not but my friends did) and they gave me the report. One good brother had a daughter that was quite a candy maker. He changed her sugar for some of our beet sugar, and she was capable of making the same kind of candy.

I am reminded of my experiences in early days, when I was an agent for a wholesale grocery. One sister could not possibly make a lather with any but Kirk's soap, she must have that brand for the laundry, and the very man that made our soap was the man who established the Kirk works. So I just changed the wrappers, and brought some of our soap to her with Kirk's wrappers, and that was first class; then I gave her Kirk's soap in our wrappers and she could not get it to lather.

In my judgment there would be ten or fifteen million dollars spent here if there were no imported

sugar coming into Utah and Idaho. When it comes to dollars, please remember my dear sisters, that every single solitary dollar is estimated as being capable of doing \$100.00 worth of work during a year circulating around. A dollar is like a drop of blood in the human body. I never wore but one suit of clothes that was not made in Utah as long as the Provo Woolen Mills made men's suits—Provo goods were good enough for me. The only reason I bought that one suit was that I happened to be in the Legislature and they were going to have a ball. The suit I had on was a light one, and I had to go and buy a suit to go to the ball. The next day I gave it away to one of my poor relatives.

There is one thing I would like to impress upon you. I found here this message, showing statistics from the General Boards of the Relief Society, Sunday School, Y. M. M. I. A., Y. L. M. I. A., the Primary Association and the Board of Education, on tobacco. Why, do you know that every single solitary dollar that is spent for tea, coffee, tobacco and liquor goes out of this country. The Lord tells us in plain language that the Word of Wisdom is given for our temporal salvation, and because of evils and designs which exist in the hearts of conspiring men he has warned and forewarned us. This last year, as I remember the statistics, 120 billion cigarettes were consumed in the United States. Many people do not stop to figure what a billion means. A billion means one cigarette a minute for every minute from the birth of the Savior until now; which means that last year we consumed in America the equivalent of 130 for every minute from the birth of the Savior until now.

I did not intend to preach to you

upon tobacco, but I happened to see this pamphlet in the hands of one of the sisters, but I did come over to ask the sisters whenever possible to buy articles which are made here at home.

You have my love and blessing, and I ask God from the bottom of my heart to bless you officers, and each and every one of you who are working in this great organization. That this may be your happy lot I ask in the name of our Redeemer. Amen.

COUNSELOR AMY BROWN
LYMAN

MY dear sisters and brethren: I am sure you have all been impressed and inspired, as I have been during the last two days, with this excellent Conference, with the extent and diversity of the work of the Relief Society, and with the lovely spirit which permeates the work. In the face of this great organization and its accomplishments, one feels weak and meek and humble as an individual, and wonders if his little part, his little contribution, has meant anything to the great whole. The attendance and representation at this Conference have been remarkable—every stake has been represented, and many of the missions. The report of the General Secretary was most illuminating, showing growth in the number of stakes and wards, missions and branches, and in individual membership. It showed an increase in membership of over 1,323 in the last year. This is very remarkable. The department meetings yesterday demonstrated a growing interest and development in the educational, spiritual and welfare work, and an earnestness that is phenomenal. And then today the reports of our enthusiastic and efficient mission presidents, fresh from the field, fill

our hearts with joy and with a feeling of kinship with our distant members in this great land, and across the sea.

I would like to say a few words about charity contributions. The amount received for charity during 1930 was \$100,849.91 (quite an amount when considered in a lump sum). However, \$100,849.91 divided by 64,225, the number of Relief Society members who contributed the money, makes an average contribution of only \$1.50 per donor per year, or 12½ cents per donor per month, which is a good contribution for one who can afford to give no more, but a small contribution for the majority of us. With 1,568 branches in the Relief Society, this would mean that each branch would have for charity an average of \$64.31 per year, or an average of \$5.36 per month. With nine needy families per branch (which is an average number), this would mean an average allowance of slightly more than 59c per needy family per month. While these figures are only averages, I am sure you will all realize at once that the amount received for charity in the Relief Society is far too small for the amount and type of work to be done. I wonder why this is the case? Is it due to indifference and thoughtlessness on the part of our members, or is it due to our modest method of collecting funds? I wonder how we can improve the situation. I believe a good way would be for each Relief Society member to think over her resources and to decide on a certain amount to contribute per year to the Relief Society charity fund, then to set aside regularly each month one-twelfth of this amount, and see that it reaches the officers. Sometimes we are away when the teachers call. In these cases let us be sure to take

our contribution to the Work and Business Meeting the current month, or add it to our contribution for the teachers next month. The absence from home when the teachers call, or the lack of change at that time, should not in the end affect the total contributions to the society. Another thing to be borne in mind is that while the teachers are instructed not to urge donations, it is part of their mission to receive charity contributions, and all Latter-day Saint families should understand this. Let us all unite in a determination to increase our charity fund.

While all our Relief Society activities and educational work are important, and while the promotion of health, economic security, and wholesome leisure time are vital, because they are fundamental to normal living, still, after all, the most important work of the society, for the women who form the society, and for Latter-day Saints generally, is to preach, teach and live the Gospel. This is the mission of the whole Church, to take the Gospel tidings to the whole world. Another subject I would speak of is the importance of a religious life; the importance of a belief in God, and the joy which comes from these.

There are writers and speakers today who are advocating the idea that religion is getting thinner and thinner; that religion is really superstition and is "not standing up under the acid test of modern thought;" that there is no individual existence after death; that God is only a guess. These men call themselves free thinkers—modernists. Among such writers are: H. G. Wells, who has repudiated God; Bernard Shaw, who has dissolved God into life-force; Sinclair Lewis, and Bertrand Russell. What does a man who has severed himself from all belief in God get out of it? What are the dividends of unbelief?

In November, 1930, *American Magazine*, there are two articles on the same subject, "God," by two men whose names rank high in the world of current literature—Thomas L. Masson and W. O. Saunders. Each man chooses his own sub-title for this article: Mason, "Faith and Contentment," Saunders, "Doubt and Loneliness."

Saunders frankly tells us he believes in nothing—no God, no hereafter. He says, "I would have you meet one of the loneliest and one of the most unhappy individuals on earth—the man who doesn't believe in a personal God, to whom the grave is the end, the present is his all; he has no God to love, and no hereafter to hope for." That does not seem like large dividends.

Masson says, "To me God is an ever present reality. I know that my Redeemer liveth. If we will adopt the command, 'Thou shalt have no other God before me,' we shall have faith and contentment and supreme happiness." This sounds like large dividends.

The tragedy of the influence of unbelieving writers is that it tends to rob people of faith and religious beliefs, and leaves nothing in its place. The young are drawn away by it. Some of the youth are saying they have given up religion, they are emancipated, they are free. Religion represses and holds one down; religion dominates one's life and prevents real individualism. And what do some of these young people do who say they are free, emancipated? Why they turn around and indulge in this and that, and the first thing they know they are slaves of tobacco, slaves to liquor, slaves to gambling. Is there any such slavery as slavery to tobacco? Is there any such slavery as slavery to liquor? Is there any such slavery as slavery to the gambling habit? If there is I have never seen it.

Talk about religious domination; talk about religious repression, in the face of such slavery!

What can we do, as Relief Society women, to help out. We can teach the Gospel, and bear testimony to its truthfulness; we can live the Gospel, conform to all its standards, and thus show that such a life is rich, satisfying and bears good fruit. All these will bring real dividends to us and will be an inspiration to others.

I ask that the Lord will help us do this, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

ELDER DAVID O. McKAY

PRESIDENT ROBISON, sisters and brethren: Standing before this surprisingly large audience of mothers and daughters, I feel deeply impressed. When I realize that I am in the presence of those who are rendering the sweetest and most tender service that can be given to humanity, my impression becomes profound. It is a sacred moment. I am looking into the faces of those who are giving loving aid to the mother and her first babe; to those who are giving, as far as possible, health to children, to youth, and to old age, and in that service you are contributing to all to whom you minister the greatest of all compensations, health. I am looking into the faces of those who stand at the death bed, and tenderly cross the hands on the breast of the departed. Why, sisters, when we think of the tender, unselfish service rendered by this great organization, we cannot help but be deeply appreciative and thankful to God that he inspired the Prophet Joseph to organize the Relief Society.

I have chosen this afternoon the subject, "Responsibility of the Home in Child Health and Protection," but I do not approach it with any thought that I am going

to give anything new, neither am I going to offer any admonition. I really approach this with commendation in my heart for what has been done. I like to think of children when in the presence of mothers, for I know the subject is associated with the most tender thoughts in your hearts. The child is as a sweet new blossom of humanity, fresh fallen from God's home, to flower here on earth. One writer expresses another phase of this thought very beautifully as he tried to picture to us the value of little thoughts and influences in leading man to salvation. He said:

"The builder who first bridged Niagara's
Gorge,
Before he swung his cable, shore to
shore,
Sent out across the gulf his venturing
kite,
Bearing a slender cord for unseen hands
To grasp upon the further cliff and
draw
A greater cord, and then a greater yet!
Till at last across the chasm swung
The cable—then the mighty bridge in air.
So we may send our little timid thought
Across the void, out to God's reaching
hands;
Send out our love and faith to thread
the deep—
Thought after thought, until the little
cord
Has become a chain, a chain no chance
can break,
And we are anchored to the Infinite."

There are little cords of influence that are binding and shaping the little babe's life, the little boy's life, until youth begins to be bound by the cable, and later in life by the chain—the chain of habit.

Forces that are throwing out these little cords into the children's lives are the home, the playground, the school, the gang, and society. Hundreds of people are working in Utah today, trying to direct the influences of the school, the playground, society, business, so that these cords will lead youth in the right direction. All these forces are outside the home.

President Hoover has called the attention of the nation to the importance of directing these forces into proper channels. What is the relation of the home to this? Let me give you his own words: "The fundamental purpose of this conference is to set forth an understanding of those safeguards which will assure to the child health in mind and body. There are safeguards and services to childhood which can be provided by the community, the state or the nation—all of which are beyond the reach of the individual parent. We approach these problems in no spirit of diminishing the responsibilities and value, or invading the sanctities of those primary safeguards to child life—their homes and their mothers. After we have determined every scientific fact, after we have erected every public safeguard, after we have constructed every edifice for education or training or hospitalization or play, yet all these things are but a tithe of the physical, moral and spiritual gifts which motherhood gives and home confers, none of these things carry that affection, that devotion of soul, which is the great endowment from mothers. Our purpose here today is to consider and give our mite to help to strengthen her hand, that the boy and girl may have a fair chance. Our country has a vast majority of competent mothers. I am not so sure of the majority of competent fathers. But what we are concerned with here are things that are beyond her power. That is what Susie and John take on when out from under her watchful eye. She cannot count the bacteria in the milk; she cannot detect the typhoid which comes through the faucet, or the mumps that pass around the playground. She cannot individually control the instruction of our schools or the set-

ting up of community-wide remedy for the deficient and handicapped child. But she can insist upon officials who hold up standards of protection and service to her children—and one of your jobs is to define these standards and tell her what they are. She can be trusted to put public officials to the acid test of the infant mortality and service to children in the town—when you set some standard for her to go by."

The relation of the home to national strength and prosperity is so close that I am going to say here in your presence, and I should like to say it to the world, that without proper homes we shall have no security in the nation. The first and most important agency in child development and education is the family. "The virtuous home is the basis of all national prosperity." "The strength of the nation, especially of a republican nation," says one writer, "is in the intelligent, well ordered homes of the people."

"To make men out of boys, and women out of girls, there is no place like home."

"We need no power or splendor,
White hall or lordly dome,
The good, the true, the tender,
These form the wealth of home."

What are these fundamental home influences in child life. I shall name first physical environment. The physical security of the child is dependent upon the protection largely of his home. A good home involves a fair knowledge on the part of the parents, and especially of the mother, of needed physical care, of proper nutrition, of hygienic living, of preventing disease, of adequate shelter and proper clothing, pure milk and water, fresh air, protection from accident. It is not necessary to have college-bred mothers; but there is great need for more

health centers, such as we heard about this afternoon, to which mothers may go and receive instructions. The Relief Society can render help and encouragement to such centers. To safeguard the health of childhood, I consider, is the greatest responsibility of the state.

A good home requires good health habits, through parents' instruction and example, in eating, sleeping and proper exercise. I need not dwell upon this phase of the fundamental conditions of a good home; if we can have properly ventilated homes, if we know what kind of food to give to the children, we are contributing to the health and happiness of the home.

I wish to offer as the second influence, opportunities for education. Parents must lead in the cultural development, and show a willingness to answer questions. A child that is asking questions is contributing happiness to your life. Fortunate the child whose parents can leave their work occasionally to encourage the child in constructive play, or spend a few hours in nature study. Who can tell the cultural value of such association of a child with his mother—a child who beholds the glorious sunset, the beauties of nature, and who sees the snow-capped peaks through his mother's eyes? In later life he will never look at either without thinking of his mother. These are the tender cords that lead youth into paths of tenderness and humanity.

These are important, the physical and cultural environment, but I have merely mentioned them to lead you up to what I consider the most important, even though it is the most abstract in a child's life. I approach this thought with a spirit of commendation and gratitude, as I am speaking to the mothers of Latter-day Saint children. I refer

to the *personal influence* of the home. The most important factor in child life is the inter-action of personalities within the family group. You wonder why one child is so different in disposition from another. Besides inherited tendencies, he has had different influences operating upon him. The first babe had no brothers to tease him; the tenth babe perhaps had nine.

Unfortunate indeed is the child in a broken home; happy the child born with congenial, well associated parents. As we approach in thought the sacredness of the marriage covenant, my heart goes out in gratitude to God for the standard of the Latter-day Saints. One of the happiest services that I render is to stand at the altar in the House of God, and seal a couple for time and all eternity. On such occasions I cannot picture any separation or broken home. But oh, what tragedies come when the family becomes broken. I want to draw a contrast here, with this thought in mind—personal influence—influence of father and mother, and the attitude of wife toward husband, husband toward wife, and parents toward children. The first great lesson that I ever had in my life was when I was attending the University of Utah. Mother came down to visit four of us children who were here as students. I remember on one occasion as we returned home from the theatre, we were aroused by the screaming of a woman in a neighboring house. I thought a man was beating his wife, and ran over and tapped on the window, protesting against the attack, although I confess I was a little afraid he might come out and beat me. My brother ran over to the fire station and telephoned for the police. The landlady came before the officers. As she opened the door, I saw for the first time in my

life, a drunken woman. I shall never forget the shock that I received. There in the doorway were two little girls crying. With the memory of the shock, however, I treasure the kindly love of my mother, who, though somewhat timid, walked into the house and put her arms around the two little girls. Enough of that scene.

Several years afterward I had occasion to teach a class in the State Industrial School of Utah. In the girls' department were two beautiful young women, whom I did not recognize, either by features or by name, until a little boy who had grown up on that same lot to which I have referred, went with me one day to the class, and one of these girls recognized him, and came up and told about the time when she lived on that lot. They were the little girls whom my mother comforted in the presence of a drunken woman; both now in the reform school! They were not to blame—the cords of influence had come into their lives from the outside environment into which the mother had led them. I leave you to guess the end to which their lives came.

Now in contrast to that, I want you to look at the influence of a home blessed with the Spirit of God—a Latter-day Saint home—and feel the binding influence of the Spirit of God as it is expressed through a mother's love. In order that you might know what that influence is, and the self sacrifice of a "Mormon" woman for the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and what she thinks of her children, I am going to read a telegram, a copy of which I have here. In the last company of missionaries there was a young man who left with his heart full of anxiety because his sister lay very ill. It was my privilege to administer to that girl two or three days

before the young man departed for his mission. He left on scheduled time, and before he reached Chicago, the sick girl, his only sister, died. As soon as I heard it, in sympathy my heart said the brother should come back. One of the elders said, "No, the parents have already sent a telegram." I asked him for a copy of it. Here it is: "Louise died at one forty-five today. Mother and father want you to go on and fill your mission. Louise will always be with us and be proud of you, our missionary boy. Love and blessing—Mother and Father."

We cannot comment on anything like that, nor need I try to tell you what the effect of such a message would be on that boy! Such a home influence caused another missionary to pay tribute to his mother as follows. We had asked the class to write a theme on "What it Means to be a Missionary," and this young man wrote so feelingly that I took these extracts from his paper: "I have the best mother I could have had, and I thank God for it. She has, by example, taught me the practical everyday use of the Gospel; she has held before me the ideal of some day being worthy to accept a missionary call, if one should come. During the next few years I shall be away from her presence, but I shall feel her spirit just the same. I must keep myself free from any transgression, that no dishonor come to me, for my mother has confidence and trust in me, (and whose mother has not trust in her son?) and I revere her so much that I believe I shall be able to resist any temptation. * * * My prayer is that I may return home a living example of the ideal my mother has pictured of me, in her mind, when I shall have completed this mission."

I was once riding on the train from Salt Lake to Ogden with a

group of missionaries, when one of them said, "How long do we stay in Ogden?" I answered, "About twenty or thirty minutes." He said, "Good, that will give me time to telephone back to my mother. I want to hear her voice once more." May the tender words of her voice, and her uplifting influence ring in his soul forever!

Who can measure the influence of the home? Health is important, and physical environment and culture equally important, but most of all is that combination of personal influence centered in sacredness in the mother. Why, if we can only get the spirit of the Gospel in our homes, just get our boys and girls to feel that love for mother, and love for the Gospel through mother—our problems are solved.

God help us to put into our homes, to a great degree, the ideals of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. To be practical let us have these boys kneel with us more frequently in prayer. That is one practical thing to do. Through family prayer let parents and children come into the presence of God. Let us talk more frequently of the Gospel, and ask and answer questions pertaining thereto. In other words follow the commandments of God to people in this dispensation: "Inasmuch as parents have children in Zion, or in any of her Stakes which are organized, that teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentance, faith in Christ the son of the living God, and of baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of the hands when eight years old, the sin be upon the heads of the parents."

God bless the homes of the Latter-day Saint. God bless the homes of this nation, that the prosperity of our government may be secure.

"They say that man is mighty
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty sceptre
O'er lesser powers that be;
But a mightier power and stronger
Man from his throne has hurled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

MRS. ARTHUR GAETH

WORDS cannot express the joy I feel in being here among you, and having the privilege of spending four weeks in your midst, and attending these inspiring sessions.

I am especially grateful to our Heavenly Father for having sent pioneer missionaries into Czecho-Slovakia, the land of my birth. I am thankful that I went back and spent a year with my people, for it is here that I came in contact with the missionaries, and learned to love the Gospel. Unusual joy has come into my life since I accepted it. Just the one principle of eternal life has absolutely altered my outlook on life. All material values that were so precious to me before have given way to higher and more spiritual values. I feel that I want to develop myself, so that I may go to serve the people of Czecho-Slovakia. It is an unusual privilege to be here with you, and to carry back all these beautiful things that I have heard.

In Czecho-Slovakia newspaper men often write up in their newspapers that the missionaries come into the land in order to bring back women with them into Utah. I wish these reporters might be here in my place, and see this wonderful audience of women, and they would see the folly of such statements. In a way I have been carried to Utah, but I am to be carried back again to teach the gospel to my people, and I hope and pray that my Heavenly Father will grant me wisdom and understanding, in order that I

may carry to my people the spirit of these sessions and the beautiful truths that I have here learned and heard.

The Czecho-Slovakian women are very intelligent and well read. The Czech woman is, in the first place, a lover of the home, and the home is her highest domain. In Ruthenia and Slovakia, two provinces of Czecho-Slovakia, the women have not been as fortunate. They have not had the educational facilities of the Czech woman—they do not know how to read and write. They do not know the happiness of a clean beautiful home life, and so I think that the Czech woman has a great work in store for her to help instruct her country women.

I am glad to be here, and have this privilege of meeting you. I know that the spirit of these meetings will leave an indelible impression upon my mind, and that it will help me to carry on the work in my own country.

PRESIDENT LOUISE Y. ROBISON

AT our officers' meeting yesterday, Sister Inez K. Allen spoke on trees, and the planting of trees. The Relief Society is sponsoring a tree in every ward and every stake, and the General Board is planting a tree, in honor of the bicentennial birthday of George Washington, which will occur next February. During this spring and in the fall, we want all of these trees planted, and in good growing condition so that they can be dedicated on Washington's birthday. We have a friend who lives in the south part of the county who has a magnificent garden. I had the privilege of visiting there one day, and the mother, a woman 40 or 50 years of age, said it was her plan on the occasion of

every birth in the family to have a tree planted in honor of the birth of the baby. It had become a family custom, and instead of giving the baby a new bonnet or a pair of shoes, a tree is planted. She said you would not believe the interest that these boys and girls, who are grown now and left home, have in coming back and seeing their tree that was planted during the week or shortly after their birth. Think this over. I have been looking over the city from Thirteenth East, and it looks just like one forest, and my head bowed, and my heart was filled with gratitude for the people who lived here before you and I and planted trees for our pleasure. We want to give to the next generation the pleasure which will come from our planting trees.

I was very happy that President Grant spoke of home industry, because that was one of the topics I wanted to speak on this afternoon. It depends largely upon us whether our home industries can be profitable or not, and I would like to suggest that all of you sisters, when you go back to your different states and countries, find out how many of the articles you buy are produced in your state and insist upon having them. Not infrequently we will order a can of tomatoes or a pound of butter coming from Chicago, while people right here in our midst are producing the best butter in the world, and we are sending our money away from our midst. Take up a campaign to patronize your own home industry.

I wish that we may now go home with these beautiful thoughts in our hearts. I can think of no lovelier message to women than has just been given to us. Hold in your hearts what you have heard, take it home and make it a part of your home life.

May the blessings of the Lord be with you, may peace and health and prosperity be in your homes, and may you have the help and protec-

tion of the Lord with you that you may influence your children in the way we want them to go, I humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Mrs. Phillip North Moore

By Annie Wells Cannon

ANOTHER interesting and prominent figure among the leading women of the nation has answered the final call. Mrs. Eva Perry Moore, past president of the National Council of Women and of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, died of a heart attack at her home in St. Louis on the 28th of April, of this year.

Mrs. Moore was born at Rockport, Illinois in 1852 and from early girlhood was interested in public affairs, especially those pertaining to the advancement and welfare of women.

She graduated from Vassar College in 1873 with an A. B. degree and later became an alumnæ trustee of that institution.

In 1879 she was married to Phillip North Moore who became a noted mining engineer and prominent business man of St. Louis. His death occurred early in 1930.

The death of Mrs. Moore is of more than passing interest to the readers of the *Relief Society Magazine* because of her intimate acquaintance with many of the leading women in organization and club work through the medium of the affiliated councils.

Mrs. Moore was president of the National Council of Women from 1916 to 1925 and at the time of her death was an honorary president, also vice-president of the International Council.

In 1925 the Quinquennial, or International Council of Women was held in Washington, D. C., and the United States Council was hostess on that occasion to the foreign delegates. This gathering was one of the largest ever held by the Council—thirty-eight nations were represented by their most distinguished women. The proceedings were conducted under the direction of Lady Aberdeen but naturally the great responsibility for the success of the occasion rested upon the hostess president, Mrs. Moore, who proved herself quite equal to the arduous and difficult task.

To this Council Utah sent a large delegation led by President Clarissa S. Williams of the Relief Society. Mrs. Moore on this occasion, as always, gave the Utah women a gracious and pleasant welcome.

Mrs. Moore's public activities covered a large field of endeavor and she held many responsible positions local, state, national and international, traveling extensively in these varied interests. One of her most important and interesting journeys was to Lima, Peru, where she went as a delegate to the International Pan-American Scientific Congress in 1924.

A pioneer for the progress and advancement of women she gave years of earnest service, and for this her name will be held in honored memory for generations yet to come.

From a Mail Carrier to an Artist

By Curt Meng

ONE of the outstanding artists who worked at the Alpine Summer School during the 1930 term is Professor Joseph F. Russon, who heads the art department of the East High School at Salt Lake City. When asked if he had studied painting his entire life he replied:

"I began my study of art when I was married and finished when I had a family of three boys. Even as a small child I took special delight in drawing and, fortunately, my parents encouraged me in my endeavors."

Though Mr. Russon showed marked talent for art which won for him the affectionate title of "Professor Russon," it seemed that he would never realize his dream of becoming a professional artist. In the early days of Utah, schoolmasters generally discouraged any boy who had an urge to draw. A teacher came to Lehi who was an excellent penman. The boy resolved that some day he would equal his teacher in penmanship.

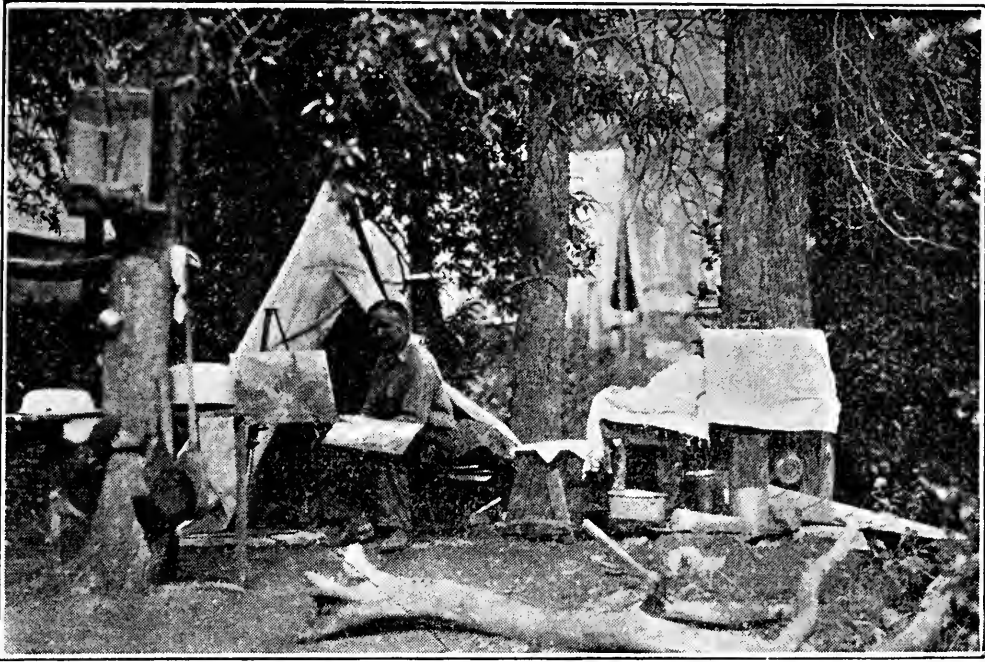
"And," continued Mr. Russon with a smile, "I not only equaled his work but showed him specimens of my work that surpassed his in quality."

The ability to use pen and ink artistically kept alive the glowing ambition of a career in art and also proved of commercial value to the young man. He drafted resolutions, announcements, and posters for business concerns. Ordinarily, the next step would have been to enter some art school but in this case no opportunity presented itself for an

art education. Of those days Mr. Russon continues:

"My efforts in art yielded outstanding results but I never had means to continue my studies. I married and accepted a position as a rural mail carrier. While on the mail route I had opportunity to observe people and to ponder over many things. Here I was carrying mail while my desire was to devote my life to painting. The turning point of my life came when one day my wife suggested that I discontinue my present position and get an education in art. I realized the sacrifice necessary on her part and the children but her faith in me helped me to make a decision. I entered the Brigham Young University and studied for three years with Prof. E. H. Eastmond. Then I entered the Pratt Institute at Brooklyn, New York, where, after two years of hard study I became the proud owner of a diploma as an artist."

When Mr. Russon returned to Utah, he supervised art in Utah county for a period of three years. His rise in his chosen field was now assured. He next taught in the Salt Lake City Schools for two years. Then moved to Murray, where he spent seven years as teacher in the newly organized high school and as a supervisor in the four schools of Murray. After seven years of excellent work in the Murray school system he returned to Salt Lake City where he has been teaching for the last twelve years, at present, being head of the art department of the East High School.



JOSEPH F. RUSSON AT ALPINE SUMMER SCHOOL

Joseph F. Russon has been an artist for twenty-two years. He taught three summers at the Brigham Young University, three summer terms at the Utah State Agricultural College, and one at the University of Utah. During this time he has been a student of the Arts League of New York City. Although he has painted for nearly a quarter of a century his enthusiasm for art is still fresh. His pictures, mostly water colors, are always in demand and he markets practically all his paintings. At the Springville National Exhibits and at numerous state fairs the works of this artist have received many first places.

Usually artists come from a family of artists. Mr. Russon's parents

and grandparents on both sides of the family were not talented in art. In contrast to this all of the artist's children show considerable talent. His youngest son, Kay, is considered one of the best commercial artists in the state of Utah.

While at Alpine the professor averaged more than one painting a day. To the question as to which he considered his best painting and what type of work he preferred to do the artist replied:

"I consider my best painting an oil now owned by Mr. J. D. Smith of Salt Lake City. I called this painting, "A Mountain Stream" and painted it in Weber Canyon. I prefer to do landscape paintings as nature is always fascinating and full of rich color tones."

Easy Money

By Lela M. Hoggan

MOTHER was rejuvenating. She was taking morning exercise and baths, and eating spinach, oranges, raw carrots, and what not.

By means of a few bright silk scraps and packages of dye, and long hours of painstaking effort, she had replenished her wardrobe.

She had acquired a new stock of ideas from the free lectures she was attending. She really thought she was converted to the magic results that would accrue from the optimistic suggestions she was making to herself for health, beauty and success, with especial emphasis on the success.

Since she was left a widow, three years previously, she had been struggling painfully along, trying to support herself and her two husky boys, in a dignified, self-respecting manner.

The receipts from the little odd jobs that she and the boys had been able to secure, did not begin to pay the meagre running expenses of the household, notwithstanding her careful planning. She found that her two hungry, growing juveniles needed new clothing, or school accessories, or other incidentals daily. All of which was making a constant drain on Mother's small and fast disappearing bank account.

By budgeting her spare moments and her energy she had turned the little ragged edges of time into fair account, as her valid teacher's certificate attested.

But School Boards, as well as other parts of the teaching machine, move with deliberation and accuracy. And Mother was becoming painfully aware of the fact that un-

less some steady, remunerative employment was forth-coming, she would soon reach the point where she would have nothing more substantial to draw on for living expenses than her imagination.

She was rapidly reaching a state of despondency almost akin to desperation, when her naive, cheery, little neighbor persuaded Mother to attend a series of wonderful free lectures. The lectures furnished the germ for the new optimistic philosophy of life. Naturally, the rejuvenation followed.

For the time being, Mother was greatly thrilled with the possibilities held out by the auto-suggestion philosophy. It was such a hopeful, uplifting promise for those who were dragging discouragingly along clinging to the drabbed skirts of misery, on the very edge of failure.

Why should she not think herself into a state of happiness and success? Not that she was unwilling to pay the cost, for Mother had learned long years ago, that every worth while gift of life must be bought with a price. She was ready and willing to pay that price. But this new philosophy was like a golden key, that only waited to be turned to unlock the treasure-chests of all time. Why should she not turn the key and reach out for the blessing?

But there was one thing that worried Mother. All her life she had been a prayerful woman. In every emergency she had sought divine guidance and assistance, and had never been betrayed or deserted in her hour of need. This new philosophy seemed somehow, to be at variance with the very spirit of

prayer. Would it make her mind and heart less pliable to divine guidance? Would it stint her faith? She often pondered the question; nevertheless, she was determined to put her new philosophy to the test. And she did.

Morning, night and noon Mother earnestly told herself, "I shall have health, beauty and happiness, peace, poise and power. I shall have good remunerative work. A dignified position, drawing a good salary shall be offered me right soon. Out of the opulence of the earth I shall draw the luxuries of life." So ran the creed.

And her hopes were built up still surer when a Gypsy fortune-teller looked across a circle of playing cards and told her: "I see good fortune for you—good work—pleasant work—much money—many friends."

Mother, with her cheery neighbor and other friends, had taken an early morning hike. Over low foothills, across pebbly, flashing streams, up into the purple mountain canyons, they had slowly made their way. And then down a winding trail they had strolled, into a sunny, little dell. It was here that they came across the Gypsy camp. The wandering nomads seemed so natural a part of the picturesque surroundings that it took very little persuasion to convince Mother that she, too, should indulge in the fun of having her fortune told.

And the Gypsy's words would not be silenced. Over and over again they sang themselves to Mother's eager, hopeful consciousness. "I see good fortune for you—good work—pleasant work—much money—many friends."

Then, within the week, came a luring advertisement in the evening paper, for a paid welfare worker. \$90 per month, guaranteed—short

hours—pleasant, dignified work," it read.

"My position," asserted Mother, radiantly. "I hardly expected it so soon. They say the test of any plan is that it works. And it surely looks as if this new philosophy of mine is working, and that very promptly." Accordingly, Mother wrote an application for the job.

Two days later, when she answered a persistent, vigorous ringing of the door bell, she was greeted by a well-groomed, energetic, efficient saleswoman, who had come to interview her in answer to her application for the welfare work.

Mother's first impulse was to gently close the door and flee from the woman as she would have done before the seven plagues.

But when the saleswoman looked straight into Mother's eyes, and began a smooth, logical, faultless assault upon Mother's flimsy arguments, all of her reasoning faculties seemed to suddenly collapse. Was it not as plain as the figures on the dial of the clock that this was the very work she had been suggesting for herself? This was the good fortune she was drawing from the opulence of the earth's treasure-chest.

Her son Hal, lying on the couch by the sunny window, was apparently absorbed in the Bible. Addressing his brother in an undertone he said, "Say, Ned, these proverbs of Solomon are not so slow as you might think. Here he says, 'My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not'."

The saleswoman cast a dark glance at Hal, but she cleared her throat and reiterated all of the points of advantage and again reminded Mother what a great opportunity was being opened for her.

Mother sat like one under a spell as the oily tongue ran on. She was

dazed, bewildered, unable to form a decision. And then out of the confusion, a still, small voice whispered very softly in Mother's heart, "This is not the work you want."

But again the clamor of the argument continued. The contract absolutely guaranteed a salary of \$90 per month. Only six hours pleasant work each day was required. "How can you afford to turn down such an opportunity?" questioned the saleswoman. "There are twenty women in this town only too anxious to accept it."

Again the small voice whispered reassuringly to Mother, "This is not the work you want."

And again the high pressure saleswoman drew on her most powerful reserves; this time, with such clinching arguments that Mother surrendered to her hypnotic influence and decided to take the work.

Immediately the saleswoman flashed a contract from her bag and went hurriedly over the various points of advantage.

Reluctantly Mother affixed her signature on the blank line at the bottom of the first page.

The small voice whispered so lightly Mother could scarcely catch the thought. It was like a snowflake falling on her hand to stay its movement, "This is not the work you want."

But the name was affixed now in plain clear-cut characters.

Hal squirmed about on the couch uneasily, and nudged Ned, "Here's a good one, 'Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord'."

The saleswoman moved uneasily, but at once began to explain about the deposit that must be made, but which would later be refunded to the last penny.

After much hesitation on Mother's part, and very strong affirmative suggestions on the part of the

saleswoman, Mother finally decided, against her better judgment, to borrow the necessary amount from the children's savings box. Ned opened the box and Mother counted out the money. There were nine worn one dollar bills. She opened her purse and took out a silver dollar to make up the full amount of the deposit.

She smoothed the bills out carefully, almost tenderly. The saleswoman reached for the money but Mother's fingers closed over it gently. The saleswoman urged her to sign the other side of the contract promptly, and thus close the deal, as her time was limited. Again Mother counted out the money. "Tell your money goodbye," whispered the small voice in Mother's heart. This time the voice was pleading, pathetic.

"Sign right here," said the saleswoman, her magnetic eyes looking straight into Mother's face.

"My son," continued Hal's voice, in a solemn undertone, "defraud not the poor of his living."

Mother sat up with a start. The spell was broken.

"Right here," repeated the saleswoman, reaching out the pen. But Mother did not see the pen at all. She was folding up the nine worn bills. Placing the silver dollar on top of them, she slipped the money into her purse and closed the purse with a snap.

"I have changed my mind," she said, in such a firm decided tone that the saleswoman looked up in surprise. The expression on Mother's face endorsed the tone of her voice and the snap of the purse.

"A fine time to change your mind, I must say," burst out the disappointed saleswoman in great warmth.

Hal's voice was heard droning out another proverb, "He that seeketh mischief, it shall come unto him."

The saleswoman openly glared at him, but apparently, all unmindful of her agitation, he read on, "Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house: lest he be weary of thee, and so hate thee."

Mother did not make any response. She sat calm and silent, her hand touching her purse caressingly.

The saleswoman snatched up the contract and indignantly tore it into pieces and tossed it into the waste basket. Adjusting the papers and books in her brief case, she drew her wraps about her and walked briskly out of the house. As she closed the front door with a bang, Ned's voice startled the household with a long drawn-out wail. Mother jumped to her feet in alarm, but Hal raised his head slowly and inquired, "Who stepped on the elephant's foot?"

"Look here, Mother, look!" exclaimed Ned, excitedly, as he pieced the bits of the torn contract together. "You sure had a keen hunch when you refused to sign her miserable paper."

The three heads were touching each other as they bent over the contract.

"Sufferin' cats!" ejaculated Hal. "So that was her game." And he gave a long, low whistle.

The signature on the reverse side of the contract, would have cancelled all promises made on the face of the document, and put Mother on a twenty per cent sales contract for an old fashioned book few people would even take time to read.

Just then the telephone rang loudly. Ned hurried to answer it and came back smiling. Saluting in mock gravity he announced, "Moses G. R. Livingstone, City Super-

intendent of Public Instruction, desires to speak with Margaret Ann Tuttle at her earliest convenience."

Mother hurried to the telephone and Hal immediately constituted himself as a committee of one to listen in on the conversation. He in turn relayed the message to Ned, in whispered broken sentences: "Application accepted by Board—Sign contract tomorrow—Art department in the Parry School—\$125 per month."

As the receiver clicked on the hook Hal let out a hilarious shout.

"The cave man must be seriously injured," ejaculated Ned, trying to look dignified.

Mother was too overwrought to attempt a hot dinner. She hurriedly spread a wholesome lunch on the table and the three of them took their places. Hal surveyed the spread with a twinkle in his eye, "Well, Mammy," he drawled in a Southern twang, "dis am a considerable amount ob dishes fer de fewness ob de vittels."

"What do we care," exclaimed Ned, "whether we eat at all or not, now that Mother's found the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow."

Mother did not dare trust her voice. She smiled gratefully and made a hurried trip to the kitchen to recover her mental poise, and to bring in the last bottle of strawberry preserve.

"That's the idea," approved Hal, "let's celebrate."

"We'll celebrate in more ways than one," smiled Mother. "I can't really tell you just how glad I am that I have two sons who are, well—just right; that I have a good job, and—and—that I have found myself."

Blue Herons, Prairie Dogs and Men

By Harrison R. Merrill

THERE are those who speak as if nature, so called, has control of a magpie that builds its crude nest in a thorn tree, but that she does not operate in the case of a man who builds a cabin or a city. Those same people glorify the instinct of the animal and condemn the intellect of the human being.

At the risk of being counted very elemental in such matters, I am going to relate a few incidents.

Traveling along the shores of Utah Lake in an open boat, I came upon a village of blue herons. These

long-legged fish-eaters, being gregarious, had chosen to build a community rather than homes widely separated. More than three hundred nests were perched in various positions in their respective cottonwood trees. One tree frequently served as the foundation for as many as five homes.

Now if the herons had policemen, a water system, and a light plant, I could not discover them, but I was certain that they had a mayor and city council, for how else could they live in peace together?

Passing along the wide valley that



separates Antimony from Bryce Canyon, I came upon a prairie dog village. These chaps, for reasons that I could not discover, like the herons, had decided to build a city, not a countryside. They had their streets, not more crooked than some of those I found in Boston I assure you, and their fields which regularly they harvested. In addition they had their gossips and their scolds.

Following a concrete highway, once upon a time, I came to a human village. It was set down beside a

er, would be happier if he could move out of his city or home into the country or the open; if he could stop reasoning and could get along with instinct.

To all such I would like to say, "Piffle," in a very friendly way, of course, but "Piffle," nevertheless.

I am a great believer in, and admirer of, man. With very little additional urging I could orate into Shakespearean language—"What a piece of work is man," or into Davidian poetry—"What is man that



little stream which could serve as well for culinary and drinking purposes as for laundry and irrigation. These animals had been able to build a bit better than the herons or the prairie dogs. Their houses were storm proof and their streets were paved. They had stoves with which they conquered the cold, and lights with which they overcame darkness.

Now there are people who have so much to say about going back to nature that I have come to believe that they are of the opinion that the heron and the prairie dog and the magpie are living a more normal and, therefore, a happier life than man. They seem to think that man would be healthier, would live long-

Thou art mindful of him"—but I shan't just now.

I am of the opinion that it is rather natural for man to build villages and cities, and that he can build them mighty well after these centuries. The best bird's nest I have ever seen, or the best prairie-dog hole I have ever followed with a spade would seem very crude beside some of the "nests" I have seen men build. I can look at an apartment housing a hundred families and can wax very eloquent about it. Why isn't it as natural as a heron rookery or a prairie-dog village, I should like to know—and much more sanitary and sensible?

Those Blue Herons, with all their



"nature" and their "instinct" had not built a sewer system. They had not even established a burial place or a burial custom. Young that could not stand the rigors of the climate or the storms were ruthlessly clawed from the nests and allowed to rot on the ground below. Refuse from the tables in the form of half devoured fish lay about under the trees polluting the air, until I lost much of my respect for the dignified gentlemen whom I have often seen with pants rolled up sedately wading in stream or lake.

NOW the most healthful place I know anything about is a right good, up-to-date city built by that animal called man. The water he drinks in such a city is germ-proofed and frequently tested; the

food he eats is kept fresh and lovely with ice and refrigeration; the milk he serves to his children is clean and wholesome; the rooms he sleeps in are free from vermin and even flies and beetles; the utensils he uses have been sterilized. Even the sun cannot leave him in darkness or without his violet rays. He does not strain his ancestors with heavy lifting—he called upon the lightning to be his servant. His exercise is measured and his food is rightly chosen. He doesn't gorge himself today and starve tomorrow. He has learned to live a long time and well.

Now if I want to see the marvels of the animal kingdom, I go not to the "temple haunting martlet," as beautifully as he builds his nest, nor to the bee as marvelously as he shapes his honey cells, not to

the spider, as delicately as he spins his web. I go to man, a child of nature, the paragon of them all.

And so when people rave about "nature's way" as if it were different from or superior to man's way, I merely say—"Piffle," in that same friendly tone of voice I have used once before.

When I look into the home of the new bride or the established matron and see her modern kitchen with its electric appliances, its beautiful utensils, its sink and water-taps, its fly-proof doors and cupboards, its polished floor; or her living room with its comfortable chairs, its davenport, its bridge lamps, its paintings, its glass windows and storm-proof roof and ceiling; or her bed room and see her beautiful bed, her dressing table, her house-slippers, her blankets and clean sheets; or her bath room and see her equipment, I say what a

marvelous little beast is she, after all. What other can compare with her. Under her care I would have hope of living longer, happier, and more usefully than in any nest of sticks or hole of dirt in the land.

And so, dear reader, if you are still with me, allow me to say that in my very humble opinion a human city is just as "natural" as a prairie-dog city and it is much more beautiful and healthful. I fear disease, accident, discomfort far more outside than inside cities and towns, and fine, human-made homes, city or country. If I wanted to know about a good balanced ration, if I wanted to learn how to live to the uttermost, I would not go to a cow or a horse, or even to a monkey—I would go to a human being, the most intelligent one I could find, one who had learned to live by intellect rather than by instinct.

June

By Elsie E. Barrett

There's a wonderful zephyr-like breeze softly blows

In the marvelous sweet-scented JUNE;

And it playfully kisses each fair budding rose

As it bursts into rapturous tune.

It is something alluring, enduring; it plays

On the strings of my tremulous heart,

While it makes me so thankful through glorious days

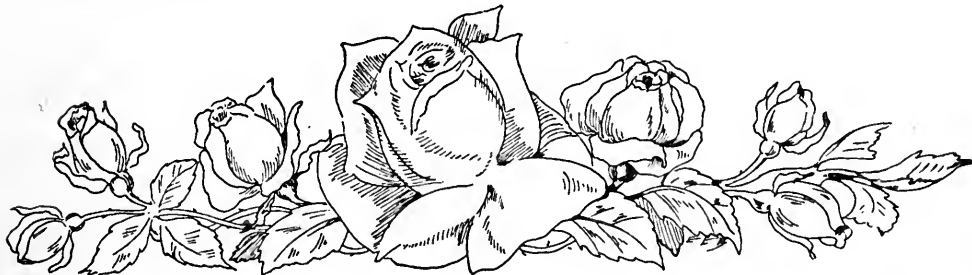
Just to be of this good world a part.

Lovely JUNE! month of beauty, of perfumes that tease;

With your flow'rs of daintest hue,

You are bless'd with that wonderful, zephyr-like breeze,

And the ROSES that keep faith with you.



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VOL. XVIII

JUNE, 1931

No. 6

EDITORIAL

President Rey L. Pratt

SURELY Rey L. Pratt, who was called Home April 14, 1931, heeded the admonition, "My son, give me thine heart, and let thine eyes observe my ways."* To his Father's service he gave his time and his wholehearted devotion.

President Pratt's service was unique and valuable. He had presided over the Mexican Mission since September, 1907, and previously had labored as a missionary among the Mexican people, whom he loved with an unsurpassed, and so far as we know, unequalled devotion. He was a thorough student of the Spanish language and of the Mexican people and all that pertained to them. To the missionaries who labored under his direction he

was a father, and all who knew him loved him.

Elder Pratt understood the gospel and his testimony of its divinity was firm and steadfast. He was a fluent speaker and thrilled his hearers with the depth of his feeling, his earnestness and his sincerity.

To his devoted wife, the mother of his thirteen children, he gave credit for his achievements. He felt that to her, more than to any one else, he owed what he had been able to accomplish in life. She so trained their children that love, honor and obedience were ever manifest in their home. Our hearts go out to Sister Pratt and her children in this great trial. May strength to bear it be given them and may all the children grow up worthy of their splendid parentage.

*Proverbs 23:26.

Antoine Ridgeway Ivins

ANTOINE RIDGEWAY IVINS has been honored in being called to be one of the First Seven Presidents of Seventies, and to preside over the Mexican Mission. He comes to his new labors well fitted by education and experience to carry on the work.

He was born in St. George, Utah, May 11, 1881, but soon afterward went to Mexico with his parents, President Anthony W. Ivins and Elizabeth Snow Ivins. He spent a number of years in Mexico and gained much of his education in that land; consequently, he knows the language and the people.

Brother Ivins was graduated from the Juarez Academy, then attended for three years the School of Jurisprudence in the City of Mexico, and later studied law at Ann Arbor, Michigan. From the University of

Utah he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in Engineering. For several years he operated a 14,000-acre ranch near Enterprise, Utah, then served for two years as superintendent of the Lund Home for Boys at Centerville, Utah. For the past ten years he has been the manager of the Laie Sugar Plantation in Hawaii.

Brother Ivins's wife, Vilate Romney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Orson D. Romney, will be a great help to him in his missionary service.

It is a source of great satisfaction to know that the Church has one so eminently fitted to carry on the work of Rey L. Pratt in the Mexican mission, and so well qualified to enter the quorum of the First Seven Presidents of Seventies. We feel sure that every needed blessing will be added to him and his wife in their important labors.

A Call Answered—A Life Changed

WITH the passing of Elder Orson F. Whitney we are reminded of the following extract taken from his volume, "Through Memory's Halls."

IHAD made up my mind to embrace the dramatic profession, and as the Salt Lake Theatre was not running regularly, I decided to go to New York, that Mecca of theatrical aspirants, and there begin my career. The winter past, I severed my relations with Bingham Canyon and came home, resolved upon seizing the first opportunity to carry out my ambitious design. My parents were much opposed to it, but I was determined to do something, to be somebody, and the

drama seemed the only opening for me at that time.

"In the intervals of odd jobs I kept up my practice of elocution, mastered Bacon's "Manual of Gesture," and in every way possible strove to fit myself for the stage. The time and effort were not wasted. What was done in that direction helped to prepare me for my subsequent and real career. I was all the more capable as a preacher, for having had some experience as an actor.

* * *

"Meanwhile, my mother, finding that she could not dissuade me from my purpose, said resignedly: 'Well, Orson, since you are determined to go, I shall not oppose you; and if

I can sell a piece of land (she had inherited several lots from her father's estate) I'll give you two hundred dollars to take you to New York.'

"Overjoyed, I sought earnestly to bring about the realization of that promise. But alas! there was no sale for the land. July—August—September—went by, spent in an ineffectual struggle against fate. Something was in the way—the Hand of Providence, though I did not see it then. More than once a sale seemed imminent; then some question would arise and the whole thing fall through, carrying with it my fondest hope. I believe now—what I suspected then—that my mother's prayers were largely responsible for the situation and what grew out of it.

"October came. The General Conference of the Church convened, and I was called on a mission to the United States. There was no previous notice—such was not the custom in those days. It fell like a bolt from the blue. And mark what followed! No sooner had I signified my willingness to accept the call, than my mother sold her land without any difficulty, and gave me two hundred dollars to take me—not to the City of New York to begin a dramatic career, but to the State of Pennsylvania, my first field of labor as a missionary. This was the turning point in my life, the virtual beginning of my career.

"Poorly prepared was I, in a spiritual way, for the work that lay before me. Beyond a perfunctory and irregular attendance at Sabbath

schools and other sacred gatherings, I had paid little attention to religion, and in practical Church work was entirely without experience. I think it was pride more than piety that induced me to go upon that mission. I felt that it would be a disgrace not to go, and would sadden the hearts of those who loved me and whom I loved. Therefore I sacrificed my most cherished wish, laid my darling ambition on the altar, and took the will of the Lord, instead of my own will, for a guide.

"I have never done a wiser or better thing. If there is anything in my life that looks like success, it is because I decided as I did at that time, and because I have striven ever since to act upon the same principle.

"I know now that I had a testimony, a deep conviction of the Truth; but it was latent, undeveloped, like a gold mine in the depths of the earth. Something had to occur to bring it out. That something was my mission. It bored the tunnel, sunk the shaft, and brought the precious ore to the surface."—*Through Memory's Halls*, by Orson F. Whitney.

Seemingly little things often change the course of a life and determine the future destiny of an individual. How much richer, fuller and more useful was his life because he turned from the lure of the stage and answered the call to the mission field. Thus did he mount the first rung on the ladder that led to the high position, an Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Gratitude to President Hoover

A DELEGATION of women representing organizations with an

estimated membership of twelve millions, pledged President Hoover ar-

dent support in his stand on prohibition. The pledge was taken to the White House together with a composite report on prohibition drawn by an "unofficial woman's national commission for law enforcement."

Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, chairman of the women's national committee for law enforcement, who appointed the "commission" of twenty-two women, said the report was "based on a careful study of the Wickersham report, to which this may be added as a woman's postscript. This group represents both political parties and various sections of the country." Mrs. Peabody told the President personally that the

women desired to express to him their gratitude for his consistent and loyal stand for the eighteenth amendment to the constitution, and to assure him of their sympathy and support in his endeavor to enforce this great protective law. Among the authors were Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, wife of the Pennsylvania governor; Commander Evangeline Booth of the Salvation Army; Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, woman suffrage leader; Mrs. Irvine Fisher, wife of the Yale economist, Mrs. Richard C. Cabot, wife of the Harvard medical professor, and Mrs. Clement L. Shaver, wife of the former chairman of the Democratic national committee.

Utah White House Conference on Child Health and Protection

ON April 6 and 7, 1931, the Utah White House Conference on Child Health and Protection convened in Salt Lake City. Prominent churchmen, educators, physicians, those who have specialized in the physical, mental and moral health of children, those who have studied the handicapped, the dependent, the neglected and the delinquent child, all were out in force. Suggestions

were offered and plans made as to what can be done to better the condition of the children of the State. Surely great good will result from these meetings, for thought was aroused, people were better educated as to the needs and possibilities of childhood, and we believe action will follow, looking to the better training and well being of the State's children.

To Our Mothers

THE elders of the Netherlands Mission issued a booklet to their mothers that must have filled their parents' hearts with joy on Mothers' Day. It contains pictures of their mission president and his family, of their mission mother, and of the missionaries themselves; a

suitable quotation from President Joseph F. Smith, poems — "We Thank Thee, O God, For Our Mothers" and "The Mother Watch," a tribute to mother by President Frank I. Kooyman, and an old Dutch proverb which says, "He that remembers God and his

mother is shielded against all evil." These formed a very unique, and we are sure, much appreciated trib-

ute to the mothers of these fine boys who are laboring in the Netherlands Mission.

Conventions

No Relief Society Conventions will be held until late summer and fall. Material will be sent in ample

time. Stakes will be notified regarding the exact dates later.



Tree Planting

AT one o'clock on Arbor Day, Saturday, April 11, 1931, President Louise Y. Robison and members of her board participated with Secretary of State Milton H. Well- ing in the planting of a Norway maple tree* on the Capitol grounds. Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine read Lucy Larcom's poem, "Plant a Tree,"

*The Norway maple is the tree selected for the Relief Society to plant throughout the Church.

and President Robison said impressively, "As I look over this beautiful valley today, I am reminded of its barren appearance when our pioneer mothers came here. In memory of the sacrifices they made for us, in appreciation for the trees they planted that we might have shade and beauty, and in order that the women who will come after us may enjoy the protection and beauty of this stately Maple—we lovingly plant this tree."



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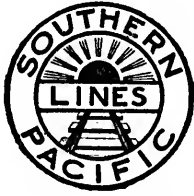
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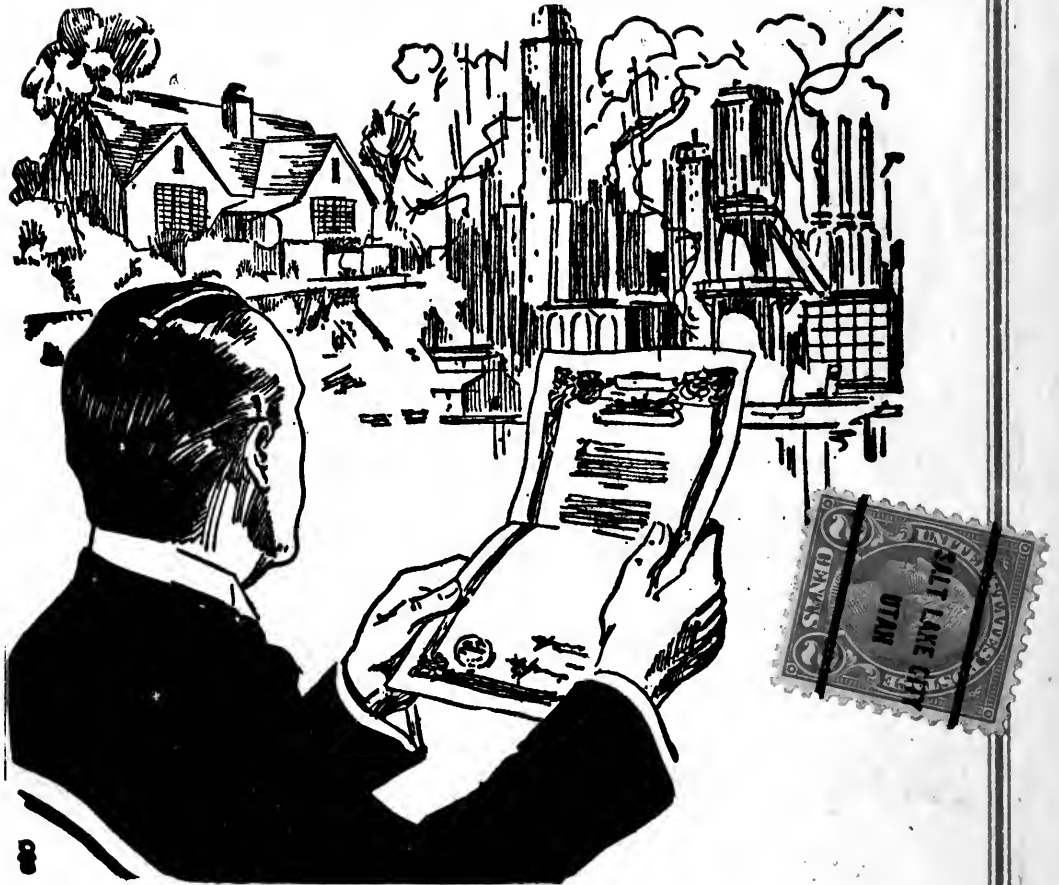


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RELIEF SOCIETY
Magazine

Volume XVIII

JULY, 1931

No. 7



FIELDING K. SMITH

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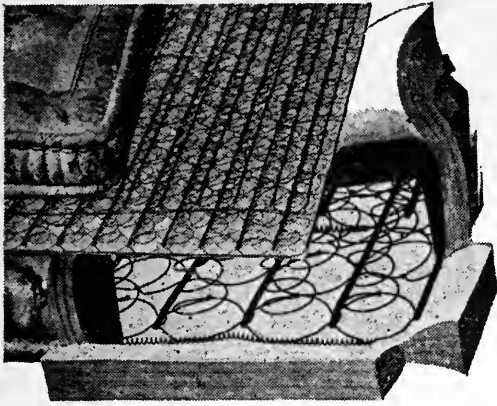
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Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. 18

July, 1931

No. 7

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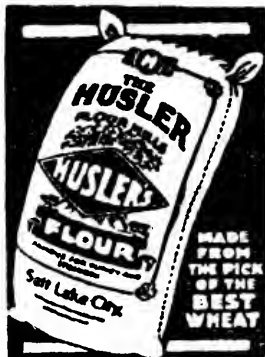
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Home Influence

By A. E. Bennion

THERE are many boys, yes, and even girls too, who have at some time in their lives tried smoking just once, more out of curiosity perhaps than anything else just to see what it was like.

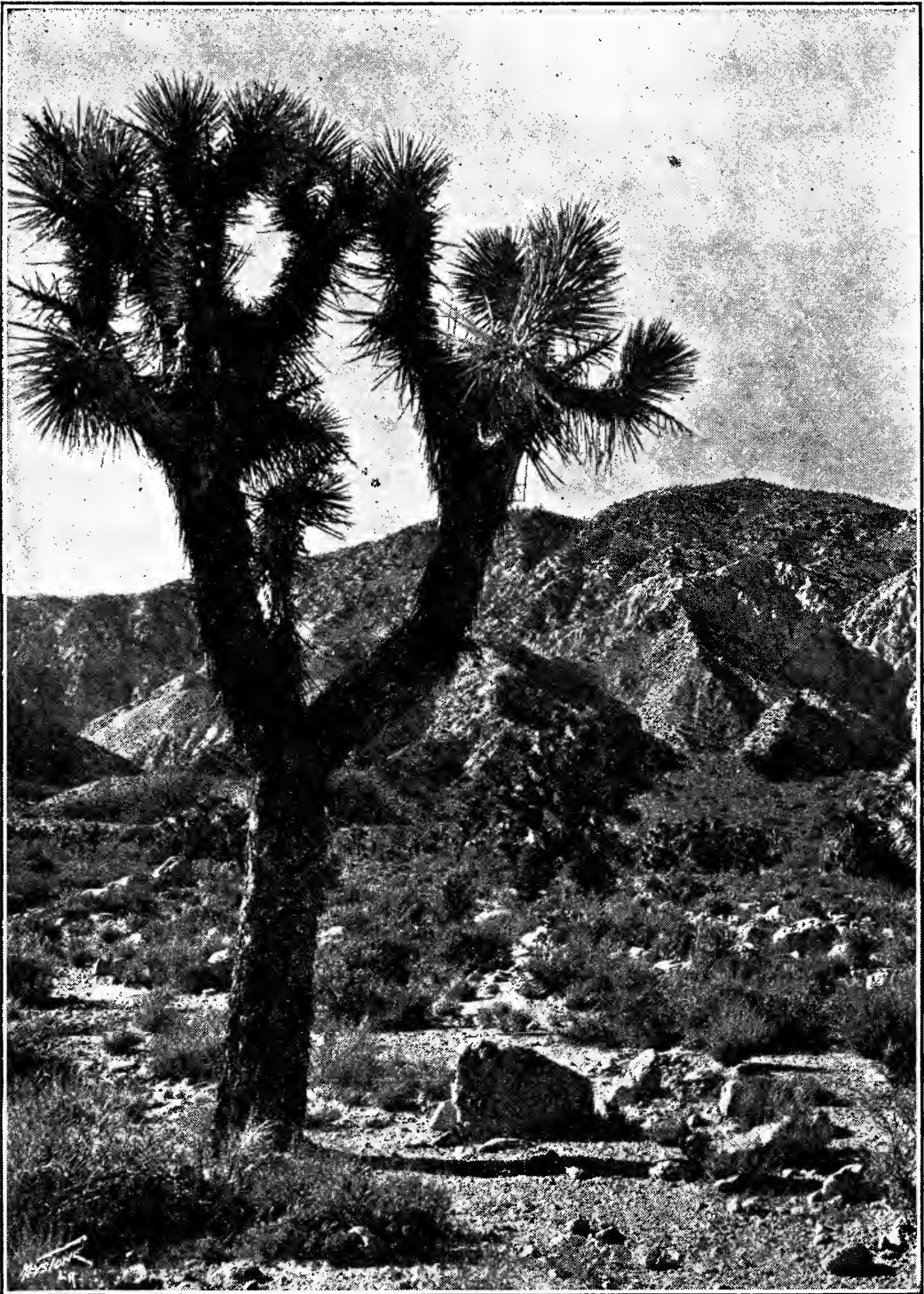
Fortunately once usually proved more than enough as nature retaliated by refusing to retain the unaccustomed nicotine.

"Well if this makes me as sick as this, I thought," confessed one young man to his mother in after years when he had become an outstanding figure in athletics "smoking is not good for me." When at college in the East he wrote, "You know, Mother, I am out in the world among many fine men whose standards are different from those ideals of the Latter-day Saints. I have been taken to the gilded palace of vice when it would have been easy to have taken a smoke, a drink, or done even worse, but I felt my father's presence beside me, the strength and purity of his soul reaching out from the other side to shield that same strength and purity of his son." On another occasion he said to her, "Mother, the more I mix with other men, the more I am convinced what a good man my father was. To me he is like an angel, a little less than a god."

Another young man of the same family seemed to have a natural liking for tobacco. In his business

which required him to ride alone at night, tired and often worried, he found a cigar rather soothing and was slowly but surely acquiring a habit which soon might become almost impossible to break. One day when his mother was visiting him he lit a cigar and began smoking. "My son," she said in astonishment, "is that what you've come to?" He looked confused and abashed, giving the usual lame excuses. "Well," she said, "what about your children? How can you teach them that a Prophet of the Lord has said that tobacco is not for the body and is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle. Are you making yourself a fit teacher for them?" He threw his cigar away. He has a large family now and although he is still fond of the odor of tobacco, his early training and the pride and love of his parents who had given him the torch to carry on have prevented him from returning to the habit.

Institutions cannot take the place of the home with the child. Even foster parents are better than these. Auxiliary associations help and do untold good but at best they only supplement. The theme of the White House Conference seemed to be all the way through "Back to the Home—a home for every child and that love and security which a home provides."



—Keystone Photo Service, All Year Club Photo.

FANTASTIC TREE OF THE DESERT

Strange is the Joshua tree of the desert.

This tree is one of the most characteristic growths of the desert section of southern California. Its fantastically weird formation casts strange shadows on the shifting sands of the western country.

The Joshua Tree was named by the Mormons and is the hoary old man of the desert—one of the sixteen species of the yucca family.

THE Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XVIII

JULY, 1931

No. 7

The Constitution—Past and Present Attacks

By Judge Oscar W. McConkie

THE Lord is mindful of His children and moves mysteriously in bringing about His purposes for their advancement. The coming forth of the Constitution was a part of His plan and strangely enough the quarrels of Maryland and Virginia drove the opening wedge. They sought agreement effecting the navigation of adjacent waters. A conference followed, out of which sprang new hope for a better understanding between all the States. Economic and political problems sorely oppressed them. Their impoverishment, however, did not extend to the patriotic, courageous, or intellectual plane of Colonial citizenry. Indeed, although progress, since that day defies the imagination, eclipses human comprehension, motives have not improved, truer patriotism has not been found, nor has human intellect conceived a nobler design.

As to the relative greatness of the delegates among whom were Washington and Franklin, I make no attempt at comparison, but probably the foremost comprehending political student and man of political tact and vision amongst them was James Madison. He it was who drafted the constitution as it was presented to the convention and

probably had more to do with making it what it is than any other man. He was affectionately recognized as "the father of the Constitution." It was he who proposed that an assembly of delegates from all the States meet at Annapolis. Only five States responded but their delegates embalmed their memories by adopting a resolution drafted by Alexander Hamilton, "to take into consideration the situation of the United States, to devise such further provisions as should appear to them necessary to render the Constitution of the Federal Government adequate to the exigencies of the Union."

A League of Mutual Protection had been formed, to which each Colony sent two commissioners. Sons of Liberty organizations sprung up promiscuously. The Stamp Act was an issue and public sentiment had become inflamed. The Declaration of Independence and the Revolution were natural sequences. Years of difficulty had prepared the public mind for radical governmental departure but it was not ready for the Constitution. Although unorganized the Colonists were independent governments, and even though they suspended like broken parts of a nest which each disturbing breeze threat-

ened the more, yet clung they to their segregated independence. The Articles of Confederation with no centrally empowered executive or central means or method of unified Colonial enforcement had failed. To them the Colonists but passively subscribed. Commerce was definitely uncertain. Disputes continued unsettled. The war debt hovered over them like a dark cloud and actual anarchy was threatening. Their freedom, wrenched from tyranny by the sword, was gravely endangered. Appeals were made to the Governor of the universe, whose all seeing eye followed them. The new republic's ordained destiny was hidden, but a few strong willed, courageous and faithful men pushed ever onward. The Maryland and Virginia discord was transformed into opportunity and the hour struck for the birth of a new governmental order. At this state of affairs the thread of communication between our fathers and the Throne of Grace was lighted to surpassing brilliance, the brightness of which was one day to encircle the western hemisphere in rays of protective light.

FOR four months fifty-five delegates, for that was the number who wrote the Constitution of the United States, earnestly devoted themselves. In patriotic purpose, in moral and mental powers supported by wide experience, they were the most admirably equipped body of statesmen that modern times had seen. Their accomplishments surpassed human effort. Most of them had served as governors, members of Congress, or military commanders. Two of them became presidents of the United States, one a Vice-President, others foreign ministers, senators, cabinet officers, and supreme court judges.

The convention was first in order on May 25, 1787, when Governor Randolph of Virginia presented to it Madison's draft, the "Virginia Plan." It was a radical departure from the Articles of Confederation, providing for a complete change of government and proposing a federal union with legislative, executive, and judicial co-ordinate departments. The small states struck back with the "New Jersey Plan," which was little more than an offer to amend the Articles of Confederation. After many modifications the first prevailed but not until certain failure had several times seemed imminent. Sectional interests made agreement difficult, improbable in fact, until compromise settlements were effected. It was agreed that the Congress should be composed of representatives of the people while the Senate should be made up of representatives of the States. The question of slavery had threatened the convention with certain dissolution but the delegates agreed that three-fifths of the slaves should be counted in determining Congressional representation, although the question was not actually settled without Civil War and blood-shed three quarters of a century later. Commercial and agricultural sectional differences created a third paramount disturbance which also touched slavery. Could it be solved? New York's delegates had gone home and the South threatened to withdraw. Massachusetts wavered. Delegates stroked their chins questioningly, but patience, faith and goodly purpose were rewarded. New light filtered through the dismal atmosphere and the South agreed that, except as to export taxes, Congress should control commerce and the North consented to leave African slave trade open until 1808. Providential de-

sign had triumphed. But many problems remained yet unsolved. The powers, duties, and relationships of the Executive, the Legislative, and the Judicial departments of the government, including the Supreme Court, must be prescribed, as well as the tenure of office fixed. Not until September 17, 1787, was harmonious agreement reached, at which time the document was signed by the delegates.

AMERICANS affirm and foreigners agree that our Constitution is unparalleled by any human document, that it ranks above all documents of its kind. It created a federal-national government without historic precedence, admirably combining national strength with individual liberty, as well as striking a fine balance between state and national rights. Unlike Grecian statesmen our fathers saw the need of union, and unlike Roman leadership they avoided the possible tyrannies of it. For the first time in human governments a balance was struck between national strength and individual liberty in such manner as to secure the advantages of both. The wisdom of the ages as expressed in human conduct, oral tradition, written charters, constitutions, and governmental organizations, contributed to it. It was the culmination of centuries of institutional growth, transformed into an American plan. Of it Gladstone has said: "The American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man," while Bryce declared: "It ranks above every other written constitution for the intrinsic excellence of its scheme, its adaption to the circumstances of the people; the simplicity, brevity, and the precision of its language, its judicious mixture of definiteness in principle with

elasticity in details," and that "America was the first great nation in history to solve the greatest of all governmental problems,—to blend Nationality and Democracy in perpetual wedlock under one government, in such proportion as to secure the benefits of both; to protect local self-government by the mighty arm of a great nation, which is strong enough to perpetuate its own existence."

BUT its adoption meant the wresting of highly prized powers from sovereign States and giving them to the national government, upon which policy the people looked askance. The proposed innovation of re-organizing the government into legislative, executive, and judicial co-ordinate departments, of making the citizen rather than the State amenable to national law, of giving to the central government the exclusive right to coin money, wage war, treat with foreign powers, lay tariffs, etc., of vesting in the Supreme Court the authority to interpret the Constitution and to empower it with the unprecedented right of passing upon the constitutionality of legislative enactments, were so radical departures from established institutions that approximately one-half of the colonists found themselves in active opposition. But its sound basis won the confidence of the people and the new government became a haven of peace for mankind's oppressed, in which Europeans blended into a great American nation, occupying a wider area than any other nation that spoke a single tongue and enjoyed universal institutions. No where else was manhood suffrage so nearly complete, free schools so general, religious liberty so bounteously bestowed and the equality between states so definitely established. Of

it Washington aptly summarized: "The pivots upon which the whole machinery must move are, first, the general Government is not invested with more powers than are indispensably necessary to perform the function of a good Government; and, second, that these powers are so distributed among the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Branches into which the general Government is arranged, that it can never be in danger of degenerating into a Monarchy, an Oligarchy, an Aristocracy, or any other despotic or oppressive form, so long as there shall remain any virtue in the Body of the People." Again, to those who would temporize to please, he had answered: "If, to please the people, we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterwards defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair; the event is in the hand of God."

THE command had thundered from Sinai: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." Upon liberty happiness depends, to attain which participation in government is prerequisite. So, in the Constitution, with the Bill of Rights attached, divinely ordained and unalienable gifts appear, given to man through the natural process of inspired human agency. Notwithstanding it embodied man's highest fundamental rights, and unfolded before every citizen the protection of the whole government, a turbulent population wavered and hesitated. But the result was inevitable. The philosophy of divine right to rule in civil affairs was tumbling and upon its ashes, 'ere the flames of its burning licked up the last vesture of it, was hoisted the doctrine that, as to life, liberty,

and happiness, all men are created equal.

AMONGST those valiant men who brought forth the Constitution was John Marshall. Political award had made him Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Against waves of attack he stood like a stone barrier. His master mind and keen judicial insight were supported by an honest and courageous conviction. So completely did his faculties coordinate that he fastened upon the Constitution an interpretation that preserved it. He devoted his powers first to its formation, then to its adoption and finally to its preservation. It is a coincident that on July 8, 1835, when his hand was stilled and the nation mourned his going, Liberty Bell, while tolling at his passing, like a great heart broken in joint adventure, cracked and like his pen, was stilled.

HUMAN experiences and intelligences grade over so wide a range that uniformity of thought or philosophy can scarcely be expected. Discontent with things as they are is so widespread and so many people are willing to temporize "to please" or for political or financial advantage that greater numbers support attack. The age is one of fascism, of communism, of dictatorship, of overthrowing established institutions, when representative government is challenged and threatened. Competition in experiments is widespread. Governments have fallen and strange ideas have fastened themselves upon the hearts of the people of the world. Since 1870 a dozen nations, representing more than a third of the earth's population, have overthrown their monarchical governments. Millions are restless. Respect for established institutions no longer checks the surg-

ing masses. The hour is insecure. The nations tremble like the sea in the presence of threatened storm. But we see only the shaking surface. The milling waters beneath are hidden from our view. What shall the end be? "The event is in the hand of God."

BUT other enemies await us. Other hideous monsters have grown so large as to threaten the security of the government. At the moment crime tears ruthlessly at the very vitals of our civilization. In September, 1929, the North American Review stated that one man, Al. Capone, in 1926, collected \$70,000,000 through Chicago vice organization and that in 1928 he spent \$30,000,000 for protection. It is asserted that during his rise and rule there were 4,000 homicides in the city, and that for every one of its men, women and children \$45.00 annually, or a gross sum of \$136,000,000 is paid to rackets. Of Chicago's 366 murders in 1926 but 70 were convicted and 8 executed. In 1927 only 87 of 379 were convicted and 3 executed, while out of 399 murders in 1928 there were no executions and but 77 convictions. The regular price of murder in Chicago, it is said, is \$50.00 to \$10,000.00, depending on the prominence of the victim. The force of the gangster is everywhere. If he is caught a defense fund of unlimited proportions awaits the trial and not infrequently witnesses, jurors, and judges are bought. In the United States, during eight recent years, homicides increased 64%, population considered insurance company losses through embezzlement increased 1000% in ten years, while similarly burglary losses for the same period increased 1100%. Crime costs the United States approximately three times the annual receipts of the government

itself, and although in this country a million persons are annually committed to penal institutions we must look beyond enforcement officers for the preservation and enforcement of law. Officers can not enforce the law. They can do little more than quiet outbreaks and apprehend and care for persons who have already committed offense. Enforcement must come from the people themselves through obedience to law, if for no other reason than because it is the law. Obviously the government can not station a guard at every man's door. The state must operate on the theory that the people will themselves enforce the law by personal obedience.

ORIGINALLY opposition to the Constitution was argumentative, by conversion. Failing in that, resort was had to congress and the courts. Then came a new age and with it new methods. What could be more effective than to break down the moral ideals of the people, to destroy faith, to deny God, to trample in the dust the institution of prayer, to laugh at virtue, to kill hope, to add foreign and degenerate philosophy, to organize and commercialize crime? Therein danger awaits. Dark clouds are gathering and if the people of America do not turn the tide then what power shall stop impending storm?

THE Latter-day Saints affirm and in testimony declare that the Constitution was established under inspiration of the Almighty. Their people unitedly pledge their full powers to its preservation. They acclaim it as a guarantee of "just and holy principles." They teach that disobedience to it is offensive to God and continuously, through teaching and moral suasion endeavor to develop wholesome respect and

intelligent and patriotic conformity to it. Like Moses in the wilderness they hold it up as he displayed the brazen serpent, that all who will may look and live. But it is the people who must look. The view of wise leadership will not preserve us or our institutions if we do not ourselves look. Its shelter carries re-

sponsibility. To be a son of the American Republic is not a light thing. If we would preserve the liberties that we now enjoy, the institutions that our fathers nurtured and preserved, it must be through obedience to law, by turning our faces toward God and the Constitution which He so benevolently inspired.

The Morning of the World

By Frank Steele

GILBERT K. CHESTER-
TON, scholar, writer and lecturer, had something significant to say recently about that much-discussed subject of religion. Surveying the achievements of science and their relationship with religion this great English observer said: "The organic thing called religion has in fact the organs that take hold on life. Man has taken to himself again his own weapons: will and worship and reason and the vision of the plan in things, and we are once more in the morning of the world, and whatever be the truth about mammals and monkeys that is the exact truth about the survival of present-day religion: it is surviving because nothing else can survive."

"The morning of the world." How suggestive is this of the noble words of another great thinker and writer, Parley P. Pratt, who in contemplating the outpouring of truth in these modern times exclaimed:

The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Lo, Zion's standard is unfurled;
The dawning of a brighter day
Majestic rises on the world.

The world, like the Prodigal, has grown weary of its materialism. Again quoting Chesterton, it has found that only spiritual things sur-

vive. The Prodigal discovering only disillusionment and remorse at the end of his mad quest for pleasure and riches, came to himself and turned again to his father. Likewise, the world in the past year or more has found that "treasures on earth" can be swept away over night and that the morning brings its regrets. Humbled, men are turning to the Father, are seeking once more the security of their spiritual home and through the whole experience of the war and the years of readjustment following, including the economic crisis from which the world is now gradually emerging, there shines the vision of a marked religious revival.

Julius Raskob, the financier and economist, realising this deeper, sounder need said not long ago: "Our materialism has broken down and we need spiritual bases on which to rest our lives."

THE centennial year of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was anticipated with the keenest of interest by the members of the church. It was the hope, the expectation of many that it would be a year marked by some special manifestation of God's favor to the Church, a year of revelation, of spiritual uplift. The centennial

was an occasion of signal thanksgiving, rejoicing and blessing to the people, but the year also brought a financial panic probably unparalleled in the economic history of America. During this stress period few escaped. Fortunes were swept away as one stock collapse followed another. Men rated as independent saw their life's savings vanish. Farmers and ranchers met a decline in the price of their products that spelled disaster. Scores of salaried men were thrown out of employment while others saw their incomes cut down as employers hastened to "cover up" by curtailing all along the line.

In this confusion a new spirit was born. Out of the chaos grew a realization of the paramount value and worth of spiritual things and we are wondering now as we look backward if this financial collapse, during the year of centennial celebration, was not a blessing, if perchance it was not a means of bringing us closer to God.

A stake president said recently: "We are experiencing hard times it is true, but they are making us more humble, better Latter-day Saints. We note a revival of interest in every department of our stake work."

In this return to God, and to spiritual values, a movement not confined to our own faith, men are looking out upon the world with more charity, with more of Christ and less of creed. There is more tolerance; less bigotry. Men's sympathies and horizons are enlarging as the bigger Christianity is revealed. The Latter-day Saints are becoming better known. And bitterness is uprooted when the fidelity and Christian character of our people become apparent. We are mixing more with the world; the days of our isolation are gone. The co-

operative spirit is gaining ground. The leaven of the Gospel is being disseminated through personal ministry and contact, by means of the spoken word, and also by that strange natural force harnessed by science and quite properly utilized by the church—the radio. Never has there been such a world-wide flood of Christian teaching and the major note is that sounded by our own church in its broad but no less decisive proclamation of the fuller Gospel.

While this new status brings with it new problems and new responsibilities to which the church will have to address itself, it is significant of the times, of that gradual but persisting trend toward the Golden Age of the world when peace and goodwill shall prevail in the hearts of men everywhere.

This reviving interest in spiritual matters is an answer to those noisy propagandists who seem to take sinister delight in predicting the decay of institutionalized religion and its ultimate downfall. But this is not all. We have additional reason for believing that Chesterton is right and Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes is wrong when he talks about the "Twilight of Christianity." We have also good reason for believing Chesterton's analysis of contemporary thought is more trustworthy than that of E. Boyd Barrett who in a recent article paints the following gloomy picture:

"The churches are for the most part intellectually bankrupt and spiritually decadent. There is no light upon the horizon. And, as far as we know, no Prophet hides in the desert eating locusts and wild honey, the while he prepares his soul to deliver a saving message to men.

"There lies immediately before us a period of pagan orgies and debauch. The mystery of mysteries is too baffling for our tired minds. For the wisest among us there remains the privilege of gloom

and sadness—also, perhaps, the dream of resurgent hope in the distant future.”

Our answer to this dismal forecast is that from another quarter is coming added strength to our faith. Science, long looked upon as the foe of religion, is taking a hand as the ally of the Christian faith in its fight against the materialism and atheism of the day. It was the late Sir J. W. Dawson, president of McGill University at Montreal, a great philosopher and a great man, who said: “I know nothing of the origin of man, except what I am told in the Scriptures—that God created man. I do not know anything more than that, and I do not know of any man who does.”

The distinguished American scientist, Dr. Millikan, is representa-

tive of an increasing group of sincere and honest thinkers who see no conflict between true science and that religious conception which rises above narrow dogmatism and denominationalism. “Science has laid the foundation for a new and a stupendous advance in men’s conception of God, for a sublimer view of the world and of man’s place and destiny in it.” He affirms that religion is one of the world’s supreme needs, and one of the greatest contributions any one can make to world progress will consist in furnishing an example to the world of how the religious life can evolve intelligently, wholesomely, inspiringly and reverently, completely divorced from all superstition and all unwholesome emotionalism.”

Be Not Too Tired, Mother

By Linnie Fisher Robinson

The day and its splendor of colors is gone,
Close veiled by the velvety darkness.
The winds of the night creep softly by,
Rustling the leaves 'neath the kildeer's cry,
While the lamps of the hearth are lighted.
Wee little birds are hushed and abed
'Till morn and the sunshiny glory.
Mother's wee tots are all washed and fed,
Eagerly waiting the gift of a story;
Be not too tired, Mother!

What shall you tell them, though fed, they are hungry;
Hungry for light, though day has far gone.
Each little soul's hungry for beauty,
Each little pulse for manly deeds done;
Each child wants a wee bit of heaven.
Give them truths that eternally glow;
Let each look at life through a window
Unwarped and clean, for so they shall grow,
Crooked or straight by the strength of thy story;
Be not too tired, Mother!

A Beloved Woman

By Ruth Moody Ostegar and Delia Moody Bates

IT WAS a difficult lesson that was being recited that cold day many winters ago at the B. Y. A. Student after student arose only to meet the discouraging thunder of the professor: "Wrong! Sit down."

His patience finally exhausted by the poor preparation of the class, the teacher sternly glanced about the room.

"Is there one student in this class," he challenged, "who can state the answer to that question correctly?"

Then there arose a tall, homely, country girl. She was clad in ill-fitting clothes; she was a bit timid; but she knew the answer, and knew she knew it. Once upon her feet, however, timidity and the professorial scowl got the better of her so that she jumbled her words until the instructor again roared: "Wrong! Sit down."

Fire flashed in the eye of the girl—fire and determination. She jumped again to her feet.

"Then I'll *get* it right!" she vowed. And she did. The next time she recited to the entire approval of her professor.

This splendid spirit of determination to do a thing just as it should be done, to triumph over all obstacles, has been in evidence during the entire lifetime of Sarah Blake Moody, recently passed to her reward. She had a lofty ideal of one's duty to his fellow-man, and performed it in a singularly inspired manner.

SARAH BLAKE was the third of the twelve children born to those splendid pioneers, William and Mary Blake. Father Blake, a man

of great integrity, and a staunch Mormon, was Bishop of his Ward.

The girl's youth was a hard one, for to her, the eldest girl, fell the



SARAH BLAKE MOODY

task to which eldest daughters are forever set apart, that of caring for the younger ones.

"I was a homely girl," she often confessed, "homely and awkward, and with large feet. I was always self-conscious until I grew up and studied dressmaking. For, while mother was a master hand at dressing little boys, she despaired of her efforts to sew for her girls,

"The dress just doesn't look right," she would say shaking her head, "but I don't know how to make it right."

But if Sarah was homely as a girl, well may we ponder the growth of beauty in her soul that effected the astonishing metamorphosis in her physical self, for in later years of her life she was considered a beautiful woman, noble of countenance, lovely of eye, poised in her bearing.

Upon completion of her elementary schooling, Sarah entered the B. Y. A. Here she began in earnest a struggle for education which lasted all her life. When, after her death, we tenderly lifted one by one the note books, the journals, the loose sheets of manuscript from "Mother's Box," which, during her life was always sacred to her eyes alone, we were amazed at the mass of material before us. There were notes on reading, on lectures, on her own thoughts; page upon page of comprehensive indexed notes. Here was a woman in whom the period of seminary instruction was only a beginning of education; who all her life sought ravenously to obtain the treasures of knowledge that are man's heritage in this day and age.

Upon being graduated from the B. Y. A. at the age of seventeen, she taught her first school in the little mountain town of Elkhorn. She loved teaching, and eventually abandoned dressmaking as a profession to continue teaching, in Heber, and elsewhere.

IT was the merest of whims, she said, which caused her to go suddenly to Arizona, where one of her brothers had already migrated. As a teacher of Pima, Arizona, she met the county school superintendent, Wm. A. Moody, who was later to fulfill that part of her patriarchal blessing which promised: "Thou

shalt be blessed with a choice husband, in whom thou shalt delight."

This young man had just returned from a Samoan mission, where he had lost a young wife. He had a four-year-old daughter who had been born on the islands. An immediate and reciprocal interest sprang up between him and Miss Blake, which culminated in a marriage in the Salt Lake Temple on May 17, 1899.

By marrying this young man she had elected to remain and pioneer a rough country, rather than return to more settled Utah. She lived in a tiny lumber dwelling in Solomonville. All about were the adobe huts of Mexicans, interspersed with a sprinkling of small houses occupied by Americans. Just a step or two from her door the mesquite and chapparel stretched away for miles and miles. During the day the heat was intense and the dust bothersome. But always at sundown, the crickets, tiny troubadours of the night, sang their faint lay to heaven.

Later the family moved to Thatcher, prospered, and had a home which was a delight to her, keenly sensitive to beauty as she always was.

One by one the babies came to the home, and the dining table expanded board by board until presently ten cheery faces gathered about three times a day for mother's delicious meals.

During the seventeen years that she had made her home in Thatcher, she was in turn ward president of the Y. L. M. I. A., stake president of the same organization, and finally stake president of the Relief Society.

"I bless thee with wisdom," her patriarchal blessing had promised her. "Thou shalt be a wise counselor to thy sex." And again: "The love of truth shall dwell in thee as a fountain of pure water * * *

thy mind shall overflow with truth to give light to many."

Wise beyond her years, she had long heart-to-heart talks with girls and women. Her understanding heart and keen sympathy won for her the general love and respect of those about her. All came with their troubles—the motherless girl, the girl who had done wrong, the girl away from home, the mother who was having a hard time with her daughter. She helped them all.

BUT never was she so busy with her church work as to neglect her family, for she might have been crowned "Mother Laureate" so nearly was she the perfect mother. When she sensed that a child was perplexed, she called him to her, and just discussed the matter in a sympathetic, loving manner, until the child's stuffy thoughts were ventilated, and he could come to a clear conclusion as to what was right of *his own reasoning*. She said, "Give a child ideals, teach him what is right, then place the responsibility upon him. Teach him that he will have to suffer for his own sins. You cannot live your child's life for him. You can only teach him, and stand by when he needs you."

She was also alert to even the slightest neglect on the part of the children of their father, being just as loyal to her husband as to her children.

"What spoils many a home," she averred, "is that the woman is all mother and not enough wife." This attitude accounts, in part, for statements so often made that theirs was an ideal marriage.

When, in 1907, Bishop Moody was called to preside over the Samoan Mission, he was forced to leave Sister Moody with a number of small children. But whether she

had to cope with measles, bills, or adolescent girls, during the three years of his absence, she didn't complain.

UPON her husband's return, the pair were appointed to act as superintendent and matron of the Arizona Industrial School for boys and girls. Out of this experience grew her firm conviction that prevention is so much better than cure with regard to young folk. A wilfully broken home, she felt, was a direct sin against the helpless child, and in many cases responsible for his falling into iniquity.

It was during this period that she lost her eldest son, for whom she had waited and prayed whilst four girls were born. This parting with her small son in a sudden and tragic manner was a great blow. This is how she met it:

"I had a great love for my boy, but he doesn't need it now. I shall not let that great love go to waste, but shall give it to these unfortunate children of the Reform School, who so need help and guidance to make of themselves useful, happy men and women."

In 1920 the family moved to Phoenix, Arizona. Another move, some years later, took them to San Diego, California. In both these places Sister Moody was given an opportunity to serve, being president of the Y. L. M. I. A. in Phoenix, and president of the Relief Society in San Diego.

HER daughters had now begun to marry and leave her. So one by one, there were stored again in the closet, the boards of the dining table, until it shrank to its original size and accommodated but four persons.

Comparatively free of home ties, she deliberately chose to cultivate

her mind, rather than to waste her hours at card parties or in idle gossiping. She enrolled at night school in literary classes, and wrote articles and stories, a number of which have appeared in church magazines from time to time. She was a firm believer in "plain living and high thinking," and had no time for the pursuits of restless society women.

The discipline she had always imposed upon herself had given her a strong self-control and a serene outlook on life. Envy, self-pity, vanity, and other weaknesses common to many of her sex had small hold upon her. She was a splendidly well-balanced woman. Even the heart trouble which confined her to bed for many weeks, and ultimately caused her death, was triumphed over by her splendid bravery.

Her last days—happy days indeed, except for the illness—were spent at Berkeley, California. Here she was first counselor to the president of San Francisco Stake Relief Society. This was the first time

in the twenty-five years of her public service, civic as well as religious, that she had been other than president of an organization.

Shortly before the end, which came on April 25, 1930, she made the following statement:

"I can go better than any one else in the family. I have figured it out. It is best." In the last great test, she didn't falter.

"Feed my sheep," saith the Master. This command she took particularly to herself during her lifetime. Always she was to be found cheering, counseling, succoring those in need. We can be sure that the sustenance she gave His "sheep"—sustenance both of spirit and mind—was unadulterated, nourishing, and free from tare or darnel.

And we who loved her most, as mother, wife, teacher, sister, associate, or friend, jealously press these memories of her to our hearts in hallowed memorial of a noble woman and a great spirit.

Love Song

By Winona F. Thomas

With you, I think of moon-light and of roses;
 Of silver canyons, lighted by the moon;
 Of jagged peaks, and lakes in hidden valleys;
 Of flowery hills, beneath the skies of June.

I seem to find you in the crimson sun-set.
 Each red leaf floating down's a memory.
 In the silhouettes of pine-trees on the sky-line
 A token of affection I can see.

You've even cast your spell on all the song-birds
 And taught the wind to sing of love to me.
 The silver brook that dances down its channel,
 A glad and glorious love-song seems to be.

With you I always feel the calm of evening,
 When a crescent moon is sinking in the west.
 And in your arms, protected, I will find, dear,
 The sweet content a child knows, when at rest.

Lucy Doney Parkinson

By Ann Parkinson Nibley

SISTER LUCY DONEY PARKINSON, widow of President George C. Parkinson, died at her home in the Hillcrest

Sister Parkinson's well rounded life was filled with activities and accomplishments in Church work and social service. At the age of twenty



LUCY DONEY PARKINSON

Apartments, Salt Lake City, on May 2d, 1931. Born on March 28th, 1861, at Franklin, Idaho, she had just passed her 70th birthday.

she was chosen President of the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association of the Franklin Ward, which position she held until made

President a short time later of the Primary Associations of the Oneida Stake, following which she served for twelve years in the Stake Presidency of the Relief Society of the same Stake.

The parents of Sister Parkinson were John and Ann Temperance Doney, who joined the Church at Devenport, Devonshire, England and in 1856, crossed the ocean to America in the sailing ship "Samuel Curling" enroute to Salt Lake Valley. Upon their arrival at Iowa City in the States the Doney's were selected among others to cross the plains in the first handcart company of pioneers, arriving in Salt Lake Valley on September 26th, 1856. The hardships and sufferings of this first handcart company are a matter of church history. The journey was commenced with 266 souls, seven of whom died and were buried on the plains. Except in cases of severe illness, men, women and children walked the entire distance of 1300 miles and pulled their rudely constructed handcarts containing their entire earthly possessions.

Six weeks after commencing the trip Sister Doney gave birth to a daughter, Mrs. Robert G. Lowe of Franklin, Idaho, who is living today, and who has the distinction of being the only child born in this company. During the voyage across the ocean Sister Doney's baby daughter Ann Temperance was stricken with whooping cough and after a day and night on the train out of Boston, the baby died. The train halted long enough at Toledo, Ohio, for her to be buried. Upon the day of Sister Lowe's birth, her Mother walked and took her turn in pulling the handcart, having walked twenty miles on the day of her baby's birth. For ten days thereafter the baby and Mother were

permitted to ride in one of the ~~two~~ covered wagons in the party, which was loaded with food and supplies, and thereafter for about a week she rode in a handcart pulled by her husband, after which she walked the remaining distance to Salt Lake Valley. Immediately before and after her baby's birth the Mother waded numerous streams and rivers and continued the march from day to day without opportunity even to dry her clothing until camp was made at night. She would carry her baby in her apron to protect it from becoming wet in crossing streams and from being scratched by brush and brambles.

Upon their arrival in Utah the Doney's first made their home at Payson, where they resided until the spring of 1860, at which time they joined a party of Saints in the colonization of what is now North Cache Valley in Idaho. On April 13th, 1860, with twelve other families they established camp on the site of the present city of Franklin, Idaho, which was the first white settlement in the State, and in recognition of which the Idaho State Legislature later designated June 15th of each year as "Idaho Day," a State holiday.

It was here among these primitive and pioneer conditions that Sister Lucy was born within the walls of the rudely constructed Fort in which the colony lived until the spring of 1864, and it was here that her days of girlhood and young womanhood were spent. One of the first structures erected within the Fort was a school house and meeting house, constructed of logs, and which was the first school house, and in it was held the first school, in the State of Idaho. Sister Parkinson first attended school there, and in later years, after having completed

a course at the newly established Brigham Young College at Logan, she taught school in the old log school house at Franklin.

On April 14th, 1881, Sister Lucy married her girlhood sweetheart, George C. Parkinson, a son of one of the original thirteen families of Franklin. The marriage ceremony was performed at the Endowment House in Salt Lake City by Elder Daniel H. Wells, and on the same day Brother Parkinson departed for a mission to the Southern States and to England. During his absence his wife continued her school teaching at Logan. Upon his return the young couple established their home at Franklin where they remained until 1894, at which time they removed to Preston, Idaho. Prior to this time, in April, 1884, Brother Parkinson was chosen as Counselor to the President of the Oneida Stake, and on August 27th, 1887, was appointed President of the same Stake which position he held for the following twenty-five years.

At Preston, President and Sister Parkinson erected one of the most beautiful homes in the State, where they reared their family of eight. All who visited this home know the sweet and gentle spirit of family love, devotion, and companionship which prevailed in it and know that the spirit of the Gospel was exemplified in their daily family life as in few other homes. Sister Parkinson was a woman of rare charm, culture and refinement, a devoted wife and mother as well as a wise and capable adviser and counselor to her husband. As a homemaker she set an enviable example to be followed by all the community about her.

Until the family removed to Salt Lake City in 1912 the Parkinson home at Preston was headquarters for all the General Authorities of

the Church as well as the officials of the auxiliary organizations of the Church on their visits to the Idaho stake. The welcome and generous hospitality thus provided by Brother and Sister Parkinson during this period, requiring the almost continuous keeping of "open house" for large groups of Church workers and officials, was a service of love and devotion to their religion which will ever be remembered by those whose church activities called them to this North country.

It was during this time that Sister Parkinson served twelve years in the Presidency of the Oneida Stake Relief Society. The early years of this period were before the advent of the automobile, when frequently it required a week or more to make a return trip to an outlying Ward or Branch by horse and buggy. Sister Parkinson and her associates in the Presidency would make these trips in good and bad weather and at times over almost impassable roads. No conference or church meeting which they were to attend was ever postponed on account of their failure to make the trip, regardless of the difficulties encountered, although on one occasion after a particularly difficult trip in bad weather their horse died in the harness within one mile of the meeting house. They were compelled to walk into the village in order not to miss the meeting. They did their own driving, frequently having to camp in the open route, on which occasions they were compelled to feed and attend to their horse or horses and harness and unharness them.

It was also during this period that many of the Stakes and Wards sent representatives to Salt Lake City to pursue a course of study in nursing and obstetrics under Doctor Margaret C. Roberts. Sister Parkinson

availed herself of this opportunity and attended these classes for a year. Upon returning to her home, in addition to her other church duties, she was called upon constantly for advice and in the giving of her personal services in this field of endeavor to the needy members of her Stake.

In September, 1912, President and Sister Parkinson resigned from their Stake duties and with their family moved to Salt Lake City. Here President Parkinson passed away on July 6th, 1920. Sister Parkinson maintained the family home in Salt Lake City until her death, but the impaired condition of her health did not permit the same active participation in Church activities as during the former years in Idaho. She was able, however, to contribute largely of her time and means in a work which she greatly loved and which really was nearest her heart,—the redemption of her sacred dead. To the limit of her strength she spent her time in the Temple and employed others to assist her. It was her accomplished wish to build up a family fund so that this work might go on after her death.

During her later years she suffered from a severe heart affliction, but her courage, fortitude and patience and her cheerfulness and unquestioning faith remained with her to

the end. Her noble, gentle and unselfish character shone out brightly through all her intense suffering. Never was she heard to utter a word of complaint or despondency during her long illness. Her large family, whose homes and temporary interests were scattered in remote parts of the country, could be found frequently together at her bedside. Her last admonition to her children gathered about her deathbed was for them to faithfully live and observe the principles of the Gospel and to find joy in well doing.

Sister Parkinson's children, all of whom survive her, are: George D. Parkinson, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Preston Nibley, Santa Monica, California; Major J. Leo Parkinson, U. S. Army, Manila, Philippine Islands; Mrs. Richard W. Young, Jr., Berkeley, California; Major Parley D. Parkinson, U. S. Army, Salt Lake City; Mrs. W. Creed Haymond, Salt Lake City; Mrs. O. Walter Larson, Los Angeles, California, and Mrs. Walter H. Rolapp, Los Angeles, California.

At her funeral, held at the 18th Ward Chapel in Salt Lake City, President C. W. Nibley said in the course of his remarks, "I know of no one in all my acquaintance who can measure up so fully to a perfect life, in my opinion, as this, our beloved Sister."

Night

By the late Margaret P. Bingham

Night and faint lights quiver,
Night and the day is done,
Night and lights on the river,
With the setting of the sun.

Night and the stars are falling,
Night and the children roam,
Night and God still calling
Scattered Israel home.

Night and the wheat ungathered,
Night and the tares grown strong,
Night and the storm unweathered
On the mighty seat of wrong.

Night and the bridegroom coming,
Night and the virgins wait,
Night and a herald running,
Crying aloud: "Too late!"

A Fine Stroke of Art

By Minnie I. Hodapp

AS far back as the day when the poor, blind boy of Hussaker's outraged the traffic law by shoving old man Lazurlee off the river bridge the Lazurlees had been a community problem in Winopau. 'Tis true that the "Jolly Stitchers" and "The Friendship League" helped them from time to time in their dire need; but in spite of the succor of these organizations, the name Lazurlee still remained a synonym for poverty, dirt, and rags.

"That woman doesn't know how to manage and won't learn," was the usual comment given behind the back of the faded little woman who, like a fluttering, frightened bird, mothered the five happy-go-lucky Lazurlees.

"Not a lick of pride in the whole worthless gang," was a common observation.

"Half-wits, the whole outfit from Laz down to Rue," screamed Sue Simons in her garrulous way. "You ought to see Laz beat his pony over the head."

In spite of these unpleasant generalizations concerning her nearest neighbor, Anne Robins resolved to be governed by her admirations rather than her disgusts, she being one of those rare souls who improve themselves today and their friends tomorrow. To her mind, the Lazurlees were outstanding as docile, non-protesting creatures of circumstance. They tolerated screens hanging half-off their hinges, doors with missing knobs, broken windows stuffed with dresses and old shirts. They permitted—aye—encouraged the muddy foot prints of puppies over their bare floors. Little

pigs ran loose in their front doorway, rooting up the garden. Their back yard, up to the very door-step was strewn with the legs of dead sheep and calves.

The more Anne witnessed the filth and carelessness of her slattern neighbors, the more vigilantly did she stress tidiness on her own premises. This was apparent to the most casual observer, and the two homes side by side looked like a study in contrast.

"Mamma, why can't I go over and play with little Lloyd?" asked four year old Dee.

"Because Dee, we're too busy weeding our own garden," responded prudent Anne.

"But Spotty keeps running over to their place," he answered in a pout.

"Go and bring Spotty. We must train him to stay at home."

As Anne bent over her pansy bed under the front windows, she was startled by a loud noise against the pane. She drew herself erect and met Dee's laughing eyes.

"It's only little Lloyd shootin' at our window," explained Dee.

"But suppose he'd have broken the pane?"

"Why then, Mamma, we'd stuff up the hole with my little shirt, wouldn't we?"

"Where's Spotty?" exclaimed Anne changing the subject abruptly.

"I'll go and fetch him," said Dee, and he presently vanished through the hedge that divided the two homes.

Half an hour later, in the gathering dusk, Dee came home riving

the air with his screams. He had a blackened eye, a bloody nose, and a cut lip to show for his visit.

"Lloyd went and knocked me down," he cried.

"Well, I told you to hurry home," responded his mother.

"But you know I went to fetch Spotty."

"Tomorrow we shall tie Spotty," said his mother firmly.

Dee closed his eyes sadly that night, mentally picturing a forlorn little doggie tied to the maple tree in the front yard.

As soon as Dee was sound asleep, his mother slipped over to Mrs. Lazurlee. She meant to learn the details of Dee's bumps and bruises and nip this neighborly naughtiness in the bud.

A faded little woman in a faded pink house-dress opened the door with, "Sakes alive, Mrs. Robins. I didn't expect seein' you here this time a night."

"I don't get over very often," responded Anne quietly.

"Why, land no, Mrs. Robins. This is only the second time you've entered my door, and it's four years come next May since we moved here."

"Is that right?" asked Anne. Her eyes took in the gloomy corners of the room, for the chimney of the kerosene lamp on the table was sooty.

Anne tried not to seem to notice that the cane-bottom had been pushed out of the chair Mrs. Lazurlee offered her.

Hardly had Anne seated herself when she heard groans and sobs issuing from the couch near the window.

"Anybody sick, Mrs. Lazurlee?"

"Not exactly," drawled the mother, "Lloyd was runnin' 'round the hay-stack one direction while your

boy was runnin' 'round t'other. The two collided and knocked heads. It loosened three or four of Lloyd's teeth was all."

Anne stepped over to the couch and very gently examined Lloyd's mouth.

"Dee's head is awfully hard," said Lloyd.

"It's a shame you have to suffer for it," said Anne sympathetically. Then turning to his mother, "Shall I call a dentist?"

"No need of that," spoke up Mrs. Lazurlee. "He'll be all right in a day or two. Besides, if it's any-one's turn to see a dentist in this family it ought to be myself. It's purty nigh three years since I had all my teeth pulled out."

Anne took in Mrs. Lazurlee's mouth condition almost at a glance. It seemed really pitiful.

"You've waited a long time, Mrs. Lazurlee."

"I'll say 'so," she sing-songed. "I've come nigh to bruisin' my patience. The trouble is, I can't rake up enough coin to get a set of teeth."

"There's a free dental clinic," suggested Anne.

"Free!" ejaculated Mrs. Lazurlee.

"Yes, Mrs. Lazurlee, without charge. May I call up Dr. Daynes and make the arrangement?"

"Sakes alive, be ye goin' to see about me gettin' false teeth, and fer nothin'?"

"I'm sure it can be arranged, Mrs. Lazurlee," explained Anne quietly.

"O Honey, now yer just tellin' me things," beamed Mrs. Lazurlee.

"May I make arrangements with Dr. Daynes?" asked Anne.

"Yes, Honey, go ahead, Honey."

Lloyd stopped groaning and sat up in bed.

"What you dancin' around so for, Ma, and laughin' and clappin' your hands?"

"Sakes alive, Lloyd, I'm goin' ter have new teeth."

II

THE new and uncommonly beautiful smile worn by Mrs. Lazurlee amply repaid the dental clinic for their free and generous service.

"Her mouth is so full of teeth she can hardly talk," said Dee. "But, Mamma, why does she squint her eyes so funny?"

"She needs glasses, Dee, and soon she'll have them," explained his Mamma. "Dr. Neff is working on her case right now."

"And as soon as she gets glasses, Mamma, what then?"

"Why, then she's goin' to do plain sewin' for folks that need her. She's real handy. And that reminds me, Dee, you may take these flour-sacks over for her to hem. Tell her I want to be the first on her sewing list."

"It's a big load of sewin' I'm bringin' you," exclaimed little Dee as he entered the Lazurlee door. In the middle of the room he paused dead-still to gaze and wonder.

Two men were carrying off the sewing machine right in front of Mrs. Lazurlee's eyes.

"I'll sic Spotty onto them, Mrs. Lazurlee, if you'll let me. Why are they taking away your sewing machine? Now you can't hem towels for my Mamma."

But before the men had loaded the machine into the truck, Mrs. Robins was at the gate making gentle entreaty for the little woman in the faded pink dress.

"If it's only seven dollars she lacks on the machine I believe I can take care of that," said Anne. "You had better leave the machine, gentlemen; I'll go and write a check

for that amount." Quiet Mrs. Robins soon returned with a little pink slip that meant so much to Mrs. Lazurlee.

"How can I ever repay you, Honey? Oh, I wish I could this very day, this very minute."

"Well, perhaps you can."

Mrs. Lazurlee's face brightened. "What you mean to say, Honey?"

"Would you be willing to part with some of the worn-out farm machinery back of your house?"

"You mean the broken-down mower and that rusty plough?"

"Yes, and those wagon wheels and the dilapidated cook-stove," finished Anne.

"You kin have 'em and welcome."

"I'd also like those pans and kettles and grates and pails and lids and stove pipes gathered into a heap. May I?"

"Welcome! And there's an old copper boiler, burnt out at the bottom and smashed in at the sides. You can have that into the bargain."

"Very well," responded Anne. "Can you get all these smaller things gathered together by three o'clock?"

"We'll do our darndest," said the little mother enthusiastically.

Such raking, such picking up, such gathering of bones and rags and bottles and tins as went on in that yard during the forenoon? Every scrap of rubbish was piled onto an old bed spring, according to Mrs. Robin's judicious orders.

Promptly at three p. m. the junkman came all smiles. What precious haul it was for him! He not only cleared the scrap-heap, but he supplied rubbish-cans for future needs—wise and enterprising junkman. One wonders if Anne Robins had not dropped him a hint in her ever-so-tactful manner.

As the junk-man drove off, the

youngest of the Lazurlees was heard to exclaim, "Gee! Don't our back yard look lonesome?"

"Is that all the pay you want, Honey?" asked gleeful Mrs. Lazurlee.

"Only one thing more," replied Anne. "I hate to be imposing, but would Laz be good enough to paint the roof of my garage?"

"Oh, boy! Bet your sweet life I will," replied Laz, with alacrity of heart as well as lips.

Early next morning Laz was seen on top of the Robins' garage eagerly engaged in his new task. The paint brush in his hand was the magic wand that stirred the boy's latent talent of handicraft. Amateur though he was, Laz took a pride in his work; and during that forenoon, a budding young artisan was born, as aspirations are born into this hustling, busy world of ours.

"I only wish that job could last," said he as he added the finishing touches to the roof at mid-afternoon.

"Why not apply to Dr. Dewy across the river?" suggested Anne. "I've heard him say that his entire garage needs going over. You might go and ask him about it. Tell him you've had experience on one roof at least."

So Laz hastened off toward the Dewy place. Nearing the river he was startled by a shrill shriek that came from amid the wild-roses and willows. Laz bounded into the inclosure.

"Catch me, oh catch me," screamed a pleading voice.

On the middle of a narrow plank that bridged the stream at its deepest, stood an old, old lady frantic with fear.

Laz ran toward the frail little lady, picked her up in his arms, and carried her trembling body safe-

ly to the other side of the river.

"You've saved my life," repeated she. "Right in the middle of the plank I took a dizzy spell. Another moment and I should have lost my balance."

"I'm glad I happened along before you tumbled in," said Laz laughingly.

"You've saved my life," repeated wee Grandma Willis in all seriousness, placing her thin, wrinkled hand in Laz's big brown one. "Now name your reward."

"Reward, you say?" and Laz's cheeks reddened more with pleasurable excitement. He did not move a finger, but sat open-mouthed, open-eyed, staring at the calmly flowing waters. When at length he made as if to speak, words failed him.

"Tell me what you'd like better than anything in the world," entreated the wee Grandmother.

"Wal," said Laz in drawling phrase, "I could tell you this very minute, but I can't calculate it out. I'm kinda slow on figures and I can't say."

Grandma Willis began to look alarmed. "Calculate what?" asked she. This strangely untalkative youth was a puzzle to her.

"Wall," drawled Laz, "will you furnish me enough paint to cover the outside of our house? That's the biggest reward I can name."

"It's granted," said wee Grandma Willis in relieved and happy tone. "Come, take me to your home, let me have a good look at the house and I'll calculate the cost."

Anxious to fulfill her agreement to the letter, Grandma Willis called Anne Robins to her aid. Anne was quite experienced and gave exact calculation for the amount of paint needed for walls, cornice, and roof.

"I'm glad their foundation is so

fine and strong," observed Grandma Willis. "It won't seem like wasting money to improve such a place. Come, Anne, will you 'phone to the paint company? I should like to see this boy Laz start on his project this very week."

With her usual dispatch Anne attended promptly to the request of Grandma Willis.

Laz decided upon gray with white borders, "Just like your house, Mrs. Robins," said the boy.

Within a week Anne heard the neighbors commenting on "that enterprising Lazurlee lad undertaking to paint his mother's house." By the end of the week their admiration had increased tenfold, for the finished product quite outran their expectations.

"Mamma, their house looks exactly like ours," remarked little Dee.

When the outside of the house was finished, Laz with a remnant of white paint, began on the shelves in the kitchen. When Grandma Willis heard of his zeal, she generously supplied enough paint to do the entire kitchen and enough varnish for the chairs.

"Gee, it smells clean over to Lazurlee's," said Dee after one of his excursions over to "fetch" Spotty. "And they won't let any little dog in their house, not even Spotty, to mark up the floors. And their windows—not a fly-speck on 'em now. Laz won't stand fer it. I heard him tellin' Lloyd to keep his sticky hand off the window or it might get slapped. And I heard a secret too, from Rue," finished Dee in triumph.

"Is that so? Whoever told Rue a secret?" whispered his Mamma.

"Wee Grandma Willis," whispered Dee into his mother's ear.

"Well then it must be a first-rate secret if Grandma Willis told it."

"Fire! Fire!" screamed a boy in the streets. Anne looked out of the window. The Lazurlee kitchen roof in flames.

"Mercy on us," screamed Anne Robins bounding into the street.

"I've already 'phoned for the fire department," said Sue Simons.

Laz, on the roof, was working like a hero, his distress was as plain as circus-print.

Men and women waited impatiently for the fire department. A thrill of joy went through the throng as it neared. A few minutes of skillful work with the great hose until the flames were extinguished and the excitement subsided.

The slowly-dispersing crowd left Grandma Willis standing alone on the sidewalk gazing upward at Laz on the roof. Anne ran to her with outstretched arms. The frail little body was trembling from head to foot.

"Oh, Anne, I'm glad—so glad that house didn't go up in flames. It's going to be my home in a few weeks."

"Your home!" said Anne in mild surprise. "I can't quite understand.

"I mean I'm tired boarding at the hotel, and I intend changing my residence into a family of folk who need me."

"But Grandma, this move is quite unexpected in you. Do you believe you can learn to tolerate the many irregularities of a family like the Lazurlees?"

"Irregularities! I'm hungry for 'em! Sick of cut-and-dried routine; tired to death of thus-and-so; cravin' change and chaos," and she laughed the blithe, silver laughter of a girl.

"And you've really made up your mind?"

"Yes, I've made up my mind. My fifty dollars per month may as well

go to the ultra-needy as to the wealthy. Besides—in those cheery, patient little Lazurlee kiddies I may find support—something to love, to lean upon, to clasp affection's tendrils 'round!"

That afternoon Sue Simons came with "news" to Anne Robins.

"Do you know the latest, Anne?"

"About what?" asked prudent Anne.

"Grandma Willis. That lofty-thinking old soul has made up her mind to move in with that Lazurlee tribe," and she shrugged her shoulders in contempt.

"A jewel of a woman," observed prudent Anne.

"A jewel out of her proper setting when she'll link up with that outfit."

Anne mused thoughtfully ere she replied: "Grandma Willis is, as you say, a rare soul. She's developed a lot of tolerance with the years. Her knowledge of human nature, her sympathy, her love of art—these things will help out."

"But, Anne, Anne," shrieked Sue. "Them Lazurlees—a hiss and a by-word! You know as well as I do. A hiss and a by-word!" and Sue fairly writhed in disgust.

"May I remind you," ever so gently rejoined Anne in her softest whisper, "of One who said, 'The whole need not a physician but they that are sick'."

A faint tap at the door. A moment more and wee Grandma Willis stood before them. A note of triumph was in her tone as she said, "Well, Anne, I've moved. We're neighbors now, for good."

Sue Simons gasped in astonishment, but said not a word.

"And now, Anne, dear," continued Grandma, "Won't you come over and help me hang my pictures?"

"May I come, too?" asked Sue Simons meekly.

With the aid of these two willing women, Grandma's fine art-treasures were hung to advantage. "The Dance of the Nymphs" over the mantle, "The Children of the Shell" near the window, and the lovely "Sistine Madonna" over the bed. Grandma reserved her cherished "Apple Blossoms" for her dresser.

Grain fields and Mt. Timpanogos by Utah artists were placed in the dining room.

"And what about this fine picture by Hoffman?" asked Sue innocently. "Where does it go?"

"Why, that one is for Laz's room," directed Grandma. "He'll take more joy in it than all of us put together."

At this point Anne excused herself and hurried home. She soon returned rosy and breathless, bearing a beautiful fern for Grandma's room. Its delicate presence brought comfort and delight.

Sue Simons, not to be outdone by Anne, ran home and returned drawing a little express wagon filled with red-blooming geraniums for Grandma's front window.

The entire neighborhood caught the spirit of these good women, and many a pleasant engagement with Grandma Willis was arranged.

"You simply must let me lend you my wicker-rocker," said Mrs. Tarbell.

"And please, oh, please let me hang my large mirror in your room for this winter," begged Jane Henri.

Mrs. Pearson, the blind weaver, sent a gift of small rugs to protect Grandma Willis' finer rug.

But the biggest surprise of all was when Mr. Stowe installed electric lights in the Lazurlee home and had the house insured against fire.

"You're worth it a thousand times over, Grandma Willis," said Mr. Stowe. "Besides, it's only a slight return for all the kindness you've heaped upon me. I've been awaiting my opportunity, but as long as you remained in the hotel your wants seemed supplied."

"'Tis sweet to be remembered," beamed Grandma cordially.

To the little Lazurlees clustering near, Mr. Stowe said, "You'd better be good kiddies to wee Grandma Willis. She deserves to have her pathway bloom with roses."

"That's what I tell 'em," spoke up their mother. (She was alert to Grandma's every wish.) How systematically she went over her entire house, rubbing it down and polishing it up, until it became veritably a house of smiles. Even the most hurried passer-by seemed to admire the geraniums through the bright windows.

To the little Lazurlees the routine of life became an attractive all-absorbing lesson. They took pains to brush their teeth, clean their finger nails, polish their shoes. Even their hair, through unremitting care, took on a silken luster pleasing to the touch. They closed doors without banging, and softened their voices into almost musical tones.

Good Fortune smiled upon Laz in the shape of an apprentice job with the Jamison Paper Company. In addition to being taught and trained in handicraft he was promised a small, steadily-rising wage.

"He's a different boy," said Sue Simons. "More considerate and kind."

"I believe he's been reading and thinking along good lines," observed Anne Robins.

"Likely so," answered Sue. "I noticed after Grandma Willis got through readin' that book on kindness to animals he quit beatin' his horse over the head."

Anne laughed softly to herself as she pondered on Sue's various sympathetic reactions.

"I wonder what she'll find out next?" quoth Anne to herself.

And sure enough within a brief interval Sue came again. This time it was her choicest morsel, and she related it with an unusual touch of insight.

"Heard the latest, Anne? It's about one of your own cherished little Lazurlees, and I've got it straight. Last Sunday, Sadie Snow, in speaking to her Sunday School class, put this question: 'How many of you children want to go to heaven?' Every one but Rue and Lloyd held up their hands."

"Don't you want to go to heaven?" asked Miss Snow."

"Lloyd spoke up, 'No, Miss Snow, we don't want to go to heaven 'cause Grandma Willis has come to live with us; and she's hung up pictures and put down rugs and fixed curtains and put flowers in the window. Laz has a job and Mamma is writin' down the school census. And Grandma Willis is tellin' us stories each night in her warm, snug room. No, Miss Snow, we don't want to go to heaven, not for a long, long time'."

Father teach me to stand alone,
Not in the strength of futile pride
But with a confidence serene
Thy unseen hand will be my guide.

Ann Rushen Keys Paxman

By Alice P. McCune

ANN RUSHEN KEYS, the eldest daughter and the second child of Joseph and Mary Rushen Keys, was born September 11, 1830, at Little Baddow, Essex County, England. Her parents were devoted and kind, but because of their meager income, Ann, when ten years of age, started living away from home to earn her board. Her first work was that of tending two small children. She remained at this place for one year. She was allowed a visit home, after an absence of three months, which renewed memories of home and mother. Upon her return to her duties a spell of homesickness seized her. She ran home to receive comfort, only to be returned by her father, who thoroughly believed that one's word is one's honor. This incident helped Ann to cultivate a determination to stick to and master whatever came into her life. When she changed her place of employment, she received, in addition to her board, six cents per week and felt rich as a queen. She continued living away from home, going from place to place, her wage being gradually increased until at the age of twenty-three she received her board and eight pounds or \$40.00 a year.

Often a yearning for home came into her soul but circumstances forbade any long visit with her kindred; thus she was compelled to receive training and development from those with whom she lived and associated. Her scholastic education consisted of six weeks in the school room, yet she developed a liking for knowledge and through her determination she learned to read and write and spent many of the lonely

hours in later life reading good books and articles of interest.

Although Father and Mother Keys were of a spiritual nature, desiring to live lives of saints, and were good church members, the gospel message, when first brought to their door by Elder Charles W. Penrose, did not fall upon their ears as sweet music, but the truth and fulness thereof came to them gradually. Mother Keys, at the first sound of it, shook her finger in the face of Elder Penrose and said, "False Prophet"; however, she was the first of the family to accept it. As her soul became permeated with the spirit of the gospel, she used her influence with the other members of the family. That, along with the elders' visits and the searching for enlightenment was the cause of Father Keys and four children accepting the gospel; Ann Rushen being one of the favored number. She was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on September 13, 1851, by John Holland, a local elder of England.

At the age of twenty-three, Ann Rushen accepted a position with a family in London. These people were prejudiced against "Mormonism," which made it very necessary for Ann to guard her words and actions lest she be discharged; however, she was daring enough to seek opportunities to attend L. D. S. meetings, where she could meet with those of her own faith. Ann purchased the *Millennial Star* when opportunity permitted. In buying the *Star* from the agent, William Paxman, a convert to "Mormonism," she became acquainted with him. She was very happy to have formed

this friendship but more pleased when the friendship turned to courtship. They courted for a time and then there came a day when the song of the bird was sweeter, the perfume of the flowers more fragrant, and the blue of the sky, the rays of the moon, the twinkle of the stars had more charm for her; in fact, the whole world had changed for there came into her routine life a bit of romance; she found that she loved and was loved by one who to her was perfect. Their courtship continued until March 3, 1855, when they were united in marriage at Christ's Church, London. William invited Brother Penrose, who was a close friend, to eat their wedding dinner with them, which consisted of bread, butter, and red herring.

Their union was a happy one, for both had the same faith, desires, aspirations, and ambitions. The same traits of thrift, determination, farsightedness, honor and love for God being implanted within them, they became one in thought, in soul, in spirit. They remained in London until the first of May, 1856, when they went to Liverpool preparatory for their departure to Zion. Although Ann was in delicate health, they set sail on Sunday, May 25, 1856, on the ship "Horizon." Their voyage was not an anticipated pleasure trip. As their means were scarce, they were obliged to take steerage passage, the passengers were expected to cook and prepare their own food, with the exception of sea-biscuits which were furnished by the shipping company. These biscuits were a round flat cake about four inches in diameter, so hard they could not be cut and hardly broken. William was seasick the whole of the voyage, thus making it doubly hard for Ann.

When she was a girl there was a

great delicacy, even a secrecy, with the older people in keeping from the young all knowledge of the problems of life or the responsibilities which come with wifehood and motherhood; consequently, she was illy prepared for the experiences which awaited her. They had traveled a few days over half their voyage when on June 13, 1856, a boy, weighing only three and one-half pounds, was born to them, and was named William Reid Horizon. The doctor's assistance was not given gratis on ship, and owing to scarcity of means, Ann was obliged to be content with the help of a lady passenger who was wholly ignorant of the needs and requirements of such an occasion; consequently, the mother was badly injured. Immediately upon the arrival of the little one, the young mother was left alone—a Sister Till washing and dressing the baby for many days. Through lack of care, Ann was very ill and but for the kindness of the captain her life would have been despaired of. He became aware of the birth of the baby and hearing how small it was, went to see it. Upon finding the young mother in an unnatural state of health, he ordered the doctor to visit her and also had her food sent from the cabin. Yet she was left in a precarious condition and was unable for several months to sit in a correct posture or take ease in her household work. The remainder of the voyage was endured, not enjoyed. Needless to say, the seasick husband, the weary wife, with nerves shattered and health broken, were happy to see land when they arrived in Boston on July 3, 1856, having been five weeks and three days at sea.

After they had established themselves in Boston, he was fortunate in securing work as clerk in a store. While there he learned the trade of

soldering, or tinkering. They remained in Boston for five years. While there, two other choice spirits were intrusted to their keeping—a boy named Edgar Moroni and a girl named Emma Tryphenia.

When the Civil War broke out in 1861, all the elders in the Eastern States were called home and the Saints advised to migrate to Utah. Although Ann had three small children, almost babies, to care for, and an unborn life to consider, she and her husband complied with counsel and left Boston in the early part of June, going to Florence, Nebraska by railroad, a journey of two weeks. They remained there two weeks longer waiting for teams to arrive with which to continue their travels. The last of June they started across those desert wastes with ox teams, under Captain Joseph Horn. They were two and one-half months on the way. He walked all the distance while she had the privilege of riding because of her physical inabilities, but little did she ride because of the extremely bad roads and her fright. She walked many miles, carrying one and often two children to rest them and to hush their cries caused by the hot sands burning their little feet and by thirst. She herself suffered much with the heat during those hot July and August days, longing for water of which there was a scarcity, walking on and on until, when evening spread its shadows over the camp, she would be footsore and weary almost to the breaking point; but her courageous spirit would say, "Carry on, Ann, carry on." And she did carry on to the end of the journey, trusting always in her Creator.

They were visited often by the Indians, and were ever fearful lest they would drive away their cattle or steal their children. They'd ask

for money of which the Saints had none, but Captain Horn would try to satisfy them by exchanging flour and bacon for blankets and skins of various kinds.

Their flour and bacon were proportioned out to them; adults received full allowance and children half. Ann's children, being small, didn't eat their full share; hence their parents did not suffer for food. Before leaving Boston, with foresight and thrift, Ann made a supply of yeast cakes to take on the journey. Notwithstanding the strenuous, hard days, in the evening before retiring she would mix her bread, place it on the foot of the bed over night and in the morning have delicious yeast dough flapjacks for breakfast, making enough for the day. She was the only woman to her knowledge who had yeast bread during the journey. What joy was hers in often dividing it with her comrade travelers!

ARRIVING in Salt Lake City on September 13, 1861, with winter approaching and no belongings except a few clothes, bedding, bake skillet, etc., they were given the use of a little old rickety shack located where the Walker Dry Goods Store now stands, going into it after staying three days with John Sullivan and family, a former Bostonian friend. William Paxman received for his first work in Utah one quart of molasses. Brother Webb gave them a little flour. That was their start in Zion. He went almost immediately in search of work, obtaining some in Sessions settlement (now Farmington). Returning about the 26th of October, he found his wife with a baby boy born on October 12, 1861, just four weeks after landing in Salt Lake City. This baby was named James Walter, and was paid for with two gal-

lons of molasses. The midwife made no visits after the birth of the baby, so Ann and the little family were dependent upon the neighbors for assistance. One lady would go in each morning to care for her and the baby, while another, not a member of the Church, whose husband opposed her doing anything for a "Mormon," would run in with something nice to eat, under her apron. The Indians would come to the house, look at the mother, laugh, talk, and make gestures at the children. Her heart would almost stand still for fear they would carry her children away.

Because of the unhealthful condition of the shack they were in, they moved into the 19th Ward in December of the same year in order to have a warmer house for the winter. Their conditions were a trifle improved, but they had not much comfort.

The following February, William walked through the snow all the way to American Fork to look around for a permanent location to establish a home. He was away two weeks. He had arranged with a party to take his wife some flour, but he failed to do so. There was no food in the home excepting carrots and no means with which to purchase more, so she and her children lived upon carrots the whole of two weeks. Upon the father's return, they decided to move to American Fork. As there was an ox team going that way and a chance for them to go with it, they hurriedly made preparations and were soon on their way.

Upon their arrival, Ann was not pleasantly surprised in seeing her new abiding place. It was a little hovel of a dugout about eight by eight feet, dirt walls and floor, no windows, a door frame, but no door (one was, however, given them by

a neighbor), a willow roof covered with dirt which leaked when it stormed, so much so that they were obliged to hold umbrellas over them. Their bed was straw upon the floor, a box was their table. Under these conditions she gave way. Her pride wounded, and in anguish of spirit she said, "I didn't think I was coming to Zion to be littered down like a pig," but she endured and managed in some inconceivable way for one year when they moved into another dugout so much improved they felt they had almost reached heaven. The mother took pride in keeping this home spotlessly clean. Dishes were scarce, so she shined tin cans until they could almost be used for mirrors, using them for cups, spoon tray, molasses jug, vases, etc. It was here they began to accumulate and save with a desire to add to and have comforts in the home, but difficulties continued to come to them. The year 1864 was a perilous one. But for the help of Providence, the people would have starved. The grasshoppers destroyed all their wheat, and then began taking the weeds, which the people used for greens, and about the only thing left from which they could get nourishment. The following year, 1865, the father, mother, and children were obliged to glean wheat in order to have bread to eat. The children's gleanings were given to the Relief Society to sustain the poor, while the father and mother gleaned enough for themselves to give them a fair amount of flour for the winter by using sparingly.

On the 25th of April, 1863, a boy was born to them, named George Francis, and on February 16, 1865, a girl was born, named Esther Elizabeth. On May 2, 1867, another girl, named Martha Eleanor, was born.

In the year 1866, William Pax-

man was the means of having built an up-to-date molasses mill. This mill was built of adobes from ground close by the home. After its completion it appeared so comfortable that the family moved into it while a home was built over the dugout which had been occupied by them, and which consisted of three rooms downstairs and two upstairs, with a small closet. So anxious was the mother to have a real home that there was no hesitation on her part in carrying adobes, mud and rock to help make the improvement. The home was later added to until it consisted of nine rooms and a large summer kitchen. The first stove owned by her, a small, ordinary iron Charter Oak stove with four lids, which had been hauled across the plains in wagons, was put into the new home at a cost of \$125.00.

The new home was entered with hearts filled with joy and gratitude to God for blessing them so abundantly. Together they worked improving the grounds by hauling away rocks, of which there were loads, planting fruit trees, grape arbors, bushes, shade trees, lawns, and flowers. The home became a veritable resting place. They not only labored themselves, but their children were, in their early youth, taught the value of thrift, industry and cooperation, and were given their tasks to keep them employed and out of mischief. The mother gave her children work time and play time, but not idle moments. James and George were set to work clearing rocks from the ground, on one occasion, but after they thought their task completed, she found some excuse to have them move their pile from one place to another. And the boys, full of indignation, pouting and mumbling that they didn't see why rocks had to grow, and that

they wished they'd never seen a rock, saw the one pile gradually diminish while the other grew taller and taller as the hours slowly rolled by.

Four children were born in the new home—on March 26, 1869, Joseph Hyrum; September 16, 1870, Alice Ann; July 4, 1872, Edwin Washington; and on August 9, 1875, her last child, Albert Reynolds, was born.

The molasses mill was set running after they moved into the new home, and operated many years. Oh, the fun it brought to the boys and girls—swimming and wading in the old mill stream and running into the big wheel to get it spinning! On one of these occasions, terror seized Joe when his shirt caught on a nail and he found himself hanging from the top of the wheel like a circus performer. And the boys teasingly kept him dangling until his mother, hearing the screams of her boy, ran to the rescue. Many are the happy memories of chewing sugar cane, of "skimmings" candy pulls, and the joy of carrying the pulled and twisted candy sticks to treat their friends.

In November, 1875, William Paxman accepted a call to fulfill a mission to his native land, where he labored for two years. His wife was left with eleven children under her care and guidance, the oldest nineteen years, the baby eight months. The father had procured about thirty acres of farm land upon which the boys worked; the mother and the older girls dried fruit. These, with the molasses mill, gave the family a fair living during the father's absence. Notwithstanding the large family to feed and clothe, tithing was paid in full each year. Ann not only had her children to care for, but in August, 1876, her father immigrated to Utah, and lived with her until his

demise in May, 1877. And in 1878, her husband's sisters, Martha, who was deaf and dumb, and Esther, with her husband, Henry Cullum, and three children, emigrated from England and went to Ann's home where they remained until the latter part of 1879, when Esther died at childbirth, leaving a frail infant baby in Ann's care. It lived only six weeks.

When the Sunday Schools of that section met yearly in American Fork in their Sunday School jubilee, William Paxman, being Sunday School superintendent, would bring thirty or more visitors home to dinner. Ann cooked and prepared days ahead in order to have everything in readiness and served a real banquet upon these occasions. It was they, too, who first entertained the old folks. In the years '73 and '74, they had all the aged of the town at the home to a banquet at noon, entertained them during the afternoon, and ended by serving fruit and mild grape wine (made by Ann). The poorest of them carried lunches home. James and Ann Paxman thus set a pattern for the old folks' parties now given throughout the Church.* Then, the town choir of thirty members was invited in for chicken supper and an evening's entertainment on the same date.

A truly interested mother is always made happy when her children desire to live their life to the fullest, yet there is a pang of sadness when the children marry and leave the home. Ann's oldest son William was the first to leave the family nest. In January, 1879, he married Urilda Moody in the St. George Temple. Traveling with teams, William was fourteen days

on the way down, but he was so anxious to see home and mother that he made the return journey in eight days. The next year, 1880, Emma, who had assumed so many of the home duties, the one upon whom the mother had relied, caused a vacancy in the home hard to fill when she married Joseph Miller.

Like most women of those times, with few doctors and no trained nurses, Ann had her problems and anxieties with illnesses which come in the rearing of large families. Perhaps the most trying anxiety of this kind came when her boy, Edgar Moroni, was critically injured in American Fork Canyon in May, 1882. His skull was badly fractured, he lay unconscious for many hours and all hope for his recovery was banished by the doctor. He lay for weeks with ice packs on his head and was confined to his room under anxious care for one and one-half months. So great was his injury and so intense his suffering that he could stand no one to enter the room wearing shoes, nor could he endure the bedding touched. He, with his parents, relied upon the Priesthood for his recovery and he was wholly restored. The grateful mother always gave her Maker praise and felt that Edgar was a monument of God's mercy.

When in 1883 William Paxman was called to preside over the Juab Stake of Zion, it was necessary to move to Nephi. Parting from the old homestead, giving up what had become almost a part of her, leaving friends tried and true, having only the memories of those yesterdays, going among strangers, forming new friendships, making a new home and assuming new duties, was one of Ann's severest trials. But loyal as always to her calling as helpmate, she made preparations and in May of that year she bade

*Annual Old Folks' Excursions began May 14, 1875, when 250 aged people had an excursion at Dr. Clinton's Hotel.

goodbye to everything there, dear to her. Earlier in life she suffered the trial of becoming partially deaf, which made it doubly hard for her to go among strangers. At the time of moving, and for some time after, she was not in good health.

Feeling that his position as president of the stake caused all eyes to be upon his family, William was very strict, or at least more strict than the children thought necessary. They were expected to be in at ten o'clock no matter what the occasion, with the exception of a dance, then twelve sharp. The mother stood with the father in his requests, yet she was full of sympathy and understanding, occasionally helping the girls out of their difficulties. Alice fully appreciated this understanding in her mother when after a surprise party she was a few minutes late getting home. The squeaking door hinges awakened her father and she was chided for coming in after ten. Next morning she said in disgust to her mother, "If the door didn't squeak, I could get in sometimes without father hearing," and to her surprise, she received the answer, "Take the oil can and grease it, my girl, grease it." And not many moments elapsed before she *did* grease it!

Ann's severest trial by death was the passing of her husband on October 12, 1897. His death was the result of internal injuries and a broken leg which he sustained when a scaffold gave way while he was shingling the old home at American Fork. His wife attended him through his illness and death. His remains were taken to the home at Nephi, and laid away in the Vine Bluff cemetery there.

Albert, a young man of twenty-two years at the time of his father's death, was the only child left at home. He nobly assumed the re-

sponsibilities of companion, comforter, and burden bearer, foregoing many pleasures that the solitude and quiet of the long, lonely hours for his mother might be dispelled. Kind and patient, full of consideration, he became her confidant, and rock of strength to lean upon. He married Margaret Jenkins in June of the following year, and they lived with his mother. His devoted attentions were not diminished, but he and Margaret were united in working for their mother's comfort, carrying many responsibilities which otherwise would have fallen upon the rest of the family, most of whom lived away from Nephi. After occupying the home with Albert and his family for two years, Ann took two rooms and kept house for herself. Through these years, she suffered very severe illnesses, caused through hardening of arteries and irregular heart, and she needed much watchful care. Albert and Margaret, patient and loving, were never slack in administering to her wants.

When eleven children were at home many times unexpected company dropped in to dine, and oft-times there was little more than just enough food prepared for the family. It was then that some of the children were sure to ask for a second helping, when the food should be reserved for the "company." But Emma, at her post between the younger children, never forgot to give a gentle (?) kick at their feet or pinch their legs to remind them that "little children should be seen, but not heard." Not only were those who came to the home treated kindly, but often the children would carry lunches to the sick, baskets of food to the needy and fruit, vegetables, clothing and bedding to the poor immigrants who had come to

Utah and had not yet found employment. When the boys of Nephi were called to Camp Lewis to train for the World War, Ann Paxman procured their names and ordered the *Christmas News* sent to each one. Few women eighty-six years old would be so thoughtful. She was one of those big-hearted, unassuming souls who never let her left hand know what the right hand did and none knew of her kindness excepting those to whom she was a benefactor.

When in 1917 Albert and his family moved to Kanab, his mother went to live with her oldest daughter Emma, at American Fork. This was another sad separation for her, for she had become much attached

to her Nephi home, but no less kindly was she considered by Emma and her family in their home. Soon after her going there, her health gradually failed and in the late part of 1918, she was confined to her bed. Life gradually waned and as the light of a beautiful April morning spread its glorious rays over the universe, at six a. m., April 10, 1919, at the age of eighty-eight years and seven months, she passed away. The dawn of a more glorious life began for the faithful woman who had passed from this school of experience into a higher school of learning with honors, to again enjoy the companionship of her beloved husband and children there and to go on and on to perfection.

Utah

By *Anna Rosdahl*

Fairest State of the West, our Utah so blest
 With valleys so fertile in mountainous nest;—
 With its pure mountain air, its sunshine and rain,
 Its fields of alfalfa and rich waving grain;
 With its orchards and gardens, its meadows of green,—
 And its rich varied crops—what a bounteous scene!
 So happy and blest in the prosperous West,—
 Why shouldn't we have our own Utah the best!

Our Utah, the desert the pioneers chose—
 Behold, how it flourishes, blooms as the rose!
 It has yielded to struggle, ambition and toil
 Of the brave who redeemed and who conquered the soil.
 They then never knew the vast treasures in store—
 The oil wells and coal mines, the mountains of ore;
 'Tis a land of resources, our State in the West,—
 Why shouldn't we love our own Utah the best!

This bleak, barren waste, which our fathers possessed,
 Transformed to an Eden, a land God has blest:
 With its valleys and streams, with its mountains and hills,
 Its farms and its dairies, its factories and mills;—
 For bounteous production, far known is its name,—
 While its schools and its learning make fair its fame:
 'Tis a good place to live out here in the West,
 Why shouldn't we love our own Utah the best!

Thy climate fair Utah, surpasses all lands,
 Thy beauty majestic—unrival'd it stands,
 Thy deep, rugged canyons, thy mountains that rise,
 And vaunt their proud grandeur against the blue skies.
 Devastation and storms, tho they rage from afar,—
 With barriers surrounded, protected we are:—
 So sheltered, so blest, aye—above all the rest,
 We love thee, dear Utah, choice land of the West.

Emma Clouчек

By Cora Carver Ritchie

THE backbone of frontier cities and new states has always been the brave women who have pioneered them.

Idaho is still new. Her women are still pioneering. Among the dozens of prominent women who

with the second caravan that went to Oregon. The family settled on a donation claim, which consisted of 320 acres of virgin soil free to the couples who would cultivate it. Among the precious relics Mrs. Clouчек treasures is a deed written by her grandfather describing that claim. The boundaries were designated by a certain tree on one corner and by a peculiar rock on the other.

Nelson Olds who was eight years old when his father crossed the plains also lived on this claim. He married Phebe Livengood. They had a large family, Emma being the fourth child. The children were all raised and educated in Oregon. Speaking of Emma her sister said, "We have always looked to her for everything and we still do."

After teaching school several years, Emma married Dr. Henry Walker Clouчек. They moved to Twin Falls, Idaho in 1904, and have since made their home there, giving freely of both time and money to help build up this community.

The doctor has always been a lover of children. In his quiet way he has won the hearts of all who know him. No one will ever know how many unfortunate lads have been completely fitted out from head to toe with a new set of wearing apparel with arms full of extras by him. He is the news boys' friend.

Even before charitable organizations were working as they do today, Mrs. Clouчек did follow up work for her husband. If there was no other way to help a needy family, she made over her own clothes and did the actual work in the homes of



EMMA CLOUCHEK

have done big things in a big way in Idaho, Emma Clouчек stands out eminently. In many ways she is a true pioneer for she has been the founder of new movements, civic, social and political.

Her grandfather Rull Olds and his family crossed the plains in 1844,

the sick. Many families have been started back on the road to self-confidence and self-support through the generous, capable aid of Mrs. Clouchek. In later years she has headed almost every charitable organization in the city and county.

Mrs. Clouchek was one of the founders of the Twentieth Century Club and served twice as president. She was the first president of the Ladies' Aid, first secretary of the first club in Twin Falls, has been president of District Federation of Woman's Clubs and has served as chairman of every committee in the state and district work.

For four years she conducted social service lessons for mothers in connection with P. T. A. work. She has been county and state chairman of the Woman's Republican Club and vice president for the State Club.

For eight years she has worked on the woman's committee for the fair—three years on committees and five years as superintendent of all departments pertaining to woman's work. When she first took over the fair work, the women were allowed one little corner in one building. Today they occupy three large buildings and parts of a fourth.

The most helpful unit she has organized is the Social Hall unit, which is used for boys' and girls' and women's demonstration plans, club work, etc. It is the social center of the fair a place where everything can be planned and adjusted.

Mrs. Clouchek built a rack to display towels, etc., that has been copied by many other fairs because of its utility and simplicity. She also built the up-to-date kitchen and pantry in the woman's building. She has a scheme this year whereby she can double the gate receipts, if the men will vision her plan in time.

Mrs. Clouchek was elected to the state legislature as representative from Twin Falls county in 1930. In the short time she has worked in the House in Boise, she has proven her ability to think clearly and act quickly. A representative from another county said, "When Mrs. Clouchek takes the floor the men listen. She talks only when she has something to say and she says it so emphatically there is no room left for doubt."

She is mild, sweet and courteous and has a merry twinkle in her black eyes; she loves a good story or joke. To win her point she will fight just as hard and the blows will be just as effective as were those of her father or grandfather in their many battles with the Indians.

She is frank and unafraid to speak her mind. For instance when telling one of her nephews about the evils of tobacco she was asked, "How about the women?" Her eyes flashed as she replied, "Women are making fools of themselves when they smoke, it is filthy and disgusting."

In discussing women and the ballot she said, "Women are losing an opportunity by not using the ballot as they should. Home and public affairs should be combined. A mother must be alert and keep up. This is vital for the woman rearing children as legislation is looking forward to the coming generation that mothers are now educating."

She claims the biggest need in Idaho's educational system is the care of the under privileged child. The schools should be made to meet the needs of the mentally deficient.

Representative Clouchek introduced several new bills in the house. One she is much interested in is the free vaccine bill, which provides for free vaccine and anti-toxin for all contagious diseases.

Another important bill is for the care of the tubercular cases. This bill is preventative, educational, and curative in its scope.

She is chairman of the Public

Health committee, is a member of the Library Committee, and is on the Forestry and Municipalities Committee. Her advice is eagerly sought on vital questions.

Frances Mangum

By Fay Ollerton

A STUDENT of pioneer times in Mormondom often feels the sameness of the lives, especially of the women. A cursory study reveals one hardship and trial after another, varied only by a different kind of test to go colonizing; and sweetened only the light of faith which seemed never to wane.

Yet life held something fine and deep for them, even for the unknowns who moved in obscure places. It was a something that compensated for the seemingly barren years. Perhaps it was because they tasted more deeply of the creative spirit than most of us do today; they could see in the rough trails they were marking the smooth highways of later years. Whatever it was, there was purpose in their existence, a purpose so fine that it obliterated the sorrows and made of futility a thing less than a shadow.

One of these women who served silently in the building of our West was Frances Mangum, born in one of the little square counties of Mississippi close to the Alabama border. Whether her parents were members of the Church when their eldest daughter was born, her record does not say. It states only that Frances was born in 1843 and that one year later the family moved to Iowa, and that they were living there when the Mormon Battalion was mustered out of service. Nine years after her birth the family had progressed as far West as Nebraska, and in 1852

they started towards Deseret.

Like all the years of pioneer migration the summer of 1852 was a hard one. Little Frances was to become so inured to suffering and privation that she regarded them as part of life. She walked most of the way to Payson, Utah, though she was not yet nine years of age. The sight of the dead, (cholera was raging then) wrapped in their cottonwood bark burial clothes, and the war whoops of the Indians became common things as she plodded along the sunflower trail.

Once in Utah Frances' odyssey had barely begun. She was to live the rest of her life in obscure places watching the sparse green fields make inroads against the silver sage, and to see church spires and crude school houses reared where the Indians and rattle snakes had lately held sway. From Payson the family soon moved to Nephi, where for the next few years the pioneer girl was to see with interested eyes her men folk erecting a ten foot mud wall about the little town as a protection from the Indians.

In 1857, when the pioneers were resting with some security behind their fortress, Brigham Young issued a call for intrepid families to go further south in Dixieland and cultivate cotton. John Mangum, ever willing for new ventures responded.

Frances was almost a woman grown now and must do a woman's

work. One of her first duties was the getting of cotton seed. There was no gin then and the girl must labor at the tedious process of separating the thick seed from the cotton and then have John Mangum pay twenty-five cents a pound for the finished product. Later in the season when the cotton lay like snow on the brown stalks she picked it, then wove and spun it into dress material for the sons and daughters of Zion.

COURTSHIP, like hardship, came early but did not last so long; it was commonplace for a girl to be married in her early teens. In the year 1857 she met Gabrel Coley, presumably from Texas, since Frances' record states that he returned there. In April, 1858 in the first bloom of a Dixie spring they were married by Apostle Amassa Lyman. Within a year their only child Winnie Frances was born, but the added burden proved too much for Gabrel; and with one gesture he forsook both his family and church for what he considered the easier life in Texas.

The next year Frances married James M. Mangum. Three children all of whom died in infancy were born to them. Frances must have felt some peace and stability for they lived continuously in the southland until 1869, when she and James were called to pioneer Kanab. They were ten years among the red hills and the cedars before they followed the Mormon trail to Arizona and Apache county. Old Geronomo was on the war path with his cruel braves and Frances was to feel once more the excitement and torment of earlier years.

In 1888 James Mangum died. For a few years she struggled against ill health and poverty, then her old spirits and energy returned, for she

was needed in the little settlements of Apache County. Four years before her husband's death Bishop Benjamin Noble, knowing full well her sturdy qualities, her gentleness with the sick, and her intelligence set her apart as a midwife. If her calling previous to this time had been to pioneer the waste places, hereafter she was to aid souls into the places she had prepared for them. Night or day for years she was subject to calls in the little town where she lived, or over perilous mountain paths. All in all with no special aid she brought more than four hundred infants into the world, and her fees for all of them would scarcely pay for one child's entry into life in the year 1931.

She was not destined to spend her days peacefully in the home her husband had reared for her. It was in 1897 that Winnie's husband died, leaving her a legacy of nine children. When Frances was not in the sick room she was sewing and weaving and turning almost any kind of honest toil into money for her grandchildren. In 1917 she packed her household goods and moved again, this time to Central, a little town in the eastern part of Arizona. Ten years of this and she made her last journey to Duncan, a tiny place where she was to spend her last days with her daughter and an unmarried grandson. Duncan was not far, as miles go, from her first Utah home, but she was to feel that an eternity of experience separated the two.

She died when she was eighty-five years old, still in possession of her mental faculties and of her zest for life and her faith in the Church that had led her from the river lands of the old south to the dry spaces of the West where her kind was needed and appreciated.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

LEADERSHIP may be on a stage that is little or large, in the spotlight or in the wings but it is something to be more than a follower.

TWO of the Pulitzer prizes awarded annually by the Trustees of Columbia University from the foundation of the late Joseph Pulitzer were won by women.

To Margaret Ayer Barnes for the best American novel: *Years of Grace* was awarded \$1,000, and Susan Gaspell was awarded \$1,000. for the best American play: *Allison's House*. Bryn Mawr College has awarded its "eminent achievement" prize of \$5,000 to Jane Addams, founder of Hull House and a great welfare worker.

MADAM OLINIA ROISSETTI AGREETI of Italy was the only woman delegate to the sixth congress of the International Chamber of Congress.

IT'S never too late to learn is proven by the new school for elderly women opened recently in San Francisco. The purpose of the school is to teach women past middle age how to care for themselves and help them get positions.

THE women of the Civic League of Pasadena, after vainly protesting against the tearing down of the cabin in Carmelita Park in which a part of California's most romantic novel, *Ramona*, was written, by Helen Hunt Jackson, are now asking for the reconstruction of the cabin on the old site and begging the city fathers that no other landmarks

be destroyed without public notice. It is to be hoped the League will be successful. Too many landmarks of historic value have been destroyed, not all in California either.

WHILE Mrs. Thomas A. Edison makes the claim that the next twenty years will bring women back in the home, the National President of Federation of Women's Clubs asserts that women are ready to take their places side by side with men in all fields. The fact that the Institute of Crafts and Industry of Waterbury after many years of service has decided to close its doors because of lack of interest, would bear out the latter statement. The modern girl does not care to knit or sew.

VACATION time is now on and it might be well to consider the fact that a vacation is an investment according to the use one makes of it. It pays no dividend unless it gives rest and fits one with fresh viewpoint and zest for the year to come.

THE death of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid at Rosemary on the Riveria, the home of her daughter Lady Ward, removes from American social and political circles a truly great woman. Though an accomplished social leader Mrs. Reid gave liberally of her time and means for the advancement and betterment of mankind. She founded schools, and homes, and hospitals, in New York, California, London and Paris, was active in Red Cross work and encouraged art and education especially for women.

Just before she sailed for Europe to spend her 73rd spring abroad, she turned over her great Ophir Hall at Purchase, N. Y., to the King of Siam, America's most distinguished guest.

A GOOD SALAD FOR WOMEN

A GENEROUS number of kind words
Any amount of good cheer,

Equal quantities of gentleness and courage.

Combined with patience and sincerity,

Seasoned with a dash of fun.

Measure all with the "Golden Rule" and mix well with two handfuls of warm handclasps.

Garnish with smiles and serve with a dressing of courtesy.

Patriotism of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers

By Julia P. M. Farnsworth

PATRIOTISM, as I understand it, is love and loyalty to God, home and country. If there exists today an organization of women in America with reason to be imbued with these characteristics, it is the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. By right of inheritance they possess these qualifications, as most of them came of the line of patriots who were of the early Colonial settlers. Their ancestors emigrated from European countries to the new world, and proved their right to recognition.

The fathers and mothers of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, permanently established one of the states of the Union, between the great East and the far West. This linking of the continent made travel safe and emigration sure. Our parents encouraged agriculture and commerce; they helped to develop the mines, and every other industry possible. They built churches, homes, school houses, and ever extended, in a most gracious manner, their hospitality to the stranger within our gates.

From the period of the settle-

ments in 1847, in Utah, we have been taught to honor and respect our American laws and government, to cherish her Constitution and Declaration of Independence, to love her history and her gallant countrymen, and everything that tends to the ennobling and elevating of humanity. You cannot, within the United States, find women who have sacrificed more, to express their reverence for the flag, than have the wives, mothers and daughters of the Utah Pioneers. With God and family our country claims our full allegiance!

The society of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers was organized by a true and loyal heroine, Annie Taylor Hyde. On her mother's line she was a descendant of the early covenantors of Scotland, the Ballantyne's who were a splendid type of people; her father was the revered and cultured president, John Taylor.

In addition to being men and women of sterling character, our Utah Pioneers were also people of great ability, and the object of the organization of the Daughters of

the Pioneers, which was perfected on the 11th of April, 1901, just 30 years ago, was to keep in our memories the lives, works, and accomplishments of our early pioneers—our fathers, mothers and grandparents, and the noble examples and the worthy teachings they have left us, what they actually did, and what they expected us to do. It is our aim not to disappoint them, but to keep the heritage they have left us, and hand it on enriched and enlarged. Our inspiration comes when we review that marvelous task, the great journey across the trackless plains, with no guides but the stars of heaven, no director but the spirit of God. Brigham Young, that great and fearless colonizer, in company with the other heroic men guided our people, under the inspiration of an all-wise power, on that long and desolate journey, beset as they were by difficulties every mile of the way.

All had faith to sustain them, and acknowledged that the ultimate result for which they were seeking would be theirs. Yet fortitude and constant manual labor was necessary to sustain them and to keep alive the spirit of achievement; to safeguard the health and to preserve the lives of the people. The wives, mothers and daughters took an active part in this all along the way. Examples of morality and right standards were prominently before them, and these were inspired and led by the loftiest patriotism with liberty, freedom and devotion always in their hearts. May the daughters be true to the faith, and institutions which were built upon honor! May they maintain the qualities of truth and honesty, for the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, as did their mothers, thoroughly understand the meaning and the magnificence of real patriotism!

Champions

By Ian Dawn

LITTLE Bag-of-Bones we called him when he came to us first at the Home. I often wondered how such a frail little atom could live. He was ever in the black books with the matron and the gardener, not that he was all bad but being more or less handicapped by illness he seemed to cherish a grudge against the world in general. Even on what we termed his good days he usually started in to behave badly. During playtime in the garden he would forage for all kinds of fruit although he knew that was forbidden. Like a squirrel he found a quiet corner and had a feast. What he could not eat made fine ammunition to be fired at other patients.

Complaints would follow and then little Ishmael was in trouble again. On these occasions he could contrive to look very wistful and his cough would get very bad, so instead of punishment he would be put to bed and treated like a wounded hero. He could never tell us anything about his home life. He would reiterate, "Father just went away. Mother is not dead, she needed a rest so the angels took her; baby brother is in another home." Truly "the thoughts of a child are long, long thoughts." His great desire was to get into the same home as his little brother. Many a time after a long silence he would say, "I know that Jesus died for me." Then he would look very

perplexed and say, "Don't you think the angels are taking a long time to bring mother back?"

As time went on I began to dread what was coming when the little mouth would shut tight, the fair hair would be all ruffled, and the bonnie blue eyes took on a troubled far away look. After much silent prayer to our Father I found courage one day to tell him that mother could not come to earth again, they would be taken to her. He looked very thoughtful at that but not a word did he say.

Before leaving us to go to a home for older boys we had many long conversations. We talked of the Plan of Salvation as taught to Mormon children, of the Gold Plates and a strong young Prophet hero who died for the truth, of Brigham Young and his pioneers who blazed a trail across what was No Man's Land at that time, of the beautiful Temples where work is done to prepare for the coming of this same Jesus. Boylike he would exclaim, "What champions they were." By the restful look that crept into his earnest eyes and the calm that entered my own heart I knew that all was well with the lad.

Years passed, then came the Great War. At the Mission, as elsewhere, our Relief Societies had much work for the Red Cross. In France, in Palestine, in North Russia, and on the wild North Sea were our dear ones. Heavy hearts could not be

allowed to hinder us, a never ending supply of hospital garments and bandages had to be prepared.

After meeting it was our custom to stand in the outer hall and discuss our plans and fears for our absent ones before going out into the darkened gloomy streets. Then it was that I became aware of a little soldier boy passing and repassing the gate. On inquiry I learned to my surprise and joy that he was my little Ishmael straight as an arrow. The "Glengarry cap" set jauntily on his fair head told me that he belonged to a Scottish regiment. One of the little, but good "Bantams."*

My joy was short-lived. He had come to say good-bye. He was enroute to France. Owing to an accident in the orphan's home the little brother was dead. He uttered no murmur nor regret. His wistful far away smile told me he knew all was well. "See you first leave if all's well," he said. On second thought he bravely added. "Should I never see you again you know all's well just the same." In Flanders among the poppies rests a broken body. Beyond the river in the Summer Land of Love the angels with mother and the little one rejoiced together to welcome home another Champion.

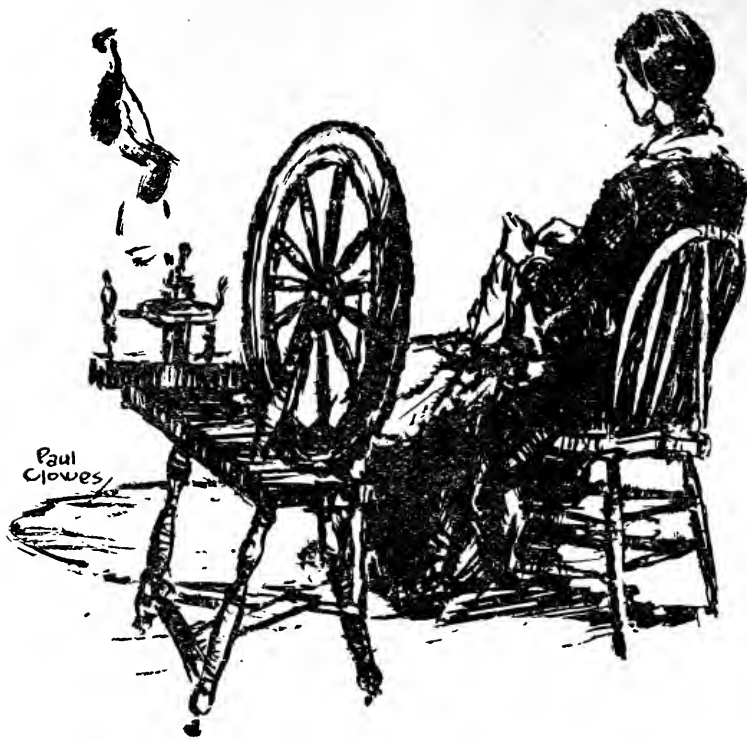
*The "Batams" were a Battalion of the Royal Scots composed of very small men.

The Higher Patriotism

THE higher patriotism is not selfish or vain or opinionated or combative. Those traits belong to that wall of prejudice and self-seeking, personal and national, which is so often painted to look like patriotism. The higher patriotism sees in one's nation a moral personality with

a conscience as well as an intelligence and with a high purpose as well as with material interests. The higher patriotism asks not alone for opportunity to thrive and to gain, but for opportunity to inspire, to succor and to serve.

—*Nicholas Murray Butler.*



Crude were the looms
They plied,
With weary hands;
Rough-hewn the plough
That bit the arid lands.
But as they toiled
With hope beyond the day,
There loomed in vision,
Endlessly away,
A fair and teeming country-side—
Vast in its reach, subdued
And glorified!

—*Louis W. Larsen.*

A Wish

By *Mary Ellen Fletcher*

I wish you the art to appreciate,
To enjoy this world of ours,
The birds and the bees,
The brooklets and tree,
The hills, the sun, the flowers.

The broad deep river running by,
The mountains airy height.
The grasses green,
The lake's blue sheen,
And the butterflies in flight.

I wish you a heart that understands,
Forgives the faults of fellow-men.
Has pity's art,
A humble heart,
That how to comfort sorrows kens.

I wish you the love of a loyal heart,
Friends, posterity, home.
Work and rest,
And all things best,
As through this life you roam.

Sealed With the Peace Pipe

By Allen Buice Hunt

BETSY, the fourteen year old daughter of Ammon Hensley was dipping water into a large water pail at the spring fifty yards below her father's ranch house and as she raised the pail and turned toward the house, her eyes fell upon the form of a man not ten feet ahead.

She didn't cry out, for she realized that she would not be heard.

She was alone at the ranch. Her father had gone to the railroad to meet her mother, who was returning from the east where she had been called to the bedside of her dying mother.

Her only brother was with the roundup fifteen or twenty miles down the valley, and her only sister had gone with her father.

Betsy was terrified at the sight of the man. Her keen eyes told her that this man with his bonnet of eagle feathers, his buckskin breeches and a tomahawk that hung from his buckskin belt, was a savage Indian.

Too bewildered and frightened to try to run away even if it were possible to outrun a fleetfooted Indian, Betsy gasped and dropped her pail of water, and obeyed the command to walk ahead of her captor toward two waiting pintos.

The little Mormon settlement where Betsy lived, nestled in a pear-shaped valley just below the falls, where Water Canyon emptied into the Little Colorado, the lower end of the valley forming the pear stem, where the high bluffs closed in and sent the river tumbling down through rocky gorges.

To the east was Flat Top mountain less than five miles away and to the south the mountains rose

abruptly into a heavy forest of pine and spruce.

To the west the wide mesas rose gradually for twenty miles before ending abruptly at the base of the great White Mountain range, beyond which lay the Apache Indian Reservation.

Heading the ponies westward, they rode out of the valley and began the long ascent toward the mountains, and Betsy's thought that she was a captive of the terrible Apaches tortured her.

For long torturous hours they rode silently, not a word being spoken by her captor, and none being ventured by the frightened girl.

Near midnight, the trail led them to a spring that came bubbling out of a ledge of protruding rock in the edge of the timber, at the base of the mountains. Dismounting, and ordering the girl to do likewise, he motioned to her to drink. The frightened girl had not realized until then that she was very thirsty, and the cool water soothed her nerves, and cooled her fevered brain.

After allowing the ponies to drink, her captor muttered something about too much riding, and that a walk would rest them, so they led the ponies for half a mile. Though she was accustomed to riding, Betsy welcomed this change with a sigh of relief.

For hours they rode, picking their way around through the thick undergrowth of pine and spruce, around thickets of quaking asp and rocky ledges, across wide flats where the stars cast welcome light between the tall pines, and heading canyon

gorges, over steep inclines to emerge again upon open grassy flats.

Betsy had ridden in the mountains with her father, and as she estimated the distance they had ridden thirty or thirty-five miles, when her captor began changing their course often, and only by watching the stars, could she keep even a semblance of her sense of direction.

For more than an hour, they wound through thickets, around broken masses of mountain wall, down through rugged canyons, up again over ridges where only a sure footed horse could travel, and topping a high ridge, Betsy noted the rising of the morning star.

It was still dark when they drew up to a crude, but newly constructed pole cabin in a deep dark gorge, which the girl estimated must be not more than an hour's ride from the borderline of the Indian reservation.

Into this rude one room structure, her captor guided her, and barred the door on the outside. Betsy surmised that he had gone to stake or hobble the ponies on the knee-high grass that grew in every foot of space not occupied by a tree or a stone.

By a crude fireplace lay wood and kindling, and the way the ashes were heaped told her coals might still be alive.

She was cold from the long night ride, and taking a stick from the pile of wood, she uncovered live coals.

She was just getting warm, and trying to center her thoughts on some means of possible escape, when she heard a commotion just outside the door, a guttural command, followed by a pistol shot, and a dank thud.

The door faced the west, and peering through an opening between the logs, she saw that day was

breaking upon the deep canyon, and a faint ray of sunshine was playing on the topmost peak to the west.

Her first startled thought was that by some chance, one of the men had returned from the roundup, had missed her at the ranch, and surmising what happened, had followed them, and had been murdered just as he was about to rescue her.

In that case, her rescue would be more difficult, if not altogether impossible, and the thought of that, and of the fate of her would-be rescuer, added to her frenzy as another light sound fell upon her ears.

The outside bar that held her captive, was being raised.

Suiting action to her thoughts, she sprang for the inside bar and was about to swing it in place, when the door opened, and she gazed into the eyes of a battle scarred Apache, his face grim, his tomahawk still in his hand.

For an instant her frightened eyes stared at the newcomer and her heart was skipping every other beat, when the sweetest music she had ever heard in her life, broke upon her ears as she recognized the face and the voice, saying, "Have no fear, little girl of my friend, it is Wake All Night," and she fell into the arms of the old Apache whom her father had years before rescued from a band of outlaws.

Then as if reading the question in the girl's mind, the old man said, "Me follow all night," and turning, led the girl to where her captor lay with his head almost severed from his body, where the old man's tomahawk had found its unerring mark.

"Heap bad paleface," the old man grunted, and began ripping the Indian regalia from the body.

Then the girl gasped, as she recognized the face, though painted to resemble an Indian, as the man whom her father had discharged

early in the year, when he caught him burning a brand into an animal run by a gang of rustlers over the line in New Mexico.

She was about to throw her arms around the old warrior and thank him again, when her eyes fell upon a crimson stain on his buckskin jacket, that told her the pistol bullet she had heard, had not missed its mark very far.

The old man was staggering, and it was with extreme effort that she held him on his feet till they reached the outlaw's bunk in the cabin, where she dressed and bandaged the wound.

For days, she nursed the old man with all the skill received from her frontier life.

Betsy realized that her father and mother would surmise her fate by the way she had disappeared without finishing the dishes, and not leaving a note, and the water pail near the spring, and the tracks of moccasined feet, and the horses' tracks that something was wrong.

She knew that the community would be up in arms, and that searching parties would scour the country, that her parents would be desperate with anxiety and fear for her, and she wanted to mount one of the ponies and ride fast to the settlement, or till she would meet a searching party. But to leave her patient and rescuer, even for an hour, might mean death to him, and it would take several hours hard riding to reach the first point where she could hope to meet anyone.

It was on the third day, that one of his own braves had sighted the thin spiral of smoke rising from the deep canyon, as the setting sun revealed it to him, silhouetted against the canyon wall.

He had crept silently up to the cabin, fearing that it was the rendezvous of an outlaw band, and had peered through the opening in the

log wall, and watched the girl administering to her patient, and heard him, while in one of his conscious moments, telling her how to signal to his people.

"Make heap big smoke in the fireplace," he was telling her, "then go on top, and throw blanket over. Hold breath long as you can, then let smoke go," and in his own way, he told her to repeat the operation several times.

A light rap on the door brought Betsy to her feet, and the old warrior felt of his tomahawk which lay always at his side, and was about to make a terrible effort to rise when he heard a familiar voice calling his own name, and that of his friend.

"It is well," he called to the girl, then sunk into unconsciousness again.

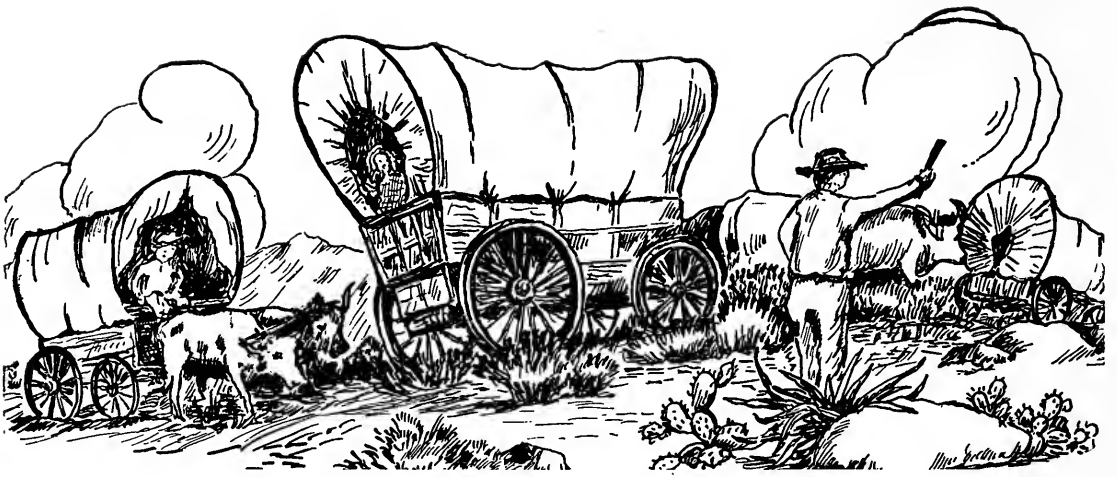
Together, the Mormon girl and the Indian brave watched the old warrior through the night, and at dawn the smoke signals began to rise intermittently from the chimney top, and before noon, at least a dozen braves had arrived at the little impoverished hospital-outlaw rendezvous.

Two of the braves best known to the Mormons were about to start on their journey to the settlement, when they sighted a posse cautiously picking their way through the crags of an almost perpendicular canyon wall, rifles raised, Betsy's father in the lead.

Swiftly darting behind boulders, and trees, the braves called Betsy, and the posse was welcomed to the rapidly increasing group of redmen.

An hour later, when the old warrior had rallied to an extent surprising to Betsy, she witnessed the sealing with the Peace Pipe of one of the most sincere bonds of friendship, that ever took place between two vastly, or was it so vastly, different

peoples.



Covered Wagons

By Elsie E. Barrett

Oh, those sturdy Covered Wagons!
 Could they speak, what tales they'd tell
Of the struggles, pain and hardships
 Early Pioneers befell.

They would tell of brave souls trudging,
 Pushing handcarts all day long,
Of the feet so worn and blistered
 Though each heart was true and strong.

They would tell of strength, through knowledge,
 Of the Gospel Plan restored,
As foretold by ancient Prophets
 Killed by torture, hunger, sword.

Tell how these true souls they carried,
 Could not doubt, though hard the way;
Had they not the proof—translated,
 And the Holy Ghost each day?

Tell of faith and love and courage,
 Bearing *all* to reach their goal;
Over trackless wastes, undaunted;
 Trust and prayer in every soul.

Marking roads to future greatness
 Where in freedom they could grow
To a Commonwealth exalted
 Where true precepts they could show.

They would tell in trembling voices,
 How, at times, Fate seemed unkind;
Tell of tears and prayers and heartaches
 As they left new graves behind.

Tell of joyful campfire singing
 Songs of Praise and "All Is Well."
Oh, those sturdy Covered Wagons!
 Could they speak, What Tales They'd Tell.



Cottonwood Stake Maternity Hospital

By Emily M. Carlisle

THE Cottonwood Stake Maternity Hospital opened May 15th, a \$7,500 new addition. Dr. Beatty, Utah State Commissioner of Health, expressed his approval of the excellence of the institution, which he rated as fully equipped and up to date in every particular, in fact a model maternity hospital. He said, "Women who have the privilege of care in this hospital may consider themselves most fortunate. The record of one thousand cases without a death speaks for itself, when it is considered that the average death of mothers in child-birth in the United States is seven per thousand. There is great need in Utah for more maternity hospitals of the same character."

Modern conveniences for a maternity hospital that were added at

the recent addition are, a new delivery room, a new nursery, an isolation room and new wards.

The delivery room and nursery have a southern exposure, and in connection with the service rooms and sterilization room are enclosed away from the rest of the hospital. Every protective measure has been taken to insure a safe birth for infants and safe child-bearing for mothers.

Beauty as well as utility have been considered. The interior walls are painted sunny colors with linoleum and tiling all matching.

The Hospital on 56th South and 4th East, has a cool, quiet restful location. The Relief Society is looking into the future to make it more beautiful. With the help of the stake presidency and the wards, one-hundred sixty-five trees and

shrubs were planted. Among them were sixty-five Norway Maple trees.

THE hospital, which was opened in October, 1924, owes much of its success to the fine vision, the executive ability, and the untiring efforts of the Cottonwood Stake Relief Society Presidency, Mrs. Amanda Bagley, Mrs. Rena Wheeler and Mrs. Nellie Cornwall, with their board. It is rare indeed that the power to see what is needed, and the ability to materialize this into the actual elements of service, find so splendid an expression. Their souls were challenged by the call of mothers for this service in their own community. How freely and unstintedly they gave of their time and labor is told in the story of their marvelous achievements.

Fortunately too, has it been that the succeeding officers, President Vera Wahlquist, with her officers and board members, and the present officers, Mrs. Emily M. Carlisle,

Mrs. Sarah Ross and Mrs. Lona Heiner, have carried on the work so splendidly. Nor could this fine work be consummated without the support and hearty cooperation of the Stake Presidents, Uriah G. Miller and Henry D. Moyle.

At present Mrs. Ruby Richards Hansen is Superintendent. She is a graduate nurse and well qualified for the position. Two graduate nurses and other efficient help are employed. Each patient has her own doctor. Mrs. Lona L. Heiner second counselor in the Relief Society assists in the purchasing and keeping the books, the ward Relief Societies, the stake presidency with Henry D. Moyle as president and members of the stake are interested in making the hospital a success.

Since its opening there have been 1378 babies born in the hospital. Such good care has been taken of them that the death rate has been very low.



Notes to the Field

Suggestions to Visiting Teacher Class Leaders

THE greatest peril in the world today is the lack of spirituality. Devout Christians everywhere are recognizing the need of a reaction toward religion. They feel the urgent necessity of spiritual leadership to guide them through the wilderness of modern unbelief.

Latter-day Saints must be spiritual. Our Gospel is the "glad tidings"—the light—for which the world is groping, but cannot see. We have the opportunity, and it is our duty to be the great spiritual force on earth. To be worthy of the name we have assumed we must be untiring in our vigilance to perfect the world and prepare the way for our Master and herald His second coming.

The women of the Church have a large share of the responsibility in this work. This is especially true of the Relief Society visiting teacher. Her work may seem humble, but it is vital. To her is given the important privilege of entering into the joy and success, the sorrow and distress of those upon whom she calls in the intimate relation of the family circle. She has the opportunity to share their happiness and relieve their suffering. The teacher has power and influence because she has the rare chance to translate precept into action.

Kindly, sympathetic understanding—that quality commonly called tact—is a necessary attribute of the teacher. Special education is required in many phases of our work, but with the teacher the important thing is love. The ability to radiate peace and good cheer is the most needful qualification. The nature of the visit of the teacher invites the confidence of others and entitles her to that confidence. If she

has the spirit of Christ people will naturally confide in her, and by that same token she will keep the trust sacred. Jesus loved mankind better than He loved Himself. All He has asked of us is to love others as much as we love ourselves. If we did that think what it would mean! We would be considerate of the feelings of others. We would be happy in their success and advancement. We would hide their weaknesses and faults. We would guard their unhappy secrets as we would our own if placed in similar circumstances. We would observe the Golden Rule. We would keep the second great commandment—we would love our neighbor as ourself.

THERE are two warring forces in human nature, Hatred and Love. Hate is jealousy, fault-finding, bitterness, gossiping, self-aggrandizement. Love is kindness, sympathy, generosity, tolerance, patience. Hate destroys. Love builds and strengthens. Hate is the spirit of Evil. Love is the spirit of God. Every word, deed, or thought that is unworthy of Jesus is destructive. Love is the only force that can defeat hate. To interpret fully the meaning of the work of our Lord it is necessary to accept the rules of conduct by which He lived.

Jesus, being a God had all intelligence and power. Yet, according to all the records of His life, these are not the attributes which He stresses. His outstanding characteristics in the flesh are sympathy, humility, love. A devout and constant study of His life, cannot but make one accept love as the guiding force of one's existence. If every teacher will think of herself as an ambassador of Christ, carrying the message of His sacrifice, His kindness,

His forgiveness, and His understanding she will appreciate the sacredness of her calling. She will rejoice that she has been called to do so great a work.

It is this thought that suggested the precepts of Jesus as desirable texts for the teachers' topics during the coming year. To carry out this idea in the most successful way it will be necessary for the teachers to make a devoted and somewhat comprehensive study of His life.

IT is the desire of the General Board that the teachers use the topic in their monthly visit, even though opportunity does not permit of an elaboration of the idea; that the text at least be left in every home.

We suggest that the teachers put into effect the admonition of the Savior to His disciples: "And into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, 'Peace be to this house.'" Luke 10:5. It may not be possible nor appropriate to speak the words aloud, but if the thought is sufficiently potent it will affect the atmosphere of the home. We ask you to accept this as the watchword of the Relief Society Visiting Teachers.

We beg you to urge the teachers to read a few chapters of the New Testament every day, that they may come to know and love our Savior more tenderly; that they may pray constantly for inspiration in their work; that they may feel His divine presence as they enter every home; that they may carry with them and leave behind them His spirit of comfort and cheer.

We entreat you, sisters, to strive earnestly to make the life of Jesus our Redeemer become a tender, vital, moving force in the lives of those with whom you labor.

We pray that the work of the teachers may be blessed, that the

mission of the Latter-day Saints may soon be consummated, and the world be made ready for the coming of our Master and our Lord.

Our First Obligation

While we should support the bishops and do all in our power to aid in building meeting houses and chapels, we hear of some Relief Societies who become so interested in raising money for ward buildings that they neglect their charity work, which is their first obligation. One Relief Society that proudly boasted of raising several thousand dollars for the meeting house has no charity fund whatever, and the charity work in that ward is reported in a very much neglected condition. Let us learn to put first things first.

Tree Planting

We would like each Stake to send in to the General Secretary the number of trees they have planted this spring.

Cooperate With State Board of Health

It is estimated that 10,000 of the 16,000 mothers who died in 1930 from conditions attendant upon childbirth could have been spared had they received proper attention. It is estimated that 30,000 babies died in the United States in 1930 from preventable causes. The Relief Society is desirous of doing all in its power to decrease this distressing mortality.

Relief Society presidents in Utah should get in touch with Dr. T. B. Beatty, State Health Commissioner, State Capitol, Salt Lake City, and have literature which he has for free distribution sent to expectant mothers on the care of the mother and the care of the baby. We presume that other State Boards of Health have similar literature for distribution.

Notes from the Field

Swedish Mission:

THE office is in receipt of a most interesting history of the Swedish Mission Relief Societies. In the beginning of the year 1930, instructions were sent by Sister Leah D. Widtsoe, president of the European Mission Relief Societies, that an historical record was to be kept of the Relief Society work accomplished in the Swedish Mission, the history to begin on January 1, 1930. It includes the happenings of the different events of historical value. Month by month these happenings were recorded in a specially bound book, to be kept for all future reference. This record shows that fifteen Relief Societies were organized in the Swedish Mission, named after the places where the branch organization exists. The plan of organization followed was in harmony with that of the Relief Society, viz., a president, two counselors, a secretary-treasurer, an organist and chorister, a class leader, also the necessary district teachers, and a regular roll of the various members. In some few cases the organization was not quite complete, due to lack of members, but a uniform history and record book will be kept in the mission. Sister Signe L. Hulterstrom, has presided over the Swedish Mission Relief Society, since arriving in the mission on November 28, 1927. The meetings held in the mission have followed the general plan, with a uniform lesson course just as far as it is possible.

On March 17, 1930, a special program was given in commemoration of the organization of the Relief Society in the year 1842. Reports were received from the branches of

the mission that a most wonderful time was experienced during the exercises of this special event. Several inspiring talks were given, and fine songs and music appropriate to the occasion were rendered.

Everything the Relief Society sisters have done during the year 1930, was with the centennial thought in view. In honor of the one hundredth anniversary of the Church, the sisters took an active part in the different programs, and rendered all the assistance possible to the brethren. They decorated the halls, prepared food and refreshments, and contributed much towards the success of the centennial meetings.

The Spring Jubilee Conferences were held on the different Sundays in the five districts of the mission, these in addition to the regular Relief Society meetings. Upon these special occasions pageants were presented, dialogues were given, and other special numbers rendered. The attendance was unusually good. On April 6, a special branch conference was held in every branch in the mission. At these conferences the special message from the First Presidency of the Church was read. The Relief Society sisters were active in all of these programs.

One day of particular interest was the celebration on the 24th of July. This in far away Sweden, gave a touch of home to the missionaries, and the meetings were held with special commemorative exercises.

In all of this, it is felt that the Relief Society is a wonderful aid to the mission branches. Bazaars have been held, much actual charity work has been done, and everybody was

cheered up by the sisters at the time of their meetings and in their special visits.

Northwestern States Mission (Dillon Branch):

THE above picture is of a cast "The Dillon Sewing Circle," which was presented along with a musical program, following a banquet, to which 80 guests were invited. This was in honor of the 89th anniversary of the founding of

versary. A brief review of the history and development of the organization was given by the president of the Society. The Literary Department was represented by a dramatization of Oscar Wilde's story "The Selfish Giant," fifteen children of the Primary Association assisting. Social welfare work was demonstrated by a welfare scene. A local doctor, assisted by a nurse, attended a sick child, and a Relief Society welfare worker delivered food and



"THE DILLON SEWING CIRCLE"

the Relief Society. The Dillon branch in the Northwestern States mission is a small one, but a steady growth is marked, and with the spirit of willingness to serve, and capable members, the organization is carried on most successfully. There is an enrolled membership of 17.

Northwestern States Mission (Seattle Branch):

ON Sunday, March 15, the Seattle, Washington, Relief Society of the Northwestern States Mission, presented a program in commemoration of the Relief Society anni-

versary. The Theology department took its theme from a poem by Ellen L. Jakeman, which appeared in the March 1928 *Relief Society Magazine*, "This is the Day (A Plea to the Lamanite Sisters)." Eight sisters dressed in Indian costumes were in the background seated around a camp fire in front of a tepee. A mixed quartette sang, "Oh Stop and Tell Me Red Man," and a Lamanite sister responded, giving the "Response of the Lamanite Sisters," by S. T. Brimhall Foley, which appeared in the February 1931 *Magazine*. In this scene the

Lamanite sisters came forward, leaving their blankets and now wearing brightly colored dresses and shoes, seated themselves at the front of the stage. The last scene represented Eliza R. Snow composing the hymn, "O My Father." Accompanying this scene was soft violin and piano music. The portrayal of the composition of this beautiful hymn was inspired by the study of past literary lessons of the Church hymns and composers. The Branch choir and an organ soloist furnished appropriate music during the program.

Eastern States Mission (Washington, D. C. Branch):

ON February 28, 1931, in Washington, D. C., the Washington branch of the Relief Society celebrated its fifth birthday by a most successful reception at the home of Senator and Mrs. Reed Smoot. In the receiving line, and those who assisted in serving during the evening, were Relief Society officers, past presidents and charter members of the organization. Wonderful music, both vocal and instrumental,

added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening. There were over 200 guests at this happy event. A large birthday cake, made by Sister V. B. Isabel, was in reality a collection box for voluntary contributions. Donations ranged from \$10.00 to a few cents, and the total amount raised was \$115.00. The expense of the event was comparatively small. The following picture is of the birthday cake.

Central States Mission (Independence Branch):

THE secretary of the Independence Branch of the Central States Mission, writes as follows: "Our branch is not so very large, only numbering about 30. Of these there are not so many who can attend our meetings, but the sisters who do come are very energetic, and are able to do a lot of work. We serve dinners at our conferences twice a year, and make our money to pay the expenses of the Society, and to care for the sick. The Society is diligent in looking after the needy. So far



SISTER V. B. ISHBEL

holding the Cake used as a Constitution Box

this year we have already paid out about \$60.00 to the poor. That is a large sum considering the few people who are here engaged. We hold our meetings regularly each Tuesday. The second Tuesday we meet early, and serve a covered dish luncheon, then quilt for the remainder of the day. We intend to carry this part of our work on all during the summer."

"On March 13th, we had an entertainment, when we presented the beautiful pageant "The Guardianship of Life." This was under the direction of Sister Vesa C. Marler. There was a good attendance, and we were able, with the returns from

this, to entertain our members and their escorts at our banquet on March 17th. Upon this event we had a wonderful program and a very fine dinner, and entertained about 65 guests. The program included a poem written by our own sister Isabelle Ireland, also a song written by her which was appropriate to the occasion.

"We are very fortunate here in Independence, to have with us most of the year, our dear Sister Charlotte T. Bennion, who is president of the Relief Societies of the Central States Mission. We appreciate greatly her words of encouragement and guidance."



—Pictorial California, All Year Club Photo.

Straining trees, their roots buried deep in the rich beach soil, defy the wind and rain near the Palos Verdes Hills of California. The grasses along the roadway bow their heads before the wind, but the trees, heads erect and branches held up to the breezes defy the elements. They have sturdy, strong arms.

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VOL. XVIII

JULY, 1931

No. 7

EDITORIAL

Length of Days

LIFE in all its phases is a source of constant study and interest. Lengthening the span of life has been a quest of the ages for men long for length of days. The American Philosophical Society had for consideration at its meeting in April, "Lengthening the Span of Life." Lee K. Frankel, in discussing the subject of life expectancy, said that 140 years ago the same subject was laid before the Philosophical Society in a paper entitled, "Probabilities of the Duration of Human Life and the Progress of Population in the United States." In that paper the writer gave statistics and carried a comparison through youth and middle age. He pointed out that of 1000 persons born in Philadelphia, 400 were alive at twenty years, 140 at fifty, and 6 at eighty, while in London only 272 survived to twenty

years, 140 to the age of fifty, and 2 to the fourscore rank. Mr. Frankel said that at the present time of every 1000 persons born under the protection of modern medical and sanitary science, 836 are alive at twenty, 657 at fifty, and 133 at eighty. From 1790 to 1890, eight years were added to the average length of life in this country. By 1930 the eight years had been increased to twenty-four, so life expectancy is nearly twenty-five years greater than it was when the American Philosophical Society first discussed the subject. However, Mr. Frankel doubts if any considerable addition will be made to the span of life itself. He says that while fewer people die in the earlier years, he feels that the human machine is set to run just so long and then runs down. He says the talk of extend-

ing the average life period into the hundreds is not encouraged by actuaries or medical science in general. Mr. Frankel points out that the desirable thing is for a normal life unimpaired by illness, and then the great finale, "as one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."—*Bryant*.

A dramatic and interesting event during the meeting of the Society and especially in the light of the discussions participated in, was the death of its president, Dr. Dercum, for he illustrated the kind of a death Mr. Frankel had pointed out as desirable. Dr. Dercum had been one of Woodrow Wilson's physicians. At the opening of the Society, he faced a room well filled with distinguished scientists who had gathered for the annual meeting. He sat in the high backed "step ladder chair"* of Benjamin Franklin, who founded this oldest scientific body in the United States. Dr. Dercum knew that he faced death for he had suffered with a weak heart and had

*The "step ladder" has a folding arm contrived by Franklin for use in climbing for books on high library shelves.

to be carried into the building. His friends thought that his great interest in presiding at this meeting, the seventh year of his presidency, had held death at bay for some time. He was about to pick up the gavel; he leaned slightly forward as if to study the papers on his desk, and then sank quietly into an attitude of rest in his chair. Death came at that moment, but the audience thought he had fainted. The doctor who was called said "his death was as easy and painless as this"—and he placed his finger tips on a friend's coat lapel and pressed it lightly. While he was working happily, his heart stopped." Professor William Berryman Scott of Princeton University took the chair and said, "Dr. Dercum is dead. The meeting will proceed as scheduled. He would have wished it so."

In the future man can hope to look forward to an average of seventy or even of one hundred years; but the important thing is not length of days but better health right up to the end—a century of unimpaired usefulness and then death approximating Bryant's quotation. This is the consummation to be desired in the opinion of Mr. Frankel.

June Conferences

WE congratulate the Mutual Improvement and the Primary Associations for the excellence of their conferences, held June 11 to 14 and June 12 to 16 respectively. The programs were carefully planned and effectively carried out and gave invaluable training to their officers. The attendance was large. The Primary had representatives from each of the 104 stakes in the Church and from some of the missions; and the

conjoint roll call of the Mutual Improvement Associations showed representation from every stake but one, and from several missions.

THE Word of Wisdom exhibit sponsored by the General Boards of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations was a most effective way of showing that science and experience and men's best thought approve of God's advice to his people

as contained in the Word of Wisdom. No slogan was ever launched more effectively than the one chosen for this year, "We stand for physical, mental and spiritual health through observance of the Word of Wisdom." Thousands visited the exhibit and showed the greatest interest and certainly great good will result from this scientific and philosophical display. Another special feature of the June conference was the Pioneer Trails program. In living picture and in story the coming of different bands to the West was portrayed and eulogy of their character and accomplishments was voiced.

THE three-fold purpose of the Primary Association—religious

instruction, leisure time direction, and care of the health—was considered during the five-day convention of this organization. Great emphasis was placed upon how to teach children, and many education specialists appeared on the program. As an aid in recreational leadership, morning and evening classes in dancing and dramatization were held on four days of the convention; while the closing session, featuring health and the Word of Wisdom, was characterized by a playlet. An outstanding feature of the convention was the sacred pageant, "The Light and the Life of the World," presented at the Tabernacle on Sunday morning by Primary children as an expression of their religious instruction.

Dean Milton Bennion Honored

AT the June commencement program of the University of Utah, the honorary degree of Doctor of Education was conferred upon Dean Milton Bennion of the School of Education of the University of Utah. He is a member of the General Board of the Sunday School, and the husband of our own board member, Cora L. Bennion. He has ever been ready to help us in our

Relief Society work, and we rejoice in the well deserved honor that has come to him.

He has been and will continue to be a credit to his alma mater. Not only is his work on character education known in the intermountain West but throughout the United States he is recognized as a leader in this important field.

Where are Your California Friends and Relatives?

LOS ANGELES, San Francisco and Hollywood Stakes and the California Mission are undertaking the tremendous task of "accounting for every Latter-day Saint" within the territories served by each of these divisions respectively.

Because of the great extent of the territory and the millions of people

living in it, it is well nigh impossible to make the canvas in the way it is being made in the more compactly organized stakes.

For this reason the California Saints appeal to their brethren and sisters in all other parts of the world and especially in the organized stakes to assist in locating Latter-day Saints and friends of Latter-day

Saints living anywhere in California.

On the form below give the names and addresses and mail to one or the other of the Stake Clerks named on the form. Aim to give the latest authentic address you have so as to save as much time as possible in locating the persons named.

It would be highly desirable if you would write to your California

friends giving them the addresses of these stake clerks and suggesting that they communicate with the clerks and learn where Latter-day Saint chapels are situated so they might attend services regularly. In these California congregations your friends will enjoy the fellowship of a host of happy, whole-souled people who are earnest and active in the Church and full of faith and inspiration.

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(Select one of these to send names and addresses to.)

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Back to School

WALTER L. CHURCH, 83 years old, a resident of Long Beach, California, a retired attorney and educator, expects to re-enter the University of Missouri next fall after an absence of more than sixty years. In 1867 he received from the university a Bachelor of Arts de-

gree, and in 1870 a Master of Arts degree. He also holds degrees from Washington University at St. Louis and from the University of Kentucky. He plans to specialize in sociology and education.

Verily, it is never too late to learn.

Allegiance

By Celia Stoddard

You have your beauty, desert,
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And space enough to think wide
thoughts
Beneath the low red moon.
And there be those who love you,
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Or blue lakes shining silver,
Or clean smell of wood.
And I could love you, deseret,
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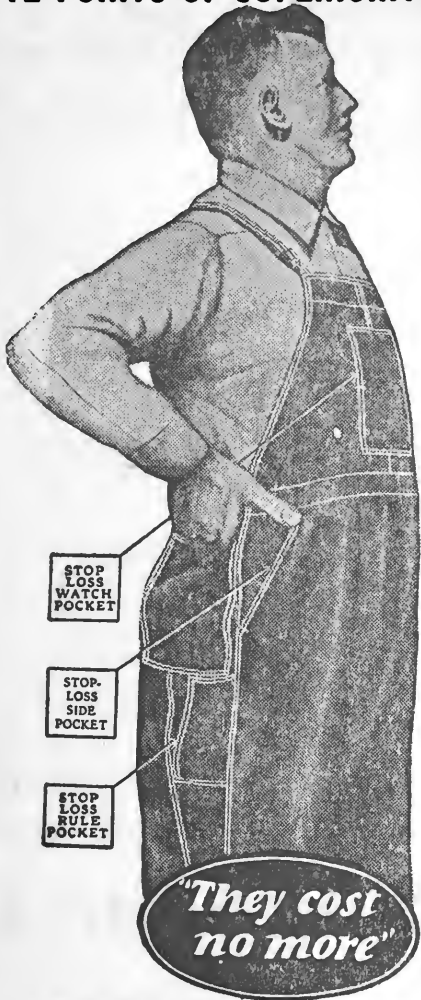


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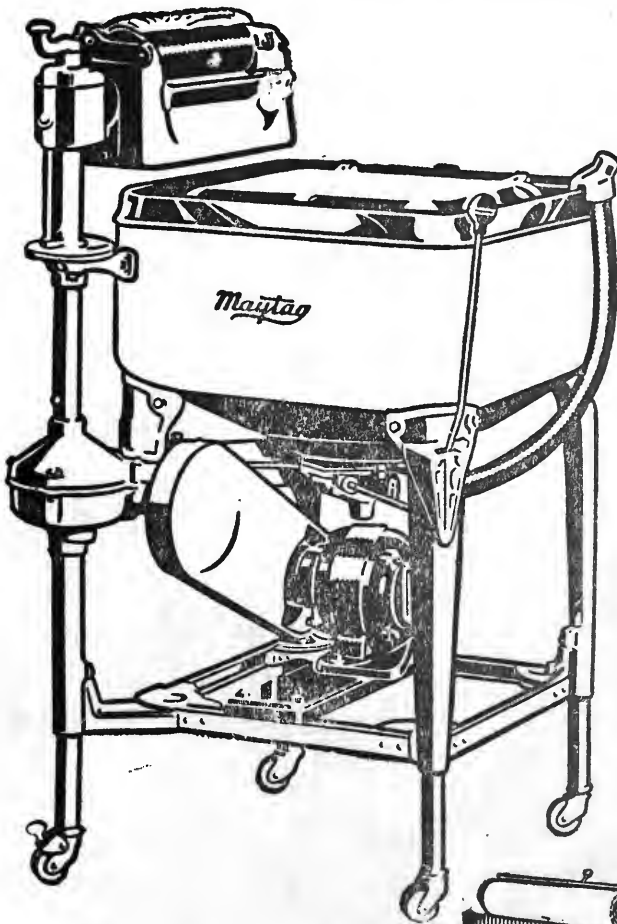


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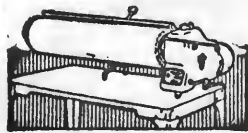
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The
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Magazine

Volume XVIII

AUGUST, 1931

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. 18

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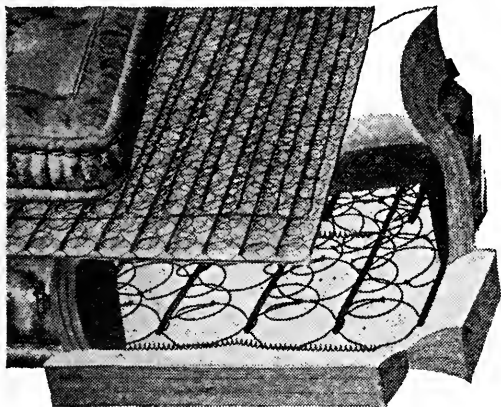
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Eliza R. Snow Memorial Poem Contest

Announcement, 1931

THE General Board conducts the Eliza R. Snow Relief Society Memorial Poem Contest annually. Two prizes are awarded—a first prize consisting of \$20, and a second prize consisting of \$10. The prize poems are published each year in the January issue of the *Relief Society Magazine*. Other poems of merit not winning special awards, receive honorable mention. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, and to pay for the published poems at the regular *Magazine* rates. The contest opens each year upon publication of the announcement in the August number of the *Relief Society Magazine*, and closes October 15.

Rules of the Contest

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women.

2. Only one poem may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The poem should not exceed fifty lines, and should be typewritten, if possible; where this cannot be done it should be legibly written.

4. The sheet on which the poem is written should be without signature or other identifying marks.

5. Only one side of the paper should be used.

6. Each poem must be accompanied by a stamped envelope, on which should be written the contestant's name and address. Nom de plumes should not be used.

7. Statement should accompany the poem that it is entered in the contest.

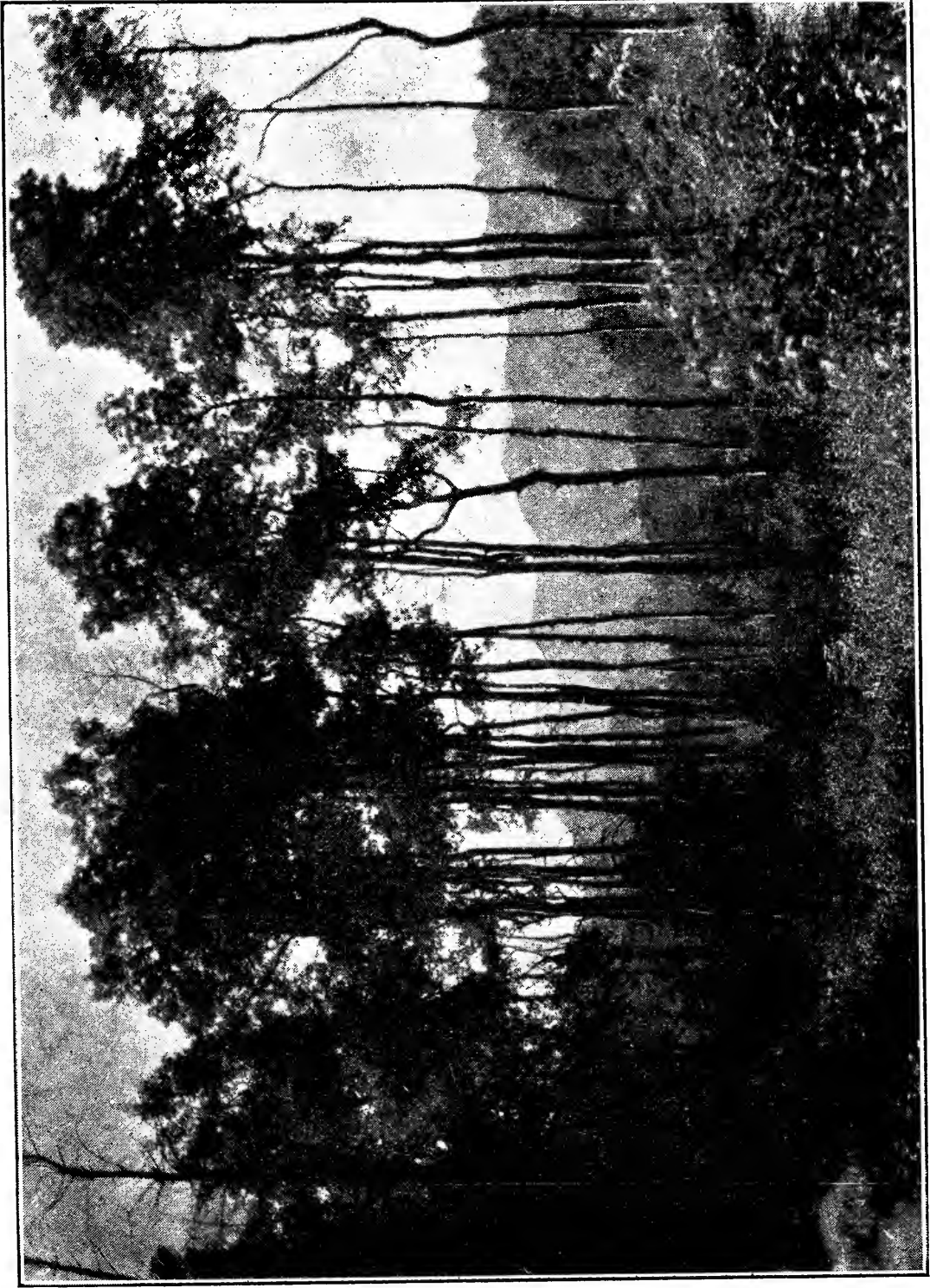
8. The contestant guarantees the poem submitted to be her original work, that it has never been published, that it is not now in the hands of an editor, or other person, with a view of publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted for publication until the contest is decided.

9. Members of the General Board, and persons connected with the Relief Society office force are not eligible to enter this contest.

10. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person selected from the English department of a reputable educational institution, and one from among the group of persons who are recognized as writers.

11. The poems must be submitted not later than October 15.

12. All entries should be addressed to Eliza R. Snow Memorial Poem Contest Committee, 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.



TREES AND MISTS OF TIMPANOGOS

Courtesy of Dr. Walter Cottam

THE Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XVIII

AUGUST, 1931

No. 8

To "Live Happy Ever After"

By Elsie C. Carroll

THE old-time novel used to carry its readers through the sunshine and shadow of the courtship of its hero and heroine, successfully getting them through the various obstacles and misunderstandings of the wooing-time, and up to the altar. Then the book closed with the satisfying statement: "and so they were married and lived happy ever after."

If we judge by the number of divorce cases that are being filed every day, we may logically wonder if they did "live happy ever after." We shouldn't like to regard romance as ending with marriage; rather we like to think of it as really beginning. If that is the case it takes more than a marriage ceremony to assure a smooth sailing sea of matrimony.

Unless marriage is founded upon the right basis, unless the participants understand both the need of keeping that basis sound and the manner of so-doing all the ceremonies in the world cannot assure continuous happiness.

Not long since I was shocked to learn of the divorce of a couple I knew twenty years ago, who at that time seemed ideally mated and more

than ordinarily happy. The husband had claimed the divorce on the grounds of incompatibility. My interest in them caused me to do some serious thinking along the line of what it takes to assure continuous happiness in married life.

Later I shall return to the case of my early friends. Now I would like to present what seems to be some of the essentials for happy marriage.

E. H. GRIGGS points out in one of his little volumes on the art of living, that "The little world of personal relationship is always the heart and soul of the larger world of action." It is in our relation to other persons that we experience our highest joy and our bitterest sorrow. There are many phases of personal relationship, but that which binds two people into one, the marriage relation, is the closest of all and can produce as its fruit the greatest good or the greatest evil; it can lead to the heights of bliss or to the depths of misery.

THERE are certain laws or principles upon which this relationship must be based if it is to fulfill

its greatest possibilities. First of all there must be a sound moral quality in both parties to this relationship. Real love and lasting happiness cannot exist if either the man or the woman is lacking in sound moral fiber. This does not mean that a certain degree of love would not maintain even though one or the other of the married couple should develop flaws in character, and serious flaws at that. We are all familiar with cases where a wife has remained true and loyal to a disreputable husband and has stood by him in the most degrading and humiliating circumstances. Love of a certain degree may remain, but certainly not happiness. To insure permanent happiness, then, one essential element is to build and keep in repair a strong moral character.

ANOTHER element of continuous happiness is that of likeness of personality. That is, in certain fundamental tastes and interests the man and woman must be alike. If one is deeply religious and the other is not, there will be a likelihood of unhappiness. If one loves children and the other does not, happiness cannot be assured. If one is fond of an active social life and the other prefers recreation of the outdoor type, there may be a lack of harmony; or if one deeply loves literature, music, and art and the other sees nothing of value beyond the practical phases of life.

While it is essential that the husband and wife be alike in their fundamental ideals and tastes, they will find greater happiness if they are unlike in many of the minor aspects of personality. If they are alike in the essentials, then the more unlike they are in things that do not matter, the more they have to give to each other.

In one of the happiest homes I know the husband is thoughtful and serious, he has difficulty in expressing himself, and shrinks from social contacts, though he knows that they are important. His wife is lively, has a keen sense of humor, is a splendid conversationalist. Each admires the other for what is lacking in his own personality and they complement each other perfectly.

ANOTHER essential for happiness in married life is what Griggs terms community of experience. It means that the two must share not only the little duties and economies of everyday life, but they must face the more "supreme annunciations of birth, death, joy, achievement, failure"—together. Recently a young man was sent to the penitentiary for appropriating funds which did not belong to him. During the trial certain facts came out which indicated that the wife was even more guilty than he. She wasn't facing our present period of depression fairly with her husband. Even though she knew his employer had found it necessary to cut the wage schedule in his company, she made no changes in her expenditures. She still required as much as before for clothing, for marcells and other personal expenses. She made no differences in the kind of food she bought nor in her methods of preparing them. She still expected to be taken to shows and dances and resorts as often as formerly. Because of this lack of "community of experience," a lack of sympathy and understanding which comes from facing together the steep hills of life as well as the sunny valleys, the couple were drifting apart and the young man feeling that it was all his fault because he could not give his wife the things he thought he

should give her, was tempted to steal.

THE law of growth is another essential to permanent married happiness. One writer has said that to keep the love of one's life-comrade, one must win it over again every day. Love must be nourished and cared for as a plant if it is to live and flourish.

An unhappy married man recently remarked that his wife was no more the woman he married than an entirely different person. Perhaps he was just as different from the man she had married. We all change as life goes on. The trouble with this couple was that they had not changed together. They had let their individual differences become more dominant. They had lived under the same roof, but they had less and less as the years went by shared their experiences. They had failed in little sacrifices and courtesies to each other and so their love had died from want of proper care.

LOYALTY is another foundation stone in the happy marriage relation. Loyalty has been defined as holding faithfully to every significant bond established between one's own spirit and another's life. In true loyalty there is no pretense. Love is too precious to be blemished by any element of insincerity. Loyalty means recognizing the worth of another and standing by that other in times of stress as well as in times of ease and pleasure. "Loyalty demands the recognition, with equal frankness, of what is passing, as of what is permanent, in a relationship."

True loyalty was demonstrated by a wife whose husband, not himself because of a temporary physical derangement which was not serious

enough, he thought, to cause him to lay off work, became irritated at his employer and said things which cost him his job. Though the situation was serious, the young wife realized that under ordinary circumstances the thing would never have happened. Her husband, disgusted with himself, but too proud to admit he had been at fault, expected only reproof from his wife and was ready to defend his stand at the cost of a family quarrel. To his surprise his wife did not blame him, but tenderly coaxed him to go to bed where he should have been for several days. Later she quietly slipped away and called upon the employer. She made a simple explanation of the situation, neither criticizing nor upholding her husband, but revealing facts the employer was glad to know and showing a type of wifely loyalty which caused him to restore the job to the husband.

PERHAPS, aside from the first law mentioned as essential to married happiness—that of moral soundness—there is none more significant than what has been termed the law of independence of personality. One must be able to stand alone to be worthy of a deep relationship with another life. "The moment one becomes an echo or a satellite of one's friend, the power is lost to give and take friendship. The answer to the need of the spirit can only come through the refreshing meeting with another independent, self-centered personality, able to reach out from that center, and give and receive in the great experiences of life." If this is true of friendships, how much more it is true of the relations between a husband and wife.

In the case mentioned at the beginning of this discussion, the incompatibility which caused the sep-

aration of this once ideally mated man and woman had grown out of a misdirected sense of loyalty on the part of the woman, which finally robbed her as well as her husband of what life promised them. In their youth the girl had been not only exceptionally pretty, but also unusually bright. It was a well-known fact in our little country school that Madge used to help Phil with his English and history lessons. Constantly she was urging him to try for better grades. Even when they were children she was more interested in his success than in her own.

They were married the summer after their graduation from high school. Madge was determined that Phil should go to college. The parents of neither could help them, but upon her suggestion, they chose a school which offered good pre-medical courses and set out for it. He secured a part-time position as janitor and she assisted their landlady with laundry work and cleaning. After a time she succeeded in increasing her earning power by means of her needle. She was clever at making over children's clothes and by persistent effort worked up quite a little business in this line.

Then she persuaded Phil to devote all his time to studying, since her earnings were enough to pay their bills. They paid only for bare necessities, however. There was no money for pretty clothes, nor for the concerts and lectures Madge would have enjoyed so much. Neither was there enough to pay for an extension class she would have liked to take.

In four years Phil graduated with honors. By that time they had a two year old baby and were expecting another; but Madge was keeping on with her work and she was urging

Phil toward his post-graduate course.

Since it would be less expensive for her to stay at home, and since she had now her regular sewing customers, Phil went east to finish his course without her. After three years of regular work and a year's internship, he returned, a brilliant and polished young physician. Their second child was nearly four years old.

During the immediate years that followed she kept on with her work while he was getting his practice established, going through the so-called "starvation period." During this time two more babies were born.

Gradually Phil became more and more widely known. He was invited to join a hospital staff in a larger city. He could afford to buy a good home, and drive a fine car, and he was invited to join the best social groups.

By this time, so friends have told me, Madge was a little faded, lifeless creature, entirely unfitted for the new life now open to her. She had remained the wife in the background so long, that she was not able to come to the front of the picture. Her husband and her children for whom she had drudged and sacrificed were living in a world she did not know how to enter. And so the tragic ending to a relationship which held unusual promise for happiness.

And how easily this wrecked happiness might have been saved. If only Madge and Phil could have sensed these fundamentals for continuous happiness and had planned and worked their future out together on a firm basis, she might have kept abreast with him intellectually instead of allowing her personality to become narrow while his was expanding.

It is a mistake too many women make. They want to give all they have. They forget that they are giving the most cherished thing they could give when they preserve and develop their own individualities. Too often the woman feels that she must immolate herself on the altar of domestic happiness. If she has a talent, she feels that she must put it aside. If she is interested in painting, music, in some intellectual public work, she feels that she must abandon it or she will be neglecting her home life.

Even in the busiest years of a married woman's life, if she has the right understanding of the basis of happiness, she will cultivate a variety of interests; she will treasure and develop her talent, knowing that the time and money she is spending on her own personality is the greatest gift she can give to her family. Too often women who sacrifice themselves blindly, awaken years afterward to find their children selfish and their husbands ungrateful. True sacrifice is that which serves the best good of all, and it is most assuredly to the best good of the entire family for the wife and mother to keep herself physically fit and mentally and spiritually abreast with the other members of the family.

MARRIAGE rests upon two distinct foundations, the biological and the spiritual. To be assured of success, there should be in every marriage a physical attraction, and the elements which make for mental and spiritual companionship. As years go on the strength of the first bond becomes less and less. Then it is doubly important that men and women see to it that the second bond grows stronger. If husbands and wives would fairly face this need of consciously protecting and fostering

those things which make for lasting home harmony, much of the world's heart-break could be averted.

What greater happiness can be conceived than that of knowing one person dearer to you than your ownself—one breast into which you can pour every thought, every grief, every joy! True marriage gives you such a companion—one who, "if all the rest of the world were to calumniate or forsake you, would never wrong you by a harsh thought or an unjust word, who would cling to you in sickness, in poverty, in care; who would sacrifice all things to you, and for whom you would sacrifice all; whose smile is ever at your hearth; who has no tears while you are well and happy. Such is marriage, if they who marry have hearts and souls to feel that there is no bond on earth so tender and so sublime."

That is, we might add, if they will use commonsense in recognizing the fact that those relations do not rest upon some magical metamorphosis which comes with the marriage vows, but upon a set of practical, everyday laws or principles which must be recognized and adhered to. "The beauty of love lies in no false illusion of perfection, but in the growth together of two imperfect personalities."

In every married life it is true there will be ups and downs, lights and shades. We cannot always live on the heights. There must be lowlands to make us appreciate the heights. "A period of quiet waiting must precede and follow every chapter of exalted experience * * Great living means being true to the vision when we no longer behold it, carrying it loyally across the desolate plain and even through the valley of shadows, in the certain faith that the hills will rise again

and we shall ascend them, and again behold the vision of life, still and clear at our feet."

To keep the vision of ideal happiness one must try to maintain in married life a fine courtesy in the intimate relations of this bond. It is frequently the neglect or abandonment of the little courtesies of life that turns the thoughtful lover into a selfish, complaining husband,

and converts the gentle, sweet-voiced bride into a slatternly, nagging wife.

Only by recognizing such fundamental principles as these I have tried to indicate, can marriage, the most difficult, yet the most sacred of all personal relationships be made the sacrament it should be; only so may those who assume its bonds hope to "live happy ever after."

Let the Home Shine Out

By Bertha A. Klienman

There's a glow that lights the cities,
And it streams across the plain,
It's the lighthouse on the main,
Its the beacon on the hillside,
Its the lamp that lights the pathway
For the million feet that roam,
Its the glimmer in the window,
Its the candle-gleam of home.

Chorus

Keep the dark blinds lifted
Keep the lace folds rifted,
All without the paths of men
are dim with doubt,

Hearts that yearn for homing,
Need your fire-side gloaming,
Keep the dark blinds lifted—
let the home shine out.

There's a trust that never wavers,

In the hallowed atmosphere,
There's a prayer each day ab-
solving,

Though you wander far or near;
There's a shrine at every hearth-
stone,

For the longing hearts that roam,
Be it tented cot or palace—it's the
Sacred shrine of home.

Indian Paint Brush

By Annie Pike Greenwood

Seldom in the valley;—
You blush upon the hill,
And where there is a mountain
You climb up higher still.

Some have called you coxcomb
After garden things;
So they label insects
All with fairy wings.

Secretly I name you
Inspiration flower:
In the common daytime
Comes the sacred hour;

So your common green leaves
Change to glowing red;
No longer common verdure,
You lift your happy head.

Like your green, my wild flower,
Starts the dullest day;
Comes my song, and blossoms
To red, so glad and gay.

My Own Town

By Kate Thomas

When I'm walking down the street, the streets of Salt Lake City.
All the houses say hello, and all the trees are pretty.
My own town, my home town, sprawly, gauche and slow,
But some sweet charm is over it, whichever way you go.

Up along the boulevard you thrill on looking down;
Green of every loveliness, never such a town!
Here are clumps of sunflowers, there the inland sea,
And the sky, the sky, the sky! could it fairer be?

Yon's bald-headed Ensign Peak, always with his brag on;
Squat old man who lunks at ease nodding at the dragon
That lies along the Wasatch rim, harmless, tricky, bold,
Open-eyed and sleepy-eyed like Fafnir guarding gold.
Calm at night the windows light soft signals to the highland,
Gaudy signs flash out their call, quite like Coney Island.
My home town, my own town, nestled in a bowl
With lots of things that ruffle you, but lots to cheer your soul.

Close on West North Temple, beneath a cloudy moon
Is a wharf and piling place, we'll be coaling soon,
The smokey old church-chimney forms the funnel of the boat,
It's puffing black is on the air and now we are afloat.
My home town, my own town, I gaily wave good-bye
But I'll be steaming back again some day before I die.

Purple stands the Oquirrh range 'gainst scarlet, gold and green.
Sunsets such as Utah boasts are rarely ever seen.
My own town, my home town flaming near and far
When the artist Autumn spills all the paints that are.

My home town, my home own home town, lives ever in my mind
Its noble mountains are so brave, its people are so kind.
My home town, my own town, hurried, worried slow,
But some sweet charm hangs over it no matter where you go.

A String of Beads

By Annie D. Palmer

ONLY twenty-five cents! Surely there must be some mistake. Those lovely cherry colored beads were never intended to sell for a quarter! Janet Major doubted that she could tell the difference if they were laid on the same tray with those at three dollars in a jewelry store window.

The young woman had spent hours window shopping in the hope that somewhere she would see a dress cheap enough to warrant her offering a dollar down and a half dollar a week. Margie Brown had asked her to go to a dance tonight with Margie and Joe. And Janet had promised. Immediately there had come up the question of clothes. Not that there should be a question. She had only one best dress, the same one that had done service for the last three years. She had hemmed it up twice, and then let the hem down and faced it. She had taken the sleeves out, sewed them back in, and finally cut them off. She had put a black collar on it and then a white one. It was still the same old dress, and looked positively hideous to her. She had called it Mauve when it was new; now it seemed to have no color at all, just a dull, drab, neutral thing, with no distinction but the oldness. Janet wasn't very sure about red being the best color of beads to wear with it; but the red was bright and seemed to her to give an added sparkle to the deep brown of her eyes. At any rate the beads were pretty—and new. She held them against her bosom and was satisfied with the combination.

But there was only a dollar in her

poor little purse. Baby Jane needed shoes, and the three other youngsters, underwear. When it came to that, what did the youngsters not need? Dan had been so long without work that she had quit asking him whether or not he had found a job. His father had been paying the rent for months; and an agency had provided milk, groceries, and coal. Janet had gone out for a day occasionally when work was offered her, but the little she earned seemed to go nowhere on the upkeep of clothes and household needs. She put the beads down with a sigh and started away.

"Yes, they are a real bargain," she heard the little Kress girl saying to another customer. "Our salesman got a splendid buy on them by taking the entire stock."

Janet walked around the table slowly and came back on the other side. There were some nearly as good looking for a dime. But No. She could not bring herself to be so cheap. Dan would laugh at her. In all probability she would have a day's work Monday. Anyway the children would all be put to bed before she left them tonight in care of Dan.

"May I help you?" asked the young salesgirl for about the sixth time. And then, "Twenty-five out of a dollar," as she handed the dollar bill to her co-worker at the cash register.

"Twenty-five out of a dollar!" the words fell heavily on the heart of the woman and continued to repeat themselves even after she boarded the street car and was on her way

home. "Twenty-five out of a dollar!"

Having slipped the beads over her head at the time of purchase she now fingered them nervously. She had grown so accustomed to sacrificing everything for the children that this foolish expenditure made her feel like a criminal. And yet—well, she was only a month past thirty, and all her life she had adored red beads. A woman doesn't outgrow these little vanities easily.

Dan was home when she arrived, and was just making a fire with the last bucket of coal. The children were all standing around him discussing the very important subject of what they were to have for supper. As their mother entered she heard Della say that a tramp had come while they were alone, and that because she was afraid she had given him four big slices of bread and butter.

"An' mother," reported Amelia with pathetic concern, "Dick an' that boy across the street et a whole loaf of bread and all the jam, an' didn't give us even a bite. An' I'm as hungry as a mule!"

"Hush up! And let me get in the house before you pull it down about my head," scolded Janet. "I wonder if you'll ever learn to take care of things when I leave the house! What business have you feeding tramps and neighbors when we have nothing for ourselves?"

"Well I don't care—" began Della.

"If you can't hush, please go in the other room!" the mother commanded in desperation.

"Della explained that she was afraid," Dan suggested calmly. "Perhaps she could do no better than she did."

"Of course. Everyone does what is best but me," snapped Janet. "I

suppose you're doing the best you can, too."

"God knows I'm trying to get a job, if that's what you mean," he answered.

"I mean that if you can't do anything else you can stay at home and keep the tramps away. I'm sick and tired of the racket, trying to make ends meet on nothing!"

"Even at that you can spend money on gewgaws to satisfy your vanity. It doesn't look very well when we can't buy food."

"Meaning this miserable string of beads, of course! - But I didn't use your hard earned money to buy them, my dear man; and let me tell you right now that I intend to use mine for what I darn please!"

"Oh, it's quite all right! A mother should spend her money on finery while her children starve if that's the way she feels about it."

Mrs. Major took the beads from her neck and flung them into the fire. Then she sat down and indulged in a fit of weeping. Dan took his hat and went out. The children stood looking at the open fire in amazement.

"You don't want them nasty beads, do you mother? Nobody wants 'em I'll say!" Amelia patted her mother's hand as she offered the remark she thought would be comforting.

"Hush up!" commanded Della. "Them wasn't nasty beads. It was what dad said 'at was nasty. Cross old dad! I'm gonta buy some beads too, when Miss Mason pays me fer tendin' her kids, an' I'll let mother wear 'em all she wants to."

"Why don't you give 'em to her, stingy?" questioned Dick who was now poking the fire where the beads had disappeared.

"I hain't no stingier'n you be, Dickey. An' maybe I can buy 'em for her birthday."

The heart of the mother was so full of the bitterness of poverty that she hardly heard and heeded not at all either promises or comments of the youngsters. In her mind a battle royal was raging. It was waged between Dan's criticism on the one hand and her mother conscience on the other.

"How could Dan be so unreasonable as to make a fuss about such a trifle?" Thus the argument.

"But he did not know the cost. He only knew the children were hungry and there was no food."

"It's his place to provide food. He promised that when I married him. And I earned the money I spent for beads."

"If Dan had a job—"

"The same old story. I've heard it so long it's hateful! I can't remember whether he ever had a job. What I do know is that this quarter is the first one I've spent on myself in the last three years. And I'm treated like a criminal for that!"

"Dan is so worried about the children."

"Let him manage the children if he can do it better. I'm sick of the whole thing. It's one eternal grind of poverty, with nothing else in sight as long as I live with him! What does he care how I look, or where I go, or when I come! It can't go on! It just can't!"

"Mother, I'm hungry. Ain't we gonna have any supper?"

The mother of four cannot cry for long unless she postpones it until after bedtime. The Major children were indeed hungry. Besides, they were not accustomed to seeing their mother in tears. Being thus called by her son to face realities, she understood the situation and called a truce with her harrassed mind to hastily set about the making of a

vegetable soup to feed the famishing household.

Meanwhile Dan walked. He had nowhere to go. He had exhausted every resource in the search for work. He blamed himself bitterly now for what he had said. It never could have happened if he had not felt so tired and weak. Of course Janet was hungry and tired, too. How could he, a big burly man, realize how much a bit of personal adornment could mean to a woman? How she must love to dance! Yes, he remembered. She had often told him in the years gone by, that she would rather dance than eat. And she had sacrificed so much, and still must sacrifice! And here he was leaving her to her burden instead of trying to help and comfort her! He turned about, resolved to ask her forgiveness for what he had said, and to buy her some beads with the first five dollars he might earn.

TIMES grew worse and worse with the Major family as the winter advanced. Mr. Major walked the streets day after day in the vain search for work. He was one of hundreds doing the same thing. Mrs. Major spent every penny she could earn on necessary underwear, hose, and shoes for the children. When not working away from home she mended and remodeled things until it seemed she could devise no more shifts. Never were the beads mentioned since the day she bought them for the dance she did not attend. When she and her husband kissed and forgave each other after the quarrel, they closed that chapter forever.

But there was an outside version. As has been stated the family depended upon an agency for food. Months after the unfortunate purchase in the Kress store it came as a

report to the Welfare agency concerned.

"Oh, yes, it's true. Of course it is. A woman that knows Mis' Major told me herself. I guess you must 'ave give her two dollars or somethin' to buy food; an' the very next day she went up town an' got her some beads an' things. I think folks like her ought to have some one buy things to eat for the kids instead of givin' her money when she don't know what to do with it."

"I've always thought her rather thrifty and—"

"Well, maybe you call it thrifty. But as for me, I don't calculate to help folks buy no jewelery. I can't afford none o' them things myself, an' I ain't a askin' help neither."

"Maybe beads mean more to Mrs. Major than to you. Maybe she has wanted that particular trifle for a long time. Maybe the touch of brightness appealed in a way she could not resist. Maybe—"

"Yes, an' maybe she ain't got very much sense. Anyway, I'll spend my own money, and let them as wants to, donate theirs to buy beads an' sich foolishness. If you're gonta allow that, you needn't ask for none o' my help."

Had it not been for Della, this episode might have finished the story. But there came a day when Della tended a baby for a woman who paid her. Ever since the suggestion of a birthday present for her mother had come to her, the child had hoped she might get a chance to earn an extra dime. Often she had stopped in the Kress store and looked at the cherry red beads and asked the price of some that she thought exactly like the ones her mother had bought. Many times she had included in her whispered prayers the petition that she might earn enough money to buy them. Once in a

dream she held them in her hands. And now the dream had come true.

It wasn't mother's birthday, but she could play it was. Birthdays come so slowly. She could not wait. When she was nearly home she took the beads from the little paper bag to have a fond look at them in the sunlight.

"Mercy, child! Where did you get them fine beads?"

"I bought them for mother, grandma. Ain't they lovely?"

"You bought them did you? Well, well!"

Della knew her grandmother Major was not pleased when she said, "Well, well" in that tone of voice; but the child could not know why Grandmother Major turned when they reached the corner and went in another direction instead of on home to talk with father.

Della ran to her mother and was clasped in loving but trembling arms. Her father smiled approval. He did not say anything. A moment later his big arms enfolded both the child and her mother.

Grandmother Major hurried to the office of the relief agency, and within a half hour was making her report.

"The fact of the matter is," she was concluding, "you must make some other arrangement about the rent. My son's wife is an extravagant creature, with no care how she gets her finery so she gets it. It's very well for you to stick up for her, but if she can let them little girls run to the store for beads she can pay the rent. I was not brought up that way, and I shall not continue to support any one so senseless."

"Janet works so hard, Mrs. Major, and has so little!"

"All the more reason for her bein' savin'. Folks that has to be helped don't need silk stockin's nor beads—"

"I have given her some silk stockings that were considerably worn. She repairs them beautifully."

"It teaches her extravagance, her an' the girls, too. She can pay her own rent. I don't know what the young an' risin' generation is comin' to, the way they spend. If things continue at this rate they won't have rags to cover themselves before long. I can't be responsible, that's all, an' I won't. I'm sure Dan's father will feel the same as I do, so from now on it's you for the rent. Goodbye!"

The astonished young woman of the agency sighed heavily as she wondered if Dan's father could really be made to so magnify the trifling vanity. It occurred to her that in the educational campaign they were trying to put over, there was need to stress the fact that *folks who need are still folks*; that their hearts rejoice in each other's well-being and find joy in each other's happiness.

She knew how watchful are the eyes of neighbors once the tongue of adverse criticism wags. She realized that the agency depended upon the generosity of neighbors for its financial support. Hers must be the

task of interpreting human need in terms of heart-throbs, both to the contributing neighbor, and to the narrow minded parents of Dan. If only she might speed the lesson home as it had come to her.

The discovery of a heart condition is one story; how a great change was wrought is another. Before spring they came together to the office of the relief agency, the contributing neighbor and the mother of Dan.

"Put me back on the contribution ledger," said the neighbor. "I reckon you was right an' I was wrong as usual. Here's my check for the payment I missed."

"I think you may close the case of Dan," concluded Dan Major's mother. "Father and I have decided the family is our responsibility.

"With the children and the extravagant wife?" asked the executive secretary.

"The only extravagant thing I've ever heard about Janet was that string of cherry colored beads," said grandmother Major, "and I'll be hanged if I'm dead sure about that!"

Little Builders

By Eunice I. Gardner

In the sandpile under my window
Where my little twin girls are at
play—
I can hear their sweet childish prattle
All through the long summer day.

They are building towers and bridges
And cellars and caverns deep;
And beautiful, peaceful valleys
By mountains so wide and steep.

O, wonderful things are occurring
In that sandpile day after day—
Things mere mortal man cannot
fathom
Which pass under the guise of
play.

O, dear little innocent builders,
My God help you to build well
Such Temples of worth that His
Spirit
May ever within your hearts dwell.

Rural Adjustments in Czechoslovakia

By Thomas L. Martin, Agronomist, Brigham Young University

MOST Americans know surprisingly little about the interesting new republic in the central and eastern part of Europe called Czechoslovakia. If you read the papers carefully a few years ago, you may recall that out of the ruins of the Austrian Empire there were a few new nations created. Bohemia, the inhabitants of whom are known as Czechs, the little provinces of Silesia, Moravia, and Slovakia together with a little of Russia, Poland, and Hungary constituted the material out of which the Czechoslovakian nation was made.

For many centuries in this geographic area a number of different races have existed. The Czechs and Slovaks have predominated and have always been characterized by their independent democratic spirit. At various times they have worked for religious and civil liberty, but unfortunately stronger powers have held them under subjection. Particularly were they oppressed by the Austrians. Fortunately for them, however, the end of the Great War brought to a finish the subjugation by enemy powers which had been in existence for many centuries.

This country consists of an area of 55,000 square miles (two-thirds the size of Utah) and a population of 18,900,000 people. About 12,000,000 are Czechoslovaks; 3,000,000 Germans and the rest are Russians, Hungarians, etc.

After the war the beginning period of the new republic was very vigorous, although about a million and a half of the inhabitants left the country, first because of the instability of the country, and second, be-

cause there was nothing for them to do. Thousands emigrated to the United States. However restrictions on immigration to the United States, and the passing of agricultural laws making more favorable conditions for farmers there had the effect of checking emigration. At present the people appear to be doing better and many of the Czechoslovakians are returning to the homeland.

THE founders of this new republic had vision. One of their first activities was a Land Reform movement. Large estates had been owned by their hated conquerors as well as some few rich people of their own blood. Before the war nearly seventy per cent of the agricultural land was in possession of these wealthy landlords and the rest, consisting of five and one-half million acres, was in the hands of the citizens themselves.

The first law passed by the new republic was known as the land reform law. This took the land from the owners after they were paid a pre-war price, equivalent to about one-sixth of the value at the time the law was passed. The land was then apportioned out to the farmers and sold to them on long time contracts.

The method of selecting the farmers for the land was interesting. A committee consisting of scientific experts, economists, successful farmers, and some government officials was formed. The applications sent in by prospective buyers were studied by this committee and judgment passed on the basis of the applicant's past experience, his service

in the army, kind and number in family, etc. The method used for selecting proved a wise one, and the farmers are practically all making good. There have been 500,000 farmers placed on new land in the last eleven years. Not only have these farmers been placed on land but they have been provided with expert help.

A reform in the school system has also been made. Children go to the elementary school for six to ten years. At any age varying between ten to eighteen they may go to the gymnasium school, something like our vocational schools, which fits them with the general training for life. This is followed by high school training during the years from eighteen to twenty-two, during which time they secure training in the technical branches. A number of agricultural high schools have been erected. These agricultural institutions are equivalent to our own agricultural colleges. At present there are over one thousand students in Czechoslovakia receiving a four year college course leading to a college degree, which fits them for practical work in agriculture. Every student must spend three days a week for two years in practice farming. Here they are taught the idea of putting everything they learn into practice. Dairying, poultry raising, crop raising, etc. are taught. From these colleges the students go out to the farms to put their education into practice. In addition to this training the farmers get expert help. There are laboratories in which the best kind of farm equipment is determined. There are experiment farms in which plant breeding is done. The best pit silos for the farmer and the best material for silage purposes are studied. The expert in charge makes it very plain

to the visitor that the whole purpose is to demonstrate the practical.

There are three large experiment farms in Czechoslovakia as well as numerous small demonstration farms. At these large experiment farms, excursions are conducted every Sunday for the benefit of the farmers. There the expert explains results obtained. At Prague, the capitol city of Czechoslovakia, there are breeds of dairy cattle, not the choicest breeds as one would expect, but the breeds native to Moravia and other hilly countries. Experiments are carried on to indicate what can be done with the native stock. Wild horses are kept on display and used for various purposes to show the farmers what may be done with the wild horse, of which there are many in the country. Redclover, sunflower, corn and beet tops are the subjects of extensive experimentation and their value when siloed in pit silos determined. Corn and barley are used for stock feed experiments. While I was there 100 Chester White pigs were being tested and the kind and amount of feed used and gains carefully recorded. All modern machinery together with old hand labor tools are compared. Modern machinery is slowly making headway, but while money is scarce and labor cheap this progress will be slow.

There is a research building in progress, built upon modern lines and equipped with modern apparatus for making technical studies of the agricultural problems of the nation.

Soil surveys are being made of all the areas of the state. Determinations of the physical conditions of the soil, the fertility needs and crop adaptability, are being studied intensely. Bacteria as a factor in soil fertility is receiving considerable at-

tention. The experiments performed with the soil are recorded in the various areas and advice given for farming the particular areas.

THERE is an interesting Bureau of Agricultural Statistics and Organization. For the last ten years a record has been kept of the farmers' income and outgoings. A fine system of bookkeeping on the farms is being inaugurated. About 1000 typical farmers in various parts of the nation have been selected for study in this interesting economic investigation. The number of animals, acres of land, acres of crop, labor, animals, crop yields, market prices, net and gross income, are taken into account. Progress reports are sent in every week. These reports are compiled and a summary returned to the farmer together with a comparison of the different areas in the nation, and a comparison with previous years, together with suggestions for improvement.

This system of reports has had its effect upon the standards of living of the farmer, and it has been found that there is a steady improvement in average conditions. By this weekly check and weekly advice, monthly and yearly summary, the government has a wonderful check on her agriculture. She shows a paternal interest in her agricultural people. One and one-half million crowns, about \$300,000, have been appropriated for this work yearly. Each farmer pays a small fee according to the amount of land he owns.

A self governing public corporation known as the National Chamber of Agriculture has been organized for the protection of agriculture in the republic. Each county has its agricultural association for the protection of local interests.

Expenses are covered by contribution as well as by 5 to 10% of land tax, and a subsidy from the government. Much agricultural seed is raised. For the protection of the growers as well as purchasers a seed control law was passed by the National Assembly on March 17, 1921. This law provides for official inspection, analysis, certification, and registration of original varieties developed by growers, and of seeds grown by them.

The Ministry of Agriculture, charged with enforcement of law, appoints certifying commissions for various districts. Sugar beet seed, seed wheat and other grains are grown and certified and shipped all over the world.

There is also an organization among the farmers and farm laborers. This is designed to promote agricultural production, and encourages bookkeeping, and it also supervises, distributes, and arranges for agricultural fairs.

Animals form an important item in most of the Czechoslovakia farm enterprises. Manures are very carefully saved. Pits to conserve both the urine and solid excretion are very common and manure spreaders are growing in importance. On the better farms manure is applied on land every third year. They have not emphasized green manures for fertilizer purposes because rainfall is not too plentiful and fertilizers are relatively cheap.

A definite system of rotation is carried on. Alfalfa is grown for two or three years, then sugar beets are planted, followed by barley, then wheat, sugar beets, and rye planted as a nurse crop for the alfalfa. When beets are not grown, potatoes and forage crops are grown in their stead. Corn is raised on a limited

area in the nation, particularly in its southern part.

Agriculture has made great forward steps in Czechoslovakia due to her system of rotation and fertility. Conditions were bad in 1918. Soil was exhausted due to shortage of artificial manures, particularly nitrates and phosphorus. Supplies of barnyard manure were reduced due to the Austrian government taking the cattle during the war. The biological deficiency of exhausted soil and underfed cattle resulted in a gradual reduction in agricultural produce, yet her crops averaged well with the world. In 1924 the combined yield of wheat, rye, barley and oats in Czechoslovakia averaged 1392 pounds per acre as against 776 pounds in the United States. Their yield surpassed those of practically all of the rest of Europe. Wheat averaged 26 bushels to the acre while the United States averaged but 12. This rate of increase has been held steadily during the last ten years.

Agricultural progress in Czechoslovakia has been due to hard work. By working early in the morning until late in the evening the agricultural classes have brought about improvement such that it has, with the art of the industrial worker created the "only fine island in the disturbed sea of Europe." One authority says that it is due only to the sound conservative sense of the agricultural class that in its first post war years of industrial disorganization and unemployment the social and economic balance of the republic was not disturbed.

The farmers quickly adjusted themselves to pre-war status as soon as they regained their cattle and thus ensured the necessary supply of manure. The state helped the

farmer to buy his commercial fertilizer at wholesale prices.

This nation exports to foreign countries, barley, hops, sugar, alcohol, lumber. She imports flour from America, Hungaria, Roumania, and Poland. Corn and lard are imported. She is self supporting in cattle. There is a little irrigation carried on but it is very limited. Irrigation is needed in many sections but the price involved in creating such projects is prohibitive at the present time.

JUDGING from my own experience and observations, the Czechoslovakians are a very fine type of people. They are industrious, happy, courteous, honest, hard-working, liberty loving and appreciative. The United States stands as her ideal of a nation. She loves America and our people. President Woodrow Wilson is idolized. He is considered their great liberator, because of his efforts to give the Czechs and the Slavs their freedom. The largest railroad depot in the capitol city is named after Woodrow Wilson. It contains the engraving "The world must be made safe for democracy." Even today fresh wreathes are found at the foot of the monument. There is a Wilson Street, American Street, and a Hoover Street. The national colors are red, white and blue. Her constitution is patterned after the American constitution.

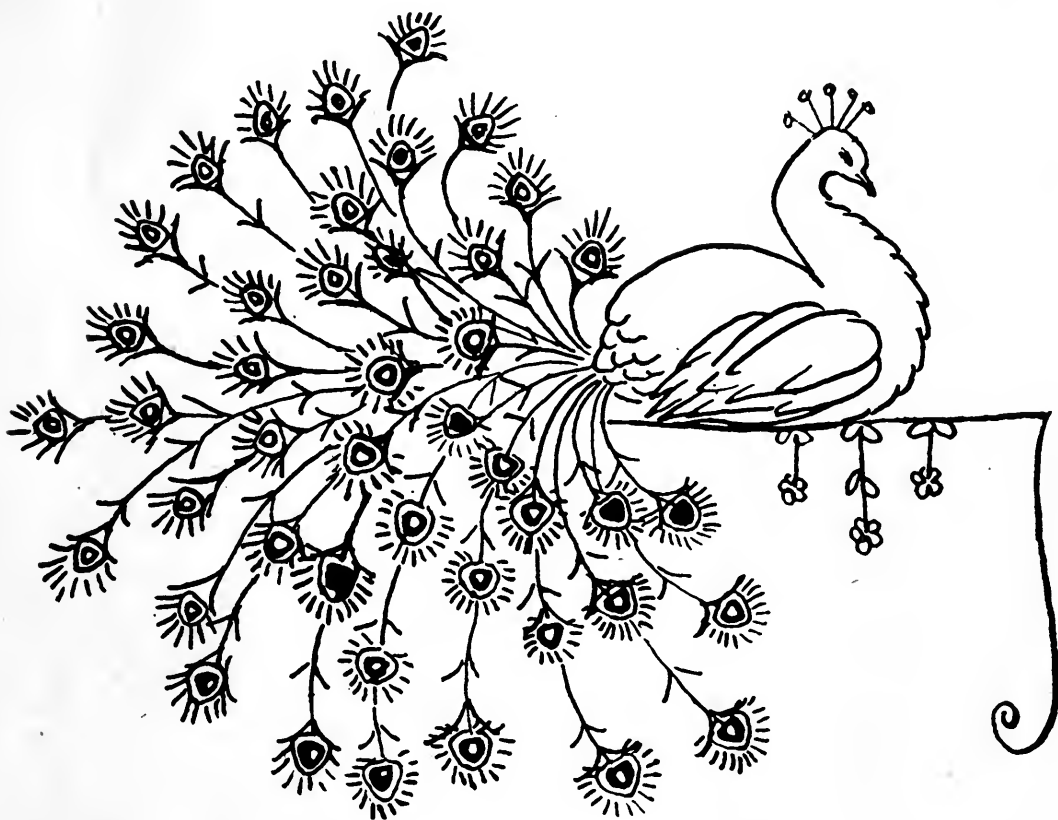
The leaders of the republic knew they had a nation to build. Commercial industries are vital for this nation, but agriculture is more vital. Her leaders knew that to build a nation the rural life must not be neglected.

Professor Dr. Ve Brdlik commenting on this says: "The Czech peoples are descendants of humble

peasants. They differ from other western nationalities in that her civilization has not come from the bourgeoisie of the cities, but out of the peasant classes. This peasant class has always been responsible for the resuscitation and rejuvenation of the oppressed Czech people. Whatever course Czech history may take in the future the Bohemian rural peoples will always provide farm ground for the Czech nation to rest on."

"The natural laws of the land will always prove a firm link.

From the relation between the land and his family the peasant has derived his conception of the home land and freedom of his nation. He is convinced that he has an invincible power to overcome all difficulties even if the reverse of history were to be unfavorable to him, if his nation will not turn away from native fields in order to engage in industry. For having once lost contact with the land the whole nation would go to ruin. Such is the intrinsic value of Czechoslovakian agriculture."



Babes-in-the-Woods

By Ruth Moench Bell

LESCELINE was glad that the path from the gate to the house was a long one. Dave's father had very wisely, for this occasion, set his house in the exact middle of his acre lot. Dave's father! *Her* father now! Whether the Blaynes knew it or not, whether they approved or not—and Lesceline had a quiet conviction that Mrs. Blayne did *not* approve—She and Dave were married. Soon, all too soon, the Blaynes would know. Oh, that blessed long, long walk. It was giving them a longer lease on their happiness.

Lesceline looked up at Dave—and it was some distance to his eyes. He looked down at her and patted her hand, the hand she had slipped in his arm. His eyes said, 'Never mind, little woman. They shan't eat you up—not while I'm there.' Nevertheless, Lesceline detected a faltering in Dave's footsteps. He was probably wondering how he could explain to his family that he had decided not to go east and become a great architect—not right away.

Lesceline did not know that at that precise moment the two most popular and spirited young people of Brixton College looked very much like two babes-in-the-woods, full of awe at this thing that they had done, full of wonder at the possibilities for disaster of this new world they found themselves in. In fact, it was David Blayne senior, ensconced behind the heavy lace-curtained windows of the Blayne household, who had noted the resemblance to the 'Babes-in-the-Wood' and had so dubbed them.

"They're married, Emily," he

smiled, as he beckoned his wife to join him at the window. "Nothing else could make those two look like that. They're wondering how we're going to take it."

"I know how I'm going to take it," Emily Blayne pursed her lips proudly, which was her way of icing her foes. "She's ruined Dave's career. He'll never be an architect now."

"Well," David Blayne chuckled, "I'm not so sure he was exactly coerced into it."

Unconscious of the scrutiny and comments they were exciting, Lesceline and Dave, hand in hand now, walked wistfully toward the house—their expression imploring the world to let them be happy.

"She's frivolous, vain, extravagant," Emily Blayne breathed between tight lips.

"It's a good thing this house is so far from the gate," David Blayne senior sighed. "You better go up to your room, Em, and get yourself in hand. Little Lesceline's not so bad. And she's Dave's choice—you know—our Dave's choice."

"I'm not so sure she's Dave's choice."

"Well, even at that, he might have done worse if he'd done the choosing himself. Come away, Em, they're almost here."

"If Lesceline could have been a daughter-in-law like—"

"Every mother-in-law thinks she would have been an ideal mother-in-law if only her particular daughter-in-law had been different." He kissed his wife and hurried down stairs. "I'll tell them you are bathing," David whispered back. "Be

nice to her—they're only young once."

"I know what's due a guest," Emily cried proudly.

"That's fine. Just treat her as a guest, that'll suit Lesceline all right."

The hall door was opening with visible reluctance, the next minute, and Blayne senior's voice came booming down the hall. "Here, what have you two youngsters been up to?"

Right then, Lesceline decided that she was going to like her new dad. She adored a sport and flung her arms about his neck with an affection that delighted father and son.

Emily Blayne was less demonstrative in her greetings when she finally got herself in hand and allowed herself to be kissed and embraced by her son, and presented her cheek to be kissed by Lesceline. The daughter-in-law, every whit as proud and independent, brushed ever so lightly the cheek thus presented.

Lesceline noticed that Mrs. Blayne listened with polite reserve while Dave gave enthusiastic plans for making millions without becoming a great architect at once. She was glad that she and Dave were leaving next day in Dave's roadster for Montana. A very little bit of polite reserve was plenty for Lesceline.

David Blayne joined in their plans more heartily and gave them a wedding present of two hundred dollars to tide them along until Dave got his first million. "Now I can't send you another nickle," he warned them laughingly, "this is the limit, so make it last till you get some more right in your hands."

Mrs. Blayne offered bedding and cooking utensils so they could cook their meals at Auto Camps. But Dave burst out, "Great Scott, Moms, this is our wedding trip.. We're

going to the best hotels. Lesceline's not going to cook on our honeymoon."

"And besides it's good business to look successful," Lesceline added. "Staying at good hotels and looking prosperous will give people confidence in us, and we'll be more likely to succeed."

"I guess they're not so dumb," Mr. Blayne laughed. "They've got all their wits about them, Emily."

"That's one thing I like about my new parents," Lesceline confessed into this warmer atmosphere. "You don't call each other 'mother' and 'father'. You still keep your individuality. We're going to be Lesceline and Dave as long as we live. We're not going to let our children forget that we are real people, just as they are."

"I'm glad she likes something about us, Emily," Blayne chuckled. "for I'm getting rather fond of my new daughter already."

Lesceline and Dave promised to write frequently and frankly, as they got into their roadster the next morning.

"A few years ago a young couple wanted a new home and a job when they started out" David Blayne joked. "Now if they have a marriage licence and a roadster they're doing fine."

"And a college degree apiece, Dad, don't forget that," Dave reminded him.

"Not so bad, after all, do you think" Lesceline cried happily, as she waved back.

David senior smiled to his wife, as together they waved to the youngsters going out so confidently to conquer the world. "I'll give them exactly one week," he laughed.

"I admit that she seems more sensible than I thought," Mrs.

Blayne said, "but how about this talk of best hotels?"

"Oh, they have their pride. We don't want them to break their pride. They know I won't send more money."

"If she'd only left him alone till he'd gone east and got his degree in architecture," Emily sighed.

"After all, what they will learn together may mean much more to both of them than any degree and waiting. They have the main business in life settled now, and they have each other and health and intelligence to work out their problems together."

BLAYNE was right. It was not long before a letter came bringing word that the two were trying another town. The change was made about the time that Dave, losing his job at a service station, happened in at an unusual time at a certain cafe, and found Lesceline, looking like a million dollars, imperiously waiting on tables.

"I thought you had lost all interest in cafes," she told him haughtily, a little piqued that he had surprised her at work. "You said you cared for nothing but hot dogs and hamburgers."

"I think that was about the time you began preferring apples and buttermilk to real meals," Dave countered. "Let's call it quits and get on with our career. I think we have enough to go on, now that we have lowered our lights."

They were well along the road when Dave remarked, "You know some of these Auto Camps are rather nifty, showers and all. And we could make ourselves a cup of chocolate for breakfast."

"And get some cooked cereal and sometimes an egg and some fruit," Lesceline agreed with alacrity.

"And then we could have our darling car right under our window, so we could watch it all night. I'm always so afraid some one will steal it in a public garage."

"It will save garage bills, too," Dave blundered, "what I mean is, fenders get jinned up in public garages. And you can't place the blame."

Having the darling car right under their window, was not the unmixed joy Lesceline expected. Incidentally, they might have rested better if they could have backed the car into their cottage and tucked it in for the night. Then one or the other could have put a foot out from time to time to make sure that the car was still there, spare tires, motor and all. As it was, Dave really did not start up more than half a dozen times perfectly sure that he had heard some one making away with the spare tire. About the seventh time, when he jumped to his knees wildly, he collided with Lesceline, who had a sudden call to peer out of the window and make sure that the 'spare' was still there. Dave explained foolishly that he had dreamed some sort of nightmare, probably because of the late hamberger he had eaten.

Towards morning, Dave rose with a shout, "They're jacking up our car to get our wheels."

"I'm afraid they've got all four of them," Lesceline cried excitedly.

"I hope they haven't lifted the motor out, too," Dave said feverishly, as he dragged his boots on.

He came back rather sheepishly. "Everything's intact. But it's day-break, and I think we better be getting on."

Dave was about to suggest that they go home for a visit, but a hurried count of their resources showed him that even gas could not be as-

sured. They might 'hock' the car, but something happened which made that unnecessary.

When Lesceline had been at the wheel, Dave had liked to remind her that 'there is always another car just around the curve, and it will be on your side and making seventy per, so drive accordingly.'

Lesceline would wrinkle up her nose and toss her head, remarking, "Also, every gun is loaded."

It happened, however, that it was not Lesceline but Dave who was at the wheel when the other car sprang into existence just around the curve. According to formula, the car was on Dave's side and was doing, as near as anyone could estimate, fully seventy per. As a mere bagatelle, it also transpired that Dave was 'stepping her up' pretty lively, though no one could tell exactly what the speedometer registered when the impact came.

The 'Babes-in-the-Wood' title was not so inept, after all. 'The robins so red' might easily have 'brought strawberry leaves and over them spread' had not an irate driver brought them to their senses. He was demanding to know 'what the Sam Hill they were doing over on his side of the road—and why Dave didn't let his girl drive if he couldn't do better than that.'

Dave observed rather grogily that he though he had done pretty well, almost any other driver would have killed all three of them.

"Where's our car?" Lesceline asked faintly, looking around at the unfamiliar scene. "My wrist feels awfully queer," she moaned. "Why is Dave looking so pale?"

Dave looked around at the debris. "What's the idea of the used car sale?"

"Yes, what's the idea," the other accessory-before-the-fact snarled.

"Fortunately no bones were broken," Dave wrote home to his father. "And one can always get another car."

"Fortunately or unfortunately," Dave's father wrote back, "that chicken ranch I took a mortgage on in Idaho, has fallen into my hands. Now it happens that you two are not far from Dudley, and if you'll go over and try to save me from losing the whole works, I'll finance you till you can make a go of it, or until I can sell out and get the thing off my hands. I'm enclosing a check to get you there and tide you over. This should keep you going till you can get an egg check in, if what they claim for the place is anywhere near true."

"We're on," Dave wired back. "Lesceline's game and we're both delighted."

"Your mother and I will drive up and sort of get you started," David Blayne wrote back.

"And I'll give them about twenty minutes to chuck the whole thing," he remarked to his wife as he sealed the letter.

"We'll give them the best fried chicken they ever ate," Dave proposed.

"Don't," Lesceline laughed. "You are making me hungry. I could eat several myself."

"The question is—can you fry them if I do the other acts," Dave asked.

"I can after you get them rolled in flour and salted and peppered," Lesceline sighed daintily. "If I so much as see them at any of the other stages, I can't eat a bite."

"Well, I'll go whack off their heads," Dave laughed.

Lesceline put her fingers to her ears and hid in the closet at the sound of the first squawk. But she was a good sport and had the water

boiling to scald them. After what seemed plenty of time, Lesceline emerged from the closet.

"Are they washed, salted and floured." she finally called from the other side of the kitchen door.

"I'll bring in some more wood," she added. She did not want Dave to think her unsportsmanlike. But she gave a shriek that rent the skies when she happened onto the severed heads at the chopping block. The sight of their blood-stained feathers filled her with horror, and she held her nose in dismay at the odor that was wafted from their scalded feathers.

Lesceline happened in just as Dave was drawing them, not too expertly, and right then she decided that she would not care for any fried chicken. Even the sight of their white flesh as the pieces soaked in cold water prior to drying, salting, and flouring, was not reassuring to Lesceline.

Dave's dad and mother arrived, very friendly and greatly surprised and delighted that these two should have settled down to realities so swiftly. Lesceline could see that even Mrs. Blayne was mollified, though dubious about the venture being of long duration.

The gracious greetings and the aroma of frying chicken whetted Lesceline's appetite and she picked daintily at the piece of white meat which Dave put on her plate, and soon she was eating as heartily as any one.

"I suppose Lesceline knocked their heads off?" Dave's dad joked.

"She did *not*," Dave laughed.

"Les ran and hid."

"Always your mother's trick. I finally got her to pull out their feathers."

"But I did not relish them after," Emily added.

"Then I'll never ask Lesceline to do even that," Dave declared gallantly.

"Who gathers the eggs?" Mrs. Blayne asked, not without purpose, as Lesceline could see.

"Yes, you should have seen Les gathering them," Dave roared. "I went out in time to see her poking at them with a stick and exclaiming coaxingly, not to mention threateningly, 'Now get right off, you big brute, get off those eggs.'"

"I did not," Lesceline defended.

"And then one hen pecked at her and Les dropped an egg. Of course all the hens made a dash for that egg as it smashed, so Lesceline uttered a shriek and dropped another egg. By that time I arrived with my plus twelves and managed to cover the two eggs, so the hens wouldn't get the taste and start egg stealing."

Under the table, Lesceline was trying to locate Dave's generous 'plus twelves,' as he called them. But she could not find them to get the wireless over to him that he was showing her up in a rather bad light to her mother-in-law, who had her lips pursed tight again, and was obviously wondering what possible help her daughter-in-law would be on a chicken farm.

She heard Dave's dad defending her, after supper when she was busy with the dishes, and Dave was out taking the setters off the nest to lock them up and punish them for yielding to nature's dictates.

"Oh, she'll be game, Emily." Lesceline heard his big booming voice saying, "wait till her test comes. This is all new and different for Lesceline. She isn't complaining about living miles from anyone. Remember she was one of the most popular girls at college—a Co-ed that

went everywhere and was always the life of the party."

Dave was coming whistling up the walk, so Lesceline did not hear Emily's response. After the visit, the place seemed ten times lonelier. Was Dave really so interested as he seemed, or did he see in this chicken ranch the chance to earn the money that would take him east to study? Lesceline wondered as she saw him immersed in poultry journals in the evening, or talking poultry with every man he could meet, on those trips to the Association in the 1918 Model Ford which had been left with the place.

Lesceline strolled down to the hen house one evening when Dave had stayed extra long. She saw him cuddling a dove-like white pullet against either cheek. Strolling noiselessly to the house, Lesceline felt a new affection for Dave, a new insight into his nature and a new in-

terest in his interest. After that, she went often with Dave and liked to hear him talk to his hens.

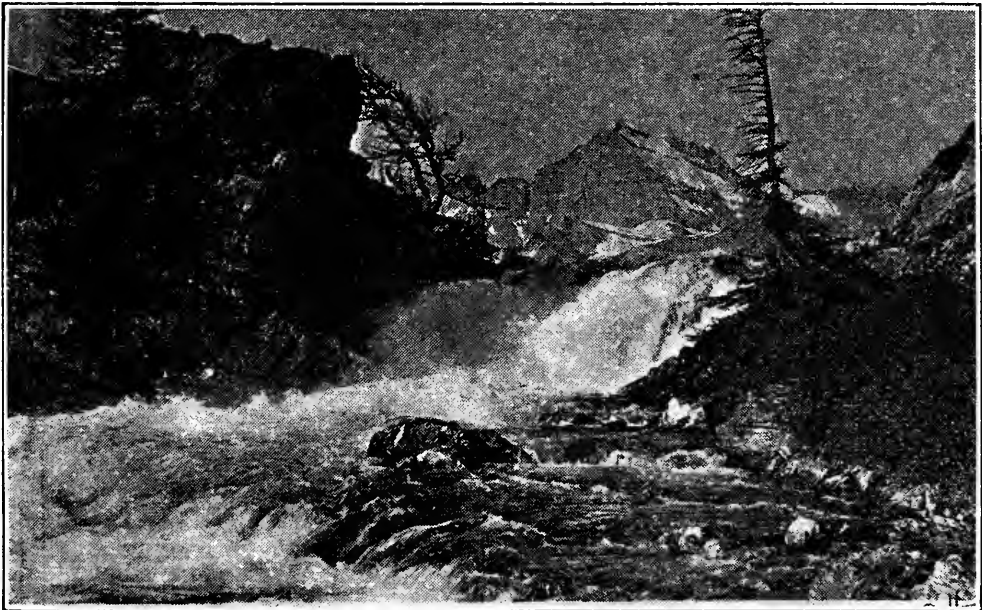
"See the nice clean saw-dust in your nests, girls," he would exclaim. "Now show your gratitude."

He would tweak their beaks, as they peered at him drowsily from their roosts at night. Sometimes taking their heads between his hands roughly and affectionately, he would tease and joke with them, just as if they understood.

"They're just like a bunch of girls," he would laugh, "squealing and scurrying away over nothing whatever."

Sometimes Lesceline fed them the 'scratch'. She liked to hear the raucous chorus they sang in anticipation. Scattering the grain about, made her feel like a Lady Bountiful bestowing largess while they scrambled eagerly.

(To be continued)



SWIFT CURRENT FALLS AND GOULD MOUNTAIN,
GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

Photo by Heilman

Mary B. Hamilton

By Hazel H. Geenwood

AS we become intimately acquainted with the lives of the women of the Latter-day Saints we discover a great number of most interesting characters known and loved for their integrity, diligence, industry, faithfulness and sincerity. They have performed their part well and the story and history of our church would be incomplete without reference to their lives and accomplishments.

Among this group may well be mentioned Mary B. Hamilton, born Jan. 6, 1865, in Mill Creek, where she has lived during her entire life time and where she has been and still is a leading member of the community.

The Hamilton home has been a place where from my childhood I have spent many happy days. I learned to love and admire Aunt Belle for her devotion and attention to those who came within her influence. Especially did she make the principles and doctrines of the church a paramount subject in her instructions all of which have been made manifest in the lives of the children as they have grown to manhood and womanhood. Prayer, loyalty to the church and respect for the priesthood were never overlooked.

Her parents, Martin White and Margaret Hill, were of German and Scotch descent and came to Utah in 1849. She commenced her education in the common schools and later took a Normal Course in the Brigham Young University graduating in 1885, and soon after began teaching. She taught for four years with marked success and was known

as an entertainer and a clever reader.

She married James C. Hamilton, who later became Bishop of Mill Creek Ward, where he presided for twenty-five years.

SISTER Hamilton was mother to nineteen children, nine of her own eight of whom are living and ten belonging to the first wife of her husband, who died leaving these children, the eldest a boy of fifteen and a baby three weeks old.

In influencing these children she was successful in impressing them with the importance of individual responsibility in the duties of the home. Her activities in the home and the community evidenced leadership and executive ability. Public problems affecting the home had her interest and support.

Education and experience gave her a sense and appreciation of proper educational training and as much as possible was enjoyed by this family.

THE church activity of this group has been remarkable, six of her own sons as shown in the accompanying photograph have filled missions for the church and are active members.

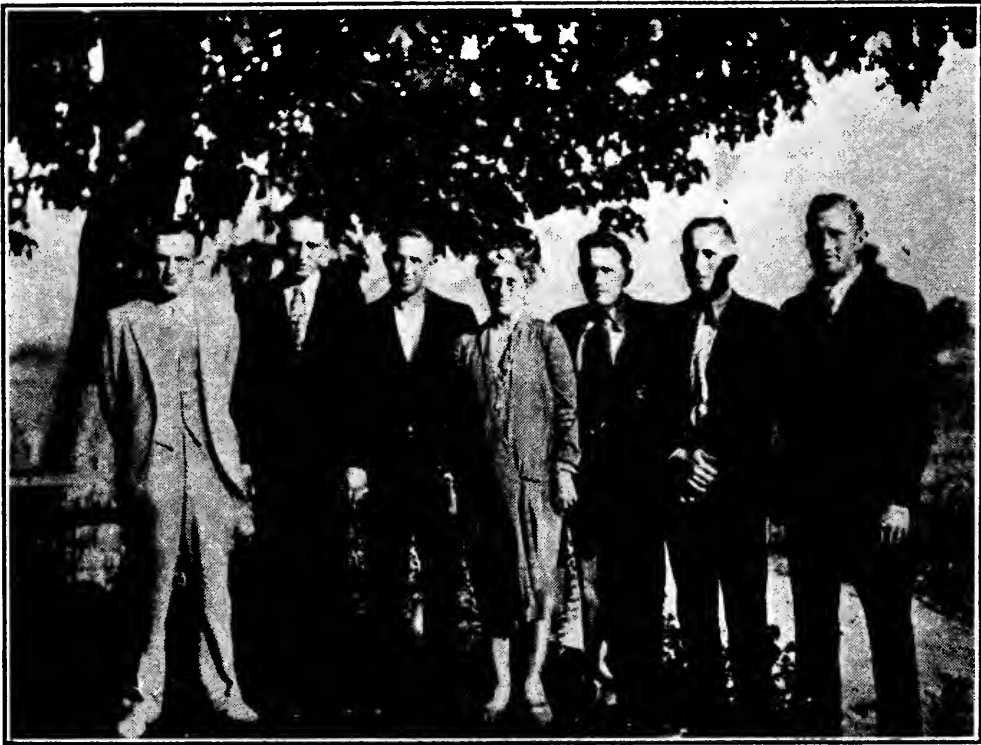
Among the other family of children four sons and one daughter have filled missions, three having served twice. Two sons have served as Bishops. The girls have all been active as Ward and Stake Presidents of Mutual Improvement, teachers of Sunday School, and have held many positions of trust. All of the marriages in this family have

been performed in the temple.

Sister Hamilton herself has had an active church experience, serving as Counselor in M. I. A., Counselor in Relief Society for a number of years, later serving as president of that organization for sixteen years.

At the organization she was chosen as a member of the Stake Board of M. I. A. under Zina B. Cannon as President. Subsequently she be-

active leader in civil affairs, taking an active and leading part in many matters pertaining to the welfare of the community. She was elected president of the Farm Bureau of Salt Lake County and was president and later Secretary of the Hill Ditch Corporation and active in numerous other matters in which the welfare of the community was concerned.



MARY B. HAMILTON AND HER SIX SONS

came a member of the Board of the Cottonwood Stake Relief Society giving splendid service for five years to a clinic held in Murray under that organization.

At present she is a teacher in Sunday School, Mutual and Relief Society.

Besides her church activities Sister Hamilton has for years been an

She has been a leader in politics having attended all of the County and State Conventions.

In the long years she has served few if any women in the church have been more diligent and faithful in visiting the homes of the sick and responding to the call of the needy, thereby fulfilling the Master's measure of true service.

Living the Word of Wisdom

By Annie Clark Kimball

“And lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil.”

THE Latter-day Saint mother has one dear desire, one constant hope, one earnest prayer: “Let my children know the truth as I know it and have integrity to live in harmony with that knowledge.” She is grateful to the officials of our church for the rebuttal now in action against the vigorous advertising campaign by the tobacco interests. If, by sustaining that rebuttal with enthusiasm, she can fortify her dear ones against steadily advancing evil and give them that which will lift them above temptation, sincere gratitude will well from the very depths of her soul.

The mother as guardian of the home can watch that ever potent teacher, Example, in its application to our “Word of Wisdom.” When coffee or tea are served upon the family table it is hard to say to the little ones—“but it is not for you.” When Father or elder brother use tobacco it is difficult to lead little son to believe that its use would injure him.

Playmates and companions with harmonious ideals help to keep the young, uncertain feet from straying. The scouts are better companions for our boys than are the idlers upon the street corners and our Church Auxiliaries are protecting arms extended to our children. A dear one remarked to me recently that she had found more happiness and received more good from the Gleaner Girls’ organization in our Ward than from any sorority either social or professional to which she belongs.

“To be fore-warned is to be fore-armed.” Would it not help the cause of resistance to prepare our children with information on the attacks they will have to meet and show them how these may be successfully and gracefully refuted?

The radio and bill-board advertisements, the crowd that will ridicule and plead for sociability, the so-called friend who challenges with a dare are stumbling blocks for the unguided and unprepared.

Conversation in our homes may impress and glorify knowledge. There is no lack of information both scientific and testimonial for our use. Youth dreams of achievement and glory. The spirit may desire and yearn but actual earthly success must be won by this human instrument, the body. May it be strong, healthy, uncontaminated and wholly fit!

In a personal way I am grateful for having two degreed physical education majors in our home. Their scientific knowledge of the truth of our “Word of Wisdom” is indeed a treasure.

One of these has enjoyed victories in competitive sports, has traveled far, and through official connections with national organizations has many friends in various parts of the country. Recently I asked her how she feels about the practicability of living the “Word of Wisdom.” This is her reply: “Nothing forbidden in the ‘Word of Wisdom’ has any attraction for me. Not one of those articles means any

more to me than the dust beneath my feet. Many of my friends smoke; sometimes I have been the only one in the party without a cigarette but I know I shall never smoke. At banquets more than once I have been the only one to refuse the *demi-tasse* but coffee has absolutely no appeal for me. I believe my success in my profession is due to a great extent to my living the 'Word of Wisdom.'

"I have always been respected in refusing these things and there are specific instances in which I am sure that refusal has given me increased influence."

It is known widely that the Latter-day Saints stand for high ideals. Their code of living is conspicuously superior. Since in any field, respect is due only to those who

stand loyal and true to that which they profess, what a responsibility our children carry!

The Father in our home was attending a Commercial Club dinner. At his table were three prominent business men not of our faith. Suddenly one exclaimed, "Look!" There was one of our Latter-day Saint men lighting a cigarette which he held between his lips. The next remark came, "There's another good Mormon gone wrong."

The activities of life are taking us more and more into distant parts and among all kinds of people. We cannot hedge our children around and shut out all that is evil in this world as it now is, but may we find a way to touch their souls with understanding and with faith that evil shall be no temptation unto them.

Doves of the Sea

By Minnie J. Hardy

I live in the sage and sand,
Where the great Salt Lake appears,
I came a supreme command,
To save the first pioneers.
The marauders came,—a horde,
The weary ones to annoy,
I was his flaming sword,
My mission was—Destroy.

There came a cricket pest,
Black as a winter night;
Then swift from out the west,
Ten thousand wings took flight,
The man was crushed with despair,
But the woman's prayer was heard,
When lo, from out the air,
In answer came—a bird

Then countless forms were lowered,
With never a pause or lull.
'Till life and joy was restored,
With the coming of the gull.
Now I dream of the open sea,
Where the sailor guides his barque
I ride the waves in glee
From crimson dawn 'till dark.

I dine in many a place,
Through the valleys love to roam,
Then the mountain winds out-race
On my happy journey home.
I scream in wild delight,
Encircle the desert land,
Bathe my wings in billows white
Then toss myself on the sand.

When out the moon her anchor lifts
I pose on the Temple spire,
Then some rugged mountain cliff
Fullfills my wild desire.
When the thunder crashes aloud,
And torrents hide the blue,
A silver shaft through the cloud,
A flash—then lost to view.

Of hardships drear I tell,
Of battle, death and tears,
Yet the people speak me well
Through all of the passing years,
Symbol of Divine love
To you I will ever be
God's most beautiful dove
Dove of the mist and the sea.

How to Stage a Flower Show

By Maud Chegwidden

EVERY year we residents of the Rocky Mountain region are becoming more and more conscious of the importance of the finer things in life, those adjuncts to a fuller and more cultured existence. Music and art, poetry and the beauties of nature, are all needed if we intend to make most profitable our years on this earth.

Beautiful gardens have been cared for by the choice people since God first planted a garden and placed Adam there. Solomon speaks in exquisite language of his garden, and it was in a garden that Christ spent some of his most poignant hours. The gardens of history have passed away, but it is our blessed privilege to make gardens today just as lovely.

There is no surer way to get the gardening fever than through a visit to a flower show, and I know of few ways of giving universal pleasure better than through the assembling of the garden flowers of a ward or a stake, where blue ribbons will encourage all to bring their best blooms, and where, after the day's exhibit, the fragrant, bright blossoms may be carried to old and sick folks whose days will thus be brightened and comforted.

It is not an easy job to stage a flower show, if it is to be a worthwhile effort. Forethought and careful preparation are needed.

In the first place, the show must take place in a hall which is large enough to accommodate long tables with plenty of space between for visitors to pass comfortably. I have seen tables placed so closely together that passersby knocked over the vases. There should be good light for the daytime, and ample provisions for lighting at night, for this is when the largest crowds will

come.

Do have enough table space, too. Flowers in vases should each have enough space between them that the graceful arrangement may be noted and enjoyed. I have judged at flower shows where the exhibits were so crowded that it was impossible even to see many of the vases. This is unfair to those who bring their flowers to the show.

Although white coverings are almost always used on tables, a neutral grey or green is much better. Besides being more artistic than a dead white, the soft background color shows off the delicate tints and forms of the flowers to best advantage. White detracts from the hues of the blooms, and absorbs too much light.

Advertise that flowers will be received at the hall up to a certain time only, and stick to your word. Ten in the morning is usually a good time. After this lock the doors, so that your judges may work unimpeded and so do their difficult task as quickly and fairly as possible. It is no sinecure to judge a flower show and every consideration should be shown those who freely give their time in this work.

Be sure that you have enough assistants but do not have so many that they are in each other's way, causing a needless confusion. If possible, flowers should be received by the reception committee in an ante-room to the large hall where the show is to be held. In this small room water should be provided, and a large tub or box to receive the broken blossoms and papers and other rubbish. Here entrants may arrange the flowers in the vases which they have brought themselves, and it is a wise plan for the committee to have a number of extra

containers on hand, as some people will be sure to come without.

At the entrance to the large show room from the small room you should have a table with a couple of good penmen, who will assist exhibitors to write the names of their flowers and their own names on the cards provided.

Other members of the committee will now take the vases and place them on the tables. This is most important to the success and beauty of your show. All flowers of one variety should be next to each other, to facilitate judging. It is too bad to expect the judges to hop all over the room, looking for other vases of zinnias in order to make comparisons.

Have vases no more than two deep if possible, so that visitors may see all without having to strain their necks and eyesight. Of course you will keep the shortstemmed flowers in front and the tall ones behind.

It is best to give blue ribbons for first place, red for second and light green for third, as these colors are uniformly used in large shows. Sometimes public spirited citizens or business men, especially those in the nursery business, will give merchandise for special prizes, and this gives added interest to the show.

In staging a flower show, try to get people away from the old-fashioned idea of bringing mixed bouquets of flowers. Each variety should be displayed alone, both for the best effect and for ease in judging. Only the natural foliage of the flowers should be used, ferns and other greenery having no place in a flower show.

Encourage exhibitors to know their flowers by name. Roses all have names, such as Radiance, Claudius Pernet, or Etoile de France. You wouldn't have much opinion of a mother or father who

couldn't remember the names of their children, would you? Flower children should be known just as intimately by their growers.

A flower show may be held at almost any time, but during the very hottest weeks of summer it is hard to keep blooms from wilting. May is a fine time to hold a spring flower show, for at that time there are tulips, some early irises, some late daffodils, bleeding hearts, some of the flowering shrubs, and a few of the alpine plants.

Every community should hold a rose show in June. The world has no flower more universally beloved than the rose, and we here in the western states have much in our favor for growth of fine roses. Besides roses, at this show one may have delphiniums, candidum lilies, late peonies, and dozens of other perennials; but the rose should reign supreme.

In early fall a flower show may feature dahlias, gladioli and late blooming perennials. House plants may always be included in shows, for there are many months of winter when these form our only horticultural delight, and a good collection of pot plants is something to be proud of.

A word should be said about containers for the flowers, for many a pretty bouquet has been spoiled by being thrust into a milk bottle. Don't use these narrownecked bottles; they crowd the flowers and hold them in unnatural positions. Flowers spring from the ground and spread outwards, and vases or bottles should be used which approximate this form as much as possible. If one with wide spreading mouth cannot be found, one with straight up-and-down sides is all right.

Plain glass pickle jars have frequently got very good lines, and a coat of enamel in a neutral color

will make a splendid vase. Black enamel is very smart at the present time, and shows off most flowers to excellent advantage. Ivory, tan, soft green are all good colors for any tint of blooms, while pinks, lavenders and yellows should be used only for flowers of the same color.

If you have never put on a flower show in your community, try one this year and help to make yours a garden city. Only by spreading the flower gospel from town to town will we make this a nation of beautiful gardens surrounding happy homes.



A PRETTY FALL SCENE IN IDAHO

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

PRESIDENT LOUISE Y. ROBISON was an honored guest on the occasion of the dedication of the monument at Independence Rock, Wyoming. The party trekked over the covered wagon trail and located and marked the spot where lie buried 200 sufferers of the handcart company who perished from cold and hunger in 1856.

MRS. IDA SMOOT-DUSENBERRY, recently returned from a world tour says India is the most interesting country, and Ghandi the strongest personality. At Honolulu she visited Mrs. Jeanette A. Hyde, Commissioner of Customs at that Port.

"She smiled at weary feet
And said of waxing age,
'Would I be robbed
Of life's last page?'"

OLD Folks' Day in Liberty Park when 2,100 aged guests were served a delicious dinner by the Relief Societies of Salt Lake County was a day always to be remembered by those who attended the unique occasion.

THERE seems no field of endeavor denied women. Miss Margaret Stoughton of North Carolina is now in the Forestry Department. She is studying trees in the Appalachian district.

WONDERS never cease. The women of Istanbul, Turkey, having discarded their veils are campaigning for office in the municipal council.

WOULDN'T the schoolgirl be sweeter if she used more soap and less paint in her make-up?

WILLA CATHER, the author, is the first woman to receive an honorary degree from Princeton.

Miss Cather was recently given the degree of doctor of letters.

Grace Abbott, chief of the Children's Bureau at Washington and Grace Coolidge were each awarded a gold medal from the National Institute of Social Sciences.

FRAU EINSTEIN proved a wholesome point in relativity while on her visit to America when she chose a modest bungalow in which to do her own work to the magnificent residence proffered by California.

MADAM SCHUMANN HEINK is also an advocate of the simple life. She says "work is happiness, housekeeping, bearing and rearing children, these are all happiness."

THOUGH Amelia Earhart Putman and Ruth Nichols, the two most famous women aviators have met with painful accidents, they still intend to carry on—Miss Nichols to make her solo flight across the Atlantic and Mrs. Putnam to continue demonstrating with her autogyro.

AT the season's Court at Buckingham Palace, twenty American women were presented to King George and Queen Mary. Royalty seems to still have its attractions.

WILHELMINA, popular Queen of the Netherlands is the world's senior ruler since the expulsion of Alphonso from Spain.

THE tragic fate of Helen of Romania and Victoria of Spain afford interesting material for the romanticist and artist, but are positive proof of the old adage "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

The world is full of loneliness
Let hearts be glad.

Notes from the Field



CIRCLEVILLE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY
India Johnson, President

Garfield Stake (Circleville Ward)

THE above interesting picture is that of the Circleville Ward Relief Society. Four of the oldest members of the Relief Society are here represented, in addition to the younger women. The picture is quite typical of the groups of women all over the Church who have responded so generously to the request made for the organizations to plant a memorial tree this year.

Beaver Stake.

ON March 29, 1931, the Beaver stake Relief Society was re-organized. After ten years of faithful service, the following stake executive officers were released. Mrs. Susan J. Murdock, president; Mrs. Annie E. Joseph, first counselor; Mrs. S. Jennie Tanner, second counselor; Mrs. Alice G. White, secretary-treasurer; Mrs. Martha A. Hoopes assistant secretary-treasurer. Under the leadership of these able sisters, the Beaver stake has endeavored always to keep in step with the march of progress of the Re-

lief Society, and has been an enthusiastic supporter of the program of work as it has been suggested by the General Board. The very best wishes of the people of Beaver and of the General Board of Relief Society, go with these sisters in their retirement from office.

The newly appointed officers are: Mrs. Kate Jensen, president; Mrs. Lacy Nowers, first counselor; Mrs. Lucille Murdock, second counselor; Mrs. Lovina Pearce, secretary-treasurer. To the new officers the general organization extends congratulations, and best wishes for a prosperous and happy administration of the Relief Society in the Beaver stake.

Alberta Stake.

THE international scope of Relief Society is well demonstrated in the activities of the organization. From all parts of the United States, we have interesting accounts of the tree planting of our sisters in memory of the bicentennial anniversary of the birth of George

Washington. From the sisters of the North, we have the following interesting report, showing that the spirit of Relief Society carries over the same in one land as in another.



The above picture shows the group particularly concerned in the planting of the trees in Cardston, Alberta, Canada. The following account is given in a newspaper clipping: "Last Monday afternoon at 4:30 p. m., the members of the Alberta Stake Relief Society, and the ward presidents of the two Cardston wards, and a number of citizens, met at the Soldiers' Monument at the Court House in Cardston, for the purpose of planting some trees. Five elm trees were chosen, and planted in honor of the Fathers of the Confederation. Mrs. Dora Jacobs explained the purpose of these trees being planted in loving memory of those thirty-three splendid men whom we all revere as the Fathers of the Confederation. Miss Jennie Hinman conducted a chorus of twenty school children, who sang "O Canada," and then

gave a salute to the flag. Mr. Rulon E. Hicken, principal of the High School, delivered the address, and told of the obstacles which confronted the founding of Canada, and of the spirit of fortitude and courage with which difficulties had been overcome. He went on to pay tribute to the women's organizations, in playing a leading part in honoring these worthy men, among whom were Sir John A. McDonald, George Brown, George Carties, and many others. Mr. Hicken briefly reviewed some of the Governmental Acts which had been passed in an attempt to solve the governing of Canada, viz., the Act of Union, and a concerted effort to bring about the Confederation of 1867.

Five trees were planted, three on the east side and two on the north side of the monument erected by the loyal citizens of Cardston to the memory of their departed soldiers. The tree next north from the monument was given by the Hartley Relief Society, the second by the Kimball. The first tree on the east was donated by the stake board of Relief Society, the second tree by the Cardston Second Ward Relief Society, the third by the First Ward Relief Society, showing that all were interested in the movement. President Wood of the Alberta stake, expressed his appreciation for the efforts of the Relief Society women in planting the trees near to the monument of the soldier boys. He thought it a fitting manner of showing their appreciation for this monument, and the boys who had given their lives for their country.

The concluding remarks of Mr. Hicken were as follows: "Then let these trees, planted by loving and patriotic hands, and nurtured by this virgin soil, the sunshine and dews of heaven, grow to be fitting monuments to the wisdom and foresight of those Pioneer Canadian States-

men, whose memory we love to honor.'” This is quite typical of the spirit of the organization, that everywhere wishes to play its part in the march onward and upward.

San Luis Stake.

THE accompanying photograph was taken at a very pleasant social held by the stake board of Relief Society of the San Luis stake. This happy event was held at the home of Mrs. Mary E. Poulson, who had served faithfully for several years as a member of the board, and had only recently been released because of poor health. A program was rendered, and tributes were paid to Sister Poulson, calling attention, with words of love and good feeling, to the wonderful service she had rendered, and also expressing regret at her release. These were accompanied with the hope that she would have a speedy return to health. Dainty refreshments were served, and a very delightful time was enjoyed.

The San Luis stake is very proud to have Sister Cornelia Mortensen, an aged pioneer and Relief Society worker in the stake. She has served as both a ward and stake president. As a board the efforts of the women have been to put into effect the program of Relief Society work as far as it is possible. On the second Wednesday of each month the board holds its meeting, going into the homes of the various members, where the business of the organization for the coming month, and preparation for the same, may be made. The informal social hour after each meeting has added greatly to the enjoyment of the stake board, and has been a means of drawing them nearer together and forming a stronger bond of acquaintanceship and sympathy one with another.

Montpelier Stake.

DURING the months of January and February, there have been four conventions held. The stake



Front row, left to right: Coun. Jennie Weimer, St. Pres. Martha Haskell, Cornelia Mortensen. Coun. Laurretta Peterson.
Second row: Ella O. Rasmussen, Bernice Rogers, Nonnie DePriest, Ella Jackson, Jennie DePriest, Organist.

was divided into the four districts, three districts comprising three wards each, and the remaining one four wards. The general outline of the program followed was: beginning at 11 o'clock, lessons were given by competent class leaders. These were followed by musical selections, and timely instructions by members of the Relief Society stake board. There were also readings suitable to the occasion. Following this luncheon was served and the afternoon was devoted to games and social entertainment. The members of the stake board presented the one-act play, called "The Bank Account." At these conventions the stake presidency, and the Bishops and their counselors, added greatly to the enjoyable and instructive occasion. The total attendance at these four conventions was 396. They have resulted in a marked increase in at-

Presidency, and guests enjoyed the evening in games and entertainment at the home of a board member.

Union Stake.

THE 17th of March, 1931, was the occasion for special programs in the Relief Societies of the Union stake. Every ward depicted either by pageant or play, the first organization of Relief Society in Nauvoo. Songs suitable for the event were rendered. In some of the wards plays chosen from the literature course of the year were presented. Pageants and scenes from the *Book of Mormon* were given, and a five minute debate suggested by the social service work—"Resolved, that a woman of 45 cannot change her habits." This was a source of much entertainment. One ward gave a dance in the evening, at which the membership of the entire ward was in attendance.



Mary E. Poulson, Amelia Poulson, Leatha Sowards, chorister. The lady at the back Mrs. Van Tradenburg, brought members in her car from Manassa.

tendance at regular Relief Society meetings in all the wards. As a conclusion the members of the stake board, with their partners and Stake

The above picture is taken of the First Ward of LaGrande, in the Union stake, and it is a presentation of the first organization.

Notes to the Field

A Wonderful Magazine Subscription Campaign

The officers of the 20th ward, Ensign Stake, have demonstrated what determination and efficient work can do in increasing *Magazine* subscriptions. Increasing their list from 17 to 101 subscriptions is a record to be proud of. We asked the president to tell us how they did it. The following article will give inspiration to other wards to materially increase their lists.—Editor.

By Vivian McConkie

TO give a word picture of the accomplishments of a loyal and faithful group of Relief Society sisters in a particular activity is not easy and I respond timidly with the doubtful hope that my brief resume will answer the query of the editor.

In our March union meeting Sister Castleton, Ensign Stake Relief Society President, suggested a drive for magazine subscriptions. At our ward society conference a few days previous the stake officers reported that the 20th ward was by far the lowest in magazine subscriptions in the Stake, both in numbers and in percentage. Ours was a newly officered society and we were further handicapped in that our magazine agent, recently appointed, was out of the city. For that reason the ward executives assumed personal charge. We made a careful survey of our membership, learned who the present subscribers were, checked with the records of the general office, and in all things acquainted ourselves with the details of the work. We determined who could and those who probably could not subscribe.

At the outset we sought to radiate the feeling that whatever we really

want to do,—that which we set our hearts upon, we can do. The executives were enthused and that enthusiasm carried over to the members. A percentage scale of mental attitudes was written on a black board and left in our room. It was as follows.

- 100 I did.
- 90 I will.
- 80 I can.
- 70 I think I can.
- 60 I might.
- 50 I think I might.
- 40 I wish I could.
- 30 What is it?
- 20 I don't know.
- 10 I can't.
- 0 I won't.

WE adopted the slogan, "A magazine for every member," and devoted a two minute period of each meeting to creating interest and organization pride, at which meetings our progress was fully reported. We saw the necessity of a magazine fund and so cast our eyes about to see how it might be secured. A local laundry was discovered which, for advertising purposes, offered our organization 25 cents for each member who would inspect its plant. Our members approved of this opportunity and the little scheme netted us \$15.00. Each woman who visited the laundry was given 25 cents credit toward a magazine subscription, or if already a subscriber she could designate to whom the credit should go. Many who could not go on this inspection trip voluntarily gave a like sum to the fund. The result was that an additional sum sufficient to off set the credit used from the laundry

fund was received, leaving at the disposal of the organization \$15.00. This made it possible to put fifteen magazines in homes of members who for some reason, had not subscribed but who in our opinion would appreciate it. Every woman in the 20th ward knew that an intensive magazine drive was on and our teachers were asked to encourage prospective subscribers. On work days selected articles which radiated human interest and touched the experiences of all, were read to the sisters while they sewed. Such fine support and enthusiasm was shown that certain women who felt themselves able to do so subscribed for others. Finally, but pursuant to our original plan, a member of the presidency personally contacted those who had not placed their subscriptions and secured a generous response. Our survey had revealed that only a few of the seventeen subscriptions of 1930 had been renewed so our start was practically from the bottom. There are at present 101 subscriptions in the ward, which is slightly less than 100 per cent of our members but practically every member has access to the magazine. We acknowledge with gratitude the loyalty and faithfulness of our whole membership, who by sane and loyal cooperation, without any hardship on any one, crowned our efforts with success, and the splendid magazine now published is ample compensation for our labors.

TO OUR CLASS LEADERS

CULTIVATE the art of teaching. We should not have one ward this year where the class leader does all the work and the class members have things poured into them week after week. Occasionally lectures may be desirable, but to go to meeting and

have the so-called leader continually take up all the time, pouring out information, shows very poor work. Some teachers say they do not know how to draw people out. We assure them that the art can be cultivated, and they will thrill with joy when they get the backward members expressing themselves. It might help such class leaders to write out a few simple questions to ask the class until they can draw people out with greater ease.

Every teacher should be sure that her assignment arouses the interest of the class members and invites them to read and study the next lesson, beginning at the earliest possible moment.

This year we are going to lay special stress on participation by the class in the lessons, so an effort should be made to get the Magazine in the hands of all who attend and then they should be encouraged to read and study the lessons so that they come to the class with something to give. In this condition they will be able to receive much more than when they hardly know what the lesson is about.

RELIEF SOCIETY TWO-DAY CONVENTIONS, 1931

Alberta	August 15-16
Bannock	October 24-25
Big Horn.....	August 29-30
Blaine	August 15-16
Boise	September 12-13
Carbon	September 26-27
Curlew	October 17-18
Duchesne	August 22-23
Emery	October 24-25
Garfield	August 15-16
Idaho	August 29-30
Juarez	September 5-6
Kanab	August 29-30
Lethbridge	August 15-16
Lost River	October 17-18

Lyman	October 17-18	Juab	September 27
Maricopa	November 14-15	Kolob	October 18
Moapa	September 19-20	Lehi	September 20
Nevada	October 17-18	Liberty	October 11
Panguitch	August 29-30	Logan	August 30
Raft River	September 12-13	Los Angeles	November 8
Roosevelt	August 22-23	Malad	October 18
St. George	September 19-20	Millard	August 30
St. Johns	August 15-16	Minidoka	October 18
St. Joseph	September 5-6	Montpelier	August 23
San Juan	September 12-13	Morgan	August 30
San Luis	September 19-20	Moroni	September 27
Snowflake	August 22-23	Mt. Ogden	September 22
Star Valley	September 19-20	Nebo	September 20
Taylor	August 22-23	North Davis	September 17
Uintah	August 22-23	North Sanpete	September 13
Union	September 19-20	North Sevier	September 13
Wayne	October 17-18	North Weber	November 8
Woodruff	October 10-11	Ogden	September 22
Young	September 19-20	Oneida	September 20
Zion Park	September 5-6	Oquirrh	October 25
RELIEF SOCIETY ONE-DAY CONFERENCES, 1931		Palmyra	September 20
Alpine	October 18	Parowan	August 30
Bear Lake	August 23	Pioneer	October 25
Bear River	September 13	Pocatello	September 20
Beaver	September 13	Portneuf	September 20
Benson	October 25	Rigby	September 13
Blackfoot	September 20	Salt Lake	October 11
Box Elder	September 13	San Francisco	October 25
Burley	September 13	Sevier	September 13
Cache	October 25	Sharon	October 25
Cassia	September 13	Shelley	September 13
Cottonwood	October 11	South Davis	September 13
Deseret	August 30	South Sanpete	September 27
East Jordan	August 30	South Sevier	October 18
Ensign	October 25	Summit	August 30
Franklin	September 20	Teton	September 20
Fremont	October 18	Timpanogos	October 11
Granite	November 15	Tintic	September 27
Grant	October 11	Tooele	September 20
Gunnison	October 18	Twin Falls	September 20
Hollywood	November 15	Utah	October 11
Hyrum	October 18	Wasatch	August 23
Idaho Falls	September 13	Weber	September 22
		West Jordan	October 25
		Yellowstone	August 30

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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EDITORIAL

Worthy of Emulation

IN the passing of Nathan Straus who died January 11, 1931, when nearly eighty-three years of age, there passed from the world one of its most beloved men and one of its greatest philanthropists. He is known internationally for his numerous bequests and charities. His beneficence was practical—he had known hunger and to him it typified all suffering, so he waged war on it. It is estimated that he gave away about two million, five hundred thousand dollars during his life time. An old Talmudic saying was a favorite maxim of his, "What a man gives in health is gold; what a man gives in illness is silver; what a man gives in death is lead." He was a pioneer in pasteurization of milk, although he knew nothing about bacteriology; yet he felt that disease lurked in the unapasateurized milk, so he waged a long battle before he was able to establish a pas-

teurization station. He organized thirty-two milk stations at which three thousand poor children were fed daily. He distributed pasteurized milk from his own laboratories that were maintained at his own expense, selling it at 1c a bottle. It is estimated that he thus saved thousands of children from tuberculosis. During the Spanish American War he donated an ice plant to Santiago, Cuba, and at Farmington, New Jersey, in 1909, he established the first tuberculosis preventorium. He contributed to the soup kitchens maintained in Jerusalem since 1912, where 1,700 people are fed daily. He financed many depots organized to distribute relief to the poor. During the later years of his life, he was deeply interested in the Zionist movement and also in the world peace movement.

During his long life he exhibited a Christ-like spirit of service. His

instructions regarding his funeral set an example that might well be followed. He left instructions for a simple funeral. He desired that no formal eulogy, no praise, and no flowers should mark his last rites. He said, "I dislike to see these great funerals. These large sums should be spent for the betterment of mankind." William Lyon Phelps read a brief eulogy of his life, with no undue stress upon his many beneficent works.

Would that people generally would take this lesson to heart. All too often funerals are too costly. Very often the deceased is lauded unduly. Too little of the meaning of life, death, and the resurrection is voiced. Hundreds of dollars worth of flowers die a few hours after the services. Often the family are in need and the money spent for flowers might more profitably be given to help defray the funeral expenses.

Let Us Improve

WHEN people are given a certain amount of time on a program, it is not right for them to exceed the specified time. If they do, they crowd those who come last on the program so that they cannot do justice to their subjects. Often speakers are unconscious that they are going beyond their allotted time, so it is the obligation of the presiding officer to see that they are told when their time is up. The general president of an auxiliary organization was recently asked to be the principal speaker at a meeting. Those who preceded her on the program took nearly all the time—only five minutes was left for the speaker of the evening. Comments are unnecessary. We have seen people gather in large numbers expecting to hear one of the General Authorities of the Church, and local brethren

who were expected to speak briefly have taken practically all the time and the congregation has gone away disappointed and disgusted.

Sometimes listeners note some trifling inaccuracy made by a speaker and disturb the trend of his thought by calling attention to it in the course of his remarks. Sometimes the speaker was right and the critic wrong, but the peace of the meeting was disturbed. Is it not better to make any necessary corrections of flagrant mistakes at the close of the speaker's address? All unconsciously some people bother a speaker. Recently I heard a woman say, "Those sitting back of me talked so much I thought I had said something wrong, so I became confused." A speaker has the right to be quietly heard.

Our New Covers

WE hope our readers will enjoy the new cover designs. They have messages that are worth getting. The Pioneer Mother of July shows the intrepid, the fearless, the undaunted spirit that went right on surmounting one difficulty after another, doing the day's duties, whatever they might be, and unafraid of what the morrow might demand.

Those who have taken their vacations, those who are now taking them or those who are contemplating the pleasure of one, will feel the joy, the freedom, the uplift of the wholesome play spirit as shown on this month's cover.

Be sure to drink in the messages our artists have for us in our covers.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in October)

THE BOOK OF MORMON—INTRODUCTORY

PREFATORY NOTES

There are nine lessons in this course. They are chiefly the teachings of the *Book of Mormon*. The purpose of the course is not primarily to learn the doctrines of that volume, although these should be known, but rather to find out what bearing they have on the divine origin of the Nephite Record and the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith. With this in mind, some attention has been given to the religious ideas that were in the air at the time he was translating the book.

Instead of giving a large number of references for the class to look up, it has been deemed better to make quotations in the body of the lessons. This will no doubt lessen the time for preparation and conduce to better classes. The only disadvantage is that it takes up space in the *Magazine* that heretofore has been given to other uses.

These lessons are by no means exhaustive. There are many points that are not even touched upon here. Space and time are too limited to cover everything doctrinal in the Record. The class should, therefore, make use of the work they were asked to do during the previous two years in setting down, under separate headings, the teachings of the *Book of Mormon*. And this record should be made use of here. It will supplement what is said in these lessons.

A greater number of questions are given this year than the last two

years. The reason is that we have hoped to cover some points in the questions that there was not space for in the body of the lesson. It is our belief that these will help to broaden the scope of the course. We have aimed, also, in these questions to make the work apply more closely to the present.

Select Readings: Read the Book of Ether, chapters 2 to 6 and chapters 11, 12, 13. Make a note of the doctrines taught.

INTRODUCTORY

Is there another life, and, if there is, how are we to know it for certain?

No question is older than that.

When the first man went away without his body and did not come back, but left it on the ground or in the rude bed, cold and dank, those who were left behind and who had loved him and were sad because he was gone must have wondered and asked one another whether they would ever see him again, and if so, where, and when, and under what circumstances.

And no question is more insistently asked today.

Every one who thinks at all asks it, whether he lives in the frozen north, or at the equator under the broiling sun, or in the temperate zones where life can be lived more comfortably. They ask it as passionately who live in the luxury of the palace, where there is plenty and ease, as do those who occupy the hovel, amid want and suffering. And

all down the ages since that first one died men of every clime and class have turned their eyes toward the "bourne whence no one returns" to take up again his way of life.

And what answers have these received to their question about death and the great Beyond?

First of all, they have racked their brains to find an answer to this question in their own heads—have tried, that is, to reason their way to an answer that is satisfactory.

"All men everywhere," they have said to themselves, "believe in immortality, no matter where they live, or when, or how, and therefore there *must* be another life after this." And for hundreds of years this "argument," as it was called, was thought one of the "proofs" of immortality.

But now we know better. Now we realize that it is not true, because it is not based on a fact. All men do *not* believe in another life. The millions of East Indians do not—at least, not in our sense. When a Christian says he believes in the next world, he is thinking that there he will exist as an individual consciousness, a being capable of thinking and feeling and willing. But when a Buddhist says he believes in another life, he is not thinking of that at all, but of something very different. He is thinking of the time when his individuality will be absorbed by the all-consciousness, the great Nervana.

Besides, an American professor discovered through a questionnaire that a great many people in this nation—university students as well as some great scholars—do not believe in individual immortality. Many of them, in fact, do not even desire individual immortality, as he also found. To them the other world is a matter of utter indifference. That is what they would have us believe, at any rate. And most

likely if an inquiry were set on foot, there would be found people in every other country of the same mind.

Hence, an argument based on the notion that there must be another life after this because everybody believes in one, breaks down when it is examined closely.

And then, too, people have argued that there must be another life for the reason that we do not get justice in this world. The wicked flourish, we are told, while the righteous are crushed and unhappy.

What about that "argument"?

Well, it just isn't true—that is all. The wicked do *not* prosper here in the true sense of the word, nor are the righteous miserable. No doubt some wicked men become rich through their greed and chicanery; and no doubt some very good people are poor. But money is not the real standard of measuring values, although it often appears to be. There is the higher value of individual worth. Every hour and every minute we are paid for what we do in this world. We do not have to wait for another world in which to obtain our reward and our punishment for the deeds done in the body. "The ledger of the Almighty," as Professor Huxley used to say, "is strictly kept, and every one of us has the balance of his operations paid over to him at the end of every minute of his existence. The gravitation of sin to sorrow is as certain as that of the earth to the sun—and more so."

So the argument that there is another life because in this world people do not get their just deserts, falls to the ground for want of support.

And then, finally—not to exhaust the list of "arguments drawn from reason"—there is the one called "moral perfection." It runs something like this: Man is a moral being. Apparently he is capable of

progressing morally and spiritually almost without limit. But no sooner does he enter upon the road to perfection than he dies with this promise unfulfilled. Hence there must be a sphere beyond the grave where this capacity for moral perfection is satisfied. For God would not put something into your hand only to snatch it away when you were about to use it.

Of the three reasons for believing in the immortality of the soul, this is the only one that appeals to the modern mind as having any basis in truth, and the more we consider it the more it appeals. But it does not have the weight that is necessary to convince—else every one would be converted to the Christian belief in immortality. So mankind has had to look somewhere else than to a human deduction for evidence that there is a life after this.

That evidence is found in the resurrection of our Savior, as given in the *New Testament*.

Jesus, to all appearance, was a man. He grew up in the village of Nazareth a carpenter. He lived with other men. He ate their food, slept in their beds, and dressed as they did. He became a great teacher, and had a large following.

Then he was murdered by jealous contemporaries. His body was placed in a sepulchre, after the manner of his time and country. And a Roman guard was set to watch the tomb, because he had told his disciples that he would rise from the dead on the third day. And those disciples declared that he did rise from the dead, that he appeared to them on various occasions, and that they conversed and ate with him. Nor was that all. An institution was founded on this fact of his resurrection, which has continued for more than nineteen centuries.

Reduced to its ultimate, the fact of Christ's resurrection rests on the testimony of Paul, the apostle, who did not see Jesus till after the ascension. In his letter to the Corinthians he says:

"I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received—how that Christ died for our sins; that he was buried; that he rose again the third day; that he was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve; that he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once, of whom the greater part remain unto this day, but some are fallen asleep; that afterwards he was seen of James, then of all the apostles; and that, last of all, he was seen of me, as of one born out of due time."

Many attempts have been made, especially in our own era, to break down this testimony of Paul's. Holsten, for instance, tried to show that Paul's vision was an hallucination; Pfeleiderer, that he made it up, for his theory of "counter-tendencies" amounts to that; and Renan, that it was the result of a physical disability in the apostle. And a Protestant bishop in England attributes the vision to an epileptic fit. All these critics resort to these hypotheses, however, only because of an obsession against the miraculous element in religion.

But so far no effort has been successful in breaking down the force of Paul's testimony to the resurrection of Christ. And so, with Bauer, who also was unfriendly to the miraculous, we are compelled to admit that the conversion of Saul of Tarsus "resists all historical, logical, and psychological analysis." This is because it is bed-rocked in an experience, not in a course of reasoning.

This testimony of Paul's, of course, is strongly bulwarked by the fact of Christianity itself. For no institution could influence for good the lives of countless millions of men

and women, let alone have altered the entire course of history and shaped the destiny of strong men and nations as the religion of Jesus has done, unless there were at the heart of it somewhere a deep, elemental truth. And, say what you will, the core of the Christian religion as established by Jesus and his apostles, is the resurrection of Christ. Thus the faith of millions of intelligent people throughout the world and for many centuries, rests upon the validity of a miracle.

"Sir," said old Boswell to Johnson, "the evidences of a future life are sufficient." And the great literary dictator replied in his gruff manner, "Sir, I could wish for more."

If the evidences of a future life were sufficient, as Boswell thought, how is it then that the whole world has not been converted? Boswell would have had a hard time explaining that. But Johnson was right. There is a need for more evidence that there is a future life.

But where are we to look for such evidence? Not to human reasoning. That source, it seems, has long been exhausted. Not to the New Testament, for every nook and cranny of that volume has been critically inspected. Indeed, the more that source is looked into, the more doubt is thrown upon the possibility of the resurrection from the dead. The only bit of evidence that remains from that source, as already stated, is the testimony of Paul.

Our only hope, therefore, for any new evidence of the reality of a life after this lies in the expectation that God may grant us further light on that greatest of all questions through new revelation.

That light has been given man.

Joseph Smith, the prophet of the nineteenth century, claimed to have seen a resurrected man, not once

only, but many times. This personage, he further declares, conversed with him for hours at a time. Moreover, he instructed him in his work as prophet and seer in this dispensation. Finally, this heavenly being placed in his hands a book of gold plates on which was written, in an ancient language, the history of an extinct race, the ancestors of the American Indians.

Now, the evidence that Joseph Smith was telling the truth runs along two lines.

First, there is the book itself. Who wrote it, if Joseph Smith did not? No competent critic nowadays, with all the facts before him, believes that either Solomon Spaulding or Sidney Rigdon had anything to do with writing it. Besides, it is highly improbable, to say the least, that a boy without education or experience in such things, could have written such a book. And then, finally, there could have been no motive to write a book that would give him neither fame nor money. So we must accept the Prophet's own explanation of how the *Book of Mormon* originated as the only really plausible one.

Now, there are some things in the *Book of Mormon* which corroborate Joseph Smith's story. It is full of interesting characters and ideas that its author could not possibly have got from the people he knew or the conditions in Palmyra at the time. These personalities and doctrines, when we look into the matter closely, tend to show the truth of Joseph Smith's explanation of how we got the Nephite record.

Secondly, there is the testimony of the witnesses—two sets. One set testify that they saw and handled the plates from which the book was translated; the other, that they both saw the plates and the angel and

heard the voice of God on the occasion.

The divine origin of the *Book of Mormon* being thus established by its doctrines and by the testimony of witnesses, we may feel safe in saying that Joseph Smith actually saw and talked with a resurrected being—the angel Moroni. Also we may feel safe in using the contents of the work to clarify our ideas on the great question of the immortality of the soul—the world of spirits between death and the resurrection, the resurrection itself, and the conditions under which immortal beings may expect to live in the next world.

Thus the *Book of Mormon*, with

associated incidents, reflects new light on the question, Is there another life?

Questions

1. Briefly state the point that it is expected you are to keep in mind throughout this course.

2. Which of the three reasons for a belief in immortality still has weight? Why does it?

3. Give the apostle Paul's testimony to the resurrection of Christ. Why is it so invulnerable?

4. Can one person *know* anything from another's experience? What, then, is the value of others' testimony to us?

Work and Business

(Second Week in October)

Watchword: "And into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, Peace be to this house."—Luke 10:5.

Text: "Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven."—Matthew 5:19.

THE Ten Commandments, given through Moses to the children of Israel, are commandments to the people of all times.

While prophets were preaching to the people on the Eastern continent, other prophets were preaching to the Nephites and Lamanites on this continent, and Christ appeared to them also, and taught them. We find in the *Book of Mormon*, III Nephi, '12:20: "Therefore come unto me and be ye saved; for verily I say unto you, that except ye shall keep my commandments, which I have commanded you at this time, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Christ established His Church on

both continents. It was lost sight of and then again restored and established again on the earth through the latter-day prophet Joseph Smith, Through him commandments were given to his followers that are quite as binding as those enunciated anciently. He taught his people in no uncertain language their obligations concerning law observance. "We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers and magistrates, in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law." Articles of Faith. No. XII.

At the present time special emphasis is being placed on the Word of Wisdom. Every Relief Society member should do her part to further this campaign. Quote the part

of the Word of Wisdom that refers to tobacco.

What can we do to teach most effectively this part of the Word of Wisdom to our children?

What can we do to create public sentiment against tobacco?

What can we do to sustain the law that forbids the sale of tobacco to minors?

Literature

(Third Week in October)

THE SHORT STORY IN DENMARK

The short story in Denmark, as in the other Scandinavian countries—Iceland, Norway, and Sweden—has a much briefer history than in the countries studied in last year's lessons. To sketch this history very briefly, there were first the Icelandic sagas, songs of the gods and of the national heroes, many of which were told to us as children. These sagas found their way into all the Scandinavian nations. In Denmark there were always a number of poets, but during that country's alliance with Norway, it produced one great prose writer, Ludvig Holberg (1684 to 1754). Holberg was a writer of comedies, histories, and philosophy. After him prose languished and revived again in the early part of the nineteenth century, Moller and Blicher being the two greatest writers. It remained for Hans Christian Andersen (1805-1875) to bring Danish prose to its greatest heights and to give to the world another immortal writer of short stories.

In many ways Andersen belonged to the Romantic writers of Europe, men who strove for romantic effects, who tried to bring Nature into their writings, to oppose classicism, and to glorify the past at the expense of the present. He, however, differed from many of the Romanticists in that he believed in progress. Both his poetry and prose show glimpses of the changes that science might some day make. He often dreamed

of a time when men would travel from the old world to the new in airships.

A poor shoemaker's son who never grew up was Hans Christian Andersen. He believed implicitly that God guided all his work—and if a story was good or bad, it was the fault of a higher power. It was his good fortune to gain fame as a novelist and as a travel writer, but it is for his fairy tales that his name will endure.

After the Romanticists came the Naturalists, writers who ruled Europe during the latter part of the nineteenth century, some years before they gained a following in America. Many writers developed in this era and the twentieth century has seen a reaction against too much realism. Some of the outstanding short story writers in Denmark during the past forty or fifty years are: Jens Peter Jacobsen, Henrik Pontoppidan, Herman Bang, Karl Gjellerup, Karl Larsen, and Johannes V. Jensen, the latter being a central figure among contemporary Danish writers.

Only two of the Danish writers have been elected for this lesson, Hans Christian Andersen, whose name is known to all America, and Meyer Aron Goldschmidt. Goldschmidt was a Danish-Jew who was an editor of a satirical comic paper. In addition he wrote novels and short stories. His "Henrik and Rosalie"

is considered one of the finest love stories of any language. He is a stylist, and in this story his style is smooth and simple, save to those who know how hard it is to achieve simplicity. It is in harmony with his characters, simple, honest people, struggling for "life's poetry" and gaining it through unromantic ways. He also has a firm grip on his characters, perhaps because of his detached view of both the Danish and the Jewish people.

"Henrik and Rosalie"

"Henrik and Rosalie" is a beautiful love story. It has for its underlying theme the thought expressed in the first few lines, that fate plays queer tricks and that even small things of seeming unimportance may change a man's destiny. The story is presented in the third person—the author speaking impersonally. It varies from one of the requirements of a good short story in that the point of view is suddenly changed near the end of the story. For a moment, when Rosalie is again brought into the story, the reader is at a loss, and he does not quite find himself before Henrik is re-introduced. And the story loses, rather than gains, by this transition. The most important information given by the episode of Rosalie at the country estate is that she is still looking for her poetic romance. This trait of hers should be emphasized earlier in the story and the tale would gain in unity.

Save for the halt at the very first, when the writer expounds his philosophy, the story plunges early into the action and moves smoothly and fast to the close. The action, however, is delayed once by the introduction of the Rosalie episode. The close is drawn out, but it seems a necessary part of the atmosphere of

the story and it helps to further reveal the characters of Henrik and Rosalie.

The story is a realistic one—it might have happened to a great many people that we know or have heard about—and there is not one single incident in it that does not ring true. The conflict is not, as in the Andersen story, one of parental opposition, for Rosalie has no parents. It is that conflict caused by a young romantic girl who decides that her love affair is too prosaic and that she must end it and either wait for her lover to develop into a more poetic person or else seek for romance elsewhere. True to adolescent traits, the inciting action is a visit to the theatre, where romance is shown, unhampered with any of the dull colors that move through Rosalie's life. And the hero, Henrik, like most men, fails to understand the girl's need and allows love to pass out of his life. The rest of the story is an account of how they are brought together, Rosalie satisfied and Henrik more understanding. Fate, in this case, takes the form of a stupid farmer who has a sick pig and mistakes the young physician for a veterinary.

Although the love story is uppermost, the tale affords excellent character study, particularly in Henrik. Henrik is young and almost as impressionable as Rosalie. Because their love is so idealistic, he decides to become a student of divinity, and when she leaves him, he changes to his former preference—medicine. He has no consuming ambition, no great moral strength or talent, nor even decision enough to bring Rosalie back. Indeed he is not master enough of the situation to have his way with the simple peasant. But he is a likeable young person, ambitious in a small way, eager to make

his way honorably in the world, and we are glad that happiness comes to him, even though he gets it more through a trick of fate or luck than through his own efforts.

The story also has its touches of local color that give it enduring qualities: the provincial town, the farmer and his sick pig, Henrik and his physician's stool, the heath in a storm. There is also a little gentle satire in the end. The romantic girl chooses to believe that it was her spirit that led her lover through the storm, while in fact an unromantic sick pig was the cause of his finding his way back to her. Scandinavian stories are often filled with the mystic or superstitious elements, and Rosalie's faith borders on this characteristic.

"The Shepherdess and the Sheep"

One can understand the story of "The Shepherdess and the Sheep" well enough without knowing much of the author, but in order to fully appreciate the graceful little fairy tale a person should know something of Andersen.

Hans Christian Andersen began his autobiography with "My life is a lovely fairy tale, happy and full of incidents." His statement is true, for he seemed actually to live in the wondrous regions that he created. The prosaic facts of life had little meaning for him. Every incident in his career he regarded as a miracle. Those people who were good to him and praised his writings, he could never cease exalting. Those who criticized him and snubbed him, he called bad, and he had no ability to discriminate. When he visited a king it was as if a boy from one of his fairy tales were going into the royal court. Kings never lost their glamor for him.

To his dying day Andersen's in-

nocence and unworldliness were inconceivable save to those who knew him intimately and realized that intellectually he would never mature.

All his life he wore his heart on his sleeve and called the world to see how sensitive and tender it was. He was as harmlessly vain as a small child. When he could be the center of attraction, he was supremely happy, but put him into the background and he planned ways of making people turn to look at him. "The Ugly Duckling" is his own story.

Yet, because of these very qualities Andersen was able to write his fairy tales that are so beautiful and so full of truth. In them he shows us how a child views the world. He gives his animals and inanimate objects words that seem essential to their characteristics. Even his darning needle speaks as a darning needle should.

Throughout his stories there runs a beautifully conceived moral, often the moral as a child would see it, and along with the moral goes a bit of delicate satire. The satire in his "The Emperor's New Clothes"—which every one should read once a year—is world wide in its application.

Andersen was as original in his style as he was in his themes. When a good story teller narrates an incident to children, he is quite apt to crow for the rooster and baa for the sheep. And Hans Christian Andersen does that very thing in print. His stories are told rather than written.

He was born at Odense on the island of Funen, April 2, 1805, with a poor shoemaker for a father and a woman of no great intellect for a mother. At the age of fourteen his parents started him off, a tall, awkward, ugly boy, to conquer the world by way of Copenhagen. At that time

Hans had no idea of his limitations. He tried to be an actor, a singer, a dancer, and failed ignobly at all. It was not until Jonas Collins, a director of the Royal Theatre, persuaded King Frederic, VI, to pay for the boy's education at the University that Hans began to find himself.

It is said of Hans Christian Andersen that "he was great in the little things and little in the great things" and that he "had a heart of gold, a tongue of silver, and the spine of a mollusk." But as a writer of fairy tales he has no equal and needs no apologies.

"The Shepherdess and the Sweep" is a typical Andersen fairy tale. The heroine is the same charming, undeveloped girl of almost all the fairy tales and the hero is the same gentle, handsome, and fearless young man, and their love is of the kind visualized by children. Stripped, the story is the old one of the hard parent who wished his only daughter to marry for money and position. The daughter, however, chose to fall in love with a penniless young man. She had courage enough to run away with him, but not courage enough to face the big, unkind world. She forced the young man back to the starting place, and weakly hoped that something would happen so that they could be married and still live within the protection of the little world she had known. That something happened, of course. The hard parent's vanity was hurt—hurt so badly that rather than disclose his little shame to the suitor he had chosen, he allowed the girl to remain with her lover.

The story is so perfect that one would not want to change a word nor an idea. It has all the charm and delicacy of a faintly tinted flower or a piece of filagree work,

and it has about it the fragrance that goes with a delightful short story. It is interesting to note how well Andersen has identified his inanimate objects with their true characteristics. There is the old Chinese who preferred to stand either in silence or to sleep rather than to argue or exert himself and who was too proud to tell the world about the rivet in his back; the *potpourri-jar* with its sweetish sentimentality; and the china girl who was made of such fragile stuff that she could not live in the rough world.

Questions: "Henrik and Rosalie"

What situation furnishes the conflict for this story? What is the conflict?

Are you conscious of the changed point of view when you read the story?

In what ways were Henrik and Rosalie alike? How did they differ fundamentally?

What things definitely mark this as a Danish story? When the lovers were re-united, which one was first to recognize that the old ties might still exist. Why?

Why did Henrik conceal the reason for his chance coming to the country estate?

What incidents furnish the local color in this story? How many characters are clearly portrayed? Show that the author either knows or does not know how to portray character.

"The Shepherdess and the Sweep"

What are some of the ear marks of an Andersen fairy tale? Use this story as a basis for your answer.

Name other fairy tales written by Andersen. If possible have some member of the class relate briefly the story of "The Emperor's New Clothes."

It has been said that everything Andersen's fancy touched, it invested with life and beauty. Show how this is done in the story of the Shepherdess. To what objects does he give personification? What things in the story show that Andersen often had the viewpoint of a child?

Point out definite style marks.

Is there a moral to this story?

Which is the more important, the character element or the touch of fantasy?

State briefly the theme or underlying thought of the story.

Is the "Shepherdess and the Sweep" typically Danish, or is it world-wide in its application.

Social Service

(Fourth Week in October)

PERSONALITY STUDY: PSYCHOLOGY AND PERSONAL DEVELOPMENT

(Based on Overstreet—*Influencing Human Behavior*, pp. 1-41.)

In the June issue of the *Magazine* page 322 will be found a brief introduction to the coming season's lesson work in this department. We may here add that although we shall find our text of last year helpful again, the proposal is not another hasty skimming through that very interesting and stimulating book. Many have expressed a desire to master it more thoroughly—especially those parts that we tended most to slight last season. A sincere effort will be made to make a new and fresh approach to some of the phases of our general topic which are considered most helpful and practical as a basis for intelligent social service work. Also by trying to make the *Magazine* lessons rather easy and attractive it is hoped that an even wider circle of women and, perhaps, men too, will become actively interested in studying these lessons and in undertaking that most worthwhile of all jobs—the improving and enriching of their own lives. But let no one be deceived into thinking that the aims of this course of lessons can be accomplished by women coming together once a month merely to be entertained by some resourceful person in charge of the

lesson presentation. We are glad that we have evidence that an increasing number of our members are equipping themselves individually with the printed lesson material, that they are quite willing to look up the occasional difficult word in a good dictionary, and that they are showing a most commendable earnestness in the somewhat difficult matter of increasing their personal efficiency.

It is our privilege in these lessons, to become better acquainted with some of the findings of a comparatively new science which just now is attracting more than ordinary attention and interest among intelligent and progressive laymen. This new science—psychology has come to deal more and more with matters of vital concern to everybody and fortunately there is an increasing disposition on the part of reputable psychologists themselves to write and speak in terms that are not very difficult for us all to understand. Where formerly the very term "psychology" tended to confuse, mystify and even frighten the average man, it is now quite generally understood as referring simply to that branch of science which deals

with mental life and behavior. Most of us have come to realize that we have already picked up a good deal about the facts and principles of mental activity and that we have long been making use of our understanding of human nature in the various relations of our daily lives. What we need is a more vivid realization of the fact that too much of our incidentally acquired knowledge of human nature is incomplete and even inaccurate.

One of the benefits of this course should be a more widespread ability to quickly recognize the marks of what we might call quack psychology. We shall not be so easily taken in by the strange mixtures of good common sense, high sounding big words and expensive bunk dispensed over the radio, in so-called free lectures and in "consultations" by a certain class of itinerant social parasites who generally succeed in getting themselves announced as "eminent psychologists". We shall not share with the superstitious and the uninformed a lot of pitifully naive notions about "will-power", "thought vibrations", "spiritual psychology", "character reading", "laws of success", "temperament analysis", "numerology", "the luck of chain letters", etc. We shall learn to check up just a little on these "renowned authorities" by looking up their scientific standing in such accounts as those given in *"American Men of Science"*, *"Who's Who in America"*, and the *American Psychological Association Year Book*". Even in using directories like these we shall need to learn to discriminate between those whose training has qualified them in psychology and those who may be especially trained in other specialized fields. We shall learn not to waste time with books or magazines with words like "psychology" and "psychological" in

their titles if they can not be endorsed by the responsible people in charge of the psychology departments of our reputable colleges and universities.

Let us very briefly illustrate the need of taking precautions here such as we should take in obtaining the services of a competent optician or surgeon. Not very long ago a Salt Lake City newspaper gave an account of the apprehension in Nevada of an ex-minister of the Gospel who some weeks previously had been operating in Salt Lake City as a "psychologist" giving "free" matrimonial, vocational, and business advice. His first move was to get himself introduced before a local church congregation as a famous psychologist. In fact he gave one of his inspirational free lectures before a large audience in the church building with the approval and apparent gratitude of the resident minister. Soon he was "helping" credulous people place "sure thing" bets on horse races down in Texas. It later developed that he had gone on to greener pastures carrying with him hundreds of dollars belonging to the people he had so easily duped. Just yesterday the writer was told of how another quack psychologist had practically broken an otherwise happy home by his prying questions, his insinuating guesses and flattering comments made to an interested woman who had been tempted to make several appointments for private consultations with this unscrupulous all-knowing individual. An other so-called practical "psychologist" with apparently good sponsorship recently gave a free lecture in each of a number of the larger cities of the state in which he played the local business men against the outside mail order houses and made interesting and attractive promises of his ability to furnish the long

sought-for antedote in the shape of five short evening periods of instruction. The "course" was said to be suitable for "not only salesmen, but also physicians, dentists, lawyers, bankers, secretaries, teachers * * everyone * *". Although he seemed much opposed to our sending money out of the state and would have us stick to our home products yet he had us flocking to him in groups of 500 for wholesale "instruction" and paying our individual \$10 contributions so that he was able to take thousands of dollars of our money with him out of the state in payment for his very brief services telling us amusing stories and giving the information and misinformation which incidentally went along with them. Almost every year this thing is repeated!

The hopeful thing is that so many of us are anxious to have our everyday psychology overhauled. The increasing number and improved reliability of the magazine articles on the subject is good evidence on this point. A recent list of the twelve non-fiction books in most demand in the public libraries of America included Menninger's, *The Human Mind*, and Dimmet's *The Art of Thinking*. Typical among the popular accounts of psychology which have come into the writer's hands during the last few months are Webb and Morgan's, *Strategy in Handling People* and Strecker and Appel's, *Discovering Ourselves, A View of the Human Mind and How it Works*. For still further evidence of this popular recognition of the value of psychology; the reader is asked to consider the first paragraph of the author's foreword in our text. Surely it will be well for us too, to glean from reliable sources whatever of psychology will help us to become more effective in

what Overstreet calls the "supreme art."

In practically all of this widespread interest in psychology, we see evidences that what we really want to know about is *personality*. We want to be able to understand and control human behavior as exhibited in our neighbors and associates. We also want to better understand ourselves and, if possible, to develop more attractive personal qualities. Two very inadequate notions of personality are still somewhat common. One stresses heredity and a rather hopeless general attitude. It is an arbitrary "gift of the gods"—a wholly mysterious something over which we have no control. The other puts almost the entire emphasis upon mere external and physical accessories—such things as stylish clothing, eye lashes, grooming, cosmetics, jewelry, etc. The reader will find it both amusing and instructive to inquire just what is meant when people speak so glibly about this or that individual having such or such personality or about yet others whom, they say, have no personality at all. Too often you will find highly perfumed snobs, flattering sycophants, or people with mere oily manners, spoken of with approval and envy as actually having splendid, sparkling, or winsome personalities. This course of lessons should help rid us of any such vague or trivial notions of this frequently used term.

We shall do well not to become over-impressed by mere propaganda which emphasizes heredity too much and environment too little. Perhaps we shall never fully understand just the relative importance of heredity on the one hand and environment on the other. However we can insist that the problem should not be unduly simplified, that the available facts be carefully analyzed, and that our con-

clusions be drawn with a sufficient amount of caution. As to the biological or physical inheritance of mental and personality traits our conclusions at the present time should not be too hastily drawn. The frequently quoted Jukes-Edwards Kallikak "evidence" has recently been so much discredited that the latest edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* does not even so much as mention it in its splendid articles on "Heredity", "Eugenics", and "Mendelism." E. G. Conklin well expresses a sane modern attitude on this problem in an article from which the following is a brief quotation:

"Particularly in the study of the development of mental and moral traits there is great need of caution against over-simplification. The web of hereditary, environmental and educational causes is so intricate that it is often impossible to decide whether a given trait is inherited or not, and it is usually impossible to predict what the character of offspring will be. * * * Undoubtedly the factors or causes of all kinds of development are found in heredity and environment, but with regard to the development of the most complex thing in all the world, viz., human personality, we are as children in the morning of time."

Educators are recognizing that theirs is primarily the task of passing on to the child the great "spiritual possessions of the race", the institutions of civilization, or what has been called our "Social Heredity."

Personality is largely a matter of habit systems that have developed as a result of the experiences and the training through which we have passed, especially those of our early childhood. Carr says it "comprises all those traits and characteristics that make or mar our efficiency in

getting along with people, such as our courtesy, persuasiveness, determination, adaptability, self-confidence, attractiveness, etc." If we have not allowed ourselves to become too set in our ways then our personalities are still in the making. To deal effectively with such a complex thing as personality we had better not try to handle it all at once, but rather a small part at a time. It is being emphasized by competent psychologists that very significant and lasting personality traits are formed during infancy and that the chances that some of them will later be greatly modified during this life are very slight. Other traits are not so firmly fixed and it behooves us to improve many of them and to keep ourselves plastic and teachable as long as possible. The ideal of Latter-day Saints is to preserve the meek or teachable attitude throughout eternity. We should never allow our personalities to shrivel up or to cease to grow.

When we really come to appreciate what the term, "personality" means as defined in modern psychological and philosophical discussions, we shall not wonder at those writers who say that "persons, not things, represent the only true values," or that "the ultimate test or measure of the worth of an institution is the kind of personality it tends to produce."

PROBLEMS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Consider carefully what to you was the most valuable thing learned in these lessons during the last season's work. Write it out briefly and come prepared to read your statement to the other members. What is your special interest in this course for the present season?

2. Most students develop the habit of marking their individually

owned books both as an aid in the mastery and as a convenient means disadvantages of too much underlining? Explain just how to use a better device—that of using one or more vertical lines in the outside margins of your text. (See *Magazine* for August, 1930, page 459.)

3. Try to give a clear explanation of just what is meant by the term, "psychology." How is common-sense psychology to be distinguished from scientific psychology? What are some of the common uses and abuses of psychology? (A supplementary reference that will be found helpful on this problem is Poulson's *Human Nature in Religious Education*, the Teacher Training text for 1927-28, pp. 1-3.)

4. Why do modern psychologists avoid listing a group of human instincts as a basis for their discussions of personality? They tend to stress social heredity rather than biological or physical heredity. What are some of the advantages of this newer attitude? (Supplementary help may be found in Poulson's *Human Nature*, pp. 8-12, 160-161.)

5. What are some of the unsatisfactory notions extant as to the nature of personality? Explain as nearly as you can what is meant by personality in the best sense of the word. Think of a few of the truly great personalities that you know most about and mention several of their essential and outstanding personal traits. To what extent do the following expressions describe these same individuals: (a) suave, (b) oily-mannered, (c) tolerant, (d) rad-

of hastily reviewing. What are the ical, (e) conservative, (f) fond of fashionable clothes, (g) aggressive, (h) one of the socially elite, (i) humble, (j) cheerful, (k) diffident, (l) courageous, (m) serious, and (n) candid. (A good dictionary may well be used in connection with this problem.)

6. Find these phrases in the first twenty pages of our text and comment briefly on each: "our chief task in life," "what modern psychology has to offer," "sincere but blundering," "who is it that wins?," "one of the chief ingredients of attractiveness," "ways far more subtle than we suspect," "A wiser canvasser rings the doorbell."

7. Give an original illustration or two of the "challenge" technique. What are its advantages. Tell of some interesting psychological observations which you have made since reading the first paragraph on page 26 of the text. Elaborate as well as you can, upon Overstreet's statement that "a father ought to induce his children to want to do what he wishes them to do."

8. Make a list of ten or a dozen fundamental human wants and comment upon the extent to which each has probably been acquired by the individual because of his experiences.

9. Let some member of the group prepare to read the first speech of Hotspur in Act I, Scene III of Shakespeare's *Henry the Fourth*, Part I. Comment briefly on the two different personalities that are contrasted in this speech.

Mysteries the Canyon Conceals

By Annie Tanner

HAVE you ever sat on a davenport in a cliff dweller's home? If you have not, then you cannot appreciate the magic thrill experienced by Ali Baba when he said, "Open Sesame," and the hidden door yawned open before him.

All day I had been watching the

We were very curious to know what these crude drawings meant, and asked our guide who told us, laughing as he did so, that in the language of the modern Utahn, this picture writing said, "This is the place." It was the place. Our climbing soon took us around a sharp turn, and there under an over-



Beckwith

INDIAN WRITINGS ON CLIFFS OF UTAH

shifting shadows, and their tie and dye effect on the colors of Lady Mountain. At last the time for our hike came, and the park naturalist guided us across the rocking suspension bridge and up one of the many well built trails in "Zion National Park."

Soon we were passing through the different vegetations as we climbed from one life zone to another. Just as I was getting a wee bit shaky the naturalist said, "Do you see that picture writing high up on that cliff?"

There, on a broad, bare cliff we could see the queer figures that make up the writing of an ancient people.

hanging cliff, was the home of the cliff dweller.

Gratefully I sat down on a huge rock, much the same shape as our davenports of today. As I sat there, I thought, "This must have been exactly where Mr. Cliff Dweller sat after a weary day's chase for rabbits on the lower floor of the canyon, or where Mrs. Cliff Dweller eased her tired body after climbing the steep mountain walls for haws or elder-berries."

"So this is the cliff dweller's home," I said, "I never thought I should sit in such a home and gaze down on a modern and picturesque lodge so recently built on the old

hunting grounds of prehistoric man."

There below me, at the foot of this magnificent mountain, were the results of the intellectual and physical powers of civilized man. Here by me were the crude walls that made the shelter for men who lived before the dawn of history. Just over my head were the black smoke stains, still very easily seen. Under the sand at my feet were the ashes of his last fire. The passing centuries had failed to obliterate these traces of his life.

Under a rock in the corner were pieces of yucca fashioned for a sandal and over there on the floor was a chipped flint, its shape telling us that it was an arrow-head half made.

The large hollowed-out stone on its rock shelf relates its own story of the laborious task of grinding corn.

All these mute witnesses told us the story of the cliff dweller; but who could tell us what strange event took him from his home in the cliffs? Did famine wipe out the entire family? Did they grow venturesome and go down the canyon on an exploring trip and meet the enemy they had guarded against for years, or did some more terrible catastrophe take them away from these glorious cliffs of safety?

If Mr. Cliff Dweller could just step for a few minutes from his "Happy Hunting Grounds" what a wonderful tale he might tell us!

A Grandmother's Lament

By Susan Ray

Grandmother has a lonely time
This modern scientific day
She is no longer oracle
The doctor has the only say.

She must not take the baby up
No well-trained child is spoiled that way
To cry a little make strong lungs
At least that's what the mothers say.

No rocking chair, with soothing rhythm
No lullabies with sweet refrain
No kissing hour, germs lurk around
No baby talk, it is inane.

She often thinks she'll steal a kiss
From baby's chubby rosy toes.
But that might give him athlete's foot.
Oh dear, the way this sad world goes!



Harry Neilson, artist and poet, author of the above sketch, is a recluse or hermit living alone in a rock hut near Orangeville, Utah.

Mr. Neilson spends most of his time with his pens, inks, and water colors and has accumulated hundred of sketches and drawings. Some of his water-color sketches of flowers are exquisite. He had also made and decorated many Christmas and holiday cards.

Among his pen drawings are fine sketches of animals especially of chickens, ducks, geese, and other domesticated animal.

This drawing was obtained by H. R. Merrill during a visit to Mr. Neilson early in February.

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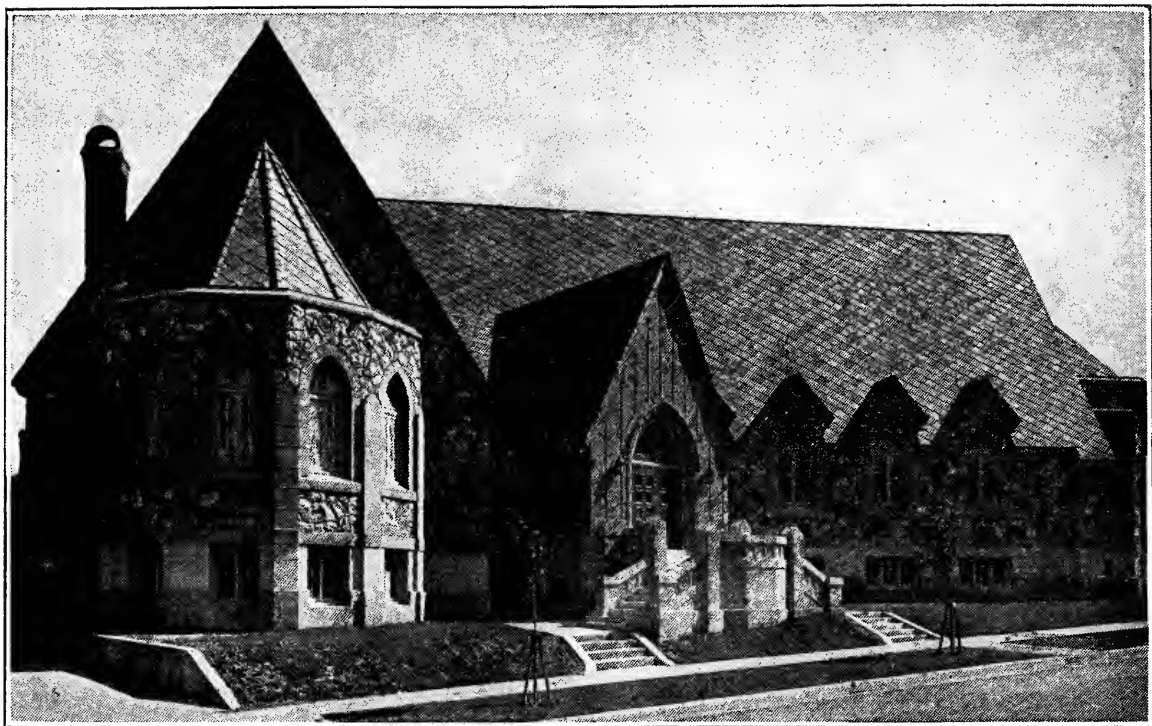
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What Am I?

I am a far too common sight in the neighborhood of every high school.

I am small and innocent in appearance, but contain immense possibilities for working mischief.

I ruin many a football team. No coach will permit players to use me during the season, for I am sure death to wind, speed, and "pep."

I am responsible for innumerable failures in school, and for still more in after life.

I can destroy a boy's ambition and will power, and put his brain to sleep.

At my best, I am a worthless thing to spend good money for. At my worst, I injure body, mind and morals.

The evil I do is incalculable. Still I flourish.

I am the student's worst enemy—I am the CIGARETTE.

John Elson, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

* * * * *

Howard A. Kelly, M. D., chief surgeon, Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland, says:

"Boys, if I were you, I would let tobacco alone. As a doctor, I see and constantly hear of many who are seriously hurt by it. It is a wasteful habit and easily becomes a harmful one, readily interfering with your success in life. * * * The national bill for tobacco is something appalling; it is a terrible indictment against a nation like ours, where so much good can be done with modest sums of money, that so much is utterly wasted in smoke."

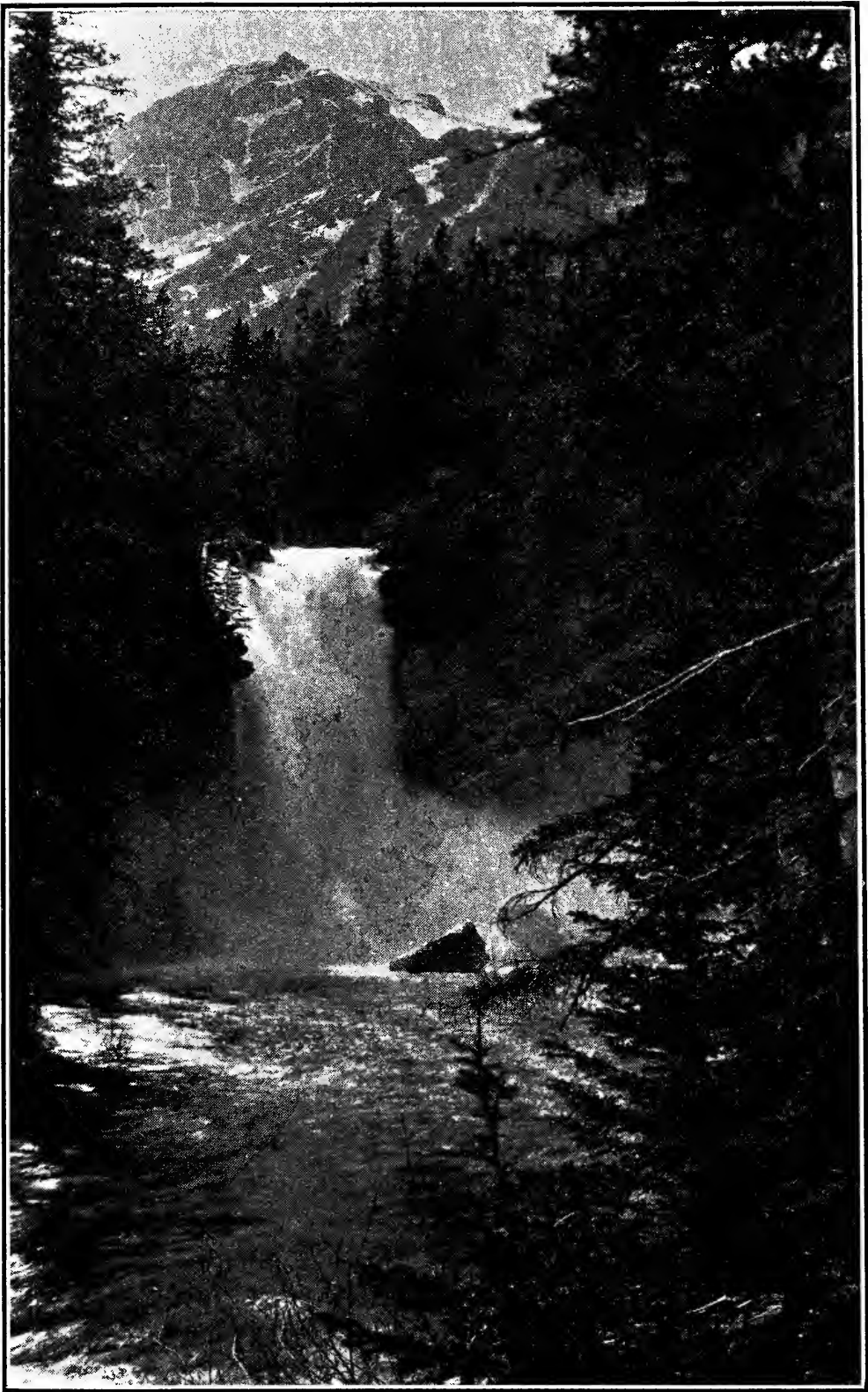
* * * * *

"There is something about the cigarette habit that weakens and unnerves the boy. It destroys his memory, robs him of his power of attention, saps his will power, and deprives him of his initiative."—*Judge DeLacey of the Juvenile Court in Washington, D. C.*

* * * * *

Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, perhaps the best loved of women singers, at the close of her concert at Smith College, in responding to an encore for another song, said:

"Listen, girls, I have something very important to say to you, and it will do you far more good than another song. * * * It's about cigarette smoking. I want you to know that I have never smoked, and I never will. I think, and I say it with all my heart, that it is a crime that you girls are poisoning your young bodies by smoking cigarettes."



TRICK FALLS, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK
Photo by Hileman

THE Relief Society Magazine

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No. 9

Habit Training in Infancy and Early Childhood

By Milton Bennion

FORMATION of habits that make for the greatest personal and social efficiency is one of the most important means of character development. This aspect of character training is also more dependent upon the family than any other educational agency. Until recently this training has not generally been thought of as belonging to the period of infancy, nor in any marked degree to early childhood. The results of recent scientific studies have, however, led students of this subject to reverse this older point of view. Infancy and early childhood are coming to be regarded as the most opportune time of life to establish habits that are most essential to good character. It should be noted that the term good character, as here used, has reference to attainment of the greatest personal and social efficiency possible to any given individual. Good character should not therefore be thought of in its negative sense only; namely as refraining from evil doing. Important as this is, it is, in fact, only a minor phase of character as here conceived. From this point of view it is at once evident that the foundations of character are laid in the period of infancy, and, indeed, in some measure, during the prenatal period.

Lest it may seem presumptuous for a mere man to advise as to how to train infants, I shall quote from a letter recently received from a young mother whose experience within the last five years with three infants of her own may free her from the charge of being only a theorist. I quote the following:

"In habit formation, to make it easy, one should have good healthy material to start with. Many realize the importance of having a good diet but do not actually know what that is. The mother's diet, complete in all respects, before a baby is born and while it is nursing, lays the foundation for training the baby in good habits. A colicky baby or one puny from rickets or other disease due to malnutrition is one I should dislike to have to train. On the other hand, a baby that has a good healthy start can easily be spoiled by the wrong kind of handling.

"Another idea to keep in mind is one's attitude toward the job. I think of the baby as helpless, as one whose development depends absolutely upon the way he is managed. I admit there are different types and dispositions noticeable in babies at an early age; but one can recognize that and act accordingly. The idea is to manage the baby and not to let

the baby manage you. If a baby doesn't come to a schedule and routine then I look for the cause in something I have done or haven't done—after all the parent must be subject to self-discipline, must be consistent and regular in carrying out a schedule.

"I believe the first three months are the most important. If a baby can sleep, eat, and grow properly these first months, the rest will come easy, if one still sticks to a schedule. I have always found that during these three months I could establish regular habits of sleeping, nursing, taking cod liver oil, water, and orange juice. By that time I have the baby on a four-hour feeding schedule, which gives longer sleeping time and the stomach more rest. With the establishment of the habit of sleeping through the night, feedings are reduced to five in twenty-four hours.

"Another important habit to be established early is that of elimination. This process should be regular and just before a bath and a period of sleep. The sleep will thus be longer and sounder. Directions in detail concerning procedure may be found in 'Infant Care,' a publication of the Children's Bureau in the United States Department of Labor. This is Bureau Publication No. 8, Revised July, 1929, for sale by the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C., price ten cents.* Mothers who are not famil-

*EDITOR'S NOTE: A copy of "Infant Care" may be obtained free, upon request, by mothers residing in Utah, from Utah State Board of Health, State Capitol, Salt Lake City, Utah. This publication **cannot** be supplied in quantities to Relief Societies or other organizations. The request must come from the mothers. Residents of other states are referred to their respective State Boards of Health.

iar with the publications of the Children's Bureau will find it worth while to write for a list of available bulletins.

"The second three months the baby spends more time awake. Suitable ways of spending his time should now be given some attention. To be handled and played with too much will interfere with the habit of learning to amuse himself. By changing his position, his view, and his playthings occasionally the baby may pass much time happily.

"One thing a baby soon learns is what crying will do for him. It is his most emphatic way of attracting attention to himself, and he will use it, in so far as possible, as a means of getting the attention he craves. This is often contrary to his own best good.

"If a baby is put to bed in the same way and in the same place every night it will not take many crying spells to teach him that it is bed time, and to establish the habit of going to sleep without crying. In any case a little crying is good exercise and makes for sound sleep.

"The next period, six to nine months, the main new feature is his eating habits. He learns to take solid foods and to drink from a cup. These new habits should be acquired very gradually. A baby may show signs of dislike for a new food, but through separate offerings of it when he is really hungry he may learn to like it. It will do him no harm, at this age, to go hungry for a time, provided he has all the water he cares for.

"He must now learn to masticate food. Let him practice on a piece of hard, dry toast. In feeding do not give him too large a serving nor several dishes at one time. Such a practice may induce the habit of dawdling over his meals, may tend to destroy his appetite and may dis-

courage him in his efforts to learn to eat new foods.”*

TO summarize briefly it may be said that the foundation of good habits should be laid by the prospective mother in her own habits of diet, elimination, exercise, rest and sleep; that the attitude of the mother and also of the father toward the infant should be such as to temper natural affection with knowledge, wisdom, and self discipline in the interest of the child's most ultimate good. During the first three months of the child's life the father may have to exercise loving restraint over the mother to prevent her on some occasions from taking up the crying baby in response to her own instincts but contrary to her judgment and in opposition to the child's welfare. If the child needs change of clothing, relief from excess of gas in his stomach, or other cause of serious discomfort this relief should be promptly provided and the child returned to his place; but to allow him thus early to acquire the habit of ruling the household by his cries and of forestalling the possibility of himself acquiring regular habits of sleep and rest is contrary to all sound principles of infant training. The same is true if his cries lead to feeding off schedule or to other irregularity. His real needs should be met, but the time to play with him is when he is good and not simply demanding attention. It should not be supposed that systematic training in regular habits means to starve the social nature of the child nor to deprive parents of the joys of loving associations with their young children.

*From an informal letter written by Mrs. William L. Jones, who was, prior to her marriage, a teacher of home economics in the Branch Agricultural College at Cedar City, Utah.

OF equal importance with that of being fed on a regular time schedule is the habit of eating the kinds of food that, at any given age, contribute most to health and normal growth. A child should not be coaxed or bribed to eat, nor, under normal conditions, forced to. The food may properly be made attractive, in so far as this can be done within reason and without detracting from its nutritive value. It should then be offered without comment or other display of personal concern. In case the food is refused, water may be substituted and the same kind of food provided for the next meal. This procedure may also be followed when the child develops the senseless habit of refusing to taste a new food. It will not be long before the habit of taking the right kind of food at the right time will be established. The other plan, too often followed by parents, that of coaxing, fuming, or fussing with a child about his likes and dislikes leads him to become self-centered, to court all the attention he can get from the family, even if he has to have a temper tantrum in order that he may occupy the center of the domestic stage. Such an attitude is directly contrary to one of the most essential conditions of good character; namely, regard for the comfort and convenience of others. It is also directly in the way of developing a rational attitude toward self. The child should be led, as his reasoning powers develop, to look upon his body as an instrument in the accomplishment of the most worthwhile purposes and so to nourish and otherwise care for his body as to realize the highest degree of efficiency. Thus, in time, he will come to have the same attitude toward himself that an intelligent, wise, and self-disciplined parent has toward his child.

The chances of the child's attaining this degree of rationality will vary, other things being equal, with the degree of rationality manifested by his parents in his early training. This rationality of parents toward children and later of children toward themselves and the contrary or irrational attitudes often assumed are manifest in a multiplicity of ways other than in feeding habits. With many children proper sleeping habits are made impossible by excessive parental indulgence in floor walking, jiggling, rocking, or going to bed with him every evening. The child acquires a habit of associating sleep with these forms of parental indulgence and is compelled to go through a long struggle in the post infancy period to free himself from these undesirable habits. Furthermore, he either ties the parent to the house at children's bed time, or the child breaks all attempts to settle any hour of the evening as a regular one for his retirement. It may vary from eight to twelve o'clock and may often result in the child's falling asleep in the living room in his day clothing while he is waiting for someone to go to bed with him.

ANOTHER mistake in child training too often made, especially where only one child lives in a household with several adults, is that of training him to "show off" before the family or before company. Thus the child early develops the ego-centric attitude which may later lead to very serious behavior problems. Displays of exceptional smartness and cuteness are, of course, very gratifying to parents and other relatives, but unfortunately they do not sense their part for the future welfare of the child. A child, in no case, should be treated as a plaything, however entertaining

he may be, just as an older child should never be exploited for financial gain, now generally forbidden by our child labor laws. The underlying principle is the same in both cases; namely, that the child should be dealt with always with respect to his own ultimate best good and never as a means either for the entertainment or the financial gain of his parents or anyone else. This, of course, calls for the utmost respect for the personality of the child and for his rights. This respect, together with parental love or parental pride, to say nothing of parental greed, should never lead either to improper indulgence or to any kind of exploitation.

To return to more positive suggestions, there are some very important mental habits that should be cultivated in early childhood. Among these are the following:

THE child should be trained to entertain himself in a variety of ways and to develop his own resources. To this end a few simple playthings will suffice. He does not need the more expensive self-operating, mechanical toys; but rather simple things that he can do something with, such as a suitable ball, a set of blocks, a book of heavy paper, cardboard, a sled, the main point being to have something on which he can spend his energies and do constructive things. This need is especially felt in this age of commercial amusements, such as picture shows where children are taken merely to sit in a passive state while the show house does all the rest. Excessive patronage of this type of amusement tends to atrophy the native creative powers of the generation that is subject to it, hence there is now more need than ever of providing opportunities for children to engage in creative activities.

With young children this opportunity may be had chiefly in play.

A SECOND habit of importance for this period is that of orderliness. The child should have suitable places provided or assigned for his toys, his clothing, and other belongings when not in use, and should be trained to put his things where they belong. He can early be shown how this lessens the chances of loss or damage to his property, how it saves his own time in not having to search for his things when wanted, and how it saves his mother and others from unnecessary labor. The habit of orderliness will become fixed with much greater certainty if it is developed upon a rational, thoughtful basis, as soon as the child is old enough to understand the reasons for doing things in prescribed ways. This is, of course, true of all habits. While doing the same thing in the same way at regular intervals over a long period of time tends to establish the habit, and may do so in such physiological process as sleep, nutrition, and elimination, in more complex activities less dependent upon mere physiological processes, there may be reaction against the established routine as soon as external pressure is removed, hence the need of supplanting, as soon as may be, external compulsion with insight and self-direction.

A THIRD habit to be established in early childhood is that of inquiry or investigation into the nature and meaning of things. In the normal child this disposition of mind is very apparent. Parents may be either amused, annoyed, or they may simply ignore the juvenile inquirer. Probably only a small minority of adults appreciate the child's interests and realize the need

of giving him serious and adequate attention. In the history of the human race this habit of investigation is the basis of progress in science, invention, and other aspects of practical affairs. The permanent welfare, therefore, of both the individual and the race is dependent upon preservation and development of this native tendency. Yet, in case of many children, this tendency is suppressed by parents or other adults in the home. The same process is continued in modified form by some teachers until the child is finally transformed into an adult magpie, ready to echo whatever knowledge is offered him ready made, but with his native curiosity and his powers of direct observation and thought reduced to a minimum. Any adult having direct associations with a child can do much to obviate such an outcome. In case a child asks foolish or meaningless questions, that is, for one of his age, he should be shown that this is the case and should be stimulated to think before he speaks. If the questions are such that he can easily find out the answers for himself, he should be led by counter questions to discover the answer rather than to be told. In many cases he will, however, ask questions of real significance to himself, and which he has not the means or the experience to answer. A little parental attention to such questions and the kindly recognition of the child in answering will be time very well spent.

In case the question cannot be answered it is well to say so; or if it is one the answer to which is beyond the child's comprehension the child should be so informed rather than ignored or answered incorrectly or otherwise insincerely. As a young child may by over and improper attention of parents and encouragement in self display de-

velop a superiority complex, so, on the other hand, may parents develop in a child an inferiority complex by habitually discounting the meaning and importance of his juvenile inquiries. The over attention and self display on the one hand tends to develop an ego-centric attitude, while the customary inquiries of the normal child are manifestations of an objective attitude of mind; an attitude to be cultivated because it contributes toward developing a wholesome personality. As manifest in the child this attitude may seem very simple, and to some adult minds, unworthy of attention, the underlying tendency and mental habit is, however, the same as that manifested later by the same individuals as inventors, scientists, and philosophers. It lies also at the base of investigations in the educational and social fields, so essential to educational and social reforms. It does, however, require imagination, as well as sympathetic understanding of children, to see how mental characteristics of eminent men, so highly prized, are but the development of native characteristics generally so little appreciated in children.

A FOURTH habit of very great consequence in character formation is that of sociability in the moral sense of that term. Every child has to learn how to associate with other children on a plan of equality. Whether this can be learned easily or only with great difficulty outside the home will depend in large measure upon the kind of influence and example of the home. What is the attitude of the child's parents toward their neighbors and toward the parents of other children with whom their's will come in contact? Do the parents assume an aristocratic attitude toward

others; do they disregard the rights of neighbors or of community? What the parents are, in this respect, will influence the child's attitude much more than anything they can say. There are unfortunately in adult life, in cities especially, social distinctions which parents sometimes consciously and purposely carry over to their children from infancy. They regard them as too good to associate with children of the poorer or less learned classes of society. This is a most pernicious influence upon the life of a child. The child of the poor or of the unlearned may be quite as good in morals and in native endowment as is the child of the rich or the learned. What justification can there be for prejudicing the mind of a child against association on equal terms with such children? Respect for personality and recognition on equal terms of the dignity, independence, and rights of each person who has himself done nothing to forfeit such recognition is a basic principle both of ethics and of democracy. The child should breathe this spirit in the social atmosphere of the home, and should be trained to mingle with other children on this basis. It is only by this means that he can overcome selfishness and develop that other-mindedness and good will toward all mankind that are essential to good character and social progress.

To attain this result in character training the child must be trained to regard the rights of other children as equal to his own and to be considerate of their welfare and happiness. These lessons are first learned in the home, where there is more than one child near the same age, and later in neighborhood associations of children, and under some modern conditions, in the nursery school, in the kindergarten, and gen-

erally in the primary schools, now available to all. In connection with the development of this habit of sociability it is very important that the child be surrounded with people who possess a good emotional attitude. It is contagious as is also its opposite. A desirable emotional tone may also be cultivated in the child in all habit-training by arranging that agreeable consequences follow right doing and disagreeable consequences follow wrong doing. These consequences should be near enough to their antecedent acts to

enable the child to realize the causal connection between them. With the development in later life of a high degree of intelligence and stability of character these causal connections may be very remote and consequences to self may even be lost sight of in one's absorption in a great cause having to do with the welfare of community or of humanity in general. The young child is, however, far removed from this plane of experience and should be treated accordingly.

Little Joys

By Grace Jacobsen

The sun shone hot on that sultry day
 And my mind was ill at ease
 With vexing and harassing problems
 That seemed would never cease.

When up to my desk came a little lad
 In overalls washed and patched
 A frayed blue shirt at collar and cuffs
 His round head with brown curls thatched.

His soiled gray cap came off in a trice
 His blue eyes looked into mine
 Can I borrow a book from the shelves today?
 This library is wonderfully fine.

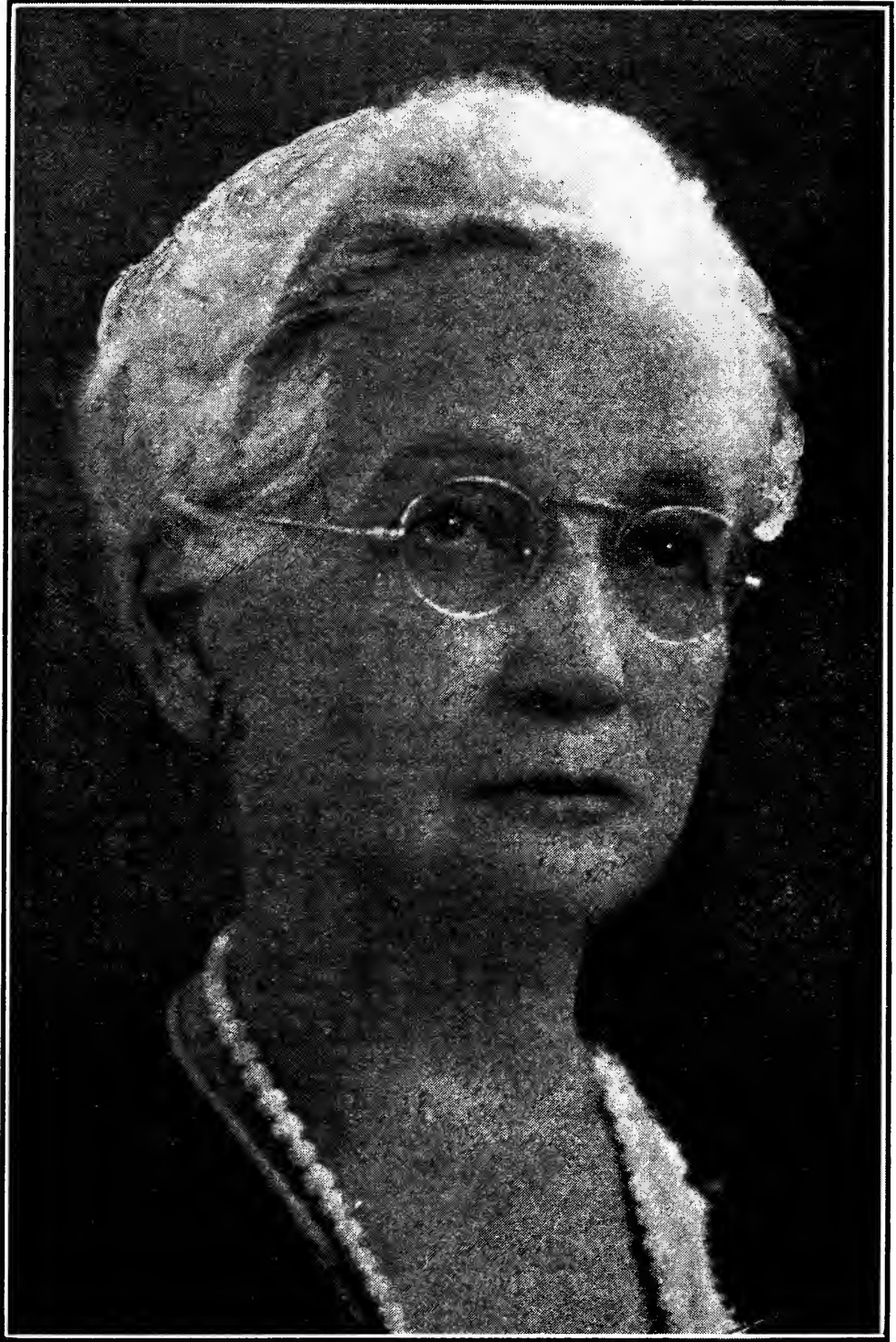
There was something about that little face,
 The beautiful pensive bright eyes,
 That instantly clutched at my heart strings
 And filled me with silent surmise.

I noticed how pleased and how eager,
 The thin little hands turned the leaves,
 The sweet smile that played on his features,
 As he rolled up his sticky shirt sleeves.

It is warm I am sure you would like
 A nice cooling cream cone today
 And into his white little palm I pressed
 A coin from my earnings that day.

Then his pale pinched face grew radiant,
 With a look of pathetic surprize,
 A story I read without telling,
 In the depths of those winning blue eyes.

Then I patted his brave little shoulders,
 And bound up his bleeding bare feet.
 My troubles had vanished completely,
 With that dear childish form down the street.



ELIZABETH SNOW IVINS

Sketches of Representative Women

Of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

By Susa Young Gates

II

Elizabeth Snow Ivins

“Pioneer of the Second Generation”

THE first generation of Church pioneers have practically left this scene of action. The second generation are also slipping away rapidly, as many of them are in the sixties and seventies of life.

Of the second generation of pioneers, Elizabeth Snow Ivins may well be accounted a distinguished figure. She has shared in pioneering experiences from Salt Lake City's earliest days and in the settlement of Saint George when there was no Saint George, only flats and swamps in Dixie land. On down to Old Mexico her pioneering feet have trodden the difficult and toilsome way which marked so many of the second generation as deserving of pioneer remembrance and honor. The intelligence and strength of her character evidences the fruitful quality of her spirit which turned all her experiences into deeper womanliness and more sympathetic wifeness and motherhood.

She was the daughter of that pioneer of pioneers, Erastus Snow. Her mother, Elizabeth Ashby, accompanied this great leader on his earliest Utah pioneering experiences. Libby was born on the 24th of March, 1854, in a comfortable adobe home built by her father on Second East and First South Streets. When Apostle Erastus Snow was called to settle the Red Sand Desert Valley, below the rim of the Basin, he took

his wife Elizabeth and her three children on this momentous pioneering trip, and was accompanied by some of the choicest men and women of Salt Lake City.

Erastus Snow left Salt Lake on the first of November, 1861. Most of the wagons were drawn by ox teams, and there were cows and chickens in the outfit, as well as tools and seed grains and fruit and flower seeds. It took one month to reach the Dixie valley. The usual pioneer experiences beset their pathway. There were no roads that could be called roads; rocks and sand and mud and on the upper part of the trip, snow made daily progress slow indeed. One day was spent at Cedar, where a few log houses were already erected as a settlement. On reaching Saint George they found a few persons camped on the east side of that barren valley. There was water there to be dug out of the slough. A spring on the north side of the valley was dug out and enlarged as fast as possible. To the childish memory, that winter was one continuous raining deluge. It seemed as if it rained forty days and nights, and the Rio Virgin and Santa Clara rivers became raging torrents.

In the spring of '62, the settlers moved up on the city plat which had been surveyed by Dr. Ivins and began building homes for their families. The first two years, however, the people as a whole lived in tents. Libby's mother had thoughtfully taken along a rag carpet and a set of dishes, imported from St. Louis, which had never been unpacked.

A pioneer table had been manufactured in the Cedar settlement, and this served not only as a table and a seat, but as a cupboard also. A little later rude chairs were constructed. This was a mission to establish a mission, and all of the pioneers were artisans either within the home as domestic engineers or in the fields and hills as irrigators and wood-choppers and house builders. Apostle Erastus Snow brought an abandoned two-roomed log house from the Tonaquin and set it up in Saint George, where he located his family. His wife Elizabeth entertained the visitors from Salt Lake City first in her tent, then in the log house, and still later when she was domiciled in the large adobe abode, called the Big House, built by her husband six years after he settled in the Saint George valley, and which contained many comfortable rooms, upstairs and downstairs. She always entertained the guests and travelers who came for conference or were passing through to California. In the earliest days there was a bowery outside of her log room and the wagon box was used for emergency sleeping quarters. It was here that Libby's mother entertained President Brigham Young and his party who came down on visits to the new settlement. Then when in December of the year 1872, President Young brought Col. Thomas L. Kane, whom he had met in the East in the trek out from Nauvoo, to spend the winter, accompanied by his wife and two children and by William C. Staines, and also by John W. Young who had brought along a negro cook, President Young asked Apostle Snow about entertaining these distinguished visitors at the Big House. Aunt Libby Snow willingly moved to the basement story, which was comfortably furnished, leaving

the two upper floors with roomy sitting rooms, dining room, kitchen, and many cozy bedrooms on the third floor. Two rooms on that floor were made into a sitting room and office or study for Col. Kane. This experienced traveler expressed his genuine pleasure and gratitude when Sister Snow arranged to cook and serve his own meals in his sitting room, leaving the rest of the large party to gather about the long table in the dining room. He was happy in this cozy home and never forgot the friends he made there.

Here Libby grew through the restless cycle of childhood and developing maturity, attending school in the winter and acting as chief help to her busy mother who was an exquisite housekeeper. Libby began teaching school when quite young. About the year 1874 she was urged to go over to Harrisburg and teach the mixed summer school there, as it was difficult to hold school in the winter. Naturally artistic she decorated with the needle her own and others' clothing and household furnishings. For two years she and Annie Woodbury taught the mixed school in the fourth ward of Saint George.

Libby Snow was both the most beautiful and the most popular girl in Saint George during her girlhood years. She was a charming social leader, but was as well a most exemplary exponent of her father's and mother's teachings. When the organization of the Mutual Improvement Association began in Saint George November 18, 1875, Libby Snow became a ward president in that organization. This initial association was quickly followed by others, in Santa Clara, Pine Valley, Pinto, Rockville, Virgin, Toquerville and Panaca, in the order named. When the stake organization was effected, Libby Snow

was made the first stake president, and chose for her counselors Mary Goddard Whitehead and Artemesia Snow Wooley Seegmiller. These young officers planned their own work and spent their time and efforts in a most profitable manner. They held weekly meetings and had excellent programs. At the meetings, the usual study of the scriptures, interspersed with readings and music, formed the exercises. When the stake was organized it necessitated considerable traveling, but Libby Snow was equal to every occasion. She was a good speaker, never wasting her hearers' time with platitudes or excuses, but always giving them something definite to think of and put into practice. When she was beginning this work she happened to be in a meeting and was unexpectedly invited to the stand by her father to speak to the large assembly as the representative of the Y. L. M. I. A. She whispered to her father that she hadn't a thing to say and he replied in his wise way, "then let the Lord talk through you," and the Lord certainly did bless her on that occasion.

She had grown up with all of the youth of Saint George knowing that young Anthony W. Ivins was the leading spirit in every boyish enterprise and in all youthful adventures. But not until 1878 did he seek her hand in marriage, although he had been attracted to her, child that he was, when he saw her at her father's camp, going down to Saint George in 1861. His heart had been faithful to that early impression and when he really proposed to the charming girl, he was both gratified and blessed in receiving her answer. The young couple were married November 9, 1878, and lived in the Big House with her mother for six months. Then the bridegroom built a comfortable home just below his

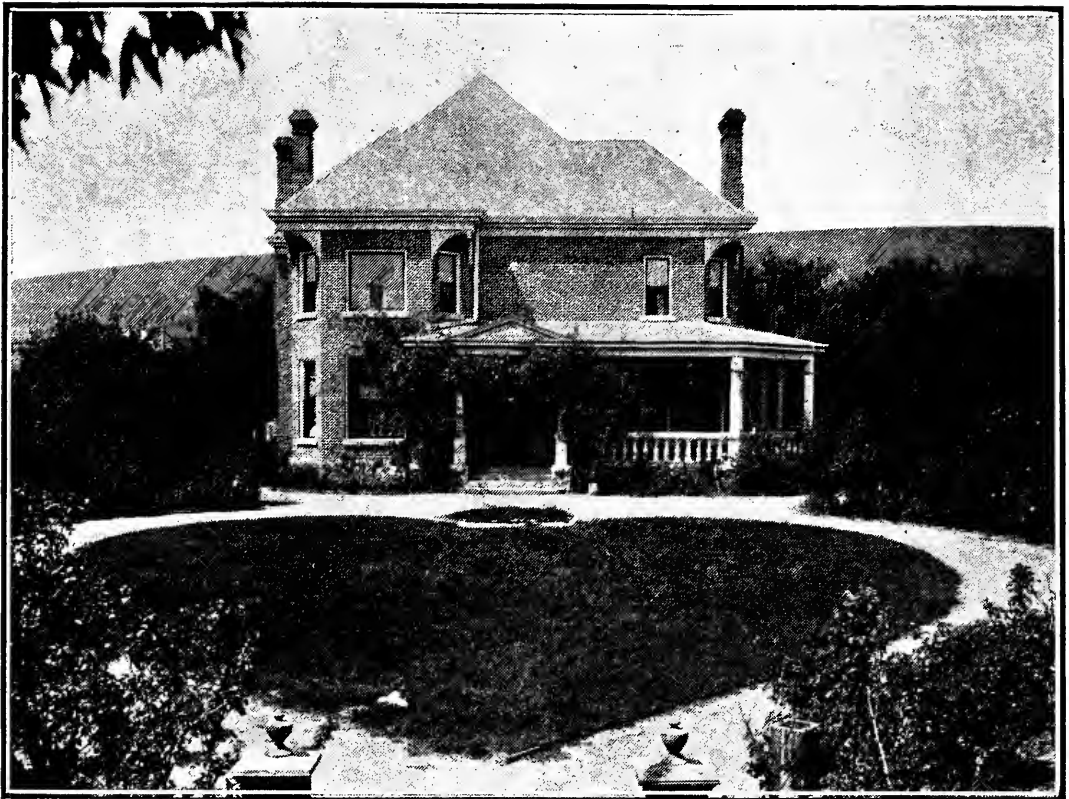
father's house, a couple of blocks distant from her mother's home, and here they lived for quite a number of years. All but one of her nine children were born here. Her husband was taken into the stake presidency shortly after their marriage under President Daniel D. MacArthur, and here he labored earnestly and efficiently.

In the fall of 1896 Anthony W. Ivins was called to Mexico to take charge of the mission which Elder Erastus Snow had opened up in that distant southern land. Here Libby was very busy in rearing her children and entertaining many visitors both from the north and from Mexico City itself. For some time she served as president of the Relief Society. No one was ever turned away from her door. Everyone was made welcome. She gave her best to all who were sheltered beneath her roof.

In 1908 Anthony W. Ivins was appointed to the apostleship as a special witness of Jesus Christ in this last dispensation. The Church people of Mexico were loath to give him up, for they loved him as brother and father. His love for them had manifested itself in their pioneering responsibilities everywhere, and his splendid business acumen and fine executive ability had kept the wheels of simple government running smoothly.

On returning to Salt Lake City, the Ivins family located at First Avenue for a time and finally purchased the Beebe home in 1921. Sister Ivins has made a home of this house, where her friends are welcomed, her children are administered to, and her husband finds solace and relaxation from the strenuous responsibilities of his office and calling in the Church as First Counselor to President Heber J. Grant.

If a mother's measurement is to



THE IVINS HOME IN MEXICO

be taken by the children whom she has helped to rear to manhood and womanhood, the name of Elizabeth Snow Ivins reaches high into the sky line of achievement during this later decade. Her oldest son, Antoine, is a college graduate and has done much pioneering in his youth and early manhood in Mexico. He was called to act as manager of the plantation in the Sandwich Islands where he had hundreds of men, many of them of foreign birth, to oversee and to use to the best advantage in that difficult mission. He was exceedingly popular in his labor there and has been efficient in his financial administration. In April, 1931, he was called to be one of the First Seven Presidents of Seventy and to preside over the Mexican Mission. Her second son, Grant, spent five years in the Japanese mission—three years as president. He published Talmage's *Articles of*

Faith in Japanese and had the translation of the *Doctrine and Covenants* ready for publication when he returned home. As a graduate of the U. A. C. in agronomy he is a most popular and successful head of that department in the Brigham Young University at Provo. The third son, Stanley, is an alumnus of Ames College, and on his return home he engaged in business activity, and is now manager of the Clayton Investment Company. All the daughters have married well known, rising men in the Church.

In the evening of her life, this pioneer wife and mother looks back upon the past with a true conception of life's values, with deep gratitude for her parentage, for her husband and family, for her friends and especially for the lessons of life which the Gospel of Jesus Christ has engraved upon her pliant and finely attuned mind and spirit.

Keeping Up With Sonny

By C. E. C.

Parents and Grandparents Become College Mates of Their Children

MY name is Denby." There was an expectant look in the little man's rather tired grey eyes that made me wonder what I was supposed to register at mention of the name.

"You wished to enquire about Freshman English?"

"I want to take it. You're the teacher, aren't you? I guess you don't remember Erwin? Erwin Denby is my boy. He took English from you three years ago."

My mind began flipping the pages of dog-eared roll books and trying to photograph the crowded rows of freshmen that Room 145 L had imprisoned for me three years ago.

"He is tall and slim and went out for track." My floundering had been detected and a life-line was being thrown out.

"Oh, yes, yes, of course," I lied, justifying myself on the grounds of the expectancy in the tired eyes. "How is Erwin? What is he doing now?"

"He's coming back to finish next year, but he stayed out the spring quarter to work in his uncle's store. That's how I was able to come to Summer School to brush up a little, and get a few credits to renew my certificate."

"You're a teacher, then."

"Yes. I've taught for fifteen years—out in Koosharum — ever since Erwin was five. I've been wanting to come back here and take some work for a long time. You see, I attended this school years ago when it was the B. Y. Academy,

and this is my first chance to come back. We've had a real job getting our children through high school and giving Erwin a few years here in college."

The fact that Erwin Denby's father had at last achieved an ambition, and was in college—following in Erwin's footsteps—probably would not have specially interested me, had it not been that the very next person who desired information about my Freshman English class, proved to be the mother of Kenneth Vane. Kenneth had written freshman masterpieces for me no longer ago than the quarter just ended, and I am acquainted with Mrs. Vane, who keeps a students' rooming house a few blocks from the campus to help earn the college expenses of Kenneth and his sisters.

"I'm just taking a class or two this summer," she confided, "to kinda keep along with the children and make it easier to understand the students' problems."

When the father of Marion Carlton introduced himself on that same registration day, and told me he had come in from Vernal for Summer School so he could be with Marion a few weeks and to brush up a little in accounting, I began to wonder how general this movement of "keeping up with sonny" might be.

THE next day when I met my classes, I made mental note of the generous sprinkling of bald and silver heads among the bobbed and

added to the little questionnaire I give my students to fill out the first day, the question:

Who of your immediate family have attended, or are attending, this or some other college or university?

Tabulation of these answers revealed what I had surmised, that many of my students were parents—a few of them grandparents—of college sons and daughters. Later I learned that one member of my Freshman English was the mother of ten children and had one grandchild; that she was using the text one of her sons had used in English I the year before; that one of her daughters, who had been teaching a couple of years, was back in college picking up a few hours to complete graduation requirements. They studied together; attended assembly together, and were companions at the Summer School socials. A younger daughter, who would be in college the next year, was acting as housekeeper for the family while her mother went to school.

OBSERVATION of the entire student body led me to conclude that my classes were quite typical. Of the four hundred summer school students, a noticeable number were middle-aged men and women, and casual conversations with many of them proved that among the group were a surprising number of parents of college students.

The summer session would naturally draw a larger percentage of older students than the regular quarters since its curriculum is especially prepared to fit the needs of teachers. But an interview with the registrar informed me that even during the winter terms many parents, particularly mothers, enroll for a course

or two. I was given a list of the names of more than forty mothers who have taken work rather regularly during the past few years. Of these, thirteen have received their bachelor's and four their master's degrees. One who took her master's degree at the same commencement exercises that her daughter received her A. B., explained to me why and how she had done it.

"When I was married, I hadn't finished high school; I lacked a unit and a half. Since I was living in a community where I could easily avail myself of school opportunities, I finished up that work. Then one day I read an article entitled: 'The Wife and Mother in the Background'. It pictured a family in which the wife had unselfishly sacrificed her personal advancement to help her husband and children ahead, only to find in the end that they had passed out of her narrow world into an intellectual realm she was not capable of entering, and that they failed to appreciate what she had done for them. They were brilliant successes; she was a pathetic failure in the background.

"That article helped me to a determination to keep at least in the dust of my family.

"After I had once set up an objective, I managed to take a course or two almost every year, either regularly, or, when the babies were small, by correspondence. On my eighteenth wedding anniversary, I donned the cap and gown that had been luring me from the distance.

"I had not dreamed that I should ever go beyond an A. B.; but, you see, by that time, I had sort of acquired the habit of studying and enjoying college contacts; and decided it would be rather nice to be graduated with Helen."

"Do you plan to go on for your Ph. D.?" I asked her.

"Well," she replied laughing, "you never can tell what these modern mothers and grandmothers may try. It's great fun—this keeping up with the family. I was just wondering last night if I dared challenge my freshman son to a race for a doctor's degree."

One of the grandmother students I interviewed, a beautiful little woman with snow-white hair, but with a body as straight and quick as a boy's, told me that she had always been particularly interested in scientific courses.

"You see," she explained, "I belong to a family of doctors. My father, two of his brothers, three of my cousins, my husband and two of our three sons are all physicians. I have no brothers and father always encouraged us girls along scientific lines. Then, too, my husband makes Nature his religion. I think that explains why I have taken more courses in scientific subjects than in anything else."

This little woman has studied botany, zoology, geology and related subjects. About six years ago she attended the summer session of the university which is conducted in the mountains back of an Alpine-like glacier. Here she devoted most of her time to a course in botany with Dr. Coles from the University of Chicago, climbing, as she told me with pardonable pride, to the top of Mt. Timpanogos, nearly twelve thousand feet, several times.

"And you were a grandmother at that time, weren't you?" I asked.

"My goodness, yes. Let me see,—how many—well, I don't recall just how many grandchildren there were then, but we have twenty now."

Her four daughters and three sons have been her college mates, and she confided to me that she is looking forward to studying with a favorite grandson who has unusual scientific interests for a youngster.

"I can see that your interests have not all been confined to science," I commented, looking about appreciatively at the fine paintings and shelves of classical books that surrounded us as we sat in her charming living room.

"Oh, no. I have taken history and literature to get a background for the two trips we have had to Europe. We spent one year in Europe and were there again when the War broke out. To get much out of trips like that, you have to prepare for them. Then I have three artist relatives who see to it that I don't neglect the aesthetic side of my education too much. But then, I just think every subject is wonderful." A sixteen year-old girl couldn't have spoken more enthusiastically. "It seems to me that there isn't anything in the world that isn't interesting, and I expect to go on studying as long as I live."

Another of these grandmother co-eds is almost sixty and must weigh more than two hundred pounds. She is the mother of ten children. Her youngest son, she told me, was doing graduate work at Stanford University, and a married daughter, herself a mother, attends college also.

"No, I am not taking a regular course," this grandmother replied in answer to a question. "I just come up and take a class now and then when I can; just so I'll sort of know what the young people are doing and thinking. This summer it is particularly easy for me to

come. You see, Father has taken to golf and gets up at five o'clock every morning; so I get up too and arrange things so I can come up with Mary. She's finishing up for her degree. You see, she married very young and now she's trying to make up for some of the opportunities she neglected."

I asked what her family thought about her going to school.

"Oh, father and the children take it as a sort of joke. They think it's a harmless hobby—going to school at my age, and awkward as I am at getting around; but really I think they're right proud of me. The grandchildren appreciate it anyway. It keeps me interested in real things so I don't have time to get critical and fussy as many grandmothers do. And then I really help them in lots of ways. You see, most of their mothers are very busy with their homemaking and with a good many more social duties than I take on; so when the children need help with a lot of little things, why they come to me. Just the other day I learned something in a sociology class that was just what my little granddaughter needed for her Sunday School lesson."

"No, indeed!" she declared emphatically, when I asked if she had any idea of ceasing to "take classes as she could". "I'll keep coming as long as I am able to get around; and after that"—She paused a moment and then finished exultantly as if a wonderful thought had somehow floated down to her from the walls of the library building on the steps of which we sat, "Why, after that, I can take correspondence work—and the grandchildren can read to me—if my eyes fail."

Such are the attitudes of these mothers and grandmothers who are

finding something more engrossing than bridge to fill up the leisure of middle life.

One mother of four sons and a daughter, two of them college graduates, two others now in the ranks, the youngest a junior in high school, said:

"It's the most engrossing pastime in the world—this going to college with your sons and daughters. I started in with Bill. He now has a fine position in a Federal Bank in Washington. Then I took some classes with Emma: she signed her second high school contract this spring. Last year I competed in eugenics with Thornton, and in history with Claude. I've been in college ten years. In five more, if all goes well, I hope to be graduated with Gordon, my baby."

† IF I should try to sum up seriously the advantages of graduate study to parents as revealed in the optimistic reactions of these persons who are experimenting with it, I should probably have a statement something like this: *First*: It keeps the mind and soul from becoming dead wood. Longfellow, when asked in his old age how he had kept his agility of mind, pointed to a gnarled apple tree near his study window and replied; "I take a lesson from that tree. Every year I contrive to study enough to produce sufficient new wood to put forth fresh blossoms. Without this new wood there could be no blossoms. But with it, the blossoms on that old tree are as fragrant as those on the young stripling across the lawn." *Secondly*: It sends old age scurrying into an undreaded future, and robs him of his hideousness. Parents and grandparents who are "following the gleam," who are growing old youthfully by the means of con-

tinuous education may sing with
Ulysses:

"Old age hath yet his honor and his
toil;

* * *

Some work of noble worth may yet
be done;

* * *

'Tis not too late to seek a newer
world;

* * *

To strive, to seek, to find, and not
to yield."

Or with Rabbi Ben Ezra:

"Grow old along with me;

The best is yet to be,
The last of life
For which the first was made."

Thirdly: It builds a bridge of sympathy and understanding between the old generation and the new, over which the heritages of the past may be borne. When the men and women of yesterday and today will keep abreast with the men and women of tomorrow in the progressive march of education, then there will be no tragedy or pathos as "the old order changeth, yielding place to new."

Why Mourn Ye?

By Terrence Sylvester Glennamaddy

It shall not be an everlasting night;

For, behold! the day cometh with the dawn;

Then shall the righteous stand forth in His light;

Then shall the redeemed be like the newborn.

Oh death! where is thy sting to reborn man?

Oh, grave! where is thy victory today?

This body in corruption lives its span;

But evil never can the spirit stay.

When mortal dust shall have slept out its time,

When this earth shall have run its course through space,

Then shall our God's holy fire refine;

And resurrected men stand face to face.

Why mourn ye then, oh thou spirit of man?

We live in hope and lay us down in trust.

Our faith in Christ has broken every ban,

A perfect one did rise from mortal dust.

Babes-in-the-Woods

By Ruth Moench Bell

II

DAVE really should not have insisted on moving the new pullets into their beautiful big "Mosque," as he called the new coop he had built. Lesceline could see that in his boyish eagerness to see how they would look in the new coop, he could not wait till the roof was on.

"I can easily get it on before a storm comes," he explained, "and those pullets are altogether too crowded. They are growing so fast."

"If you hammer over their heads, won't it startle them and make them "huddle" or whatever you call it?" Lesceline protested.

"Oh, they'll get used to it," Dave felt confident.

Lesceline said no more but offered to help move them. To her surprise, she found that she could hold a wriggling, squawking pullet by one leg, as Dave showed her, while it curled up around her hand and tried its best to get away. To help Dave she even managed to hold four pullets in each hand and carry them to the "mosque." When all were housed, she caught some of Dave's enthusiasm. The slim white young pullets with their shapely bodies, looked like the white pullet cover on the dish that had been her grandmother's.

"They look very dainty in their white pine dwelling," she said. "If vestal virgins in white were supposed to walk about in a mausoleum, I'd call this a white—" Lesceline checked herself. Calling this a white tomb sounded rather ominous.

Lesceline drove the 1918 model Ford to town with the eggs and to get the feed, so that Dave could work on the roof. The new pullets must be protected now before a storm arose. Lesceline had two punctures on the way. Fords of that vintage did not carry an extra wheel with a tire all ready for use. No man happened along to help fix the tires, so dusk came down before Lesceline drove into the yard. She was feeling tired, hungry and cross. Dave might at least have hurried out to meet her.

However, all thoughts of self vanished when Lesceline opened the kitchen door and caught one glimpse of Dave's tragic face. A blazing fire was roaring in the range, kettles of water were steaming, and before one kettle stood Dave dipping a chicken into the feathery broth. Lesceline stared. The young cockerels had long since been separated from the pullets and had been eaten or sold. Lesceline, startled, saw a tub half full of pullets in the middle of the room. What massacre was this? At least twenty pullets lay in the tub.

The sight of the bloody necks, the fumes of the steaming feathers was sickening to Lesceline. "Why, Dave, what's the matter," she asked.

"They huddled as soon as I started hammering," Dave cried. "Why weren't you here to keep them from huddling? I can't be expected to do it all."

"I had two punctures," Lesceline said softly. She might have told him that the trip was not exactly a pleasant one. She might have told him that she had warned him against

this. Instead, she got an apron and prepared to help. She knew how dismayed Dave must feel over the slaughtering of his pullets. One might kill cockerels with a good grace, but pullets meant poultry profit.

"What are you going to do with them, dear," she asked, trying to smother the sickening feeling that was almost more than she could endure.

"I cut their heads off at once," Dave replied. "They are—are just as good to eat—as if—as if they had been—"

"You wouldn't sell them, though. It wouldn't be honorable."

"As if a person could sell them, way out here. The Association isn't shipping any more, anyhow. We can store them in the cold basement, and eat them ourselves. We can't afford to waste them. I cut their heads off instantly and let them bleed plenty," Dave defended.

"Twenty Pullets!" Then at sight of his face. "Oh, yes, of course. If I remember right, you ate two or three at each meal. That would be about six a day for you alone," Lesceline laughed gaily. "I'll help you, Dave."

"Pullets are lots more tender and delicious than—cockerels," Dave cried, quite as though he had slaughtered them on purpose. "You hold them this way, and yank the long feathers out from the tail and wing first." He did not evince any surprise that Lesceline was subduing her natural repugnance and helping him. "Then you pull the other feathers out in—well, in reverse gear, sort of peel them off.

Though she felt like holding her nose or clamping a clothes pin on it, though the steaming feathers were acting like a feather duster and seemed to be in her stomach, going around and around and up and

down, Lesceline made no complaint. She must help poor Dave. This was not exactly what the world's greatest architect had meant to do with his leisure. She had temporarily deflected him from his course and owed it to him to help him back to his goal, even though the road led through a tangled forest of steaming chicken feathers.

Soon Lesceline was doing two to Dave's one, and the feather-duster motion in her stomach had subsided. At least, she would not have to draw them. Dave could do five or six at a time as they were needed. Then she would fry them, and afterwards at table pick at a piece or two so Dave would never know that her appetite for chicken was destroyed forever.

However, much to her surprise, as the days went by, Lesceline found that she could eat fried chicken with a relish that amazed her. Their frying fragrance was a relief from the deadly stench of the hot-dog and hamberger stands, at which Dave and she had pretended to enjoy eating, after they had given up 'living at the best hotels.'

* * * * *

A storm seemed to be brewing, so Dave hurried to the Association to get a plentiful supply of feed and deliver the eggs. Lesceline did not care to accompany him in the rickety old car over the long, rough roads. A heavy blizzard began to blow, supper time came, and Dave did not return. Sensing that he probably had had tire trouble, and would be famished for food, Lesceline went to the basement for the two last undrawn pullets. There was nothing else in the house to cook. It took courage, plus loyalty, a spread paper, and a sharp knife. A nose high in the air was not actually necessary, but Lesceline did not seem to be able to work otherwise.

Though the chicken were fried, and the table set, Dave did not come. She had only given the chickens "scratch"—what were those other things—she had heard Dave babble of — calcide, mash — the "dry —" Was that Dave driving into the yard? There was something queer about the way he drove. He had not carried his heavy coat with him—and an icy blizzard had been blowing for some time. He was probably terribly chilled and numbed, Lesceline concluded, staring at him as he nearly fell out of the car and literally staggered up the steps.

"I wish you'd go with me, Les, to feed the flock," Dave spoke unsteadily. "I feel horribly sick. I—I can't get my breath at all."

Apprehensively, Lesceline went along. "I'd give anything for a long sleep tomorrow," Dave murmured, "If anything should happen to me"—How many times those words came into Lesceline's mind thereafter—"I thought maybe if you'd pay close attention—and learn to take care of them—just this once—I'd try sleeping till noon. Maybe I can sleep this off."

When they returned to the house, Dave, his face as white as blanched celery, his hand shaking so that he scrawled all over the paper, wrote out minute directions for the care of his hens. Refusing to eat, Dave dragged himself off to bed, while Lesceline, in mute anxiety could say nothing.

Long before morning, Dave had gone into that strange land of delirium alone. As if the wires were down, Lesceline could get no message through to him to let him know that she loved him and was suffering cruelly with his pain. When he had sat at the table to write instructions for her, he must have known that he was going to be seriously ill.

With terror gripping her heart,

Lesceline listened to his agonized breathing. It could have been heard outside the house. Only one thing could make a person breathe like that—only one thing could get a person down so swiftly and surely. "Pneumonia." Once she had nursed—or helped nurse—a little brother through the dread disease. "Nothing more treacherous," she had heard the doctor say, and then had ensued weeks of terrifying vigils.

There was no doctor for miles—no telephone—no neighbors. She might have risked leaving Dave and driving the roadster for a doctor—but for the rickety Ford—never had they had less than two punctures on any trip on its weary tires. She could not risk leaving him indefinitely like that. In his delirium he would be up and out to those hens he was muttering about. If she could only get it over to him that she would be faithful—faithful to them as to him.

Lesceline crawled out of bed. She would have to take the lantern and go out in the dark to the wood-pile and chop some wood and make a fire. He must have a mustard plaster on his chest at once. And then some kind of vaporizer must be fixed up for him to breathe—something warm and moist.

She got out into the kitchen, the table was still set for Dave's supper. She had been too worried to clear up. Would he ever eat there again? And there were Dave's directions scrawled on the paper—"The mash is in that barrel in the middle of the coop—see that the hoppers are always full. You will find the calcide—" Lesceline could see no more through her tears. How ill he must have felt as he sat there—she put her hands to her face to shut out the memory.

She crawled into Dave's bathrobe. Would she ever feel his arms

about her again? How still the night was—and black—even the light snow that had come with the blizzard did not relieve the dense blackness. How lonely the kettle hummed, after she had got the fire going. Days and night of this—and even then—no—she must not think of that. After putting the steaming plaster on Dave's chest, Lesceline went back and cleared off the table. At any time—no one ever knew with pneumonia—! She must keep the house exquisitely clean. If anything happened to Dave—when people came and found them there—.

Lesceline tacked the instructions up on the wall. Dave's last precious words. She would need to consult them again and again. Work, loneliness, vigils, faith, prayers! Hours, days, minutes that seemed ages! Lesceline dared not sleep, except at fitful intervals when Dave seemed easier. Before Dave's illness, after long trips to town, even when Dave stood beside her chopping wood, the dark shadows around the wood-pile filled her with terror. To hold a candle for Dave at night in the large hen-house, while he took the setters off their nests, made shudders creep over her. Suppose someone should be lurking there in the shadows.

Now if someone had stepped out of the darkness, she would have welcomed him and begged him to come in and watch with her over Dave. No one could be so wicked as to refuse. She formed Dave's habit of talking to the hens, except that she could not joke with them or tease them. Her words were more likely to be: "Oh, do you think he will recover? Will he ever come out here and cuddle you again?"

Fortunately, Dave had brought a plentiful supply of feed for the chicks. She could gather the eggs, but they must wait—till—would

Dave's parents or hers ever wonder why there were no letters—would they wonder enough to come to see? Lesceline went mechanically from task to task—routine—blessed routine—Dave—the chicks—the house-work. She went through a regular schedule—feeling that her mind was failing but that her body would go on working through the routine—go on even if she slept as she walked.

The crisis of the disease had come. Lesceline sat beside Dave fearful of moving lest her faith should fail him. Her head would drop forward and she would bring it back with a jerk—and then move about the room again to defy nature to trick her into sleep when Dave was fighting for life. She felt that she was standing with her back against a dread door that might swing open at any moment and let them both through. Alternately she prayed, "Dear God, keep him here with me," and cried fiercely, "Dave, Dave, you shan't go through."

And Dave nestled in her arms presently, as she sank with a sob beside him. The struggle was over—the fever spent—delirium was gone. He was white, weak and terribly shaken, but his breathing was easy and he dozed off into a restful sleep. Lesceline laid him back on his pillow. It would not do to chill him with a deluge of tears.

She put on his bath-robe. It was almost like feeling his arms about her again. Then she went out to the hen-house and told them sobbingly that Dave was better. He would be with them again. They looked at her in wonder, their heads cocked wisely on one side. The hoe Dave had raked the litter to the front of the coop with, stood where he had left it that last time. Lesceline kissed the handle he had held.

She sank down exhausted on the

floor—the hens, awed into silence, eyed her curiously. Crooning their most contented lullabies, some of the more inquisitive hens pecked idly at the ivory buttons on her slippers. With prayers of gratitude in her heart, Lesceline must have slept from sheer exhaustion, for hens were all over her when she awoke. She drew two of them against her cheeks, as she had seen Dave do that day, so long ago—it seemed. Going back to the house, she found that Dave was awake and calling for her.

“I’d give a dollar for some chicken broth and maybe a mite of white meat,” he said weakly. “Do you suppose just a little would hurt me?”

Lesceline was sure that it wouldn’t, and told him he should have it in a very little while. He must try to sleep till she woke him with a bowl of steaming broth with tiny bits of white meat and noodles in it. She kissed him lightly on the forehead and went out to face what she had never supposed she could possibly do.

She looked long at the culls in their battery brooder. Dave had a long wire, looped on one end, with which he snared them. The wire was hanging by the brooder. It looked murderous. She would open the door, poke the wire in, catch a cull, bring it out to the front of the coop—and then close the door. She was no longer afraid to handle them. She had even learned to place a hand on either side of the old setters, lift them off their nests and put them on the roosts or in the special coop.

She would hold the chicken which she was to kill, firmly that way, with her hands on its wings, so that it could not flop. Then she would lay its head very gently on the chopping block—and then—” Oh, I

can’t,” she faltered. But Dave was weak. He must get his strength. She must not fail him now. There was no other way. She must do it. She shuddered.

A chicken was just a vegetable—Dave had said so—a mere carrot. She laid its neck on the chopping block and gripped the hatchet tight. Fortunately the hatchet was sharp. Dave always kept his tools in condition. She was about to cut off a carrot top. But carrots do not squawk and roll their eyes reproachfully. Lesceline decided to close her own eyes while she did the dread deed. She steeled herself and raised the hatchet.

Was she, too, going off into a delirium? A hand was closing over hers. A man’s hand. A man stood beside her—his foot by hers. If Dave had dared—she turned to look.

“Darling — Oh — M r. — O h — Dave’s dad.”

“Here, let me take that? Thumbs have gone off that way,” he said.

Lesceline went weak in his arms, and he carried her into the house. David Blaine laid her very tenderly on the couch.

“Look here, Emily. See what I found in the back yard with her eyes closed trying to whack off a chicken’s head.”

Lesceline knew she must look ridiculous in Dave’s big bathrobe. Someone who smelled deliciously of violets was crying tears all over her face and holding her close. “You poor little thing,” she was saying. “You brave little thing.” Lesceline felt that it was heavenly just to relax and cry too.

“If you’re through mooning in there,” Dave called irritably, “hurry up with that chicken broth.”

“He’s better. He’s better,” Dave’s mother laughed. “When they get cross—”

Lesceline looked about at the neat room. "I'm glad I kept the house so clean each day that if he—if strangers came and found us here —"

"Darling, what you have been through!" Emily Blayne cried humbly.

"Well, Emily," David Blayne stood in the doorway. He had been alternately trying to make a fire, swallowing cotton and blowing his nose—without any other sign of a cold—"I—don't you think our 'babes' have emerged from 'the woods'?"

My Little Friend

By Estella Wilson Peterson

I have a little friend that come to me,
 From time to time we meet and feast together;
 In her kindly way she always makes me see
 And breaks the trails for all my weak endeavors.

If I am sad, with verse or prose my little friend
 Will drop for me a gem of consolation rare;
 From her I've learned how wonderful it is to send
 The best you have for all the world to share.

She tells me stories that show to me life's ways
 When worldly cares seem much too big for me;
 And if I spend a tiny hour a day
 With her—more of life's beauties I can see.

She tells me truths about a prophet dear,
 One who has guided you and me by heavenly power;
 She pleads with me, my Father's voice to hear,
 And teaches me to seek Him every hour.

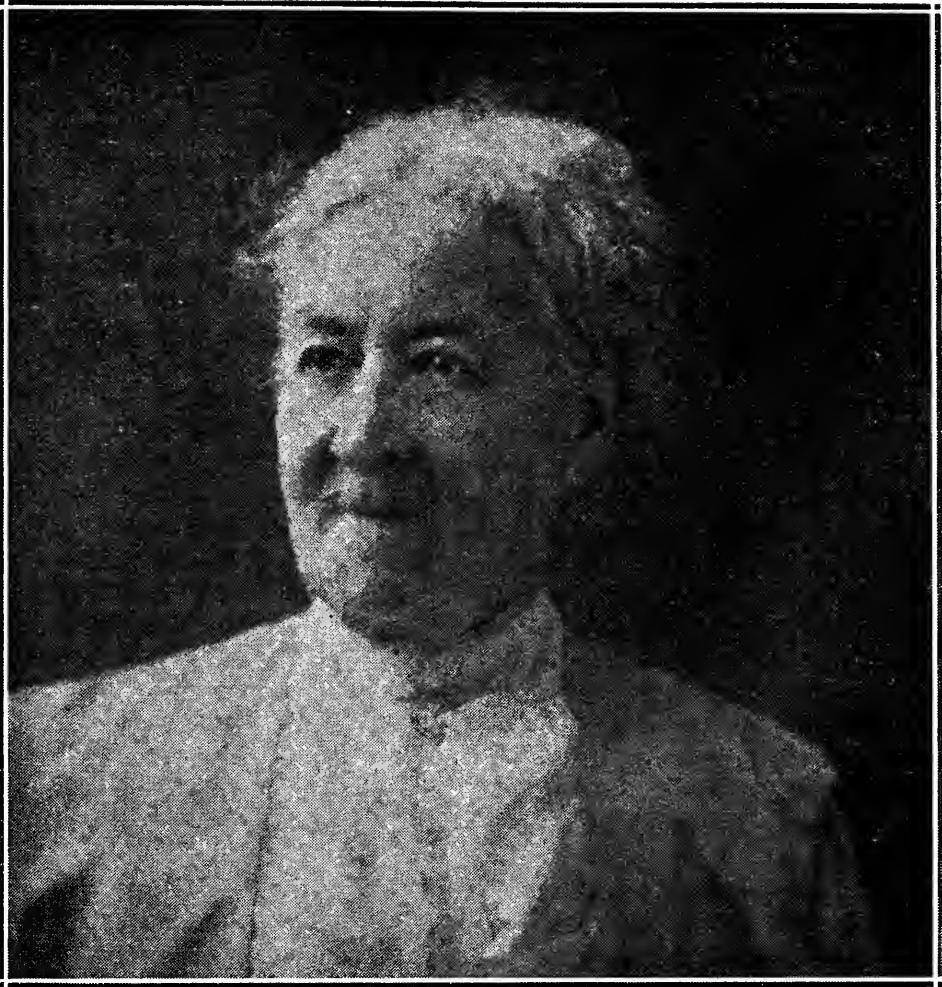
She shows me pictures of the sweetest faces,
 Women who've lived worthy of all praise;
 Women filled with the radiance of God's graces,
 Sweet loyal daughters of these latter days.

I smile to think my little friend can show me
 The kind of foods my loved ones should eat,
 For sometimes I'm so overworked and busy
 The food I'd feed them might be overfilled with sweets.

Since I met my little friend I find it easy
 To understand my child and others too,
 When children get cross and over teasy
 My little friend just shows me what to do.

And best of all 'tis this I want to tell you
 Of the lessons she so aptly gives to me;
 Wonderful courses of study she points to
 In literature, social service and theology.

Perhaps you've guessed already who my friend is,
 And maybe she has been a friend to you;
 May I introduce to you Miss Relief Society Journal,
 With a wish that you will love her as I do?



Margaret Irvine Leatham

By Annie Wells Cannon

"Oh fair are youth and strength; but fairer yet
The face of age when sculptured by a soul
Where love of God and man have held control
And wrought no line that wisdom could regret."

A BEAUTIFUL woman was Grandma Leatham, even after she was 94 years old. Love of God and man was her daily creed, and always her comely presence and smiling countenance radiated joy and cheer where'er she passed. A truly great woman was Grandma Leatham, for she took the common things of life and walked nobly among them.

In far away Scotland where she was born she was called a "bonnie lass" and many are the tales her dear ones had to tell of her beauty, her goodness and her courage. One oft repeated story was that one summer night after the long stroll over the heather with her young lover when she returned to the thatched cottage, her face aglow with love light in her soft brown eyes she told the "gude folks" that she and "Jeemie" had plighted their

troth and would be married right away, because James was to leave in a few days for America.

The gospel message had come to Lanarkshire, their native town, and the Leathams, and the Irvines, and the Hunters, and other families, had heard and believed and were anxious to gather to Zion and partake of the blessings of their new found faith. They knew it meant separation from dear ones, and hallowed things, they knew it meant sacrifice, but they were ready and willing.

So they were married, this maid of sixteen summers, the youth a trifle older. Her courage when he left her was typical of all the years of her long life. She looked always forward, undaunted, to a brighter day beyond.

Two years passed and between them they had saved enough to make it possible for her to follow to the "Promised Land."

ON a bleak cold day in the spring of 1856 she left her native land. Every rock and flower, every sparkling stream and shimmering lake was dear to her heart, but she fought back the welling tears, knowing full well that forward was her fate though the path be perilous and untrod.

Steerage passage in a sailing vessel meant weeks tossing over the turbulent Atlantic, mid scenes and associations scarcely to be endured. Endure them she did, however, and proved herself a ministering angel among this motley throng. Here, at this early period developed in the soul of Margaret Leatham that "touch of human kindness that makes the whole world kin."

She discovered in herself an aptitude for nursing. Days and nights she spent helping the almost helpless women care for their little ones, and

assisting the ship's doctor deliver the new born. So helpful was she that the doctor told her, even at this early age that she would make a good midwife and nurse.

AMERICA at last, and then the journey across the states to the frontier. As had been previously planned before embarking, the British companies this year would fashion for themselves small carts, to hold the necessary belongings, which they would push over the plains, walking themselves the whole long journey. So they came, several hundred of them, trudging along, at first full of song and mirth and determination, but as the weeks advanced and provisions fell short, many faltered. It seemed there had been a miscalculation of time or else the storms this year came earlier. There was much distress of mind and great physical suffering. These zealous people knew little, or almost nothing, of the perils of such an undertaking, but having started, they saw nothing else to do but push on as best they could towards their goal.

There was need for the young and strong to shoulder the burdens, to lighten the loads, to put heart into the wavering souls, who sometimes felt they would rather die than try to take another step. Margaret Leatham was straight and strong and young. She waited on the aged, she nursed the sick, she carried the little children across the rivers, making many trips back and forth and one night when a little babe was born on the frozen ground in a defile near the head of Echo Canyon she was able to do for that poor mother, the part of nurse and doctor and she praised her Heavenly Father for the knowledge she had gained while helping the doctor on the ship.

In her quaint Scotch accent she

often related many a pleasant story or sung a ballad to brighten the somber days of that never to be forgotten journey, while onward she pressed with forward look and hope serenely placed.

UNITED in the valley with her husband the two young people began to build a home. Pioneer life with all its hardships and inconveniences, has also its pleasures and compensations. Cooperation in work, neighborly kindness, friendly hospitality and willingness to lend a helping hand or share the meager meal all tend to bring happiness and good cheer. Such was the nature of the home life of this goodly couple.

In Aunt Margaret's garden grew fruits and sweet herbs which she well knew how to prepare into savory foods and medicines to take to the sick or aged friend, where her services were often needed. Though she began her practice of midwifery when doctors were few, she continued in this service to within a few weeks of her death. At first it was a necessity among the people that called for her ministrations, but later it was choice, for those who knew her preferred her skill to any other. She went to all alike and gave them the best she had. She demanded no pay from the poor, and from those who had plenty only accepted a small remuneration. During the long years of her practice she delivered nearly 4,000 women, scarcely having any misfortune and then the trouble was due to other causes than the confinement.

For seventy years she lived in the home her husband provided when they first decided to live in Salt Lake City. It was humble, comfortable, not richly furnished, and

yet she might have acquired wealth, but her charities were many and her wants were few. Twelve children were born to Brother and Sister Leatham, seven preceding them in death. The following five sons and daughters survive John and William A. Leatham, Margaret L. Pitt, Alice L. Kesler, and Sarah L. Woolley; also sixteen grandchildren, twenty-three great-grand children and two great great grandchildren. A large and fine posterity to honor the good works and revere the memory of their pioneer parentage. She was a consistent Latter-day Saint serving humbly in the Relief Society, never seeking office. She was a good citizen and appreciated fully the right of suffrage. She kept herself posted on public affairs and was an ardent believer in women taking part in political matters. Mrs. Leatham served as a municipal and county election judge in every election in Salt Lake from 1856 until the last election before her death, having the distinction of being the oldest election judge at the polls.

At the age of 87 she made a trip to Alaska to visit a grandson, who was superintendent of a mine in that far away land.

To have lived almost a century and through all those years to have been a friend in need, to have retained a perfect memory, to have not lost the luster of the eye, nor the sense of sound, to have a sympathetic understanding of human nature is indeed a marvel. To have known and associated with such a woman is indeed an honor. Blessed be her memory.

Margaret Irvine Leatham was born January 3rd. 1837, in Lanarkshire, Scotland. She died July 8, 1931, aged 94,



"Lynette, One of the Lilies That Bloom in My Pool

A Woman-Made Lily Pond

By Maud Chegwidden

OH, how I longed for a lily pool! How I yearned to see the azure sky reflected with its floating clouds on a tiny body of water of my own! How I hungered for the sight of pale pink water lilies on the liquid breast, of golden finny creatures gliding about the mysterious depths! I wanted it so badly that I really ached with longing. But that was nothing to the ache I developed in my back when I later got well into the actual making of the pool.

Yes, I decided that if I was to have my pool, I should have to make it myself, even though I were nothing but a poor, weak woman.

I chose a beautiful torrid day in July on which to commence my digging—which probably goes to prove how inferior is the feminine mind. I dug out a shallow depression, roughly circular and about five feet in diameter. By the time I got the excavating done, it seemed five miles in diameter. Then I went in to fix the baby's bottle and do two or three dozen of the minor jobs with which

all housewives fritter away their time.

The next day I scraped away a little more earth, for I knew my excavation should be two feet deep in the center and should slope saucer-like to the edge. All the time that the perspiration was pouring from me, under the rays of that July sun, I cheered myself with the thought of the sylph-like figure I was acquiring at the same time. Then I went in to fix the baby's bottle and rest myself with a few hour's ironing.

By the third day my rudimentary pool was fully twelve inches deep at the center, and by the same token I had come to the end of the fairly loose surface soil and had introduced myself to the simon-pure adobe which lurked underneath. Dynamite seemed to be urgently needed here, but I hadn't even a pickax—nothing but the family shovel with a blunt edge.

After striving in vain to make a lasting impression in the virgin hardpan, I filled the depression with water and went in to fix the baby's

bottle until the water slowly soaked into the reluctant earth.

In this manner my operations continued, alternately soaking the water in, and scraping the yellow clay out. I must be losing ten pounds a day, I was sure. Trade in arnica, sprain remedies and liniment at the local drug store perked up surprisingly, and various masculine peddlers, solicitors and bond salesmen came into the yard intending to sell but walked out again hurriedly, thankful to get away before I became violent.

Eventually, however, the potential pool was ready for its cement lining. I had bags of cement delivered from the lumber merchant's, and a load of gravel and another of sand was brought to me by a farmer who merely had to scoop it out of the Jordan river. Yes, we have a small stream with this auspicious name, in Utah.

Here I was seized with one of my most brilliant ideas. We had some old, broken cement paving lying around doing nothing in the yard, and it occurred to me that I might use pieces of this to pave my pool, filling in the interstices with home made cement. Laboriously I carried the broken blocks into place, skinning my remaining undamaged fingers and dropping a few on my toes by way of variety. It had been a marvelous idea! I wouldn't need half the quantity of cement now, to join up the islands already in place.

The cement mixing was a most intriguing job. I did it in the wash-tub, and one of my biggest comforts was that I simply couldn't have a washday until my concrete was all laid. I never did like wash days.

I put seven shovels of gravel into the tub, then one of cement; I continued until the tub was about half full, then I turned them over and over until the mixture looked an

even color, before I added water and turned the mass over and over again. I had for years been looking back sadly on the passing of my happy mud pie days, and now here they were back again.

When the mixture was about the same consistency as the cream of wheat which formed the baby's breakfast, thick enough not to run, I flopped it, shovelful by shovelful, into the spaces between the broken paving stones, pushing it into place with my fingers. Oh yes, thank you, I had a trowel, but I was so awkward with it and so handy with my hands! And everybody knows that hand-made articles are superior.

I must have mixed close to a million washtubs of cement and stuffed and packed it in till I became dizzy. The July sun blazed on and on, and I thought I would have to walk blindfold the rest of my life. Standing upright became agony. Meanwhile, I continued to fix the baby's bottle, to scrub and bake, to darn and patch and make strawberry jam.

At last, however, all of the cement was in place and nicely smoothed out, and into the edge I pressed flat rocks, in as natural an appearance as I could achieve. If I had lost any weight during the manual labor, I now regained it all with interest, I became so inflated with pride over my handiwork.

Allowing three days for the cement to harden, I turned the hose into my pool, breathless with anxiety to see if it held water. It didn't. With horrible rapidity the water disappeared. Poor innocent creature that I was, I had forgotten the finishing coat of rich cement which would make it watertight.

This coat was mixed with one part cement and three parts sand, and was applied with the shovel, the broom, my hands, and any other

tool which seemed to fill the need. This overcoat was one inch in thickness, and then to make doubly sure of its holding water a final trimming was applied of pure cement, mixed to the consistency of paint, and applied with the broom.

When all was dry, my pool held water, and the town was scarcely big enough to hold me. How proud I was. Who wouldn't be? All of the water in my new pool, however, must be bailed out with buckets lest there be lime which would disagree with the fish. Placing a drain in the pool had been beyond my powers.

A trip up the canyon for rich black mountain soil gave me the necessary earth for the future water lilies, for success with which one needs a foot of earth and a foot of water. Over the earth I spread a coating of clean sand, like icing on a cake, designed to keep the water of crystal clearness.

All was in readiness now for the infant goldfish, which had been housed in a two quart fruit jar since their purchase at the five-and-ten, a

few days before. What a philanthropist I felt, as I turned the bright little creatures from their prison jar into the wide, wide world of the pool. Water lilies were to come later.

How much pleasure we have had from this little pool! In the midst of summer one feels cool just by looking at its silvery surface, and in the moonlight it is a thing to inspire a poet. In the five years since I almost broke my back in its manufacture we have had yellow water poppies, amethyst water hyacinths, waxy white water lilies, yellow water lilies, pink and red ones, tall porcupine grass and a few vagabond bulrushes which have to be firmly squashed, or they would take entire possession of the pool.

Our original three goldfish had ten babies the second summer and the children have watched, fascinated, the evolution of many tadpoles. If I couldn't have any other part of a garden, I would have a pool, for—crowning blessing, you don't need to weed a pool!

Midsummer

By Jessie M. Robinson

Hollyhock and dahlia, crimsoned high,
Are bannering the garden's midday sky.

All eagerness of wood and field will soon
Have blazoned in the molten gold of noon.

And summer cries in flaming joy to me
With flash of wing and song of ecstasy;

But I, of middle year, am slow to live,
Remaining dull and cold, with naught to give..

O rouse my torpor, make my noontide yield
A glory like the garden and the field!

But Little Lower Than Angels

By Harrison R. Merrill

IF they wanted to express an opinion regarding hot weather, Old Timers were fond of saying, "It's a hundred 'n ten in the shade, an' they ain't no shade." Or they might say, "It's hot enough to fry aigs." And that's the way it's been this summer.

But this dissertation hasn't as much to do with hot weather as with men; and the Psalmist sang that men were made but "little lower than the angels." By that, I fancy, he meant that men were considerably higher than animals.

The animals, bless their hearts, are more like animated toys than they are like men. Mother Nature wound them up a long time ago—I don't know how many generations—and they have to unwind according to plan. O, it's true that every animal doesn't have to follow in detail the exact pattern that was cut out for his family, but generally speaking he does. He can move around a bit more than a tree, but certainly not more than that little plant called a microbe, but he's a toy in the hands of Nature, just the same.

Nature gave animals, as suits of clothes, shells or feathers or hair or fur or wool or whatnot. Mr. Beaver had fur; Mr. Ram had wool; Mr. Crab had a shell; Mr. Rooster had feathers. The kind Mother even made all necessary arrangements for changes of suits. She tucked a little spring away somewhere within the mechanism in such a manner that automatically it is touched off by the snows of winter or the heat of spring, and, presto! Mr. Rooster or Mr. Beaver has a brand new suit of summer B. V. D.'s or a gorgeous

winter turnout of glistening fur. The animal doesn't seem to have anything to do with his haberdashery.

Man was paid a divine compliment when Nature left all such little springs out of his makeup. (It may be that he once had them and got tired of them. Be that as it may, he doesn't seem to have them now, at any rate.) Man has been given a spark of divinity that makes all such mechanistic things unnecessary. He can wear summer suits in the winter, if he wants to, and he can wear sixteen ounce broadcloth on the Fourth of July if he likes. That is, being "little lower than the angels," he is given a vast amount of choice in the matter.

Man must be somewhat of a disappointment to the kind Mater who granted him such liberties. He's like a child without experience. He sometimes does queer things. He must look absurd to the steady eyes that have been watching his antics throughout the ages.

Since man can change his costume to suit his whim, provided he has the necessary coin, he does just that. This very liberty, however, engenders strange notions.

Now Mr. John Beaver looks very much like Mr. Sam Beaver, and moreover, Mr. John wears almost exactly the same sort of suit as Mr. Sam enjoys. He hasn't much choice in the matter, for Mother Nature relieved him of all such perplexities. But Mr. John Brown doesn't look much like Mr. Sam Brown. One is dark the other light; one is slender, the other stout; consequently, since they have a choice, Mr. John Brown wears plaids to camouflage his bean-

stock frame, whereas, on the other hand, Mr. Sam Brown wears stripes running longitudinally hoping that the eye of the spectator will follow the parallel lines up and off into the atmosphere somewhere without taking note of Sam's rotundity.

But with all his powers of choice, Man does not like to look entirely different from his neighbors for fear he will be mistaken for some other animal—therefore, he becomes a stylist. He wants differences, but he also wants similarities. He learns to want similarities in his differences with such fervor that not infrequently he does odd things. Unlike the animals and the women, he doesn't do much about observing the changes in the weather.

Fashion says that the man should wear a suit, a shirt, underwear of some sort, and in addition he must wear a collar, a tie, a pair of hose, garters, and a pair of shoes. To the collegian the garters do not seem a necessity. Fashion goes farther, here in the Occident and says the suit must be made of wool and the whatnots and wherefores of silk or some other substance, according to the weight of the money purse.

When it is a hundred in the shade and there is no shade, the man swelters. If he is forced to remove his coat to save his very life, he apologizes weakly. Being but little lower than the angels, he was built like a god. He was made to stand upright in order that he could get the advantages of cool winds; he was given an epidermis that is the envy of all lower animals—if they have any power of envy. That skin of his is wonderfully made. Perforated with millions of little wells—artesian wells they are in hot weather—it can always keep him cool by the simple process of evaporation. The Man doesn't have to

pant like a dog or seek a wallow like a hog. All he needs to do is to stand up or lie down and allow his millions of tiny artesian wells to flow. They will draw off the heat with the water that rises in the form of perspiration.

But man has fallen a victim to fashion. He caps his wells with wool brought from a sheep's back or he obstructs them with silk from some nasty worm's stomach or with cotton from a fluffy boll. Fashion says four thicknesses of clothing over most of his body, and so, he deliberately chooses to look like a lobster fresh from the pot. The heat naturally has no way of escape except through the skin of his face—and perhaps his head, if he has been fortunate enough to lose his hair, the only bit of covering that links him with his neighbors, the animals.

Woman, not having the same weighty opinion of her importance as man, seems to have learned faster. Finding herself without fur or wool or feathers, she pretty well remained without them or has now come to live pretty much without them. In gossamer gowns without sleeves and without collar or tie, she can, on the hottest day, maintain in a perfectly dry state, the powder on her dainty nose. With a million artesian wells open to the air she smiles at a hundred and ten in the shade.

Why some man with ideas does not step forward with some new designs in men's clothing is much of a mystery to me. So long as we have sheep, tariff on wool, and woolen factories we cannot expect relief from the regular channels. Someone looking for comfort, not coins of the realm, must set the fashion.

Why shouldn't a man have a sleeveless shirt, an open neck, a sun-



tan back if he wants them, I'd like to know? Why shouldn't he, too, wear gossamer and lace, silks and georgettes?

By next summer the new styles may be here—who knows? The man starts out bravely in May wearing his whole ensemble and a very

perfect smile, but as June ripens into July and July into August without much relief, his pride of style gives ground before his demand for comfort. His memory some day may last through the winter. In that case he may become properly dressed for summer in June.

My Father

By Estelle Webb Thomas

Though years have passed since last my eyes beheld
 His loved form with its noble, silvered head,
 It seems a sacrilege—a gross untruth
 To say without reserve, "My Father's dead."

Dead? When the single day has yet to dawn
 Without its thought, its memory of him!
 When tricks of speech, his smile, his voice, his hands—
 These images the years can never dim!

When no decision of import be made
 Without the thought, "Is this what he'd have done?"
 No triumph gained without the wistful cry,
 "Does Father know the victory I have won?"

Dead? When each life that ever touched his own
 Some sign of that blessed contact surely gives!
 Not dead! In countless hearts and thoughts and deeds,
 Immortalized, I know my Father lives!

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

SEPTEMBER—Expectant, happy, laughing! Beautiful is the purple haze on the Eastern hills, lonely the sunset glow on the Western sea. The fragrance of ripened peach and apple delight the laughing children on the way to school. Blue asters, clematis and goldenrod brighten the way where labor calls. Vacation days are gone. With hope and energy renewed youth and age alike may say:

“Sacred is the toil,
Dear are the hills of God.”

A GRATIFYING element of the Covered Wagon Celebration was the beauty and loyalty of Utah's young men and young women. Go search the world for anything lovelier than Margaret Young as Miss Pioneer.

THE pioneer mother has now been idealized in stone. Oklahoma was the first state to erect a monument in her honor.

EX-CONGRESSWOMAN ALICE ROBERTSON, who died recently, was one of Oklahoma's most beloved characters. In Muskogee where funeral rites were held, flags were half masted and stores were closed during the services while hundreds came especially from the Indian lands as a tribute to her memory.

NO longer need the professional woman dye her beautiful white hair or deny her years to succeed in public life. A leading “Daily” recently printed the pictures of six noted women all over 60 years still successful in their different lines of endeavor, and there are scores of

others. Note the list, Jane Addams, 61; Evangeline Booth, 66; Madam Curie, 62; Marie Dressler, 62; Earnestine Schumann-Heink, 70; Minnie Maddern Fiske, 60.

AN honored guest in Europe this summer was Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, who responded to Poland's invitation to attend the unveiling of the monument erected in honor of her distinguished husband at Warsaw. She was also present at the dedication of the site for the great Peace Memorial at Geneva, Switzerland.

ANOTHER honor for Helen Keller is the order of St. Sava conferred by King Alexander of Yugoslavia.

While Lady Astor is hobnobbing in Russia with England's great humorist Bernard Shaw, the House of Commons seems to have found a new favorite. It was an attractive gesture when Megan, charming daughter of David Lloyd George, having made a mental calculation in the course of her speech remarked, “If my arithmetic is correct.” “Right,” responded her father. “I thank my right honorable friend for his support,” she replied.

MISS ANITA MUHL of California has been asked by Johns Hopkins University to demonstrate unique mind diagnosis by automatic writing which probes unconscious minds of patients.

HENRIETTA ADDITON, head of the crime prevention bureau in New York City, has been appointed deputy commissioner of police—the first woman to hold so high an office in New York.

Notes to the Field

OCTOBER CONFERENCE

Our Relief Society Conference will convene October 2nd and 3rd.

So many helpful suggestions were given last year by the Stake Presidents who reported that we are sure our officers will be glad to know that reports from some other stakes will be a feature for one of the sessions.

We look forward with pleasure to greeting our officers and hope the attendance will be large.

Special Work For September:

We urge every ward to conduct a *Magazine* campaign during the month of September.

Plans for increasing the subscription list should be carefully made.

Each home should be visited.

Read in *Notes to the Field* in the August *Magazine*, page 464, what was accomplished in the Twentieth Ward of Ensign Stake. Increasing the subscription list from 17 to 101 is a record to be proud of.

Our aim should be a *Magazine* for every member. Many non-members of our organization will subscribe if asked to do so.

We have heard that some wards impose the *Magazine* subscription work on their secretaries. This is a mistake. The secretary has enough to do without this work. *Each ward needs a Magazine agent.* Others should assist her, however, in visiting the ward and in increasing the subscription list in all ways the agent and executive officers may deem advisable.

Those who make the canvass should feel that they are doing an excellent thing in placing good reading matter in the homes of the people. They should realize that every officer and member needs the *Magazine* to get the lessons, to get the latest word from the General Board,

and to see what other organizations are doing.

Those making the canvass should be able to talk on the value of good reading, on the special need of good reading today, that those who give out must first have taken in.

Make the campaign intensive and short.

District the ward.

Select enthusiastic salesmen.

Do not send out people who are not conversant with the *Magazine* and enthusiastic believers in its value. Send out those who can tell what the *Magazine* contains in a convincing manner.

Salesmanship is the "process of having the ability to make others see as you see and do as you want them to do."

"All selling is a matter of emotion."

Prepare for the campaign and pray for its success.

Have the agent study several *Magazines* carefully, noting what each contains, so that she can tell the prospective buyer what will appeal most to her.

The *Magazine* salesman should have with her representative numbers of the *Magazine* to show to prospective subscribers.

Tell us of your success and the plans you carried out to get the desired results.

Honor Roll:

In order that stakes and wards may know their rating regarding *Magazine* subscriptions and to stimulate interest we announce the following:

Each ward should have subscriptions enough to equal 50 percent of their membership. Many wards will exceed this percentage.

All wards reporting a subscription list equal to 75 percent of their

membership will have their names and the names of the agents published on our honor roll. All wards reporting a subscription list equal to 100 per cent or over of their membership will not only have their names and the names of the successful agents published on a special honor roll but will receive from the General Board a certificate of appreciation.

AUTHORITATIVE ADVICE

This is what President Rudger Clawson says about our *Magazine*:

"I wish to say a word in respect to the *Relief Society Magazine*. It is a wonderful *Magazine*. You must never forget that it is the Relief Society organ, it is your publication, it belongs to you, it is issued for your benefit. If a Relief Society sister should come to me and say, 'Brother Clawson, what is my responsibility to the Church publications?' I should say, without hesitation, 'My dear sister, your first obligation in this matter is to subscribe for the *Relief Society Magazine*. In it you will find every instruction and teaching that is

necessary for you, and then after that, if you want to subscribe for other magazines, it is all right, but for you, it should be the *Relief Society Magazine* first'."

OUR MEETINGS RESUME

We are happy to have our Relief Society meetings resume after the summer vacation. With renewed life we again take up the work determined to have this an outstanding year because of the excellence of the work we shall accomplish.

It is desirable for each organization to set before itself some ideals that it will strive to reach during the year. We suggest that some desired ends to strive for are:

Increase the attendance very materially.

Begin and close each meeting on time.

Get general participation in lesson work.

Get each member to read the *Relief Society Magazine*.

Have better block teaching than ever before.

Get our charity work done more efficiently and helpfully.

Notes from the Field

Fremont Stake:

THE following interesting report comes from the Fremont stake secretary: Through the enthusiasm of the Relief Society stake president, a District Teachers' Convention was held in the stake on June 9, 1931. The meetings convened in the Stake Tabernacle at Rexburg, Idaho. In the opening session six wards participated, and there was an attendance of 183 persons. Since there are fourteen wards in the stake, like conventions were held in the neighboring towns on the three following days. Two wards convened on the second day, four on the third, and two on the fourth. The attendance

in all was most gratifying. A total of 461 active Relief Society workers participated.

On Saturday, June 13, in the Stake Tabernacle, a brief summary of the work of the various conventions was given for the benefit of all wards, after which a delightful social was held, at which refreshments were served to 247 guests. The Stake Board acted as host.

The loyal support of Relief Society organizations was manifest in the preparation for these inspirational conventions. The meeting places were spotless, floral decorations were profuse, and a spirit of cooperation and friendliness reigned

everywhere. We were extremely fortunate in having as our General Board visitor, Mrs. Elise B. Alder, whose untiring efforts added greatly to the success of the conventions. The spirit was: "If there is any good I can do, let me do it today, for tomorrow may be too late, and I shall not pass this way again."

On Sunday, June 14, Sister Alder attended the stake Union Meeting, and gave additional inspiration and counsel to the ward presidents and teacher supervisors.

As a band of stake workers we deeply appreciate having had a week of close association, and we feel that we have added to the zeal, vision and understanding of the work which is given us to do.

North Davis Stake:

FROM North Davis stake comes a most interesting account of the Davis County Child Welfare Council. This is one of the most progressive and thoroughly organized movements in the field of child welfare of which we have knowledge. It is a movement which includes public spirited men and women from all walks of life, and receives the very hearty support of the Relief Society and the health units of the County. The purpose of the organization is to offer to all children of Davis County the health advantages outlined in the Children's Charter. The following plan is suggested:

"Each child is to be urged to attend the free health conferences in the local community for physical examination. This especially applies to children entering school next fall, but includes children of all ages.

"A list of the defects found will be given to each Relief Society president. From this list each president may formulate a group of those in need of a reduced medical fee. She

may add the names of children not listed if she knows of any needing correction; urging them to attend a health conference for examination if possible.

"The parents may arrange through the Relief Society President or directly with the nearest member of the executive committee to have the corrections made. The president will of course refer all cases to the local executive committee members.

"Upon collection of the required fee, a card provided for the purpose by the committee, will be issued to the family, who will then make arrangement with the family doctor or dentist for the necessary operation or treatment.

"Arrangements for the reduced fee may only be made with the doctors and dentists of Davis County, except in the case of eye corrections, which will be handled by an eye specialist.

"The leaders of any organization, or any person, interested in any child needing care, may refer the case to the local executive committee member, or to the Relief Society President.

"All details pertaining to this plan are considered of a confidential nature. Any points not clearly understood may be discussed with the State Social Worker or any other member of the Child Welfare Council.

"Any difficulties arising are to be referred to the executive committee.

"The final decision concerning any case will rest with the executive committee.

"It is especially desired that the Relief Society President will ask the teachers when making their monthly visits, to urge the parents of defective children to arrange for correction as soon as possible.

"Each president will be informed as to the required fees. If cases arise about which she has no information, she may obtain the same by contact with the local members of the executive committee."

On the evening of June 21, 1931, a meeting was held in the North Davis Stake Tabernacle under the auspices of the North Davis Stake Relief Society, at which time Judge Hugo B. Anderson discussed the meaning of the Children's Charter, and Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund spoke on the subject of Relief Society cooperation in Child Welfare work. A large and enthusiastic group attended.

Uintah Stake:

THE following extremely interesting letter came from the Uintah Stake Board: "The Uintah Stake Board of Relief Society, wishes to express appreciation for the programs outlined for study during the past year. We feel that we have reached more homes and sisters than ever before. One of the projects undertaken this year is to have 100% visits made by our visiting teachers each month. All of the wards are taking an active interest in this work, and we are getting splendid response from the teachers. The ward having the highest per cent at the end of the



Yellowstone Stake Celebration

Yellowstone Stake:

AMONG the very interesting celebrations held on the anniversary of the Relief Society was that of Parker, Idaho. The above picture shows the cast of characters of the dramatization of the organization meeting of the Relief Society on March 17, 1842. Here we find the Prophet Joseph, John Taylor and Willard Richards represented. This gave a realistic touch and completeness to the reproduction.

year will be entertained by the other wards. We have made wonderful progress in our Social Service Casework since the institute was held in our stake. During the winter we cooperated with the Red Cross and M. I. A., in obtaining a school nurse. The workers from each ward helped her with her work while she was in their district. Since school closed, we have cooperated with the child welfare organization, both financially and by giving our time in



Uintah Stake Board

caring for the school children who are having the follow-up work done. There is more cooperative work between the County, Stake and Wards than ever before, and a better understanding of our problems.

"The picture above is of our Stake Board around the Horse Chestnut tree which we purchased and planted on our Tabernacle grounds.

"We felt honored to have one of our number called to fulfil a mission in Great Britain. Sister Elizabeth Wallis, in company with her husband, Bishop James H. Wallis, who was called to be Patriarch of the European Mission, left in May for her new field. We will truly miss our co-worker, for she has given loving and untiring service in our stake, and we wish her much joy and success in her new labor."

Grant Stake:

THE custom of the Grant Stake Societies to put on a stake enterprise each season, was successfully carried out this year by the production of the pageant given on the evenings of March 17 and 18, in commemoration of the 89th anni-

versary of the Relief Society organization.

"Inasmuch as the Relief Society was studying the Book of Mormon, President Winnifred B. Daynes felt it would be appropriate to depict in pageantry the ancient inhabitants of our country as told in the Nephite records. Professor E. H. Eastmond had given successful presentations of "Voices from the Dust," which he had arranged. This suited our needs, so was therefore chosen by the board members. Songs, scenes and incidents correlating with the above work were introduced by the stake director, Mrs. Dott White, which added color and action. Characters worthy of the parts were selected from all the wards in the stake, including Bishops, High Councilmen, and faithful Relief Society workers. The eight Nephite prophets and one Lamanite seer stepped out of the book of Mormon, each preceded by an allegorical character, paving the way for the message these prophets gave, and the Spirit of Restoration introduced the Latter-day prophet—Joseph Smith.

"The music, under the leadership of the Relief Society chorister, Mrs. Ida Horne White, was very effective, and the singers were all well trained, including the 60 children who represented the stars of the morning. There were 180 who participated in the production. The scenery was well chosen, the costumes of the ancient leaders and the lighting effects blended into the spirit of the occasion, making an interesting and beautiful rendition from beginning to end.

"Assisting the director was Mrs. Jennie Chamberlain; the board members also gave willing and untiring service and cooperation, which is the big factor in the success of the Grant Stake Relief Society.

"It is estimated that 5,000 people enjoyed this performance, and the respectful, appreciative audience contributed much to the success of this pleasing entertainment."

Logan Stake:

ON the evening of June 5, 1931, the Logan stake Relief Society celebrated its eleventh anniversary by entertaining all ward officers and teachers of the Relief Society in the stake. This event was held in the Logan 2nd Ward Amusement Hall. There were over 300 present. Refreshments were served. A one-act play, "Sewing for the Heathens," was successfully presented by the members of the Logan Second Ward Relief Society. A trio, "Sing to the Lord," words written by Margaret Watson, Logan 11th ward, music composed by Lillie D. Meacham, Stake Board organist, was sung by members of the Logan 11th ward Relief Society. The Logan 1st ward chorus sang several selections. A sketch representing what has been done in the past, what is being done during the present time, and what we hope to accomplish in the future, was presented in

tableau form, by members of the stake board. This sketch was written and directed by Irene Naisbitt of the Logan 11th ward. It was read by Mrs. Naisbitt as each tableau was shown. Everyone who saw it was very much impressed. A booklet, which the members of the Stake Board compiled as a souvenir, was presented to those who attended the entertainment. The invitation which was sent out to each one was in the form of a clever miniature apron in blue, stitched with gold, the Relief Society colors. In the pocket of the apron was the following invitation:

This little apron is sent to you,
On it a pocket you'll find.
An invitation it carries, true blue,
Requesting that you with us dine.

For truly our Anniversary Day
In program and fun we'll observe,
Refreshments are free, surprises, but stay,
The secret we must reserve.

Now measure your waist 'round inch by
inch

And when the total you've found
For each little inch a penny cinch
Safe and snug in the pocket round.

And your pennies shall purchase a prize
for you,

Of joy and remembrance quite rare.
A treasure you'll value as others will
do—

A gift of the years you shall share.

The proceeds were used to cover the expense of publishing the booklet.

Every ward complied with the instructions of the General Board and planted a Norway Maple tree on their respective ward grounds, but inasmuch as there was no room on the Tabernacle grounds for any more trees, and on the Temple grounds were as many Norway Maples as they wished to have, our Stake Presidency suggested that we substitute another tree. Hence the reason for planting a Mountain Ash, as requested by President Shepherd.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Fails

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EDITORIAL

Covered Wagon Days Celebration

ANNIVERSARY celebrations play an important part in keeping in memory people and events. The Covered Wagon Days celebration, held in Salt Lake City July 24, 25 and 26, brought vividly to mind the hardships and struggles and victories of the intrepid pioneers. Thousands paid loving homage to the pioneers who wrought so well, labored so faithfully, and established homes, hamlets and cities beyond the outposts of civilization in the western desert. The realization was borne in upon many as the parade wended its way through the streets that they were enjoying the fruits of the labors of these pathfinders and homebuilders.

It was a fine thing to see how all united to make the celebration a success. Not only did the citizenry and various organizations of Salt Lake

City enter into the spirit of the occasion, but different parts of the state sent floats and in other ways cooperated. The parade, the dedication at the airport, the pageant at the University of Utah stadium, and the sacred services in the Tabernacle were the features of the occasion, and each was successful and enjoyed by many thousands. The spirit of covered wagon days came back and the children and children's children of those noble men and women received a new sense of values and a new impulse welled up within them to live worthy of their illustrious ancestors.

The spirit that moved the people of covered wagon days was wonderful. Their trust in God was supreme, their belief in his loving watchcare, his unlimited power, his matchless wisdom, was unshakable. They were

sure that though clouds might lower, though hardships were severe, he would in his own way and in his own time provide; darkness would be illuminated by light, difficulties would be overcome, because he was an ever present help to them. He was as the shelter of a rock on the burning sands.

They had gained a wonderful victory for external conditions were subordinated to the things of the spirit. Despoiled of earthly possessions yet were they rich. In times of hunger they were filled with his spirit so that they knew he would provide for them as surely as he sent manna for the children of Israel. They were happy in poverty and under the most adverse circumstances. They learned to adjust themselves to every condition. They were friends tried and true, ready to

share whatever they had with their neighbors who were new comers in their midst. To them life was more than meat and the body than raiment. Nothing could separate them from the love and guidance of their Father. They felt they could do all things through Christ who strengthened them.

We need the spirit of Covered Wagon Days today. We need to trust in God and do good. We need to subdue the things of the flesh to the things of the spirit. We need to be less selfish and to live in a brotherhood of love as did they. All honor to those stalwarts who made the desert blossom, who builded so enduringly, who lived such wonderful lives, and who were true to God and country, and who loyally lived the truth.

Worse Than War

THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY has issued a book containing some "Impressive Statistics and Facts" regarding the loss of life and injuries caused by automobile accidents in 1930. It points out that 50,510 members of the American Expeditionary Forces were killed in action and died of wounds, during eighteen months of the World War; and that 50,900 were killed in automobile accidents during the past eighteen months. In 1930, 962,325 were injured. The following quotations from this book give food for thought:

"Three specific driving violations by operators of automobiles were responsible, in whole or in part, for 68 per cent of the 1930 accidents due to improper driving. They were exceeding the speed limit, driving on the wrong side of the road, and

failing to grant the right-of-way.

"More than 7,000 pedestrians met death during the year in automobile accidents primarily through their own fault, while approximately 2,300 other pedestrians were killed because of the actions of drivers. In the death of more than 5,000 other pedestrians, the responsibility was shared jointly.

"More automobile accidents resulting in both deaths and injuries happened upon Sunday than any other day of the week, notwithstanding the fact that upon the Sabbath there is less traffic congestion in towns and cities and fewer pedestrians abroad than on any other day of the week.

"Approximately 77 per cent of all the motor vehicles involved in accidents causing deaths and non-fatal injuries in 1930 were cars of the

private passenger type, though such cars represented 87 per cent of the total motor vehicle registration in the country.

"Records indicate that men were behind the wheel in 93 out of every 100 cars in accidents causing deaths and non-fatal injuries in 1930, with women being the drivers in the remaining seven.

"Road conditions in both fatal and non-fatal automobile accidents in 1930 were ideal for the most part, the report shows. The figures reveal that in practically 80 per cent of the mishaps causing fatalities, road surfaces were dry, and that in more than 80 per cent of the non-

fatal accidents, the same thing was true.

"Far more men are killed in automobile accidents than women, the number of men being more than 76 per cent of the total and for women, in excess of 23 per cent of the total.

"The things which pedestrians do that are wrong include crossing intersections against signal lights, crossing intersections diagonally, crossing in the middle of the block, hitch hiking, darting out into thoroughfares from behind parked cars, and walking with instead of against the traffic stream on dark highways after sundown. Such actions caused the death of more than 8000 last year."

One Blind from Birth Made to See

TRIFLING things often lead to wonderful results, but seldom to such startling consequences as in the case of Earl Musselman. Last winter a Sunday School teacher of the First Reformed Church of West Philadelphia was ill, and asked Dr. Moore to speak to his class. The doctor talked on "Vision" and read the parable of the boy who was born blind and was cured by the Savior. (See John, Chapter 9.) In this class was Earl Musselman who had been born blind. He listened attentively; his face brightened; and at the close of the talk he said he had determined to become a Christian.

Sometime after this, Earl's uncle, an optometrist, met Dr. Moore at a wholesale optical house, and said, "Doctor, I believe you can make that boy see." After studying the case for seven weeks, Dr. Moore said that while he had never performed just such an operation, he believed it would be successful. Seventy-five physicians had previously examined the boy and felt that his case was hopeless. Many of these

now tried to dissuade Dr. Moore. Scores and scores of letters were received protesting against the folly of attempting the impossible, but Dr. Moore went forward with his preparations, praying continuously for guidance. When about to perform the difficult operation, Dr. Moore, as was his wont, prayed earnestly. The patient's nervousness left him, and Dr. Moore with steady hands performed the delicate operation. After two and one-half days the bandages were removed. The doctor asked, "Earl, can you see me?" "Plainly, doctor, plainly," replied the ecstatic boy.

When the doctor was asked if he was puffed up with pride over his marvelous achievement which had attracted world-wide attention, he replied calmly, "Not at all; rather the reverse. I have only a great feeling of humility that I have been privileged to do this thing. It is not I of myself who did it, but God working through me; to him belongs the credit, not to me."

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in November)

BOOK OF MORMON—JOSEPH SMITH'S CONTACTS WITH THE ANGEL MORONI

Select Readings: Read First Nephi, chapters 11 to 14, inclusive. Make notes of the ideas revealed to Nephi respecting the future.

Before we begin our study of the teachings of the *Book of Mormon*, however, and the things about it that would be difficult for a boy of Joseph Smith's age, education, and experience to put into a book, we must know just how we got this interesting volume.

It used to be claimed by non-"Mormon" critics of the Nephite record that Sidney Rigdon either stole or borrowed a manuscript written by a Mr. Solomon Spaulding, that he touched it up a bit, adding the atmosphere of religion, and then that he gave the revamped manuscript to Joseph Smith, who published it under his own name. This theory is not now accepted by anyone who has gone to the trouble of looking up the facts in the case. There are too many loopholes in the argument to commend it to a well informed student of "Mormonism." And so we may dismiss this "explanation" without any further attention.

Modern critics of the *Book of Mormon* have come to the conclusion that the work originated with the Prophet somehow. Only, they do not believe that the Lord had anything to do with it, as the Saints claim. Here is Joseph Smith's own story of its origin:

"On the evening of September 21, 1823, I retired to my bed for the night. I betook myself to prayer and supplication to God for forgiveness of all my sins and follies, and

also for a manifestation to me, that I might know of my state and standing before him. For I had full confidence in obtaining a divine manifestation, as I previously had done.

"While I was thus in the act of calling upon God, I discovered a light appearing in my room, which continued to increase until the room was lighter than at noonday, when immediately a personage appeared at my bedside, standing in the air, for his feet did not touch the floor.

"He had on a loose robe of most exquisite whiteness. It was a whiteness beyond anything earthly I had ever seen; nor do I believe that any earthly thing could be made so exceedingly white and brilliant. His hands were naked, and his arms also, a little above the wrist; so, also, were his feet naked, as were his legs, a little above the ankles. His head and neck were also bare. I could discover that he had no other clothing on but this robe, as it was open, so that I could see into his bosom. Not only was his robe exceedingly white, but his whole person was glorious beyond description, and his countenance truly like lightning. The room was exceedingly light, but not so very bright as immediately around his person.

"When I first looked upon him, I was afraid; but the fear soon left me. He called me by name, and said unto me that he was a messenger sent from the presence of God to me, and that his name was Moroni; that God had a work for me to do; and that my name should be had for good and evil among all

nations, kindreds, and tongues. He said there was a book deposited, written upon gold plates, giving an account of the former inhabitants of this continent, and the source from whence they sprang. He also said that the fulness of the everlasting gospel was contained in it, as delivered by the Savior to the ancient inhabitants; also, that there were two stones in silver bows—the urim and thummim—deposited with the plates; that God had prepared them for the purpose of translating the book.

“He told me that when I got those plates—for the time that they should be obtained was not yet fulfilled—I should not show them to any person; neither the breastplate with the urim and thummim; only to those to whom I should be commanded; if I did I should be destroyed. While he was conversing with me about the plates, the vision was opened to my mind that I could see the place where the plates were deposited, and that so clearly and distinctly that I knew the place again when I visited it.

“After this communication, I saw the light in the room begin to gather immediately around the person of him who had been speaking to me, and it continued to do so, until the room was again left dark, except just around him, when instantly I saw, as it were, a conduit open right up into heaven, and he ascended until he entirely disappeared, and the room was left as it had been before this heavenly light had made its appearance.

“I lay musing on the singularity of the scene and marveling greatly at what had been told to me by this extraordinary messenger, when, in the midst of my meditation, I suddenly discovered that my room was again beginning to get lighted. In

an instant, as it were, the same heavenly messenger was again at my bedside.

“He commenced, and again related the very same things which he had done at his first visit, without the least variation; which having done, he informed me of great judgments which were coming upon the earth, with great desolations by famine, sword, and pestilence; and that these grievous judgments would come on the earth in this generation. Having related these things, he again ascended as he had done before.

“By this time, so deep were the impressions made on my mind, that sleep had fled from my eyes, and I lay overwhelmed in astonishment at what I had both seen and heard. But what was my surprise when again I beheld the same messenger at my bedside, and heard him rehearse or repeat over again to me the same things as before; adding a caution to me that Satan would try to tempt me (in consequence of the indigent circumstances of my father’s family) to get the plates for the purpose of getting rich. This he forbade me, saying that I must have no other object in view in getting the plates but to glorify God, and must not be influenced by any other motive than that of building up his kingdom. Otherwise I could not get them.

“After this third visit, he again ascended into heaven as before, and I was again left to ponder on the strangeness of what I had just experienced. Almost immediately after the heavenly messenger had ascended from me the third time, the cock crowed, and I found that day was approaching, so that our interviews must have occupied the whole of that night.

“I shortly after arose from my bed and, as usual, went to the neces-

sary labors of the day. But in attempting to work as at other times, I found my strength so exhausted as to render me entirely unable. My father, who was laboring along with me, discovered something to be wrong with me, and told me to go home. I started with the intention of going to the house; but, in attempting to cross the fence out of the field where we were, my strength entirely failed me, and I fell helpless on the ground, and for a time was quite unconscious of anything.

"The first thing that I can recollect was a voice speaking unto me, calling me by name. I looked up, and beheld the same messenger standing over my head, surrounded by light as before.

"He then again related unto me all that he had related to me the previous night, and commanded me to go to my father and tell him the vision and commandments which I had received. I obeyed. I returned to my father in the field, and rehearsed the whole matter to him. He replied to me that it was of God, and told me to go and do as commanded by the messenger. I left the field and went to the place where the messenger had told me the plates were deposited.

"Convenient to the village of Manchester, Ontario county, New York, stands a hill of considerable size, and the most elevated of any in the neighborhood. On the west side of this hill, not far from the top, under a stone of considerable size, lay the plates, deposited in a stone box. Having removed the earth, I obtained a lever, which I got fixed under the edge of the stone, and with a little exertion raised it up. I looked in, and there indeed did I behold the plates, the urim and thummim, and the breastplate, as stated by the messenger.

"I made an attempt to take them out, but was forbidden by the mes-

senger. I was again informed that the time for bringing them forth had not yet arrived, neither would it, until four years from that time. But he told me that I should come to that place precisely in one year from that time, and that he would there meet with me, and that I should continue to do so until the time should come for obtaining the plates.

"Accordingly, I went at the end of each year, and at each time I found the same messenger there, and received instruction and intelligence from him at each of our interviews, respecting what the Lord was going to do, and how and in what manner his kingdom was to be conducted in the last days.

"At length the time arrived for obtaining the plates, the urim and thummim, and the breastplate.

"On the twenty-second day of September, 1827, having gone as usual at the end of another year to the place where they were deposited, the same heavenly messenger delivered them up to me with this charge: that I should be responsible for them; that if I should let them go carelessly, or through any neglect of mine, I should be cut off; but that if I would use all my endeavors to preserve them, until he should call for them, they should be protected.

"In April, 1828, Martin Harris commenced writing for me, while I translated from the plates. This continued until the fourteenth of June, by which time he had written one hundred sixteen pages of manuscript, on foolscap paper. With my permission, reluctantly given, he took this manuscript to show some of his relatives. Meantime, I went on a visit to my father's family in Manchester. For, persecution having become intolerable there, I had been under the necessity of going with my wife to Harmony, Penn-

sylvania, where the translation was done.

"Immediately after my return home, I was walking out a little distance, when the former heavenly messenger appeared and handed me the urim and thummim again—for it had been taken from me in consequence of my having wearied the Lord in asking for the privilege of letting Martin Harris take the writings, which he lost by transgression.

"After I had obtained a revelation from the Lord through the urim and thummim, both the plates and the urim and thummim were taken from me again. But in a few days they were returned to me.

"By the wisdom of God the plates remained safe in my hands, until I had accomplished by them what was required. When, according to arrangements, the messenger called for them. I delivered them up to him; and he has them in his charge until this day (May 2, 1838)."

If we take the trouble to count the number of contacts Joseph Smith had with Moroni, we shall find that they are seventeen, counting only those the prophet himself enumerates. They are: September, 1823, five; in the same months of the years 1824, 1825, 1826, 1827, four; in June, 1828, three; in June, 1829, four; and once, the last time presumably, when he delivered the plates to the messenger. It is highly

probable, however, from the narrative of the Prophet's mother that there were other occasions when he saw and conversed with the angel.

As to the fact of Moroni's having been raised from the dead, we have the Prophet's own statement to that effect in his *Autobiography*. It was not a spirit that appeared to Joseph Smith, but a man who had been raised from the dead, one who had been immortalized.

Questions

1. Tell briefly the story of how we got the *Book of Mormon*.

2. Note these things about the Prophet's narration of the event: Its simplicity, its directness, its neglect of such details as would merely appeal to curiosity, its air of telling what actually happened, the complete absence of anything that savors of self assertiveness.

3. How many contacts did Joseph have with the messenger? How far apart were they? How long were some of the "interviews?" What do you suppose they talked about?

4. Is it probable that heavenly beings visit anyone here except when there is something of great importance to communicate? If, then, anyone tells you that an angel, or one of the three Nephites, visited him or her, what test would you apply?

Work and Business

(This topic is to be given at the special visiting Teachers' Training meeting.)

TEACHER'S TOPIC FOR NOVEMBER

Watchword: "And into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, Peace be to this house."—Luke 10:5.

Text: "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."—Matthew 6:33.

When asked the meaning of the kingdom of God, Jesus answered saying, "My kingdom is not of this

world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered

to the Jews: but now is my kingdom not from hence."—John 18:36.

"For the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power."—I Corinthians 4:20.

"For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."—Romans 14:17.

To more fully understand the text the preceding verses should be read. The admonition is therefore, to take no thought of the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself, or as it is expressed in the Book of Mormon, "sufficient is the day unto the evil thereof."—III Nephi 13:34.

All these things: food, clothing, drink, enlightenment of mind, vigor of body, need not worry the mind of him who trusts implicitly in the power and providence of God, and seeks earnestly his kingdom and the righteous things of the world.

"Therefore, take ye no thought for the morrow, for what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed.

"For, consider the lilies of the field, how they grow, they toil not, neither do they spin; and the kingdoms of the world, in all their glory, are not arrayed like one of these.

"For your Father, who is in heaven, knoweth that you have need of all these things."—Doctrine and Covenants 84:81-83.

To consider the daily work and conversation of the Master during the few years of which we have record while in the flesh is to see how He interpreted the advice to "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." We read that—He went around doing good; lived the simple life; rebuked the selfish; cleansed the leper; raised the dead; called sinners to repentance; forgave sin; taught how to pray; made the lame to walk; cast out evil spirits;

made the blind to see; calmed the tempest.

Are we seeking the kingdom of God, or are we seeking the kingdom of selfishness, pleasure or power? The kingdom of God is within, as the Savior said. The greatest of all power is in man's own soul. It resides in him by virtue of his kinship to the Divine. How can we best follow the admonition of the master, to "seek first the kingdom of God?" To be of greatest service in the cause of the Lord, the Relief Society woman must put aside personal desires, be forgetful of self, have a deep love for the work, apply herself wholeheartedly to her work, and regardless of opposition or outside influence, must live and teach the gospel.

Early history of the Church tells us how some of the members, because of opposition and persecution, had not faith strong enough to forsake the material things in life for the spiritual ones. Many on the other hand, regardless of hardships, lived and taught the principles of the Gospel under trying circumstances, always trusting in the Lord for his divine guidance and protection. It is those who are full of faith, devoted to the truth, and who enter upon their work with full determination to progress its cause, that serve the best.

"There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake,

"Who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting."—Luke 18:29-30.

"Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."—Matthew 7:21.

Literature

(Third Week in November)

NORWAY

Norway, like Denmark, was slow to develop a national literature. Two collectors of folklore, Asbjornsen and Moe, helped to make younger writers conscious of the material to be found in their native Norway.

Up until 1814 Norway was a part of Denmark. Then at the treaty of Vienna, Norway became a part monarchy with Sweden. (In 1905 Norway became a separate country, ruled by Haakon VII.) Encouraged by her new political life, she began to develop a national literature. Asbjornsen and Moe, who had been country boys and friends, followed the work of the Grimm brothers in Germany, and decided that they would write down the folk lore of Norway. In 1841, a period when America was just becoming short story conscious, they published their first volume of tales. "The Smith Who Could Not Get Into Hell" is a humorous tale from this collection.

To the world outside of the Scandinavian countries Ibsen's name is perhaps the best known. But in Norway there is another name as well known as the great dramatist's. It is that of Bjornsjerne Bjornson, a man who dominated his country for half a century. Not only did he write short stories that truly depicted his countrymen but he was also a poet, a novelist, a dramatist, and a political leader. In the text he is represented by "The Father."

Norway has produced many short story writers since Bjornson's time. Two of these men, Johan Bojer and Knut Hansun, have been translated into English and are almost as well known as our own writers. They,

along with other men not so well known to us, have profoundly influenced the American short story and novel. One of our most artistic and understanding books of American folk life, "Giants of the Earth," was written in Norwegian by an American citizen and translated into English.

There are but three Norwegian stories in the text and any one is long enough for a day's lesson. Only two of them will be discussed in any detail, "The Smith Who Could Not Get Into Hell" and "The Father." An occasional teacher may prefer Bojer's "Skobelef," but most of them will find it harder to handle and not so interesting. Very briefly "Skobelef" is the story of a spirited and rather vicious horse, and the effects his coming had upon the village and his owner in particular.

The story about the Smith is artistically written with a religious theme, evidently of the Christian era but still retaining some of the pagan ideas of the gods. It has many of the ear marks of a modern short story—brevity, a limited number of characters who are well drawn, no words wasted either in the introduction or in the climax, no halting episodes, and a touch of fantasy.

The main character, the Smith, is a cocksure fellow, one who is not even aware that he is lacking in any knowledge or insight. But he has a certain lusty and cruel sense of humor and is shrewd enough to get his own way.

The devil is the old fashioned kind, obliging, tricky, and yet rather stupid, and continually on the look out for any promising souls. He

decides that the egotistical Smith will be an easy convert. The bargain is finally made by an appeal to the Smith's vanity.

But the Lord and St. Peter are also visiting the earth. They pause at the Smith's long enough to teach him a lesson. However the Smith is too conceited to learn it and yet shrewd enough to gain a favor from his strange visitors. This favor the Smith uses to outwit the devil. So clever is the Smith that he defrauds the devil of the contract and lives on for many years to boast of his claim of being master of all.

After a time the Smith dies. As usual he is in a great hurry to get to his destination and as usual he spends little time in thinking where he had better go. Conceited as he is, he realizes that he has done little to deserve heaven. So he sets off to find his old friend. The devil, who has been three times fooled, refuses to grant the Smith admission. This does not trouble the Smith very much, for he has always had his way, and he decides to try heaven. If he does not get into heaven he is in a bad way—a lost soul doomed to worse things than hell. When he arrives at St. Peter's gate only a tiny crack shows and he is clever enough to hurl his hammer to make a wider wedge. The story ends with the hammer safe in the crack and the Smith in hot haste behind it. The Smith has been the victor in life, but it is a question whether St. Peter will open the door a little further.

The story is about a simple people with a simple faith. While the religious questions the tale raises have never been satisfactorily settled for the world at large, it is not read for these things now. Rather it is read because there are still Smiths about us now and the devil is very much the same kind of a fellow.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson

It is impossible to view Norwegian life or history without the aid of Bjornson. He was born on December 8, 1832, at Kvikne. His father was a minister, who forced religion and education on the wild, ferocious people of the parish. Young Bjornson, brought up in this atmosphere and in the bitter climate, came to feel the fear of God before he learned his love. In his early youth he was headstrong and despised books and school. Other boys of Kvikne might have to attend the pastors' school, but not the pastor's son. He spent his days roaming over the mountains and fjords. Then as he matured he returned to his books and entered the university at Christiania. He was a large, handsome youth with a strong, athletic body, frank blue eyes and simple manners.

Soon—almost before he began to write—he decided that he was to become a great poet, destined to arouse Norway from her intellectual sleep. And so he was. "Synnove Solbakken" was proof enough. In this book Norway and Europe realized that a new intellectual leader had arrived. Other men wrote condescendingly of the peasants. Bjornson was but one generation removed from the soil and he knew them and loved them. It was said of him "that his large and spacious mind has a southern exposure and all its windows are thrown open to the sun." He was optimistic and believed that all men had much good in them.

In time he became a great figure in the theatrical world. As he approached his late thirties he became doubtful of the simple faith of his childhood. He changed into a skeptical and critical thinker, but never entirely broke with his early faith.

Mrs Harris is supposed to give
love stories

With his new vision he became more interested in political life. Norway has always been a democratic country, where a man's personal worth may be recognized, and Bjornson did much to further equality and to prepare the way for his country's separation from Sweden.

A contemporary said of Bjornson, "If he writes a little song, hardly a year elapses before its phrases have passed into the common speech of the people." He understood his country and interpreted it as no other man has done.

Like the story of the Smith "The Father" has a religious theme, but it is as different from the former as is a church fair compared with a solemn service in a cathedral. It tells of how a man, made arrogant by the good things of life, found his soul through suffering. The story could be expanded into a volume; yet Bjornson has condensed it into a short short story. It is as sparing in detail, as effective in words and phrases as the story of the prodigal son, who also found his soul through suffering.

In a very few words the author describes the father, Thord, a wealthy man, tall and earnest. By means of the brief dialogue, a few scattered sentences, Thord reveals his intense pride, his desire that his son should come before all others, even in baptism and confirmation. Three times Thord appears before the priest, proud and satisfied and deaf to the priest's message. It is not until the fourth time, when death has robbed him, that he sees the better life. Unlike the rich young man of the Bible, he does not ask how he can enter the kingdom of heaven; he finds the way himself and comes to the priest as his first step in the new life.

The story of the Smith can be

retold by many people and it will not lose much in the retelling. The story alone suffices. "The Father," however, must be read, every word of it. The loss of one word or phrase might blur the story, which is so perfectly told. It was written to express an idea and emphasis is placed on character rather than plot.

Questions

"The Father"

1. What evidence is there in this story that the father was a religious man? That he understood the peasants and respected them?
2. What method does the author use to reveal Thord's character? State briefly the kind of impression you receive of Thord.
3. What things in the story show Thord's pride of material things and his indifference to the spiritual ones.
4. How is he made to see the better life? What evidence does Thord give that he will follow his new vision?
5. What racial characteristics are shown in this story? Is the local color so marked that the story loses its universal appeal?
6. How early in the story is the theme indicated?

"The Smith Who Could Not Get Into Hell"

1. Why is the story called a folk tale?
2. What was the bargain the Smith made with the devil?
3. Why did the devil pick out the Smith as a likely man to take to hell?
4. What lesson did the Lord and St. Peter try to teach the Smith?
5. Why was it impossible for the Smith to learn the lesson?
6. How did the Smith outwit the devil?
7. What things showed the devil's stupidity?

8. Why was the Smith kept out of hell?

9. Discuss the Smith's chances of getting into heaven?

10. What makes this story of earlier ages still interesting?

11. What things in the story give it a pagan touch?

Social Service

(Fourth Week in November)

PERSONALITY STUDY: MAKING NEW FRIENDS

(Based on Overstreet's *Influencing Human Behavior*, pp. 42-70)

[Note: Some have made the observation that these lessons are rather long to be handled in one period. The intention is to have class leaders choose for discussion only those parts of the material which seem of greatest value.]

"As individuals, our chief task in life is to make our personality, and what our personality has to offer, effective in our particular environment of human beings." (Overstreet.) Carr, from whom we quoted in our last lesson, tells us that our personalities "make or mar our efficiency in getting along with people." We have also pointed out that the various traits of personality are largely acquired and that in dealing with the problem of improving these traits it is better not to try to handle them all at once but rather a habit or two at a time. Let our present concern then be to consider particularly those suggestions growing out of our knowledge of human nature which will make it easier for us to acquire new friends. In this and the next lesson we shall deal mainly with those parts of our general problem that are relatively easy to apply—matters pertaining to the temporary influencing of human behavior rather than with the more difficult techniques of making profound and lasting changes in people.

Of course no one doubts the value of making and having friends. Besides the contribution which friends make to enrich our lives, there are personality benefits in the very process of trying to be friendly with our

ordinary associates as well as in so conducting ourselves as to deserve to be considered loyal and true by the relatively few exceptionally choice friends that we may be fortunate enough to have.

Our appreciation of friends and friendship has been well expressed in such quotations as the following:

"He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy shall meet him everywhere."

"If a man does not make new acquaintances, as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, Sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair."—Samuel Johnson.

"Life is to be fortified by many friendships. To love and to be loved, is the greatest happiness of existence."—Sidney Smith.

"Communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects: for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves."—Francis Bacon.

"How many things are there which a man cannot, with any face or comeliness say or do himself! A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol

them; a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg; and a number of the like. But all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own."—Francis Bacon.

"True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity, before it is entitled to the appellation."—George Washington.

"Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel." —Shakespeare.

History and sacred literature give us many examples of beautiful and enduring friendships. We are also acquainted with at least biographical accounts of certain contemporary characters who show conspicuous ability as friend makers. From these successful men and women we can learn a great deal about how we too can acquire more ability to make people count us as their friends. Various instances from their lives will illustrate this or that valuable device or principle, but they all re-enforce the general statement from Emerson that "*the only way to have a friend is to be one.*"

Perhaps you are already acquainted with one of the stories of how Benjamin Franklin was able to quickly turn a troublesome enemy into a very good friend. While he was struggling to establish his small printing business he was fortunate enough to be re-elected clerk of the state Assembly. During the election a certain candidate had campaigned against him and now as a member of the House was showing his further contempt and ill regard. What would Franklin do to secure his favor without as he says, "paying any servile respect to him?" In brief this is what he did.

Franklin had heard that the new member owned a certain very rare and curious book. He wrote to him telling of his desire to peruse the volume and requesting the favor of a brief loan of the same. The book was sent at once and in about a week it was returned together with a note expressing his great appreciation of the favor. Next time they met in the House he spoke very civilly (before this he did not speak) to young Franklin and furthermore he manifested a willingness to extend other favors. They continued as lifelong friends.

Many successful men and women make use of this same kind of friendly strategy. It consisted of gaining attention in a pleasant way by asking a favor. In discussing this way of winning new friends Webb and Morgan add this remark:

"If used coldly, this plan of asking a favor is a mere bit of trickery. But when we wish the other man well and really want his friendship, it becomes a way to make this feeling known to him. * * * Charm, poise, 'personality'—all arise from this feeling of genuine interest in people. It is this alone which can give power to our strategy."

The results secured by Franklin in the instance just related show the working of what might be called a law of human nature. It is based upon one of the many powerful and dependable human wants that we all have more or less in common. Nearly everyone wants to be made to feel important and superior. What a satisfaction it is to have our ego raised—even a little bit! How quickly Franklin was able to kindle a "glow of friendliness" in the other fellow by himself taking on a minor role while the other man is allowed to assume the star position in the cast! Franklin was seeking help

a better opinion of himself, we earn his good will because we satisfy one of his basic needs."

It is important that we learn more about the nature of a want in the sense that we are here using the term and also about some of the various fundamental human wants.

By a want we mean an active desire tending to replace present dissatisfaction with a condition we call satisfaction. A child uses the word with this meaning when he says, "I want to" or "I don't want to." It implies an active striving, impulse or appetite impelling us to more or less appropriate activity. The strength of a want may vary from a condition near the zero point to one where we are keenly aware of an intense craving for something. Contrast, for example, your want for a fourth piece of pie with your want for air after you have been holding your breath for a minute.

The books contain various lists of human wants. Sometimes they are classified as native and acquired wants, or labeled as instincts, urges, drives or what not. Such classifications and mere efforts to attach labels to various kinds of behavior are, however, of very little practical value. Too often instead of even singling out the behavior in question for further study it tends to make us satisfied with our mere ability to parrot off certain names that sound wise and scientific.

We may not at this time pursue our effort to get a practical understanding of the basic human wants much beyond the material presented for us in our text, but we can at least achieve a point of view with which to approach our future further studies of this phase of our problem. Since it is our desire to use existing wants and take them into account much as an experienced

sailor might a favorable or unfavorable wind or ocean current, it is important for us to know of their existence, dependability and relative strength. We may later wish to undertake the actual modification of existing wants or other traits and then a somewhat detailed account of the many factors which influenced their development will be necessary.

In the meantime let us do as much actual "psychologizing" as we may—watching carefully the bearings of our acts as they affect other people. Instead of wasting time trying to decide which are inherited and which are acquired tendencies or merely prating as much as some do about instincts or about what some prefer to call "urges" let us learn to recognize and deal somewhat directly with different kinds of behavior situations. No one will deny but that a young bride will do well not to follow even a very good cook book too slavishly if she wishes to have her husband like the meals she prepares. It would be better to begin cooking as best she can, then studying his reactions at mealtime and modifying her cooking accordingly.

Modern advertisers, writers, and public speakers try to base their appeals upon the wants that most people have in common with each other. How much of commerce and social life, for example, is centered in the widespread existence and impelling nature of such organic needs as those of hunger, thirst, sex, the avoidance of pain or extremes of temperature, etc. Then too we practically all desire social approval, to be efficient, to be in style, to have a thrill or a new experience, etc. What a change would come into the lives of all of us if we were suddenly freed from the necessity of

satisfying such wants as the ones we have just mentioned!

The modern salesperson not only makes use of his knowledge of these wants that he can depend upon nearly all people having, but he sometimes goes to considerable trouble to get a "picture" of the individual wants of each prospective customer. A knowledge of the peculiar interests, hobbies, likes and dislikes of this and that prospect he finds are often exceedingly useful. He takes great care to get reliable information regarding them and makes careful note of the same on each prospect card.

Now what application can we make of this in relation to winning new friends? We have already shown how in the asking-a-favor technique we can get the desired response, sometimes even from an enemy, by the skillful use of one of the wants which practically everyone has. We can learn much by consciously watching how these general appeals are employed by skillful people who attempt to serve or exploit the public. Incidentally, we may thereby acquire something of the much needed art of sales-resistance.

What we desire to stress at this time, however, is the fact that appeals that are very individual and personal in character are often more effective than those which are general. It is this fact which has been generalized so often in the statement that "people are all different and must be treated differently."

Theodore Roosevelt's popularity was due in part to the care he took to be informed about personal and seemingly trivial things about people. For example, his ability to fascinate men at political banquets whom he had never seen before was based upon the care he took to get

a good characterization of the people about him. He tried to learn what particular things each had accomplished, what things he was most proud of, what he liked and so on. He showed great facility in learning to call each person by name and his conversation was surprisingly well-fitted to interest everyone at his table. How could they help being both delighted and most favorably impressed!

In conclusion may we again quote from the book by Webb and Morgan which we recommended in a previous lesson of this course. They say:

"To win the other fellow's liking and cooperation, remember that his personal interests are different from your own. Keep in mind his habits and hobbies; the things he has done, the things he owns; his knowledge, his opinions, and his name; the people and the things he reveres; his wants and his needs. Take the trouble to exhibit your respect for these interests of his."

Problems For Class Discussion

1. Comment on the following quotation from Emerson:

"The highest compact we can make with our fellow is—Let there be truth between us two forevermore. * * * It is sublime to feel and say of another, I need never meet, or speak, or write to him; we need not re-enforce ourselves or send tokens of remembrance; I rely on him as on myself; if he did thus or thus, I know it was right."

Find a few other good quotations on this subject and prepare to read them to the class.

2. Tell briefly of one or two of the notable friendships of history.

3. Relate as interestingly as you can two or three instances from the

while his former opponent had the way opened to play the part of benefactor. "When we give a man lives of such great friend makers as Jane Addams, William Gladstone, King Edward VII, Andrew Carnegie, William Howard Taft and Lady Astor, to illustrate their knack for making and keeping friends.

4. Is it generally true that friendliness begets friendliness? Illustrate.

5. Show as forcefully as you can that our efforts to develop our personalities and to win friends must not be mere sordid or selfish affairs. In this connection Fosdick's article in the *Reader's Digest* for August, 1931, will be found very helpful.

6. Read to the class the condensed article in the same issue of the *Reader's Digest* entitled, "To Win New Friends."

7. Salesmen and advertisers are known to sometimes make unscrupulous use of some of the same knowledge that has been brought to our attention in this lesson. This fact led a recent writer to urge that we cultivate sales resistance or better still what he calls "buymanship."

Another writer with the same thing in mind offers a number of valuable "safeguards in buying" which we shall here attempt to summarize:

(1) Learn to judge for yourself the quality of the articles you wish to buy.

(2) Familiarize yourself just as the wide awake merchant does with various places and prices at which the articles may be purchased.

(3) Know your own reactions in buying and don't get so enthusiastic as to "oversell" yourself. In this connection the following of a well prepared budget is an important safeguard against foolish buying.

Discuss each of these suggestions and try to add one or two others you have found to be especially helpful.

8. Find these phrases in the text (see pp. 43-68) and comment briefly on each: "wants, of most of which he is not even conscious;" "perhaps it was we who were at fault;" "bigoted self congratulation;" "first arouse in the other person an eager want;" "poverty of picture-building words;" and "inducing an imagined experience."

Adaptation

By Bertha A. Kleinman

The things I love with fervid clasp,
Seem destined to decay,
The things I prize elude my grasp
And these too pass away.

The things I say I will not do
Insistently demand,
The joyless things of sodden hour
Are always near at hand.

The things I say I will not bear
I must propitiate,
Like hosts assembled unaware,
That enter at my gate.

The things I say I cannot stand
Knock grimly at my door—
In verity I must, I can,
And over yet and o'er.

And so the days contrary go
And life is passing strange—
That I must face the winds that
blow,
And only I must change.

But this I know that friendlier
Am I who can concede,
And bigger, stronger, kindlier
For all that I accede.

Beloved

By Christie Lund

When I am sad, discouraged,
And the skies are overhung
With greying clouds of bitterness
And broken faiths. . . .
I think of you,
And against my tears I smile—
Remembering
The eagerness, the joy,
The clean, young happiness of you,
Like April rain,
And fresh sea winds
At dawn.
How sweet, how beautiful
This love of life of yours.

Ah, years must never make you bitter dear,
Life must be ever thus—
A thing of goodness, youth. . .
Let not your fluttering hands
Be calmed to patient stillness;
Nor let your eyelids droop
With loss of boyish wonder from
your eyes.
Laugh. . . Laugh! Beloved. . .
And I shall laugh. . .
Against my tears—
Remembering.

Birds

By the late Josephine Spencer

So closely every morning
Outside the window sill
At daylight's silver warning
The birds begin to trill.
The tree tops are the cities
Whose branches, builded through,
Home scores of wondrous ditties
That make the world seem new.
Each tiny light ray creeping
Amid the lacing leaves
Wake all the bird folk sleeping
Under their nesting eaves.

And then with chirp and twitter
Through all the leaves a-twitter
Sounds out its morning note.

In every home nest builded
Along those leafy streets
A life, with song gift gilded,
The coming sunrise greets.

Listen and hear the chorus
In prayer and anthem blend—
With all these voices for us
Where can God's kindness end?

Madame Curie

By Minnie Iverson Hodapp

Subtle enchantress,
Sorceress bright,
Delicate delver
Poised in pure light.

O for the fairy
Wand that you wield,
Questioning Nature
Making her yield

Deep, hidden secrets
Luminous, rare,
Wresting from Nature
Making her share

Spirit unswerving
Patience supreme,
Vigil ecstatic:
"Follow the gleam."

Essence of genius
Flower of trust!
Wondrous, priceless,
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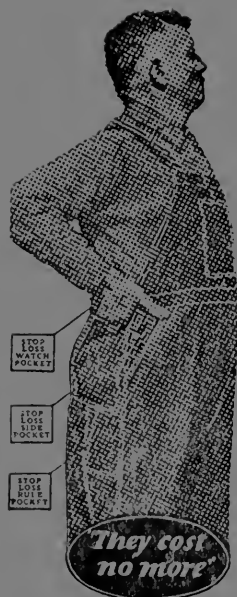
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Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. 18

October, 1931

No. 10

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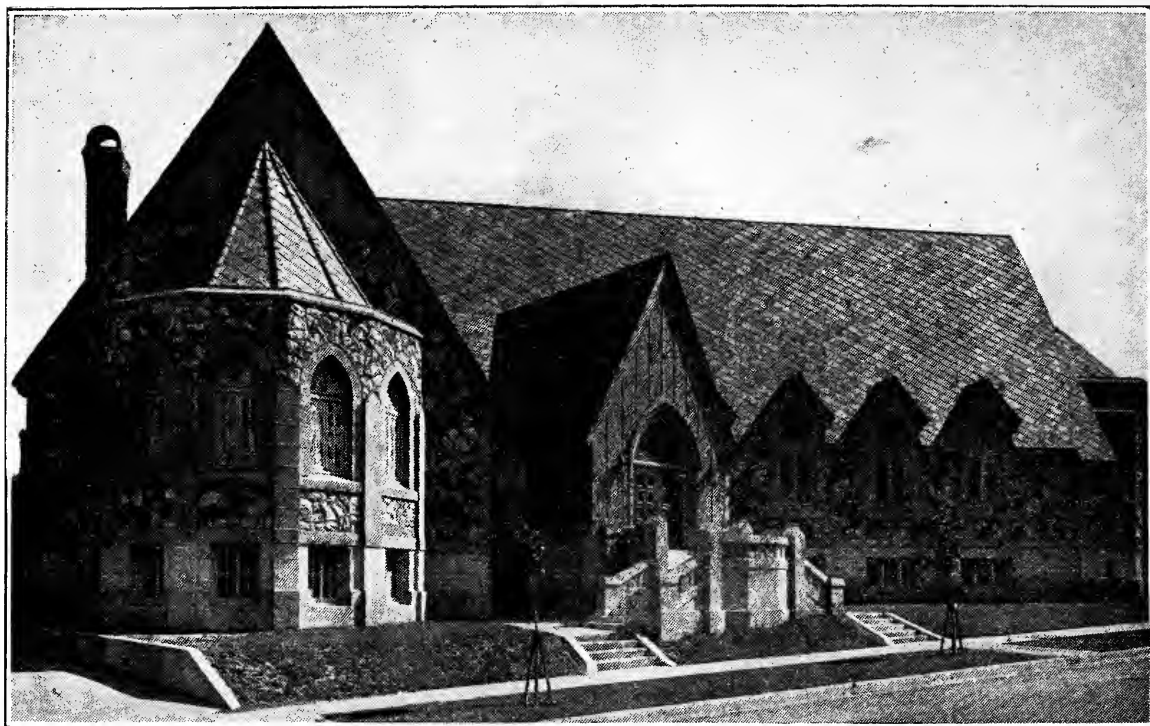
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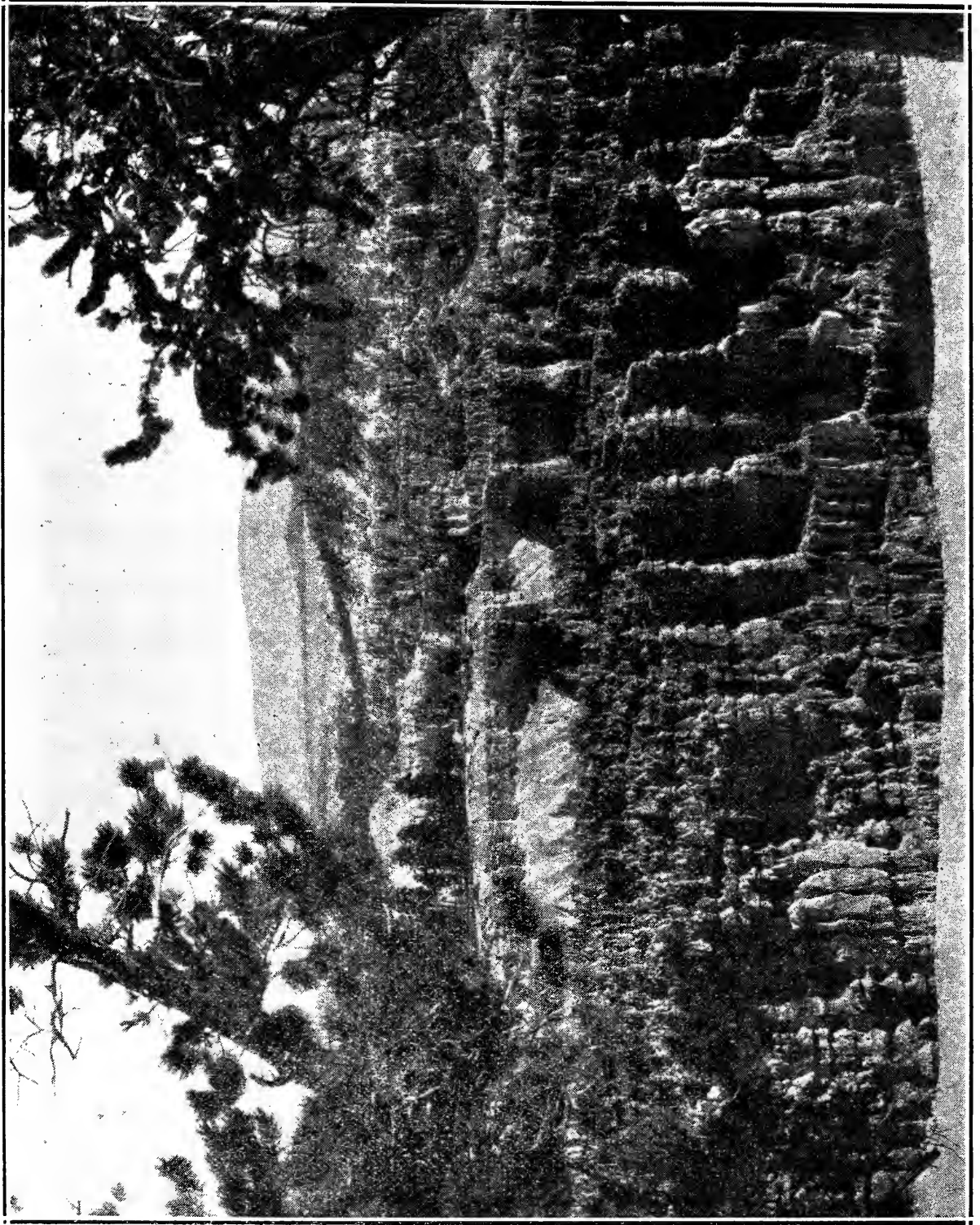
By Claire Stewart Boyer

Up through the maze of achievement
Marking man's rise to power,
Ambition has flamed to cathedrals
A shrine and a reaching tower;
And women have knelt at the altars,
And children have gazed at the spires—
(Was it his hand that purified
Their imprisoning desires?)

Up through the maze of life's glories,
Up through the drab and dross,
Man's heart has yearned to the heavens,
Has yearned for a star and cross;
Each mother has seemed a Madonna
Foreshadowing Calvary—
(Was it his voice that pierced the night
And promised Eternity?)

Up through the maze of endeavor
To disentangle life's skein,
Man has pled for a gift divine
To quicken his labored brain;
And skeptics may laugh at visions,
And mock at the trusting race,
Humanity will still believe
That he has shown his face.

Up through man's body and heart and brain,
Faith, the eternal rod
Has lifted man's soul in ecstasy
Up past the stars to God.



BRYCE

THE Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XVIII

OCTOBER, 1931

No. 10

Side Lights on the Book of Mormon

By John Henry Evans

I—THE VOLUME AN INCIDENT

DURING the years lying between 1820 and, say, 1830, two lines of events took place in the history of "Mormonism."

One of these consisted of the revelations and visions connected with the *Book of Mormon*. The other concerned itself with such spiritual manifestations as had for their purpose the creation of a new Church.

And these two lines, necessary as both of them are from any point of view, were almost completely dissociated the one from the other. As a matter of fact, it is rather surprising, when one stops to think about it, how little connection there was between the two sets of occurrences, especially if the large amount of time occupied by the translation of the Nephite Record and related incidents be taken into consideration.

It is instructive to examine these each by itself.

The events associated with the *Book of Mormon* began in September, 1823. Prior to this time there was no hint of the gold plates, of the urim and thummim, of Moroni, of the existence, even, of any civilization on the American continent before the time of Columbus.

In that year, Joseph Smith, now approaching his eighteenth year, received five visits from Moroni. On these occasions he was told that Moroni was a former inhabitant of the American continent, who had died and been raised from the dead; that this land was once occupied by a white race, the ancestors of the red Indians; that a history of the rise and fall of that people was written on some gold plates, buried in a hill not far away from the boy's home; that he, Joseph, was to be given these plates, with an instrument provided for the translation of them, and was to publish their contents to the world. On the last of the five visits the youth, having gone to the hill for the purpose, was shown both the plates and the interpreters.

It was not till September, 1827, however, that Joseph received the gold book. On this occasion Moroni revealed himself and gave the necessary instructions for the preservation of the treasured volume. In the meantime—that is, between 1823 and 1827—the heavenly messenger had made at least three appearances to the young seer. This made not fewer than nine visits in all thus far.

From 1827 till the *Book of Mor-*

mon was printed there were other manifestations by the angel of the Record to the youth.

Once the plates and the urim and thummim were taken from Joseph by Moroni, and later restored. And then, at the time of Moroni's appearances to the Prophet and the translation of the Record, the messenger appeared also to three others—Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris. All told, therefore, there were on the lowest count not fewer than seventeen times when the angel of the plates showed himself to and conversed with the Prophet.

Finally, some time in the first half of the year 1830, the Nephite Record was published in the form of a book, and we hear no more of any visions of Moroni, the son of Mormon, in Joseph Smith's *Autobiography*.

ALMOST simultaneously with these occurrences there was going on the spiritual events that culminated in the rise of a new institution—the Church.

In 1820, when Joseph Smith was in his fifteenth year, the young seer had an open vision in a grove on his father's farm in Manchester. God the Father and Jesus Christ the Son appeared to him and conversed with him there under the trees.

The purpose of this revelation, it would seem, was to make known the being and character of Deity to the youth, and through him to the world, seeing that to know God the eternal Father and His Son Jesus Christ is life everlasting and that such knowledge had been lost to mankind in the clouds of the Middle Ages.

So far as this line of events is concerned, there is an intermission

of a little more than nine years. In 1829 the young Prophet, who was now in his twenty-fourth year, and his scribe or secretary, Oliver Cowdery, who was his junior by less than a year, received an open vision of John the Baptist, the forerunner of Jesus in ancient Palestine. The event took place on the banks of the beautiful Susquehanna, in Pennsylvania.

On this occasion the heavenly messenger, who evidently was a resurrected being, laid his hands on the heads of the two young men and conferred upon them the Aaronic priesthood. This priesthood gave them authority to perform the ordinance of baptism, but not to lay on hands for the bestowal of the Holy Ghost in confirmation.

Within the next six weeks Joseph and Oliver received an open vision of the ancient apostles of Jesus, Peter and James and John the Beloved. Resurrected beings like the Baptist, they, too, laid their hands on the heads of the young men and conferred upon them the Melchizedek, or higher, priesthood. Also they ordained them apostles.

Thus the Prophet and his scribe were in possession of all the powers of priesthood, or divine authority, necessary to set up a church in this dispensation and to administer in all the ordinances of the gospel of Christ.

Having received the necessary commission and authority, the next step was the organization of the Church. Accordingly, on the sixth of April, 1830, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized. This event took place in the home of Peter Whitmer, in Fayette, New York. Probably nine persons, all men, had been baptized by this time, of whom only six con-

stituted the membership of the new organization.

The ordinances in the Church at this time were: (1) baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; (2) confirmation, or the "laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost;" (3) the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, a sign of fellowship and of a willingness to assume the name of Christ and keep his commandments; and (4) ordination to the priesthood, which admitted one, not indeed into a select circle in the sense the word is usually employed, but rather into brotherhood as large as the responsible male membership of the communion.

Meanwhile, also, revelations were received by the Prophet. So far as we know now, twenty-two of these pronouncements were received by him during the years between 1823 and 1830, including two received in April of this last year. Of these, ten relate, or grow out of, the *Book of Mormon*, either directly or indirectly, and twelve to matters not connected with the Nephite Record.

The revelations connected in one way or another with the *Book of Mormon* are: the "words of Moroni to Joseph concerning Elijah," in section two; instructions about what to do touching the manuscript lost by Martin Harris, in sections three and nineteen; something about witnesses to the *Book of Mormon*, in section five; revelations to Oliver Cowdery through the Prophet concerning his work as scribe, in sections six, seven, eight, and nine; and various paragraphs throughout most of the revelations in this period in relation to the coming forth of the Record.

Of the revelations connected with the rise of the Church distinctively some are personal to Hyrum Smith, to Father Smith, to Joseph Knight,

to members of the Whitmer family. These include sections four, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen. Others are about the witnesses, the calling of apostles in this dispensation, and, especially, the organization of the Church, with the officers and ordinances and principles thereof.

As already stated, these two lines of events—the incidents grouped around the idea of the *Book of Mormon* on the one hand and those related to the rise of the modern religious movement on the other hand—go along, for the most part, side by side, almost without connection. There is, however, a slight relation between them—two slight points of contact, in fact—which requires brief notice.

One of these threads of connection lies in the fact that constant reference is made in the one set of spiritual pronouncements to what is the main thread of events in the other set.

Thus, for instance, Oliver Cowdery, who wrote the *Book of Mormon* as it was dictated by his companion, the seer, is told (section 6) that "a great and marvelous work is about to come forth unto the children of men," in obvious allusion to the organization of the Church and the efforts to redeem mankind. Others are told the same thing in revelations to them through the Prophet. In one of these the nature of the new movement is indicated. The Prophet, Oliver, and David are informed (section 18, verse 44) that this "marvelous work" consists in the "convincing of many of their sins that they may come unto repentance and that they may come unto the kingdom of the Father"—perhaps the greatest of all miracles.

In the revelations that concern the setting up of a church organization

reference also is made to the *Book of Mormon*. Says the Lord, in a revelation in which Martin Harris is told that he shall have a "testimony," through the Prophet: "Whosoever believeth on my words, them will I visit with the manifestation of my Spirit; and they shall be born of me, even of water and of the Spirit."

But there is a direct connection between the two sets of events in one of the incidents that occurred during the course of translation.

It happened that one day the young seer came upon a reference to baptism for the remission of sins. This started an inquiry in the minds of both the translator and his scribe. Just what the nature of the question was, we are not informed. At all events, it was so grave that they decided to pray about it.

Accordingly, as we have seen, they went out into the woods on the banks of the Susquehanna river near Harmony, where they were staying at the time, to pray for light on the subject. In answer to their petition

John the Baptist appeared to them in a vision. He conferred upon them the Aaronic Priesthood, which gave them authority to baptize for the remission of sins, and promised that they should receive the higher priesthood later, which would empower them to set up the Church of Christ.

In course of time this promise was realized in the appearing of the ancient apostles Peter, James and John the Beloved disciple. Following this event, as already stated, an organization of the Church was effected, with the necessary ordinances.

It will be observed, that the coming forth of the *Book of Mormon* was an incident in the wide sweep of events that led to the New Christianity.

What was the purpose in making known the *Book of Mormon* at this particular time in the rise of "Mormonism?" Indeed, we might very properly ask, For what specific purpose did that volume appear at all in this dispensation?

To be Continued

My Baby

By Winona F. Thomas

I've a tiny boy—all ginger—
Turning up his toes,
Trying hard to eat them
As I'm pulling on his hose.

Fat round baby tummy,
Dimples in his knees.
Tiny brain that's learning
Nice new ways to please.

Coaxing for his bottle
Long before it's due;
Cross because he wants a nap
To rest those eyes of blue.

God, who sent this tiny boy
As part of your great plan,
Guard my boy and keep him yours,
When he is a man.



DREAMY XOCHIMILCO

Old Mexico

By Lucine Savage Clark

OLD MEXICO—what a flood of memories this name recalls to us of our early school days. How we struggled to pronounce those almost unpronounceable names—particularly that of the old volcano Popocatepetl: we finally succeeded by putting the accent on the *cat*. Now we learn that we were all wrong; this poor furry creature is utterly disregarded and the accent falls on the *te*.

From our school days we remember much of political disturbance, but again we were wrong with regard to our accent. Now when we study this wonderful neighbor of

ours, we learn only of a land of beauty, blue skies, romance, and mystery, with a kindly hospitable people, loyal and lovable.

Some writer describes Mexico as a felicitous blend of the cold north and the lower tropics of Persia, India, Arabia, Spain and the Holy Land. People who have traveled extensively all declare that the Old World has nothing to excel the grandeur of the scenes to be found in Mexico. Here we have the architecture of Spain with the tiled roofs and arches. Venice in dreamy Xochimilco with its quaint boats festooned with blossoms, that can

carry you miles along flower bordered canals. Pyramids that are larger and more puzzling to the archaeologist than those found in Egypt. Here we have the azure skies and flowers of Italy, mountain scenery unexcelled by the Alps. Old cathedrals with their shining tiled roofs, with walls mellowed with age that have stood the test of storms and strife of four centuries. Villages quaint and old with their low flat roofed houses; women carrying water jars from the neighboring wells; burros trotting through narrow streets bearing women cuddling babes in their arms with the husbands walking at the side; all making the visitor feel that he has stepped back two thousand years into the past and is in the land from whence Joseph and Mary fled by these same means in their journey to Egypt. Mexico City, like our own beloved Salt Lake Valley, is entirely surrounded by mountains: three of these are volcanoes now extinct: they stand, with their snow capped peaks, mighty guardians of the secrets of this wonderful land of mystery.

AS you cross the border going south to Mexico you are transported to another world; customs, manner of living are all so different from our own.

It would be difficult to tell which one of all of Mexico's charms is the outstanding one. I think to the ladies, perhaps the flowers would take first place. Those of us in Utah who nourish the stately Calla Lily in a pot, protecting it during the severe winters, are amazed to see them growing, like weeds, at all seasons of the year along the water ditches without any care, and one can purchase an armfull for a few cents. Easter lilies in the States

bought for 75 cents a flower at Easter time, are purchased in our flower markets here for 50 cents a dozen. Roses, immense Poppies, Gladioli, Violets of the finest variety, grow in such abundance around Mexico City and are so cheap, that we can fill our rooms for a trifle more than we would pay for a few fine roses at home. But perhaps the greatest flower surprise to the visitor is to be able to buy a dozen Poinsettias at Christmas time for fifty cents, or decorate, for \$2.50, a long table for some elaborate dinner with Orchids, or a box of Gardenias for seven and a half cents which sell in New York for \$1.00 a flower. In the fields on every side Cosmos and many other flowers which we cultivate with great care in our gardens, grow wild in great profusion. Among the beautiful pines on the mountainsides are seen immense ferns of all varieties and gorgeous Foxgloves of every hue. I have transplanted some of the latter in the Embassy garden.

Besides the glorious flowers, Mexico's picturesque streets are bordered with flowering trees; the loveliest of these is the Jacaranda with its dainty, ferny leaf and huge bunches of purple blossoms, while in the gardens are the brilliant Bouganvillea purple and red topping the walls and clothing the houses. In the gardens are the banana and fig tree. Add to all this splendor the many varieties of Cactus with their red and yellow blossoms, and you have a suggestion of what can be seen in Old Mexico day by day through the whole year.

IN the midst of this glorious setting lives the Mexican, those who dwell in the cities and those who live in the country. Perhaps nowhere else in the world do we find people

of greater culture or more widely traveled than in Mexico. Scarcely a dinner guest who is not able to converse in English, French, and German. At a recent dinner party at the Embassy one of Mexico's leading physicians, with world wide reputation, speaking English, French, German and Spanish, widely traveled, seated himself at the piano and played as a master not only the classics, but his own beautiful compositions as well. Many of the houses are magnificent and a visitor receives a warm, friendly welcome. The children are always polite. The young ladies are chaperoned and guarded more carefully than most of our own young people.

Nature deals kindly with the Mexican who lives in the country and has provided him with everything necessary for his existence with but little effort on his part. From the soil anywhere he is able to make adobes for his home. From the many varieties of Cactus that grow all over Mexico he gets food, shelter, and clothing. From the flat leafed Nopal, which with the snake and eagle forms the emblem of Mexico,

the Mexican gets much: he gets sweetmeats from the flowers that grow around the leaf, and the green leafy part makes a tasty vegetable when cooked; he weaves matting and wicker stools from the fibre.

From the Maguey, or Century Plant as we call it, comes the rich juice Agua Miel, or honey water, a specific for certain kidney diseases; fermented this juice becomes Pulque, the so-called national drink, the use of which the Mexican Government is taking long strides to restrain. From the Maguey pulp comes paper, vinegar and molasses, while thread, twine, and rope are made from the fibre. The ingenious Mexican uses the sharp thorn found at the end of each leaf as a needle. Some of the houses are thatched with the broad leaves of the Maguey just as our pioneer houses used to be thatched with straw, but this makes a better roof than straw, for the curl in the leaf acts as a drain to carry off the water from the heavy rains. The roots and lower leaves of the Maguey are roasted and from them are distilled two fiery beverages called Tequila and Mes-

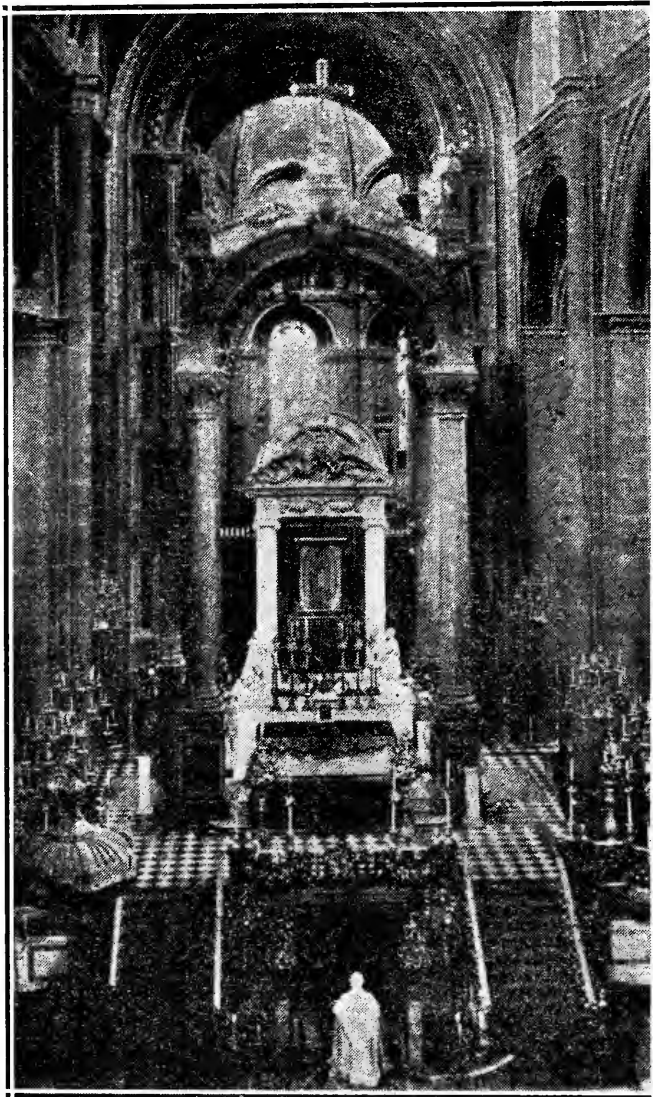


DRAWING PULQUE FROM THE MAGUEY

cal, in the old days said to be a favorite drink of all classes. With the Organ Cactus, so called because the tall cylindrical branches resemble the pipes of an organ, many of the Mexicans fence in their little home plots. As each column is covered with sharp thorns they form a formidable barricade against all intruders. From another species of Cactus, called Soap Weed, comes a fibre which when matted together makes a cleaning mop for scouring bathrooms and kitchens and proves to be better than cloth mops.

MEXICO has two seasons, a wet and a dry, with a mean temperature of 65 degrees. The sun shines nearly every day in the year, so the poorer Mexican has no long cold winters to dread nor coal bins to fill. He is warmed by the sunshine nearly three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

The Mexican is artistic; every home, no matter how humble, has its flowers blooming around it. Each village has its weavers who make the beautiful sarapes seen everywhere in Mexico, and the gay, use-



CHURCH OF GUADALUPE

ful baskets so highly prized by the tourist. Besides these are the makers of pottery who furnish dishes to all of Mexico. Sugar cane grows everywhere in great abundance and furnishes the necessary carbohydrates for the children.

The Mexican is deeply religious.

The beauties and wonder of Mexico are becoming more and more known to the traveler and every week steamers and trains are bringing tourists from the United States and other countries. People are realizing it is not necessary to cross the ocean to Europe for vacations. Mexico offers everything that can be found in the Old World, with less expense and little inconvenience. While the people in the United States have been suffering in the intense heat this summer, we have not had one uncomfortable day in Mexico City and every night a blanket is necessary.

Drastic sanitary measures are being enforced, a vigorous campaign against the fly is being carried

on, homes for those who have been homeless are being provided.

So in every way Mexico is coming into her own with an appeal that comes to all classes. The artist finds here beauty unsurpassed anywhere in the world. If he goes to Chapultepec Heights at sunset he may watch the gorgeous colorings on the snow capped peaks of the two lofty volcanoes as they change from deep orange to purples, then blues, and then fade to a soft gray, finally to be blotted out as night falls over Mexico City. This one beautiful panorama justifies a trip to Mexico. For the botanist there are the countless varieties of Cacti, tropical trees and flowers. For the archaeologist there are the centuries-old ruins, temples with frescoed walls, halls, and courts, pyramids, the greatest perhaps of the world. To the invalid and those seeking change and rest, Mexico is a panacea unexcelled in the world. Here the sun shines every day in the year; there is no extreme heat or cold. Mexico is destined to become the playground of the world.



SNAKE PYRAMID

The Old Teapot

By I. B. McKenzie

IT was one of those hot, sultry days that come just at the time when pickling onions, tomatoes, and cling-stone peaches demand attention, if the loved ones are to have the relishes they enjoy through the long winter months. Martha Wells had just slipped from the hot kitchen to the porch for a breath of cool air, when a friendly voice accosted her.

"Aren't you ready, Sister Wells? The president wants all visiting teachers and officers to come early, to receive their special instructions before the meeting begins."

"No, I can't go today, so don't wait for me. Have me excused, please."

"I'm awfully sorry you can't come along with me. I always look forward to our first meeting, for it is so jolly to exchange greetings with friends I haven't seen all summer. Goodbye, I'll try to drop in and tell you about the meeting as I go home."

Looking up the street Martha saw her neighbors, in groups of two or three, hurrying to the meeting house. She entered the house and closed the door, giving the impression that she had gone away, and, throwing herself into a chair, she covered her face with her apron, and had the good cry she needed to relieve her over-wrought nerves. She did not hear the door open, and she was startled when her young daughter, Margaret, put her arms around her.

"Why, Mother darling, what is the matter? Have you had bad news?"

"No, dear," and Martha hurriedly wiped her eyes. "I just felt a little

blue. All the neighbors have gone to Relief Society, and I felt a little lonely."

"Why didn't you go? You always love this first meeting, and I'm sure those pickles could have stood for an hour or two."

All the pent up emotion of weeks was in Martha's voice as she said, "Well, I just don't intend to go any more. I can't keep up with the lessons without the magazine, and it's just a dollar here and a dollar there, and I simply can't afford to subscribe. Will is going to need so much at the U. next year and Beth can't go to high school in the made-overs she wore at grade school. With your father only working half time, and one of the twins forever needing new shoes, I don't feel justified in spending a dollar on myself."

With the arms of her first-born around her she poured out her grievances and found as most of us do, that when they were out where she could face them squarely, they dwindled to insignificance. She smiled up at Margaret and said:

"How foolish I have been! I am really the most fortunate of women, with such a kind husband and a wonderful family. I am so proud of Will's splendid record at the U. and Beth has been so patient about her clothes. When I see Sister Evans' little Paul sitting in a wheelchair day after day, I should be glad that our twins are active enough to wear out their shoes. Now, I feel quite myself again. I believe I'll clean the pantry shelves while you are here to hand me the dishes. It

is so hard for me to climb up and down.

Mother and daughter worked and chatted happily together. As they were putting the dishes back, Margaret said, "Mother, you have so many useless things on this shelf. Now, here is grandmother's old teapot, it is cracked and you can never use it. Let's throw it out."

Martha held it tenderly and a flood of memories swept over her. In her mother's day while there were no modern conveniences to make housework lighter, yet the housewives had had time to spend an afternoon with their friends, their busy fingers keeping pace with as busy tongues, as they knitted or mended. She could see her mother pouring tea for her friends. Then later when her conversion to the Word of Wisdom made her give up the habit of tea drinking she had found a new use for the old teapot. The egg money and other bits of extra change had been dropped into it, and many a time her mother had gone to the old teapot when she wanted some little luxury, her sweet kindly face beaming with pleasure because she could share her little treasure with a dear one.

A sudden resolution came into Martha's heart.

"No, no," she said, "I have a use for that teapot. It is too dear to me to be cast aside," and she put it back on the shelf.

A YEAR rolled swiftly by, and once again it was time for the opening meeting of the Relief Society. Just as Martha put on her hat, Margaret came down the street on her way to the store. She came in the kitchen door, just as she had done a year ago.

"What about your magazine, Mother?" she asked.

For answer, Martha took down the old china teapot and poured its contents on the table, a tiny pile of dimes—fifty-two of them.

"Where on earth did you get them?" asked Margaret.

"Last year, when we came upon this old teapot the thought came to me that I could use it as your grandmother did, as a thrift-pot instead of a teapot. A dime each week I never missed, and yet in the year it has grown to be five dollars and twenty cents. Now, I have three dollars for the block teachers—that is twenty-five cents a month; then a dollar for the magazine, fifty cents for my dues, and seventy cents to spend on material for my donation to the ward bazaar. So you see, with no hardship to anyone, I have been able to save for the coming year's Relief Society duties."

Margaret laughed and held her close. "No one else would have thought of such a scheme, but it's a dandy one. I'm going straight home and start a thtrif pot of my own. Three cheers for granny's old cracked teapot."

Death

By Carla Wever

Death is a path
We travel only once.
'Tis dark, but 'tis not long,
And fields at either end
Are filled with beauty
If we make them so.

Beyond this path
We may look back,
But not return.
That life is lived;
Another bids us come.

Habit Formation in Later Childhood and Youth

By Milton Bennion

IN the September issue of this magazine we stressed the importance of habit training in infancy and early childhood. We also noted the dependence of this period upon prenatal nurture and heredity endowment. Training in later childhood must rest upon all of these. It must seek to perpetuate and further develop all the valuable habits and tendencies thus far acquired, and to develop such new habits as are suitable to this stage of child growth. Those responsible for this training must take account of child nature and its laws of development, on the one hand, and of the nature of society and the goals toward which it is striving, on the other. The goal of training in habit formation can be attained only through harmonizing the highest good of the individual with the corresponding good of society and through striving to realize both. Account should also be taken of the fact, as already indicated, that what a person is at any particular time is, for the most part at least, the outcome of his original nature and his experiences of the past. In other words, character is a gradual growth and is all the time in process of formation. As the individual develops, however, his character itself becomes more and more a factor in determining its own future development. Thus the power of self-determination is all the time increased and the determining power of external circumstances is diminished. External controls are gradually giving way to internal controls. This is one source

both of weakness and the strength of moral training in later childhood and youth. The weakness is expressed in the old adage: "Let the child run until he is seven and you never catch him." Why? Because he is less subject to external controls among which are parental influence and other agencies for moral growth. Furthermore, if he has been allowed to run wild he will be lacking in the stabilizing influence for self-determination that comes with the formation of personally and socially valuable habits in infancy and early childhood. The strength of the case for training in later childhood is that, beginning now, appeal may be made to the child so to develop his powers of self-control and self-direction as to contribute to the common good both of himself and of others. He may, furthermore, be led to visualize the future and to see something of the relation of present acts to future attainment. Thus the moral imagination begins to function; it may become one of the most powerful factors for moral growth.

By the time the child enters the elementary school he should have acquired habits of regularity in eating, both as to times and as to kinds of food and drink. He should likewise have established habits of regularity, of sleep, of physical and mental exercise, of personal cleanliness (including elimination), and of other safeguards to his health, such as precautions against infections and decay of teeth. There should, of course, be constant follow up training in case of each of

these sets of habits, while some new habits and others in process of formation may receive major attention. Among these are the following:

The habit of accepting responsibility for his own acts. It is not uncommon to hear a child try to shift this responsibility to someone else. This is natural in view of his earlier training if he has been taught to do as he is told. The habit of obedience to parents is, at this stage, sometimes transformed into obedience to other persons, attributing to them the responsibility for whatever is done. When a child's action in obedience to parents proves to be wrong the responsibility rightly belongs to the parents. The same is true of the teacher in the elementary school. In case of many children obedience to parents and teachers has been stressed above all else. This, it will readily be seen, contributes little toward developing the sense of personal and social responsibility. The child's responsibility is restricted to being accountable for doing as he is told. It is not extended to responsibility for the consequences of his conduct, so long as he is obedient to these authorities. Yet the assumption of responsibility for these consequences is one of the chief cornerstones of personal character. The structure of character, figuratively speaking, cannot go up without it. In what ways may the habit of assuming responsibility be developed? The simple, categorical answer is, "By having him do it." Our problem however remains, "By what ways and means?"

One of the most universally available means is that of the assignment of regular tasks to be performed without having to be further told or instructed—something that the child should do thereafter on his own initiative and by such means as he

may devise, but always responsible for results. In case the job is not done or the results not satisfactory, pleasures and privileges that usually follow should be automatically withheld. Thus the principle that satisfactions should follow right conduct and the opposite should follow wrong conduct is applied. This is the basic principle in animal training. It is very important in child training. As character develops, however, the rewards and punishments may become more remote and also more subjective. External rewards gradually give place to internal or mental satisfactions; external punishments to remorse of conscience or, at least, to mental dissatisfactions. Until these come into the life of the child or the youth, external rewards and punishments should be continued. Let this, however, not be interpreted as recommending spankings or the use of the rod. Even animals can be trained by less violent means.

In addition to the opportunities for training in responsibility for one's acts in the home there are also available opportunities for training in community work. This is true in some degree of later childhood but in marked degree in youth. The habit of assuming responsibility for community life is one of the most important qualifications for the highest type of citizenship; yet one scarcely ever sufficiently emphasized. Various boys' and girls' organizations lend themselves very readily to this type of training; among these are, the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the Junior Red Cross, and the junior organizations of the various churches. Every boy and girl should be affiliated with one or more of these organizations, and should be trained to participate actively in some form of social work

for which he may be held responsible.

DURING the period of later childhood there should be gradual transition from emphasis upon personal obedience to emphasis upon self-control and self-direction. This change is imperative in the period of youth. To develop this habit it is necessary that the child be given opportunity in this line. Providing such opportunity is sometimes called the process of mental weaning. Unfortunately there are parents who do not know what this means; there are others that do not appreciate its importance. Mothers, as a rule, are more given to this offense than are fathers. There are mothers who cannot let go of their children, who never can quite realize that their fondlings ever grow up. An older child who continues, in this sense, to be a mama's darling is most unfortunate; a youth is, by this means, almost ruined; while an adult, under these conditions, must choose between rebellion and migration, on the one hand, and utter ruin, on the other. Any parent who really loves his child should permit him to grow up. This means that the child shall be encouraged to acquire the power of self-control and self-direction, another essential corner stone of character. Acquisition of this power may involve making some mistakes. If, however, the process of training in this habit is begun early the mistakes may be less disastrous and more easily forestalled in the future. Let the period of experimentation come while parental guidance is still easily available in case of need, and the child more easily susceptible to parental counsel.

It may be noted that in many homes nowadays there is a heavy strain upon the loving parent of the modern youth with his strange mix-

ture of dependence and independence. His dependence on home for food, shelter, spending money, and personal comforts is much more marked in the present day youth than was the case of the youth of a generation ago. On the other hand, his independence of opinion, and his resentment of suggestions that would fain curb the youth's ways of having a good time are the causes of many parental heartaches. The mother who has to lend assistance in a dozen ways to get her boy off to school on time cannot understand his independence in borrowing the family car without permission and joy-riding most of the night. All of which brings us to consideration of the next important topic; namely, the habit of having regard for the welfare of others. Without the addition of this habit that of self-direction is without moral value.

By nature and habit the child may be so absorbed in his own purposes that he may overlook the effect of his activities upon others. His attention should be drawn, in kindly spirit, on suitable occasions, to any such oversights. One of the troubles in child training in the home is that all too often trespass upon the rights of others is met by resentment and counter irritants that tend to forestall the possibility of reasonable and friendly consideration of the problems at issue. Thoughtfulness and kindly consideration for others does not, as a rule, develop in such an atmosphere. On the other hand the ability of the one disturbed or injured to face the situation calmly and rationally tends to bring forth a like attitude in the one causing the disturbance or injury. It is in these matters especially that the habit should be cultivated of foreseeing the possible consequences of what one is doing, and making this foresight of consequence a factor in de-

termining conduct and of stimulating a keen sense of responsibility for these consequences.

This goal is scarcely attained by many well meaning adults. The only hope of its being generally realized lies in beginning early the formation of this habit. Training in the process, to be successful, will have to be in part at least through thoughtful conversations with young people, conversations that will lead them to see for themselves the consequences of various types of conduct and to cultivate in themselves the habit of visualizing before acting the possible consequences of what they do.

In this connection the feeling element is also a strong determining factor. This may be most difficult to manage. It is well known, however, that feeling responds to feeling, if not to reason. Feeling for the welfare of others on the part of a youth is, therefore, stimulated by manifestation of this feeling toward him. As to the relative importance of feeling and thought in determining conduct, psychologists differ. Some recent experiments, however, seem to uphold the opinion of William James, expressed a generation ago; namely, that thought is one of the most potent factors in determining conduct. It is generally recognized that thought is more easily and more directly controlled than is feeling. Professor James would say keep the mind thinking about kindly deeds and you will reap kindly actions. It is quite certain that this plan will be helpful in forming the habit of consideration for the welfare of others.

CLOSELY akin to regard for the welfare of others is the habit of feeling and of expressing gratitude for kindnesses received. Children

are especially prone to accept favors from parents as nothing more than their due and to manifest no sense of gratitude in return. Parents can never secure this gratitude by demanding it; they may more easily, however, stimulate the habit of gratitude by conversations with their young people in regard to favors they have received from others, and the means whereby they may express their appreciation. This may be by giving respectful attention to the Sunday School teacher, the scout leader, or other unpaid, volunteer workers with young people.

Gratitude involves recognition of the merits of others; this recognition may be extended to the habit of good will toward the fortunate as well as toward the unfortunate. Such habits of thought and feeling are the most powerful factors in leading to commendable actions.

AS to whether one looks upon the bright or upon the dark side of life is also largely a matter of habit; either one may be cultivated early in life. In determining which it shall be, home influence is probably the major factor. In case father and mother are appreciative of all the good that comes to them and uncomplaining about the evil their example will be contagious, as its opposite would also be. Yet there are cases where the youth develops the pessimistic habit in spite of parental example to the contrary. This sometimes comes about through ill-health. In other cases, however, it seems to be the consequence of over-indulgence; that is, a parental habit of doing too much for the youth, doing for him what he should have the habit of doing for himself. The youth thus indulged and free from responsibilities may get the habit of over-reflecting upon his own likes

and dislikes, and especially upon what he would like to have that he hasn't got, and why father and mother do not provide it. Thus develops a self-centered habit of mind, a habit of ungrateful dependence upon parents for all economic needs. This habit of mind is quite sure to lead to a selfish and negative attitude toward society.

On the contrary, a youth who has been trained in all the other good habits here enumerated will normally develop a wholesome outlook upon life. A person who is absorbed in the pursuit of worthy causes, causes that have to do with accomplishment of ends quite beyond himself, develops the objective type of mind. His merely personal wants become lost in his objective accomplishments, which in turn, commonly provide means to meet his personal needs. There is then no need of his helplessly leaning upon others. One with this habit of mind is more inclined to think of helping than of being helped. The joys of life come to him in large measure through his helping activities. Thus he realizes the truth of that notable saying of Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Realization of this truth in practice is the surest guarantee against a pessimistic habit of mind; hence the value of training young people in thoughtfulness for the welfare of others and the habit of doing something about the house. The foundation of these habits should be laid in the home, where each member should be trained to have thought for the welfare of each and every other member of the household. A father may well converse privately with sons and daughters about their mother's needs, and as to how they may contribute to her health and happiness by acts of kind-

ness and helpful service. These conversations should, of course, lead to definite conclusions and plans of action to realize the desired goals. This may involve definite assignment of household duties, a sharing of these duties by each member having the necessary strength and degree of maturity. This again may involve, as a matter of business efficiency, the budgeting of the time of each member old enough to participate in home responsibilities. These members of the household may also very well be informed as to the nature and condition of the family financial budget. By this means they may develop a rational attitude toward family finance and become quite willing to earn their own pocket money, and, as they mature, to acquire the habit of providing their own clothing or other necessity. This type of independence is an important factor in developing men and women, and in creating a wholesome attitude toward life. A youth thus trained is also more likely to take a rational view of parental counsel than is the youth who in economic matters is wholly dependent.

Concentration upon realization of the habits thus far enumerated leads, by implication, to the exclusion of undesirable habits, to the dangers of which youth is sometimes exposed. A youth who has acquired the habit of thinking of the consequences of the various types of conduct that may come to his attention, and who appreciates the joys of positive accomplishments, both in his own development and in the service of others, will not knowingly and willingly indulge in formation of habits that hinder realization of life's purposes.

Among these habits are: the use of intoxicating beverages, the use

of narcotics and stimulants, sexual immoralities, untruthfulness, or other forms of dishonesty. The most efficient methods of habit training will, by emphasis upon development of the good, generally forestall formation of any such detrimental habits. Yet there are times when a little sane, well-informed conversation about the consequences of evil habits that youth may observe in others, and may himself be tempted to form, will be quite helpful. It is, of course, much better that precautions against evil practice be taken before formation of such habits is under way. Neither parents nor teachers should lean too heavily upon the protection which the law is presumed to afford. The surest protection to youth is inner fortification against evil which comes only through adequate understanding of the facts involved, thoughtfulness in regard to the consequences, keen appreciation of the ultimate values of life, a sense of obligation to fellowmen, and regard for the highest good of all. It is by this means that evil may be overcome with good.

III—Summary of Principles Relating to Habit Training

MERE repetition of an act may not create a habit. So long as this repetition is due to external compulsion there is no guarantee of formation of the habit. The practice may cease as soon as external compulsion is removed. External compulsion should, therefore, be replaced, as soon as possible, with development of adequate motives in the mind of the child or youth; or the activity should bring satisfactions that will lead to regularity in performance without external compulsion.

Those responsible for training the

immature should never overlook the fact that in later childhood and youth there is gradual passage from external to internal control. This is very marked and complete in the period of youth. Habit formation, to be effective, must, therefore, be accompanied by acquisition of adequate knowledge of the rational justification of the habit and by the formation of appropriate attitudes and ideals. "These processes can never be forced. Proper attitudes and ideals develop by various means, among which are parental example, satisfactory personal relations both within and without the family, properly selected reading and recreation, and intelligent conversations at appropriate times relating to personal and social ideals and achievements."

A major purpose to keep in mind in the training of older children and youths is to overcome the tendency to be self-centered, self-conscious, pessimistic, or self-indulgent. This may best be accomplished by formation of habits that lead youths to be objectively minded; that is, to be interested in things and causes quite beyond themselves, to observe nature with its manifold wonders and possibilities when brought into the service of man; to study history and in particular the history of civilization that they may appreciate how this social order of the present has come into being; to look out upon this social order as it is; to contemplate its future possibilities and to realize that each youth of today has a responsibility and an opportunity to be a factor in helping to bring about a better social order, as well as to perpetuate the best that now is. Such an outlook will cause the youth to transcend his own narrow limits and to realize his greater personality in identifying himself with the good and the service of all.

Mrs. Phoebe Young Beatie

By Annie Wells Cannon

"I commend unto you Phebe our sister, which is a servant of the church which is at Cenchrea:

"That ye receive her in the Lord, as becometh saints, and that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you: for she hath been a succourer of many."—Romans 16:1-2.

QUITE applicable are the above words of the Apostle Paul to dear Sister Beatie, whose "tired spirit long waiting to be freed" was released by the angel of death Saturday morning, August 22, 1931.

The passing of Sister Beatie marks the second of President Brigham Young's lovely and gracious daughters to go this summer. Sister Beatie led, generally, an even and placid life. She was blessed beyond many with those material things which bring ease and comfort and she loved to bestow of her bounty on others less fortunate than herself. Her benefactions, not publicly known, were generous; she believed firmly in the doctrine that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." She was one of the most gifted of her father's daughters. Like many of them she had a natural inclination for music and was a fluent speaker. Both these gifts fitted her excellently well for her Relief Society work, in which she engaged for many years. She was a signer of the articles of incorporation of the Relief Society and served as a General Board Member for many years. During the period of Sister Beatie's membership on the General Board she engaged in many important activities. She traveled extensively to the different stakes teaching the people and was an active participant in all the delib-

erations connected with the work. She attended the National Council of Women in Washington, D. C. and other affiliated gatherings of her organization.

A most valuable piece of her work on the General Board was the chairmanship of the Relief Society nurse school. For a period of many years, while she held that office, her home was like a house of refuge to the young women who came from the different settlements to take the nurse course. They always found a welcome there, and she cared for them in a most motherly way until she could find a permanent boarding place for them. This she did without thought of remuneration. Her hospitality was proverbial.

Phebe Young Beatie was born in Salt Lake City, August 1st, 1854. Her mother, Clarissa Ross Chase Young, died when Phebe was a very little child and her father, President Young, placed Phebe with her two sisters Mary and Maria and her brother Willard, in the care of his wife Zina, who gave these motherless children the same loving care and attention she gave her own daughter, and they in turn gave most filial affection to "Aunt Zina." Phebe attended her father's private school, which was held in a very pretentious school house, for that day, behind the high rock wall just east of the Eagle Gate, and later she was a student at the University

of Deseret. She was married when still in her teens to Walter J. Beatie, for many years bishop of the Seventeenth Ward. Their hospitable home was the scene of many fine parties and social affairs. Many

home of Brother and Sister Beatie.

Phoebe was present when her father organized the Young Ladies' Retrenchment Society, the forerunner of the Y. L. M. I. A., in the Lion House.



PHOEBE YOUNG BEATIE

distinguished visitors to Salt Lake City, among them the late Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Kate Waller Barratt and other suffrage leaders and social workers, were entertained in the beautiful

She was called to work in the Salt Lake Temple when it was dedicated in 1893, and worked there many years. She was a charter member of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers and an active member

of the Unity Club, one of the early literary societies in Utah.

She was a devoted wife and mother and her four surviving children, Mrs. Josephine B. Burton, Mrs. Hazel B. Kimball, wife of Edward P. Kimball, Tabernacle or-

ganist, N. Ross Beatie and W. S. Beatie, as the years pass will indeed have cherished memories of their beloved mother. She was a beautiful woman, full of grace and tenderness.

Her kindly ways and gentle deeds will not be forgotten.

Four Walls

By Leona Bammes Gardner

These four bare walls are prison walls to me—
 I feel them pressing inward more and more ;
 But I can hold them back if I but try,
 And bring the whole wide world inside my door.

Or with Imagination I can go
 To far, fair lands where sunshine ever reigns.
 To distant cities throbbing with new life—
 To fragrant gardens, and cool, shady lanes.

I seek for beauty everywhere I look,
 And find new romance in each homely thing.
 I whisk the suds, and in the froth I see
 The apple-blossom petals in the spring.

I linger over flowered bright cretonne
 And Fancy builds a flower garden rare.
 And in the mottled paper on the wall
 I see but endless space, and cool, green air.

I fashion dresses—red, and pink and blue
 And from the gay, bright scraps I piece a quilt,
 And weave bright rugs. I think this as I work:
 'Tis from the little things that worlds are built.

These four bare walls might smother every hope—
 Might turn my whole small world to bleak despair
 If I should let the smallest Doubt creep in,
 Or give stark Fear a moment's lodging there.

But though the walls shut me away from Life,
 A prisoner from Love I'll never be:
 Two tiny baby hands clutch at my dress,
 Two little lips say "Mama!" urgently.

A Word to Mothers

By Ruth May Fox

IF any Latter-day Saint mother has doubted the word of the Lord as given to the Prophet Joseph Smith in 1833 when he said that tobacco was not good for man, it should renew her faith to know that scientists of this day very largely agree that tobacco is a drug and that drugs are not good for the human body, thereby confirming this truth as set forth in the Word of Wisdom. The Latter-day Saint mother believes that her children were sent to her by her Heavenly Father to be nourished, nurtured and protected as far as possible from all harm. Also, that she is to guide them step by step to a splendid maturity. Therefore, the wise mother will see that her children are properly fed, that they have sufficient exercise and sleep. She will as far as possible environ them with an atmosphere of culture and refinement. Above all things she will teach them to obey the counsels of the Lord as given through his servants, the prophets.

Surrounded as we are by every influence that Satan can devise to destroy the youth we admit the task of training our children in the right way is a difficult one, and yet the home influence should be stronger than Satan's. A sad thing about the situation is that some people are becoming reconciled to what they think is the inevitable and all too many are saying, "Oh well, smoking isn't so bad after all."

The question may well be asked: What is the really anxious mother to do to protect her child from this insidious evil. Well, mothers, when one of your children asks why you

do not want him to smoke and brings up all the arguments possible to convince you that it is all right and that all the boys are smoking, give him reasons why he should abstain. Tell him that you sympathize with the non-Mormon boy who smokes because he has not been taught differently, but though all the world should smoke that is no excuse for him. Tell him that you love him and that you want him to have a sweet breath and a healthy body; that you want him to become a leader in his group. And perhaps he can change the mind of some of his companions and show them that the smoking habit is wasteful, to say the least. That money can be used for so many better purposes than smoking it away. Tell him, too, that our Heavenly Father loves him, that He knows what is harmful to the body and that He has said that tobacco is not good for him. God expects him to be a missionary at home and abroad and in order for him to do this work he must live free from all bad habits. Read to him the story of Elder Paul Kimball and Dr. W. Creed Haymond which was printed in the *Deseret News* May 30, 1931, also in a pamphlet published by the First Presidency, and other faith-promoting stories.

However, let me warn you, you will not get very far asking your son or your daughter not to smoke cigarettes if you yourself are drinking tea or coffee. In this age of the world people must live what they teach. A mother should be "armed so strong in honesty" that her children will never doubt her word.

Another idea occurs to me. If the mothers of one ward or one small community would unite their efforts to have the law enforced against the sale of cigarettes to minors, and would unite their faith and prayers in supplicating our Heavenly Father to help them set a worthy example before their children and give them wisdom to direct them in the right way, I am sure much could be accomplished.

Nor is this all, remember that

your child is God's child and that He is interested even more than are you in his welfare and He will help you. He has said, "Ask and you shall receive," and His word never fails. But you must ask sincerely.

Mothers, be encouraged. The children of the Latter-day Saints have a mission to perform. They are destined to lead the world out of darkness. Do your part; God will do His, and your dreams for your children will yet come true.

Love's Vitamins

By Wilford D. Porter

The world speaks of diets of various types,
To reduce or to build up your weight,
And yet there's one diet that's failed to appear
From the pen of the medics, to date.

Though I haven't an M. D. or title to give
A force to the things I shall tell,
There's a diet discovered for husband and wife,
Which will keep their "Love" healthy and well:

Each morning, just when the dawning breaks,
And you rise to greet the new day,
Take an ample amount of "The Tenderest Kiss,"
For that's lovers' vitamin "A."

Your wife has burdens of care on her mind—
The children from sickness to free;
Then give her kind words, in doses, not few—
For that is love's vitamin "B."

And during the rush of the mad, busy world,
Forget not the "Gallant" to be,
Supply her with chocolates, flowers, and smiles;
For these are love's vitamin "C."

Although you not always agree with your wife
In regard to her likes; you should see
That your system is full of the "Give and the Take"—
Thus you'll hand her love's vitamin "D."

Of course there are many good supplement foods
To the vitamins "D," "C," "B," "A,"
But "Love" will grow healthy and hearty and hale
If this diet is followed each day.

Turn About

By Ivy Williams Stone

BY nine o'clock on a lovely April morning Mrs. Ellen Mower had finished all her morning tasks, and settled herself to do some worthwhile self culture. She had reached that time in life where some suppressed desires could be gratified. The hectic days of being laundress and seamstress, cook and nurse, playmate and teacher, were past. The once over-crowded darning basket was empty; there were no eager little hands to reach into the cookie jar; she no longer rose at dawn to wash nor ironed far into the night. Her five, eager, active babies had grown into men and women with babies and domestic problems of their own. Mrs. Mower felt that, with father on a simple diet, she could enjoy a well earned leisure. She had joined a literary club. In calm prospective she saw her declining years filled with cultural activity. The things she had always wanted to do were now possible. She need not become a dull, drab, unlettered old lady with no contacts with life.

"Suttee: India's Deplorable Practice of Widow Burning." Mrs. Mower looked at her initial line with satisfaction, but somehow the subject did not fit the morning. The mild April sunshine did not seem kin to the sweltering heat of far away India. The odor of hyacinths and daffodils did not suggest a funeral pyre. On such a glorious morning it seemed incongruous that in a distant heathen country a widow—*perhaps a mother*—should offer up her life because her husband had died. But the club president had assigned the subject, and Mrs.

Mower felt she had a reputation to make.

"Suttee is the name given to a Hindu practice of voluntary death by fire, regarded as evidence of great wifely devotion."

Mrs. Mower read the line aloud to an imaginary audience and leaned back with disgust. "Due to the vigilance of the British soldiers, the ceremony must be conducted with the greatest secrecy. The victim adorns herself with borrowed jewels, rides in state to the chosen spot, amid the plaudits of the villagers."

"Suttee," scoffed Mrs. Mower in disgust, "I never heard of such a dreadful, barbaric custom. Whatever becomes of the children? With their father dead, they need their mother all the more." She chewed the rubber from her pencil, broke off the point. While her brain floundered for more descriptive adjectives, the back screen slammed and her daughter Lucille hurried in, breathless and perspiring. She sank into a chair, her thin, wiry body taut with eagerness.

"Mother, I have the most wonderful plan! I'm not going to Chicago with Tom, as I'd planned. I've seen all those places, and I've arranged for the boys to go instead. While they're gone, I'm going over to clean house for Agnes!"

"Did Agnes invite you?" queried Mrs. Mower dubiously. A vision of the slack Agnes giving such a task to her zealous sister was disquieting.

"Agnes clean house?" smiled Lucille. "I guess not. She never really *cleans*; she just wipes off the

high spots. Mother, I sometimes wonder how two such different women as Agnes and I could possibly be sisters."

"Perhaps Agnes wonders the same thing."

"Agnes and the children are going on summer location with Jack," Lucille preferred to ignore her mother's gentle irony, "they intend to close the house, and I'll have a wonderful opportunity to work. I ran over last night to take her some extra nice cream puffs and Agnes said, 'Your cookies look nice!' And can you imagine what they were doing?" Lucille's face became animated with joyous anticipation at telling a truth that seemed incredible. "The dinner dishes were still on the table. The entire family were outside, where Jack had a stepladder on top of a work bench. He was draping a tarpaulin over that precious cherry tree, for fear it might freeze the blossoms. He was in grave danger of breaking his neck. The doctor's bill would buy a ton of cherries!"

"Is it a Bing or a Napoleon?" asked Mrs. Mower mischievously.

"Cherries are only cherries to me, I can't tell one kind from another. The tree is so close to the house that the noisy robins would send me distracted. And when they had completed that ritual it was too dark to work outside, so they all came in to eat. Their supper was milk and baker's doughnuts. Then the whole family turned in and washed up an accumulation of dishes. My family had spinach, veal cutlets, hot biscuits and cream puffs. I tell you, Mother, people are talking about the way Agnes neglects her house." Lucille wore a virtuous expression.

"Last fall they talked about her wonderful flower display at the fair," added Mrs. Mower. "I'd be

rather cautious," she continued, feeling that the courage of the Hindu women was insignificant beside this daring of one daughter to march upon the domain of another.

"Cautious! I'll make that house over. I'll empty the sink of dishes, bleach her dish towels, iron her sheets. I'll empty those vases of withered flowers that litter every room. There's a spider's web in the north-east corner of the basement window that my fingers itch to sweep down. The little closet under the stairs is crammed full of empty paper bags; sacks that held innumerable doughnuts and cinnamon rolls and baker's bread. It's a fire trap; wonder they're not cremated!"

Mrs. Mower felt her important paper on India was not life. She forgot the value of personal leisure. The combined needs of all her five babies had been nothing compared to this daring scheme on the part of the determined Lucille. Agnes would be angry, aggrieved and hurt, but it was useless to argue. Chicago had no lure to take Lucille away from the joy of making over her sister's household. After a few more explanations she departed, righteous service showing in every one of her energetic steps.

After their simple mid-day luncheon, Mrs. Mower again started to complete her paper. The occasion was auspicious. Her first appearance on the program meant so much to her future in the club. If her paper "went over," she would receive flattering compliments, the correctly gowned president would call upon her, and Mrs. Mower's social future would be assured. She would not drift into senile old age, knowing only the activities of her children and grandchildren. If Lucille was determined to precipitate trouble by

meddling with Agnes' affairs, she would have to take the consequences. When your children married, you were certainly privileged to stop worrying over them.

"*The practice is exceedingly old and is accompanied with mystic rituals. The villagers turn out en masse—*" The front screen opened cautiously and Agnes peered in, looking intensely relieved at sight of her mother. She sat by the open window and turned her palms upward so Mrs. Mower could see the earth stains.

"I've been weeding," she laughed, "but it got rather warm, so I came over to tell you of my inspiration." She settled herself comfortably, while her mild, even tones blended with the promise of plumpness which her figure suggested.

"I'm not going on summer location when Jack goes, Mother. He'll be there all summer and I'll get enough of it by going later. He and the girls can stop at the hotel for two weeks. I'm going to stay over that long and make Lucille a garden!"

"Merciful Heavens!" Mrs. Mower almost stuttered, and the sheets on Hindu customs fluttered to the floor.

"I knew it would surprise you!" Agnes smiled complacently. "But Lucille and the boys are going to Chicago with Jack, and while they're gone I shall remove the pretense of lawn and flowers which they have planted, and do some landscape gardening. That beautiful home of theirs is deserving of better grounds. Do you know, Mother," Agnes leaned forward in her eagerness, "do you realize their lawn is dying for lack of proper soil? No wonder it dries out, parches and dies. Do you know they planted cedar trees in sheltered, protected corners, and

everyone who knows anything at all, knows *cedars must have wind?* Lucille wonders why her pansies never get large and velvety like ours; she plants them on the south, against the cement wall. Yesterday I took her a bunch of my double narcissus and she said, 'what beautiful lilies!' It is an honest fact, Lucille and Tom can't distinguish between asters and chrysanthemums. They call all evergreen trees *Christmas trees*; to them flowers are merely things which smell nice. They consider time spent in a garden as wasted."

"Lucille's a wonderful cook and housekeeper," defended Mrs. Mower.

"Food," replied Agnes with dignity, "is a means of bodily sustenance. I eat to live."

Mrs. Mower had a mental picture of the determined Agnes marching upon the neglected garden of Tom Rhead and re-making it according to her own ideals. She would be so engrossed, so filled with a sense of service that she would not even approach her own home until her allotted task was completed, knowing that the Spillsberry boy could be depended upon to care for their own garden.

That morning Mrs. Mower had felt the women of India were brave beyond comparison. Now their courage dwindled into insignificance. Death by fire would, at least, be quicker than the disaster her two daughters were inviting. To change the home, to re-make the garden of another woman! It was preposterous!

IN the days that followed Mrs. Mower learned the inner meaning of the word strategy. As in the days when her children were small, leisure again became an unknown luxury. Tom Rhead and his sons

left for Chicago, bound to secrecy but openly skeptical about the success of Lucille's plans. Jack Howard went to summer location as scheduled, feeling that even ten years of matrimony had not taught him women's moods. Mrs. Mower led a frenzied existence, worrying lest Lucille discover Agnes in her garden, lest Agnes find Lucille in her home. She carried daily provisions to Lucille every night; and every morning she stealthily took a like portion to her daughter Agnes.

Like a conquering army Lucille marched upon the premises of Jack Howard. She did not see the graceful, lacy cut leaf birch tree which was the pride of the neighborhood. She did not see the symmetrical blue spruce which graced the back yard, nor the velvety lawn where no dandelion dared to sprout. The flowering catalpa and the tulip trees held no attraction for her. The Norway oak, whose seed acorn had lain two years before sprouting, did not seem unusual. A little, spindling evergreen, carefully guarded by trustworthy stakes and labeled "*Sequoia Gigantea*," produced only the terse comment, "Another Christmas tree!" But she did see that the windows were a dull, faint gray; that in the haste of departure the sink was still full of dishes; the front porch light shade held the skeletons of last year's moths. Vases of withered flowers added an unpleasant odor to the house. The fringe on the parlor rugs had come unsewed; the magazine rack was crammed with old numbers; the piano so dusty that Lucille stalked righteously over to it and wrote "DIRT" in bold, defiant letters. One corner of the parlor was piled high with newspapers, while the bathtub held a huge basket of unironed clothes.

"I suppose I can be grateful they're not damp and left to mold," cried Lucille indignantly. "That Spillsberry boy can lend me a hand. I'll build a fire with all these newspapers and paper bags and while I'm in the basement I'll sweep down that spider web. I can't tolerate spiders!"

For ten days she worked at high tension, begrudging the time necessary to eat the food which her mother provided. Soap and polish, varnish and paint were her daily companions; vacuum and brushes, mops and brooms were her implements of warfare. The breakfast nook changed from pale grey to a vivid green. The bath room walls became a smallpox yellow. Gay shelf paper adorned the kitchen cupboards. The Spillsberry boy was kept so busy beating carpets and polishing floors that he had scant time for the garden. Lucille polished and re-arranged all the furniture, cleaned wall paper until the whole house was spotless. She lived strictly within the house, intent only upon her one objective.

While her sister stayed within four walls, Agnes Howard gazed over Tom Rhead's heterogeneous garden and planned her line of attack.

"That maple is still young enough to move, it's too close to the house. They should have known better than to plant a mother boxelder, the seeds will scatter for miles. The lawn must be fertilized and the dandelions are thicker than the grass. Those poor hydrangeas are worm eaten and the elm trees must be sprayed. The peony buds must be covered with bags before it gets too hot. The privet hedge needs pruning; the pansies must be transplanted farther from the house, and there are weeds everywhere! I'll have to work hard

and fast to have the place looking as it should when they return from Chicago. I'll put a miniature lake in the center of the back lawn—water lilies will look beautiful there."

During the following days she worked side by side with two gardeners. The sun was never too hot, or her body too weary for the allotted tasks. The days were far too short. Under her practised eye the hedges leaved out after pruning; the elms found new life in the spray, the daffodils and narcissus really bloomed, on tall, graceful stems. Since it was early in the season, Agnes watered everything unstintedly. She was so eager to sleep at dusk in order to rise at dawn, that she scarcely noticed the food her mother brought, but fell into Lucille's guest bed unconscious of embroidered sheets and down quilts. The clarity of the windows made it necessary to draw blinds. The dainty muslin curtains gave her no thrill. The highly polished floors were a menace to safe walking. She was unaware that the shiny linoleum had been polished with milk, and the lustre of the tiled bathroom seemed cold and repellent. The absence of potted plants and vases of cut flowers gave her a distinct shock. The methodical precision that marked the arrangement of cupboards and closets seemed a waste of time. To Agnes Howard, accustomed to comfortable untidiness, the spotless order of the entire house created a sense of uninviting stiffness.

"It makes me feel like I dare not sit down!" she mused. "Never saw anything so poison clean in all my life. It's too tidy to live in."

It was almost time for the important paper on Hindu widow burning. Mrs. Mower had been too disturbed over the activities of her

daughters to study the references. The outcome of their queer venture was still unsettled; it was inevitable that they would meet, for Tom Rhead was soon due home. It seemed so unreal to be studying foreign customs with life pulsing at her elbow. Everyone knew that to *suttee* meant voluntary death by fire. Only pagan people would do such a horrible thing. By sheer force of will, however, Mrs. Mower forced herself to the task of writing her paper. She spread out her sheets, bit her pencil, puckered her brows and began to write.

"The British Government has been so untiring in its efforts to suppress this lamentable practice that—"

The front screen opened unceremoniously and Lucille dashed in, breathless, hatless and indignant. Her once white house dress held faint stains of green paint.

"Some officious person has been making our garden over!" she gasped. "They changed all our grounds. They've made a pond where Tom was planning a miniature golf course." She was still talking when the back screen slammed and Agnes appeared, her hands stained with dandelions, her sun hat much battered, her shoes caked with mud.

"Mother," she began, blinking her eyes against the subdued light, "some uninvited person has *cleaned my house*. They've re-arranged all the furniture; they've burned those newspapers I was saving so carefully; the whole place smells of varnish and polish and paint. My breakfast nook is ruined with a gaudy green paint!" In her agitation her voice became excited, and then she saw Lucille and the paint-stained house dress.

"I thought you were in Chicago!" gasped Agnes.

"I thought you were in the forest with Jack," countered Lucille, casting suspicious glances at Agnes' dandelion-stained hands.

"You stayed home to clean my house!" accused Agnes.

"You stayed home to make over our garden!" came the retort.

"You burned my paper bags; you killed that rare spider we hoped to photograph; you put on that abominable paint."

"You put bottles of wet flowers, I mean wet bottles of flowers on my polished tables and ruined the varnish. You made that old fashioned pond in our back lawn. What will we do for a golf course?"

"Our *Sequoia Gigantea* is nearly ruined for lack of water," wailed Agnes. "Those trees are rare. Some are still living that were saplings when Moses led the Children of Moses to freedom."

"Did you know," Lucille tried to be satirical and failed, "that we have a water meter? You let that hose run day and night. Do you intend to pay the bill?"

"You took the Spillsberry boy to help you wash windows and rugs and curtains, and our garden is nearly dried up."

"You cut a lemon on my sink," countered Lucille, "and it's eaten the enamel off."

"You put that silly pink paper on the kitchen shelves," retorted Agnes, "and you moved everything in the house. I can't find a thing."

"You dug those dandelions out of the lawn, and we loved them so; you trained that creeper thing—"

"Boston ivy, to be exact," interrupted Agnes.

"Well, whatever its name is, you trained it to go around the window frames, and we thought it so much

prettier to let it seek its own course."

"I doubt if another spider will ever build in that corner," said Agnes, dropping into a chair from sheer exhaustion. "Here I've toiled for ten days to make you a beautiful garden, and you repay me by spoiling my house and letting *my garden* run to ruin."

After this thrust Lucille also felt the need of a support. She sought a chair before she gave answer.

"Here I've labored ten days to make your house livable and systematic, and you *repay* me by spoiling my tables with wet bottles and making a garden we did not want, and running up a bill."

Agnes leaned toward Lucille; Lucille leaned toward Agnes. Agnes raised a forefinger that was stained with dandelions from her sister's lawn. Lucille raised a forefinger that was stained with paint from her sister's breakfast nook.

"*Nobody asked you to do it!*" they cried in unison.

Mrs. Mower lost all interest in the lives of Hindu widows. If un-Christian people on the other side of the world wished to practice self extermination, that was their business. She was powerless to help. She did not care whether she made an impression on the Self Cultural Club or not. Breaking into the upper social circle held no attraction. She did not want leisure for self culture. But she did want the two women before her—her daughters, her one time babies, to lose their animosity. She pushed her penciled, interlined sheets on "Suttee" into the waste basket. She began to laugh.

"Girls—girls," she was almost hysterical. "I've been all fussed over your queer ventures. I've been watching each of you work yourself into a frenzy. Ag-

nes making an unwanted garden for Lucille, and Lucille making Agnes's house uncomfortable for the folks who have to live in it. You're extremists—both of you. Also, you're throwbacks. Agnes is like her great-grandfather Mower. He planted a grove of pines when he was eighty years old. My father's mother was so clean her neighbors called her 'Pisen Priscilla.' It takes all sorts and conditions of people to make a world. I want you to kiss and make up."

Mrs. Mower pushed their two chairs closer together.

"I might have known Agnes wouldn't appreciate my efforts. I ache all over from so much reaching and scrubbing."

Agnes smiled complacently and retorted, "If you want to know what a real *ache* is, get down on your knees and dig dandelions."

The hand that was stained with green paint reached out to the hand that was stained with dandelions.

"Never mind, Sis," added Lucille, "I can re-varnish those tables. I hadn't done it for a month, so they needed it, anyway."

"And the way we eat, Lucy," replied Agnes, "I can soon have another batch of paper bags saved up for my peonies!"

Mrs. Mower had a visionary, far-away expression. She suddenly reached for one of the crumpled sheets of paper and began to write.

"Here," she cried triumphantly, "If I can't write literary papers, I can compose poetry. Listen to this:

Before you plan your neighbor's
days

And have him re-arrange his ways

You'd better change your mind;

For when you've told him what to do

He's apt to come right back at you,

And pay you back in kind!

Let's eat; we haven't had a decent
meal for two weeks!"

Hollyhocks

By *Lizzie H. Welker*

I'm going to keep our hollyhocks, back there in a row;
Although I know Dame Fashion has decreed that they shall go.
And all the gardeners, up-to-date, in any town I know
Have dug up all their hollyhocks, and burned them long ago.
And in their place, Miss Dahlia, stately aristocrat doth grow,
Or, perchance, some queenly lily, or some zinnias gay will glow.
So, while backward, a bit farther, each season mine must go.
I know I'll keep our hollyhocks, our little girls love them so.

On winter days, so lonely, when we have a lot of snow.
And sly Jack Frost is hiding in the wint'ry winds that blow;
They sit and plan for summertime, little faces all aglow,
When they'll make dolls from hollyhocks and have a baby show
Of dollies with long dresses on, a standing in a row.
Of red, of white, of pink, of rose, and some of gay yellow.
So while others raise more stylish flowers, and have a flower show,
I know I'll keep our hollyhocks, our little girls love them so.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

THE attractive new cover of the *Relief Society Magazine* is bringing forth many favorable comments.

THE deeper, richer colors of autumn are replacing the dainty pastel shades, so popular during the summer months, in fabrics and styles for women.

COMMON sense clothes for street and office are featured in the fall exhibits leaving the "old-fashioned fripperies" for afternoon and evening wear. The ridiculous Eugenie hat is one of the "fripperies."

MARY COLLINS of Caldwell, Kansas has been a mail carrier for twenty-five years, never missing a single day.

LOS ANGELES expects to curtail its charity fund a million dollars by cutting down on the "parasites." One wonders where these unprovided for will go this winter.

A WHITE BIRD FLYING" is the significant title of Bess Streeter Aldrich's new novel. It carries on the saga of "A Lantern in Her Hand" to a later and more modern period.

MARGARET AYERS BARNES' last novel "Westward Passage" may not win the Pulitzer prize, but it is praised by the critics equally with "Years of Grace."

MISS ELIZABETH FITZGERALD of Utah led the American Delegation of Business and Professional women to the International Conference held in

Vienna this summer. The delegates were entertained at the different American embassies in Amsterdam, Munich, Florence and Rome. The group were also granted an audience by the Pope.

DOROTHY ARZNER, Paramount director, claims that there are many productions where a woman is better equipped than a man to direct because of the deeper emotions which come through the screen. It would seem this advice follows for all stage productions as other American stars will have their own theatres and own repertory this fall. Katherine Cornell takes over the "Bassetts" in the old Belasco playhouse; Alice Brady will produce a cycle of dramas in her father's playhouse in New York; Pauline Lord is to be a producer in her own theatre, and Jane Cowl will manage her own plays, mostly Shakesperian works.

HENRIETTA SCHMELER, the brilliant Columbia co-ed, lost her life this summer on an Apache reservation, where she had ventured to live among the Indians to gather first-hand information for a thesis. Rather costly knowledge that.

A NEW YORK heiress, Miss Ethyl Clyde, saved from eviction 59 families of the striking coal miners of West Virginia by guaranteeing a year's rent. The wives and children of these families trudged their way through the heat and dust for miles seeking relief. One wonders why a few more heiresses of millions couldn't see the light and help a little.

Evelyn Bronx

By Edythe C. Robbins

WELL, I must be going, or mother will be waiting for me. I promised to go shopping with her." Arlene Argyle rose, pulled on a close fitting gray hat, fastened a winter suit of the same color, adjusted her fur around her shoulders and commenced drawing on a pair of suede gloves as she sauntered toward the door.

Helen Brown Trent had followed her and opening the door placed a hand in the other woman's gloved one. "Thanks, Arlene—maybe you're partly right after all." She could hardly fight back the tears.

"Helen dear, forgive me if I've hurt you too much—I only raved on that way for what I thought was your own good. I know I've no right to judge my married friends this way, being only a sort of old maid myself," she laughed, it was a wistful sort of laugh—"but even old maids think they can see a few things from the side lines. And—dear girl, it seems to me you have been such a crazy thing. Think it over if you care to, but don't worry a lot. Call me again if I can help you."

Helen smiled, "Don't be surprised if I do call you."

"Lovely. Helen, this was one of the most delicious luncheons I have ever eaten. Thanks. "Goodbye." She almost ran down the big stone steps to her green roadster.

The woman at the door stood peering through the glass until her friend, car and all had disappeared from sight. Turning, she entered the long living room and dropped into a chair facing the dying embers of the grate. She felt numb, a trifle ill, and of a sudden, wearily old.

Point by point she turned over in her mind all that her friend had said. There was the case of Ruth Greeley, a former school-mate, who until her recent death, just a few months previous, had been the highly respected wife of Tom Greeley. This same Tom Greeley was president of the company of which her husband was vice-president. That was bringing the thing nearer home. Apparently Tom had already announced his intention of marrying Evelyn Bronx. No doubt Evelyn was all right—Helen had never met her to judge. They said she was fascinating, unusually educated, though not beautiful nor striking. Helen had always thought Ruth and Tom were devoted. Had Ruth failed after all in some of the essentials that she should be forgotten so soon? It was disappointing at best. —

There were her own problems too. No time for them now, however. Bob and the girls would soon be coming from school. She glanced at the little Swiss clock on the mantel. It was five minutes to five. She rose quickly and started for the kitchen. There was dinner to prepare. It was Martha's afternoon and evening off and the girls seldom came from the University in time to help, so she couldn't count on them. She hoped at least they would come in time to eat. It had always seemed so jolly to have the whole family together for dinner.

At seven-fifteen that evening C. Howard Trent was seated at the head of his table carving a leg of lamb, assisted at his right by their oldest daughter, the lovely Mariane.

"Like any parsnips tonight, Mother?"

Helen looked up from her end of the table. "No, dear, just a few peas—yes, part of that potato will do." She would *have* to eat something.

"Gee, Mom, how do you get that way? No appetite—you ought to get out and train a couple of hours after school." This from Bob, already five-feet-eleven and only in third year High. "Wish Dad would hurry up with my part of that roast. I'm almost starved."

Fair-haired Ruth glared across the table in disgust. "Why Bob, anybody would think you were still in the grades." Ruth (now a full-fledged University "frosh") was really quite grown up. "Thought you were learning manners. One of these days you will, don't worry." She winked at her Dad.

"Ah, lay off a fellow. I'll take three of those brown spuds, Mariane, and rush the service!" He fairly grabbed for his plate. "Um, is this food good?"

"Bless his heart," thought Helen. If things could only taste like that to her again. She wondered what was keeping Howard, Jr. so long?

Just then the front door burst open and in strode a dark, broad-shouldered youth. Tossing his bag on the nearest chair, he made for the dining room. "Well, looks like the whole family's waiting for me."

"Sure thing! You better shake a leg if you know what's good for you, Big Boy." Bob had just passed his plate for a second helping. "Gee this food's good!"

The eldest son gave his Dad a pat on the back, his mother a peck on the cheek and took his place beside Ruth.

"Say Howd," she leaned toward him, "got something to tell you tonight."

"Good girl," he whispered back.

He loved this pretty blond sister of his.

"What kept you so long, tonight, son?" his father asked, a trifle concerned.

"Oh, just a little extra dissecting up in the Lab. The Professor let Greg and me in on something special because we seemed interested. Let me tell you though, a fellow who makes his senior year in Medics, even from a Western U, doesn't do much loafing.

"Bad as that?" asked Mariane, as she piled his plate high.

"Worse!"

"Oh, by the way, Mother, "have you ever happened to meet a Miss Evelyn Bronx?"

Bob glanced up quickly. "Oh, she's—"

"Did you know I made peach-cobbler for dessert tonight Bob?" Helen asked quickly.

There it was, out for the second time that day: first from Arlene, then Howard. How it hurt! But she must forget now. Must get through dinner. She must think by herself later.

* * * * *

The clock in the hall struck eleven. Helen Trent peered anxiously into the mirror of her dressing table. The revelation was not flattering. Point by point she judged herself. She was forty-five—she looked fifty-five—or more. On the face, once really lovely, were lines—tired, discouraged lines, careless lines. Her skin—(no wonder the girls had said what they had) looked sallow and lifeless. The eyes were not bad, they were blue—but there wasn't much sparkle to them. (Perhaps that was the reason Howard had stopped mentioning them.) Her hair was still brown, but looked as lifeless as she felt. Naturally she always had it shampooed and waved for an occasion, but not regularly

as she might have done. (Maybe the hair-dresser had been right in scolding as she had.) Her figure—well, it really was the one thing she might be proud about. At least she'd been active and wise enough to keep that right. There might be something to build on after all.

Passing over all the details it boiled itself down to this: Arlene had been right—as the wife of a man like Howard Trent, she had been a fool. He was already wealthy in a moderate way, vice-president of the same company as Tom Greeley—this same Tom who had so quickly forgotten his Ruth in favor of Evelyn Bronx.

Just because it had been necessary to give up things when they had less and the children were babies, was no excuse for the same thing as time went on and conditions improved. She had felt it much more important to stay at home fussing with the girls' clothes, cooking the boys' favorite dishes herself, despite the presence of the ever faithful Martha, than to join them in a course at the University, take a treatment for her hair or her skin, read the latest book or buy a new suit. She had no time to flatter, coax, laugh, or take a trip with that big husband of hers. (He did so like these things, too.) It was all very clear now!

She rose quickly. It was a desperate situation. She must solve it desperately. She knew exactly what to do—even Arlene was not necessary now.

The woman pulled out her only suitcase from the further end of her clothes closet, dusted it and laid it on the bed.

Opening the drawers of her dressing table and chest, she surveyed her possessions. "Not much for a rich man's wife," she murmured to herself. "Never mind, there may be

better times coming, when I once get started!

"What was that?" Howard was coming up the stairs, she knew his tread. Quickly the suitcase went under the bed and she closed the drawers just in time to reach the door before he tapped.

"Still up, Mummy?" You'd better go to bed. You look about all in."

He barely touched her lips as he kissed her good night.

"You may be wanting more than this before long," she thought.

* * * * *

Helen Trent settled herself against the plush and linen of the Pullman seat—a smile of satisfaction and relief crept over her features.

She thought over the crowded events of her day: breakfast, bidding Howard and the children their casual goodbye, phoning for train-schedules, a hurried trip to town. There she had arranged for the necessary money, drawing from the bank account she had laid by for the children's college and the girls' trousseaus. Luckily she had access to this, as it had been placed there by her, in her own name. Helen knew it really wasn't needed for its first purpose. Everything simmered down, the boys and girls too, for that matter would appreciate it more if they had to earn at least part of what they spent. This piece of business had been followed by a little shopping, sending a telegram to her friend, Lulu Bransford at San Diego, and dashing home to find Howard detained in town for lunch. After her meal she had sent Martha to town, hurriedly finished her packing, called a taxi and caught her train.

She couldn't help chuckling again as she thought of the note left behind and the surprise it would cause.

"Dearest ones," it had read, "Above all things do not worry. I am well, happy and *sane!* Am taking a much needed trip, but it's a secret. Best of luck in your work and play. You will hear from me again.

"Love,
"Mother."

* * * * *

Six long, lonesome (perhaps profitable), weeks had passed. To C. Howard Trent, seated at his mahogany desk, they had seemed more like six years. There had been an occasional optimistic card received, but always without a return address and always with a different postmark. Just a few more days of this suspense would drive him to a detective agency for help.

His door opened—an efficient secretary stepped in. "Telegram, Sir."

* * * * *

The following afternoon found C. Howard, Sr., Jr., Mariane, Ruth, and even Bob Trent, standing on the platform, tense and breathless, watching for one familiar form to descend from the steps of a newly-arrived passenger train. Minutes that seemed hours, passed by. Surely

the last had alighted. Despair was creeping into five faces—no Mother! Bob and his father had started—and then—what a vision of loveliness! A trim little figure of a woman, exquisitely gowned in soft yet modish browns and creams (even wearing flowers), fresh and smiling started toward them.

Why it couldn't be! Yes—it was—Mother! For the space of so many minutes, events in the lives of six people were too poignantly glorious, too beautiful, to seem real.

* * * * *

That night in their joint room, safe and warm in her husband's arms, she murmured, "Howard."

"Yes dear."

"You remember asking me something about an Evelyn Bronx? I met her while on the Coast, she was selecting some trousseau things. I think she's lovely."

"Yes—really? But do you know there is, and always will be, just one *lovely* woman in all the world for me? Her name happens to be Helen Brown Trent." He said it slowly and convincing enough, to leave absolutely no room for either doubt or argument.

My Precious Gifts

By Mary H. Mitton

The precious little children are
Sweet messengers of love;
Bringing pure joy and happiness
Dear gifts from Heav'n above.

The tender little arms and hands
Entwined about my throat,
Their prattle's like the song of birds
A thrill in ev'ry note.

The dear sweet kisses shower down
Like petals from the rose,
And tired little baby heads
Upon my cheek repose.

Just the touch of a little hand
To cheer me on each day,
Dispelling sadness from my heart
While at my knee they play.

'Twas just a little gleam of Heav'n
When each one came to earth.
Father keep them pure and holy
Just as they were at birth.

Notes to the Field

George Washington Bi-Centennial Programs

WE congratulate the stakes and wards for their extensive tree planting.

So far as the visits of the General Board have extended this year, it is found that all stakes and most wards have planted trees, to be dedicated on the bi-centennial of the birth of George Washington, Feb. 22, 1932. More trees will be planted this fall.

It is hoped that all wards and stakes will have at least one program for this memorial.

"These points should be emphasized with respect to the Celebration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of George Washington next year:

"1. It is sponsored by the United States Government: Congress created the George Washington Bi-centennial Commission and the President of the United States is its chairman.

"2. It will not be a world's fair or exposition, and it will not be held in any one place.

"3. It will be a nation-wide, even a world-wide series of celebrations in which every state, city and town—every organization and institution, every home and individual—in this country, together with Americans and others in many foreign countries, will participate. Every community is expected to plan and carry out its own program of events, in cooperation with the United States Commission and the State Commissions.

"4. It will last from Washington's Birthday, February 22, 1932, to Thanksgiving Day, November 24,

1932, with special local and national celebrations everywhere on all holidays, anniversaries, or other days which can be connected with the life of George Washington.

"5. While the ceremonies on February 22 should be especially elaborate and impressive, as marking the actual Two Hundredth Anniversary of George Washington's Birth, arrangements also should be made for public gatherings, pageants, plays, processions, musical festivals, tableaux and other events at various times during the entire period of more than nine months. Every program should relate to the great life and work of the First President and Founder of the Republic. On Memorial Day, Independence Day, Labor Day, Thanksgiving Day and other national and local holidays or anniversaries there should be special programs, but the celebration should not be confined to these days.

"6. It will take time to prepare the local programs and arrange for the local celebrations. The United States Commission urges mayors and other officials of every city and town in the country to appoint George Washington Bi-centennial Commissions or Committees, in order to prepare for the events of the Bicentennial Year.

"7. All organizations and institutions of whatever character—civic, business, labor, educational, religious, fraternal, literary, social and others—are urged to plan for a 'George Washington Year' in 1932.

"8. The United States George Washington Bicentennial Commission, Washington Building, Washington, D. C., will send literature and suggestions for local programs

to any committee, organization or group that will write for them."

This literature includes suggestive patriotic programs, pageants, plays, appropriate music and songs, specially prepared sermons for sacred services, cuts for newspapers, extensive biography, and separate papers on various phases and incidents in the life of George Washington.

Song Book

For years our organization has very much enjoyed the Relief Society Song Book. Some months ago the last copy was sold. Through the advice of the Church Music Committee it was decided not to reprint it, as they desired that the adult members of the Church would, as far as possible, use one song book, The Latter-day Saint Psalmody. It should be understood, however, that those who still have the Relief Society Song Book should use it and are in no way obligated to get new books.

A List of Valuable Books

Mrs. Claire S. Boyer, a teacher in Liberty Stake, has kindly sent in the following list of books which she feels sure the social service leaders in the Relief Society would enjoy and could use profitably in their work. The list is published, not with the expectation that our teachers generally will purchase these books, because the text and lessons in the *Magazine* furnish more material than the time allotted for this work allows to be presented, but many are anxious to further enrich their minds and ask what other books they can read along this line.

Personality, Spillman; *Personality*, Carman; *Psychology of Personality*, Valentine; *Directing Mental Energy*, Aveling; *Conquest of Fear*, King; *Develop-*

ing Personality in Boys, Borman; *Personality and Health*, Sadler; *About Ourselves*, Overstreet; *Influencing Human Behavior*, Overstreet; *B e y o n d Behaviorism*, Courtney; *Initiative Psychic Energy*, Hiltan; *The Doctor Looks at Love and Life*, Collins; *How to Live*, Bennet; *A Laugh a Day Keeps the Doctor Away*, Cobb; *Brain and Personality*, Thompson; *The Education of Children*, Adler; *Keeping Mentally Fit*, Jastrow; *Piloting Your Life*, Jastrow; *Health Through Will Power*, Walsh; *The Human Mind*, Meninger; *Training for Power and Leadership*, Kleiser; *Think*, Hunter; *Pep*, Hunter; *He Can Who Thinks He Can*, Marden; *Power of Will*, Haddock; *The Thinking Machine*, Herrick; *Psychology*, Martin; *The Meaning of a Liberal Education*, Martin; *The Dance of Life*, Ellis; *The Good Life*, Russel; *Happiness*, Phelps; *Intelligent Living*, Riggs; *Mind and Personality*, Brown; *The Psychologist Keeps House*, Gordon; *Personality*, Gordon; *The New Generation*, Calverton; *Every Man's Genius*, Austin; *Progress of Culture*, Woel; *The Psychology of Loyalty*, Royce; *Creative Understanding*, Keyserling; *New Girls for Old*, Blanchard; *Modern Conversation*, Hall; *Kingship of Self Control*, Jordan; *Handful of Living*, Norris; *The Religion of Beauty*, Bell; *The Joyful Heart*, Chauffler; *The Psychology of Thinking*, Miller; *The Meaning of Culture*, Powys; *Self Cultivation in English*, Palmer; *The Creative Spirit*, Brown; *Art of Thinking*, Dimnet; *Exploring Your Mind*, Wiggam; *Memory*, Phelps; *Laughter and Health*, Walsh; *Preface to Morals*, Lippman; *How to Use Your Mind*, Kitson; *Charm*, Wilson; *Human Nature*, Schoen.

Music

The glorious days of autumn are here; vacation time is ended. Relief Society workers everywhere are approaching their labors with renewed courage and appreciation. Choristers and Organists have you determined in your own minds just what you desire to do in a musical way this year in your organization? Have you formulated a plan which will help you to improve the music in your community? Now is a good time to put a good plan into action. Would it be too difficult to aim at

a new song learned each month, with a heartier singing of the old songs? Encourage those who sing alto to sing alto along with the sopranos, so that two part singing may be developed.

Now is a splendid time to begin trio work. This could be done best

by special rehearsals by selected singers.

Let your slogan be "More and Better Singing in the Relief Society Organizations."

We hope every organization will learn at least six new songs during the year.

Notes from the Field



Moapa Stake:

THE above lovely picture is that of the Panaca Ward Relief Society, and is the portrayal of the pageant "Women of the Bible." This very interesting event was staged in the Panaca Auditorium in June, 1931. The names of the sisters in the picture are: Top row, left to right, Ruby Lee, Amy D. Mathews, Winifred Cutler, Maribah Edwards, Katherine Heaps and Josephine Wadsworth; lower row, left to right, Belva Edwards, Afton

Mathews, Dollie Wadsworth, Ruth Lee and her baby, Ruby, Annie H. Mathews, Emma Hansen, Addie Blad and Romola Lee. The event, so artistically staged, was a very great success from every point of view. The interpretation of the Biblical women was very splendidly done, and efforts of this type prove beyond doubt the versatility and the artistic trend which the Relief Society does so much to cultivate among the women of the organization.

Idaho Falls Stake:

IN May the Idaho Falls stake Relief Society gave a most interesting celebration in which the history of the Relief Society work in that stake was presented in pageant and drama form. This began with the first stake board organization in 1895, and depicted the work of the first stake board, with special emphasis on the efforts among the sick, when visits over a sparsely settled country were made, horses and buggies being the medium of communication. The characters were represented by women dressed in the costumes worn during the period. Two of the original members took their own parts, Sister Elvira C. Steele, who had been a counselor, and Sister Alice Boomer, the treasurer of the Relief Society. The different administrations from the beginning to the present were represented, and the progress of the work, with all the features that have developed, and the special activities, were shown. About fifty women and many children took part in this program, enhanced by music and songs, which did much to add to the success of the entertainment. The scene of this very interesting event was the Stake Tabernacle, and was presented to a group of more than 700 people. It was particularly interesting as the pageant with the drama accompanying was written by local women, and directed by members of the stake board.

Curlew Stake:

CERTAINLY the Relief Society of this stake is to be congratulated on the very fine work done in the field of child health and protection. Word comes to the office of a clinic, just completed in this forward-looking stake where 164 children were examined by the doc-

tor, and 155 were inoculated for diphtheria. It is quite in line with the recommendations of the General Board of Relief Society, that the health of the children be safeguarded and the splendid preventive measures now available be used to ensure the health of the little ones before entering school for the coming year. The advancement of any people is measured by the care given to the children, and we certainly extend our sincere congratulations to our stakes in many parts who are acting in accordance with this wise vision of future benefits.

Box Elder Stake:

Box Elder Stake Presidencies,
1911-1931

WEDNESDAY afternoon, June 17, 1931, at the 5th Ward Chapel, past President Lula B. Call and her retiring board members were delightfully entertained by the Relief Society Stake Board and Executive Officers of the fourteen wards of the Box Elder stake.

Floor baskets and summer bouquets were used to make the hall attractive, while the banquet table formed as a large U, was made beautiful with a color scheme of blue and gold—the official Relief Society colors. These colors were carried out in candles and bowls of Delphinium, Bachelor Buttons, and lovely Yellow Coreopsis.

President Vera D. Sederholm presided. Community singing was led by Stake Chorister, Romina Jenson. Mrs. Abbie R. Madson, of the stake board, was toastmistress. Toasts were given to the past presidents by Mrs. Louie B. Call, president of the 3rd Ward Relief Society, and past presidents Sarah P. Stohl, Minnie H. Jenson and Lula B. Call re-



BOX ELDER STAKE PRESIDENCIES, 1911-1931

sponded. A toast to the retiring board members was given by Leah Reeder of the stake board, followed by responses from Mae Tyson and Annie H. Littlewood. Counselor May M. Horsley presented an appropriate gift to the six guests of honor, who were: Lula B. Call, Annie H. Littlewood, Mae Tyson, Ada L. Johnson, May N. Balls and

Lillian D. Lillywhite. Musical numbers were rendered during the serving, consisting of steel guitar solos, by Carrie L. Baird, president of the 1st Ward Relief Society; and a vocal number by Mrs. Connie M. Peters.

An unusual item of interest was the presence of four complete groups of successive stake executive officers.

Franklin Stake (Franklin Ward):



ENTERTAINERS AT "WORLD TOUR"

ON the afternoon of August 11, 1931, the Franklin Ward Relief Society carried out a very entertaining and highly educational program. Ninety members, and the entire Bishopric, were taken to four different homes, each of which represented a country of the world. At Mrs. G. L. Wright's, in a cleverly designed tea-garden, Japan was featured. Mrs. Kanow and her three daughters in beautiful native

costumes, entertained in song and dance; the mother sang in native tongue, accompanied by Japanese koto. Mrs. A. H. Parkin, and daughters Melba and Marjorie, entertained in true Holland fashion. At Mrs. Isabel Scarborough's Lucile Staley and Hazel Olverson in a dialogue as "Pat and Bridget," and the "Blarney Stone," furnished ripples of laughter at the same time creating a keen sympathy for the dear Irish folk. On the wide lawn at Bishop B. R. Parkinson's, with flowers in every nook and corner, Hawaii was successfully represented. Luana and Lera Packer, with steel guitars and real native dress, entertained charmingly with appropriate songs, while five small girls danced around as daughters of the "Sunny Isles."

At each of these homes, refreshments typical of the country represented, were served by the hostess, assisted by some of the visiting teachers of her district. Japanese rice sandwiches and puffed rice, root beer, potato salad, and Hawaiian fruit cocktail, constituted the main part of the menu. The cooperative spirit manifested was very commendable. Cars were provided for all. This speaks well for the Bishopric and the Relief Society in this busy farming community. The stake board of Relief Society was represented by two members.

The Cup

By Beatrice Knowlton Ekman

I have known palmy days of enchantment and bliss,
I have thrilled with life's zest and its joys,
I have known love's enrapturing ravishing kiss;
And it all has been mixed with alloys.

I have known sorrow and I have known pain,
I have known death again and again.
Brimming the cup and I drank to the lees—
It has brought me to God—on my knees—on my knees.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

The Harvest

“By what things a man sinneth by these he is punished.”—*Solomon*.

“Be sure your sins will find you out.”

AS we look at the fields of ripening grain, at the vineyards with their abundant yield, at the vines with their luscious melons, at the trees laden with fruit, we rejoice in the bounteous harvest.

As we behold the flowers with their varied hues, the brush and trees turning gold and brown and red, we revel in the beauty we behold in mountain and vale, on river bank and craggy steep.

As we read of the passing of the

aged who have labored long and faithfully and who have departed leaving memories of their many good deeds and worthy accomplishments, and who leave a numerous posterity of worthy descendants, we rejoice that the harvest of their lives has been so bounteous.

BUT not always is the account so satisfying to contemplate. Many are forfeiting their lives in their mad pursuit of excitement and pleasure. They are paying a terrible price for the gratification of their appetites, lusts, and passions. Each day as we read the papers we are appalled at the loss of life, and still more disturbed when investigation dis-

closes what preceded the tragedies—smoking, drinking, gambling, loss of modesty, failure to hold sacred sex relationships and standards have all too often paved the way for the catastrophe. Auto accidents add a high toll to the mortality lists, and a big percentage of these are caused through wild and careless driving. All too often the innocent are injured or killed and the reckless ones escape. Boating and swimming add to the casualties because proper precautions were not taken. Life is a sacred, precious gift. It should be guarded so that the years of the earth span may not be shortened but profitably spent.

WHILE mothers cannot compel their children to observe the laws of life, while they cannot make them walk the paths of rectitude and safety, yet they can and are obligated to teach them the beauty and safety of right living and to point out the evils that follow wrong doing. Every child in his own home should have impressed upon him the inevitability of law. He should learn that "he that sows to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption," while "he that sows to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting." He should be taught that goodness and righteousness are beautiful, that sin is ugly and that the lasting satisfactions of life result from right living.

Back to Our Routine

OUR vacations are over. We are all back to the routine of our lives. The auxiliaries are again offering wonderful opportunities. We are going to get out of the work much or little in proportion to what we put into it. We hope our Relief Society women will determine first to study more systematically, thoroughly and continuously this winter than ever before; and secondly, that

they will carry out their good resolutions. They are busy women and will have to systematize their work in order to get the time from household routine for mental refreshment. It will help them to reach this desired end if many superfluities are banished, if time is allotted for much desired study, and the schedule adhered to.

A Concrete Suggestion

WE call our readers' attention to a delightful little story, "The Old Teapot," on page 554 of this issue. Sister McKenzie, the *Magazine* agent in Wasatch Ward in Salt Lake City, writes that she has had difficulty in securing many subscriptions because the sisters say they haven't the money. Her experiences suggested the story which, she writes, is her first, and she is now sixty-five years of age! We think she has been hiding her talent under a bushel. The suggestions of-

ferred will be a boon to many who are hard pressed.

All too many college boys and girls are turned forth from the schools without having been trained to think. They may know a language or two, some history, etc., but they haven't been led to think things through. Sister McKenzie has demonstrated that she can think a problem through and find a feasible solution. We hope more of our readers will send in concrete suggestions for helping out in this time of depression and financial need.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in December)

Select Readings: Second Nephi, chapters 1 to 4 inclusive. Make notes, first of the prophecies mentioned, and next of the doctrines taught.

THE BOOK OF MORMON—LITERARY ASPECTS OF THE NEPHITE RECORD

It is sometimes urged that the *Book of Mormon* has no literary merits at all. This is said because in its superficial aspects that volume does not conform to the standards which we have acquired in writing.

The book, we are told, abounds in errors of grammar, it uses too many words to tell its story, and its structure is not what it might be. All this we must concede, if we are to be honest with ourselves.

But what of it? Scott and Cooper and Dickens are by no means impeccable in their grammar and rhetoric, and much that they say could be left out with no loss to the effectiveness of their stories. Are we then to throw these authors into the discard, quit reading such books as *Ivanhoe*, the *Last of the Mohicans*, and *David Copperfield*? Not at all. Because these writers have qualities that are far higher than mere grammatical and rhetorical correctness. They all tell capital stories, they all have interesting situations, they all have vivid characterization, and at least one of them has rare humor and pathos. Stevenson and Walter Pater have perfect style, but as story tellers they are not in the same class as Scott, Cooper, and Dickens.

It is much the same with the *Book of Mormon*. Although the work may be deficient in some of the minor qualities of style, that is no sign that it has no literary values

whatever. For the fact is that the Nephite record has some very striking and beautiful expressions, and it abounds in a variety of characters that stand out in the mind.

Perhaps it will not be amiss here to inquire how it came about that the literary style of the *Book of Mormon* is what it is, especially since its literary defects have been made the basis for attacks on its divine origin. Is the language of the Nephite record the Lord's or Joseph Smith's?

If, on the one hand, the language is the Lord's how is it that he does not speak in the most perfect English, as one would naturally expect that he would? The fact that the style of the book is imperfect, on this assumption, would go to throw doubt on its divine origin—in the estimation of adverse critics. And then, on the other hand, if the language of the work is the Prophet's, how can we reconcile that fact with its claim to being an inspired product? Here, then, is our problem.

The only solution of the problem is to admit that the language is the Prophet's, although the thoughts, the material, of the book was revealed.

It is a safe assumption that the Lord does not do for man what man can do for himself. That would be to dwarf man's powers, to stay his development. Joseph Smith did not know, and could not know, anything

about the Lehites and the Jaredites. So God revealed it to him. Likewise the Prophet knew nothing of the language they used. Hence the Lord prepared the urim and thummim for the purpose of enabling him to understand that ancient tongue. He did know English, however—the English that was spoken in his neighborhood, the English that one in his circumstances could have got without training.

Here is a passage from the *Doctrine and Covenants* which shows indirectly how the translation of the *Book of Mormon* was accomplished:

Oliver Cowdery wanted to translate. He asked the Prophet for the privilege. His request was granted. But when he tried, he failed to get the required results. Then came the explanation in a revelation to him through Joseph.

“Behold, you have not understood; you have supposed that I would give it unto you, when you took no thought save it was to ask me. You must study it out in your mind; then you must ask me if it be right, and if it is right I will cause that your bosom shall burn within you; therefore, you shall feel that it is right. But if it be not right, you shall have no such feelings, but you shall have a stupor of thought that shall cause you to forget the thing which is wrong; therefore you cannot write that which is sacred save it be given you from me. Now, if you had known this you could have translated.”

And here are some conclusions that we must inevitably draw from these statements:

First, that the way described in the passage was most likely the way in which the Prophet translated. Secondly, the translator having got the thought on the plates, he set it down in such language as he had at his

command, endeavoring to express it exactly as it was on the plates. Thirdly, after it had been set down, the translator was to decide whether it was absolutely correct or not by the way he felt; if it was right, his bosom “burned within him,” and if it was wrong he had a “stupor of thought.” Fourthly, the whole process was carried on under the divine influence and power, because it was “sacred.”

Incidentally it may be remarked here, as growing out of the statement made above, that the circumstances connected with the appearance of the *Book of Mormon* and the effort put forth in the translation of it, was a primary means of educating Joseph Smith in the work he was to do in the world. †

First, his long wait for the plates taught him patience, obedience, and knowledge of the ways of the Lord. Secondly, the effort he expended on the translation of it trained, disciplined his mind in the same ways the mind is always trained and disciplined. Thirdly, the time he spent on the translation, coupled with the effort he put forth, gave him a knowledge of the principles of salvation that, it would seem, nothing else could have given. For it is well known that to translate a work of any kind, especially if it be a work containing thought, forces one to think clearly. And in the case of the Prophet the mind was, in a way, checked up in its thinking.

So far as matters of style are concerned, three things may be said of the *Book of Mormon*. One has already been suggested—isolated expressions of truth in a rather forceful way. A second is the theme. Is this high or low? And the third is clearness, as compared with the Bible. Vigor, clearness, and a high theme are literary qual-

ities that are not to be overlooked in writing.

Let us take up each of these in turn.

Some of the rather striking things in the *Book of Mormon*—purple patches, in fact—may be given here. Not all that can be found there by any means, but enough to give an idea as to whether, in point of phrasing alone, the Nephite record is as contemptible as is sometimes represented.

1. "Adam fell that men might be; and men are, that they might have joy.

2. "I would exhort you that ye would come unto Christ, and lay hold upon every good gift, and touch not the evil gift, nor the unclean thing. *Wen 1:3-4*

3. "The Lord giveth no commandment unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth of them.

4. "O, that I were an angel and could have the wish of my heart, that I might go forth and speak with the trump of God, with a voice to shake the earth, and cry repentance unto every people. *Alma*

5. "Ye have called me your king; and if I, whom ye call your king, do labor to serve you, then ought ye not to labor to serve one another? And also if I, whom ye call your king have spent his days in your service and in the service of God without meriting any thanks from you, O how you ought to thank your Heavenly Father.

6. "I will tell you of the wrestle which I had before God, before I received a remission of my sins. Behold, I went to hunt beasts in the forest; and the words of my father, which I had often heard my father speak concerning eternal life and the joy of the saints, sunk deep into my

heart. And my soul hungered. And I kneeled down before my Maker, and cried unto him in mighty prayer and supplication. And all the day did I cry unto him, and when the night came I did still raise my voice high that it reached the heavens. And there came a voice unto me, saying, 'Enos, thy sins are forgiven, and thou shalt be blessed.' And I knew that God could not lie; wherefore my guilt was swept away.

7. "If it were possible that you could have just men to be your kings, * * * then it would be expedient that ye should have kings to rule over you. * * * But because all men are not just, it is not expedient that ye should have a king or kings to rule over you. For behold, how much iniquity doth one king cause to be committed, and what destruction. * * * Ye cannot dethrone an iniquitous king, save it be through much contention and the shedding of much blood. For he hath his friends in iniquity, and he keepeth his guards about him. He teareth up the laws of those who have reigned in righteousness before him, and enacteth laws after the manner of his own wickedness. Thus an unrighteous king doth pervert the ways of all righteousness. It is expedient that such abominations should come to an end.

"Therefore, choose you by the voice of this people, judges, that ye may be judged according to the laws which have been given by your fathers. It is not common that the voice of the people desireth anything contrary to that which is right, but it is common for the lesser part of the people to desire that which is not right. Therefore, this shall ye observe and make it your law—to do your business by the voice of the people. And if the time comes that the voice of the people doth choose

iniquity, then is the time that God will visit you with destruction."

These passages are well worth attention from more than one angle. They are not inappropriately worded. They are crystal clear on their face. The thought in all of them points to the universal in human life—to truths, that is, which hold good under all conditions of life. And at least one of them, the first, suggests an answer to an age-old question as to the purpose of life. Observe the use of the word "joy" instead of "happiness."

Every book has a general atmosphere, by reason of which it is good or bad or merely neutral in its effects. If a book is wholesome, it is largely because it has a good atmosphere. And atmosphere is created and sustained by means of ideas and characters chiefly.

What is the atmosphere of the *Book of Mormon*?

That atmosphere is well put by one of the early converts to "Mormonism"—George Cannon, father of the late president George Q. Cannon. He said, "No wicked man could write such a book as this; and no good man would write it, unless it were true and he were commanded of God to do so."

Every book, if it can be called a book at all, has a theme also. A theme is a general thought, or purpose, running through it like a thread; it is the thought for which the work was produced. Whether the book is a work of fiction, an historical narrative, or the development of a subject through explanation or argument, it must nevertheless have a theme by which the details are tied together. And the work is valuable, other things remaining the same, according as its theme is high or low, universal or local in its appeal.

The theme of the *Book of Mormon* is expressed in what may be called the preface to that volume, written by Moroni. It is "the convincing of the Jew and Gentile that Jesus is the Christ, the eternal God, manifesting himself unto all nations."

If there can be a higher theme than that, one would be hard put to find it. First, it clears up an ambiguity of the *New Testament* as to the divinity of Christ. And then, secondly, it shows the universality of idea of God's interest in mankind.

As for the characters in the *Book of Mormon*, the topic is too large for treatment in this place. So this aspect of the subject is left to a question, and may be dealt with at the discretion of the teacher.

Questions

1. How important is the form in which an idea or a book is cast as compared with the idea or the theme? Explain with reference to the *Book of Mormon*.

2. Read or quote some of the statements of the Record, to show (a) their good phrasing, (b) their truth, and (c) their universality.

3. What is meant by a theme? Give the themes of works like *Silas Marner*, by George Eliot, or *Influencing Human Behavior*, by Overstreet. Why is the theme of the *Book of Mormon* a high one?

4. Take some one of the characters in the Nephite Record and, after reading all that the Record says about them, work up an essay or a short speech in which you give (a) a brief account of what the characters did, (b) what they said and thought, and (c) what they were in their qualities. Be sure, however, not to make anything up, but to have authority in the text for everything you say.

5. How do you account for the errors in grammar and composition in the *Book of Mormon*? What bearing does the answer to this question have on the claims to divine origin for the work?

Work and Business

(Second Week in December)

Watchword: "And into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, Peace be unto this house."—Luke 10:5.

Text: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."—Mark 10:14.

TEACHER'S TOPIC FOR DECEMBER

From this text we may draw three lessons. The first is our duty to our children in directing them to Jesus; the second, in keeping ourselves active and interested in, and devoted to the Church; the third, that in order to enter the kingdom of God one must have childlike faith, humility and love.

Interpreting the meaning of our Savior into modern language, we would translate the text into words something like this: "Encourage and teach your children to come to me; persuade them by a righteous example and influence to love me; do not hinder them, nor cause them to turn from me by your own thoughtlessness and indifference; because children are naturally full of faith and sweetness and friendliness and love."

Children, in their early years, live in a world apart from ours. They are very near to heaven and things spiritual. Before they are very old, however, they begin to feel their own personality, and the possibilities of self. In developing this new found individuality they are certain to become self-willed and intractable. These early human tendencies checked and directed in a proper manner will avert improper thoughts and the forming of little habits which may lead into dis-

obedience and sin. While they are young it is a simple matter to instil into their eager, searching minds, the lovely truths of our Gospel. They can be readily brought to understand that cleanness is more attractive than foulness; that honesty is more gratifying than dishonor; that harmony with parents and with Jesus is more delightful than the unhappiness which discord and opposition bring. There is small danger of children disregarding the admonition of their parents if they have been taught to love, honor and obey them. Children need love and sympathy. They should always have the deep consciousness of the love their parents have for them.

Without lowering our standards or retracting from our position of integrity, we would do well to try to understand the modern viewpoint. While still holding fast to our ideals, we should acquire a sympathy for the struggles of youth. Afraid of life and ignorant of its problems, they assume a bravado which they do not feel. Assailed on every hand by doubts, skepticism, and iniquity, unless they are held securely in the bonds of love, they are bound to wander. Youth resents regulations and restrictions unless back of these is the love that will make them appreciate and understand the reason for guidance. It is impossible to

legislate virtue into people. We cannot force righteousness on anyone. Jesus taught us that.

All through the Bible, and our other Church works, we read exhortations to parents to lead their children in the ways of God.

"And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.

"And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart:

"And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shall talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.

"And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes.

"And thou shalt write them upon

the posts of thy house, and on thy gates."—Deuteronomy 6:5-9.

"Only take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently, lest thou forget the things which thine eyes have seen, and lest they depart from thy heart all the days of thy life: but teach them thy sons, and thy sons' sons;"—Deuteronomy 4:9.

Environment, example, and attending of meetings are necessary and vital. But there must be something more. For every flower in your garden there are perhaps a thousand weeds. For every holy thought in the world there are a thousand vicious, destructive ones. Children, more than adults, come in contact with these. Unless young people are securely grounded in faith, and trained in discrimination, they will succumb to the influences by which they are constantly attacked.

Literature

(Third Week in December)

THE SHORT STORY IN SWEDEN

Sweden has given at least three world figures to literature in this last half century: August Strindberg, a novelist, dramatist, and story writer of contemporary Scandinavian life; Selma Lagerlof, known best for her novels and tales that depict the soul of the northern peasant, and who writes with imagination and spiritual fervor; and Per Hallstrom, a scientist who evolved an almost perfect form of writing short stories, the greater part of which dwelt on the theme of death. All of them belong to the twentieth century, Strindberg, the oldest, dying in 1912, and the other two still living and writing.

In the text there is a story from each, but because Selma Lagerlof,

whose writing is nearest our own beliefs is a woman and one of the great world figures, she will be given the major consideration in this lesson.

It is doubtful if any class instructor will want to use the Strindberg story. He was the leader of Swedish Naturalism and his "Love and Bread" is Naturalism in one of its most unpleasant forms. In addition it would take a great deal of studying to understand him. He was a restless soul—an atheist, a simple believer in the Bible, an intense Socialist, an extreme anti-Socialist, a worshipper of Nature, a devout follower of civilization, a humanist, and one of the greatest woman haters of all history—and three times married. All his life he was

a solitary man, stricken with a persecution mania, and never finding peace. But his influence will be felt, not only in our time, but also in the ages to come. His genius touched all forms of writing; it was greatest in the drama. There have been few writers who have been able to throw aside men's thin surface personality and get down to the elementary human as has Strindberg. However, he is not for every reader.

It was in the 90's that Per Hallstrom became the great master of short story writing in Sweden. He was born in Stockholm in 1866. While he was still a young man he came to America and lived in Chicago as a scientist. Even in his youth he was ruled almost solely by his intelligence, and he did not find America to be a land of promise—for him at least. He went back to Sweden and began to write seriously. He can describe the realities of life well enough, yet his imagination rules his writings. Swedish subjects did not always give him enough play for this quality, and from time to time he ventured into the lore of the Southern countries and into the life of the Middle Ages. Some of his best known stories are: "Stray Birds," "Purple," "A Secret Idyl," "A Humble Tragedy," "Melchior," and "The Falcon." Death, in some form moves through all of them.

"The Falcon," found in the text, is a masterpiece of the Medieval story. In it beauty and horror are almost inseparable. From the standpoint of short story technique—smoothness of plot, handling of characters, harmony of style and content, and touch of fantasy—it could scarcely be bettered. Each word is chosen as carefully as an old master selected his colors.

It is the story of a cruel nobleman who caused the death of a peas-

ant lad, because the lad had rescued the nobleman's favorite falcon and failed to return it. Hallstrom uses a favorite device of Medieval stories—very much like the one Shakespeare used in "The Merchant of Venice." He has the selfish nobleman resurrect an ancient law, one whereby a person who had stolen a falcon with the mark of a knight on his foot must pay a sum of silver or six ounces of flesh, torn from his ribs by the beak of a famished falcon.

The story is filled with word-jeweled pictures: the Iceland falcon flying, Renaud's joy in this noble bird and his mysticism, the proud Medieval ladies who came to see the death scene, and a dozen others. The last sentence makes a perfect ending. It shows the viciousness of the nobleman, the cruelty of the boy's death, and the meting of justice to the falcon that had dared to forget its master.

Some instructors may prefer this story because of its perfection of form and style, but there are two reasons against its choice. It is not representative of Swedish life and its pervading tone is that of sadness.

Selma Lagerlof reveals the country people of Sweden. She was of the country herself, born in Vermland in 1850 on the estate called Marbacka. Her family had lived in Vermland for hundreds of years; she grew up loving and revering her home and its customs, its legends, and its people. During her younger years the upper class to which she belonged still lived a festive and hospitable life on the country estates. The influence of these years is found in many of her books.

It was Miss Lagerlof's intention to become a teacher. She went to Stockholm to prepare for the examinations which all prospective teach-

ers must pass. As she studied, she thought often of the old stories and decided to combine them into a novel. The Northern countries in those days were writing with sober realism, and her book was to be filled with gayety and knightly chivalry. Not until the 90's, when she decided to forsake the ways of contemporary realism, was she able to produce her book. "Gosta Berling's Saga" was its title, and it is one of the great books of all time.

It is a story swarming in characters and plots, and all are bound together by the charming and shiftless figure of Gosta Berling.

In the fairy tale she has also won a permanent place. In this form she gives most of her psychology and philosophy of life. Like Hans Christian Anderson she gives a character to animals and life to inanimate things, but her tales have one serious drawback. She sometimes overdoes the moral and she occasionally falls into child-like sentimentality. She has a deep and cheerful faith and her books all teach love and charity and tolerance. She is extremely popular in Sweden. In 1909 she was awarded the Nobel prize in literature, and since then her fame has gone into many countries. Critics say that four of her books, at least, will become part of the world's literary heritage: "Gosta Berling's Saga," "Jerusalem," a story of the religious movement among the peasants, "The Adventures of Nils," collections of Swedish fairy tales and folk lore, and "The Christ Legends," charming tales of miracles. Briefly summing her characteristics, she is a vigorous and original writer with a vivid and inventive imagination, and imbued with a true Christian regard for her fellow men.

For this series of lessons it would

have been fortunate if the textbook authors had chosen one of Miss Lagerlof's Christ tales in the place of "The Eclipse." However, the "Christ Legends" is available in translation and some instructors may be able to find the book and use a different story. "The Christmas Rose," found in the collection or in a book called "Sweden's Best Stories" is beautifully told and will be an especially appropriate subject for this time of year.

"The Eclipse" is the story of an old peasant woman and tells of country life in a wild and solitary region. In the guise of the old country woman the author gives her philosophy of life—faith in the new day; courage to live it; and thankfulness for every manifestation of God no matter how humble a person's circumstances may be. Prosaic as the subject is, Miss Lagerlof shows us a glimpse in old Beda's worship of the sun, of the mysticism that permeates all her writing.

Miss Lagerlof's description of the people in this story will remind some of us of life in the remote villages of Utah and other western states a few decades ago: the men working all day in the fields; the children in school; the older children gone from the village to far away places; the women working in their cabins but anxious for companionship; and the peaceful Sabbath. But there is one great difference. These Swedish people, living close to the dark mountains, were often without the sun. Another difference was the women's fear of pleasure, merely for the sake of pleasure. They must have some good reason to come together for an afternoon of talk and eating of specially prepared food. And it must never be on a holy or Sabbath day.

Old Beda wanted to give a party,

but she could think of no good reason to have one. She had only a cat—and anyone knew it was foolish to give a party for a cat. In her searchings she found that there was to be an eclipse of the sun. She gave a party; yet she was a little fearful of giving the explanation. It was not until the warmth of the newly eclipsed sun touched the women and made them cheerful that she dared to sing: "Thy shining sun goes up again, I thank thee, O my Lord!"

This story with its one well-defined character and its lack of plot is quite typical of part of Miss Lagerlof's work. It portrays the people in a sympathetic light; describes the country she loves; and is as simple and sincere in style and structure as the people of whom she wrote. Because it is a story of character and local setting, it must be read and not re-told to be appreciated.

Questions on "The Eclipse"

1. In what ways is this story typically Swedish? In what ways does it have a universal appeal?

2. What do you know of Miss Lagerlof's philosophy of life from reading this story?

3. Will you be able to recognize other of her stories after reading this one? Why?

4. Does this story contain any of the mysticism that runs through her works?

5. Was Beda a pleasant, well balanced person? Give reasons for your answer.

6. Why did Beda choose to celebrate the day of the eclipse? How did she make the other women appreciate her feeling for the sun?

7. Why was it necessary for the women to find a special day before they could celebrate?

8. What things in this story show the seriousness of the Northern people?

9. Briefly describe the every-day lives of these people.

10. Which is emphasized the most in "The Eclipse," plot or character?

**Annunciation Day*, the 25th of March, sometimes called "Our Lady's Day." Supposed to be the date when the angel Gabriel announced to Mary the incarnation of Christ.

Suggestive list for further reading in Scandinavian literature (English translations):

Bjornson—"Three Comedies," "Armljot Gline," "Beyond Our Power," "The New System," "Poems and Songs."

Bojer—"The Face of the World," "The Great Hunger," "A Pilgrimage."

Hallstrom—"Selected Short Stories."

Hamsun—"Children of the Age," "Dreamers," "Growth of the Soil," "Hunger."

Ibsen—"Collected Works."

Lagerlof—"Christ Legends," "Gosta Berling's Saga," "Emperor of Portugallia," "From a Swedish Homestead," "Further Adventures of Nils," "Marbacka," "The Holy City."

Nexo—"Days in the Sun," "Pelle, the Conqueror."

Rolvaag—"Giants in the Earth," "Peder Victorious."

Strindberg—"Plays," First Series, Second Series, Third and Fourth Series, "Married."

Sigrid Undset—"Jenny."

Modern Swedish Masterpieces—"Norway's Best Stories," "Sweden's Best Stories," "Denmark's Best Stories."

Social Service

(Fourth Week in December)

PERSONALITY STUDY: INFLUENCING PEOPLE BY LETTERS AND CONVERSATION

(Based on Overstreet's *Influencing Human Behavior*, pp. 71-139)

What degree of ability do you now have to use your mother tongue correctly and effectively in the various situations of life? Are you making any really serious efforts to further improve whatever of this ability you may have? Since most of us have little occasion to write for publication or to deliver public addresses we may do well in this discussion to confine ourselves to the more common matters of letter-writing and conversation.

Much has already been said and written about how to improve our use of language. Most of these discussions, however, take up literary matters—things we must know about grammar, composition and the more mechanical aspects of the problem. It is our purpose to emphasize another important point of view—one that is seldom given the prominence that it should have. It is that both writing and speaking are essentially psychological enterprises. Language is an important form of human behavior. It is the chief means we use to stimulate our associates so as to influence their behavior in some desired manner. Also by means of language we respond to many of the stimuli which affect us. It is a means we have of expressing our personalities.

Our text has a good deal to say about this point of view. How foolish it is to believe that the mere matter of taking one or more courses in rhetoric, composition or oral expression is enough to make one's writing and conversation worth-

while, artistic and effective! The lack of such opportunities do not mean that one has nothing of genuine worth to express nor that one cannot cultivate the ability to say it well.

Overstreet is quite in agreement with other thoughtful writers when he insists that it is the person behind the words that counts. Consider Lincoln's Gettysburg address and "note how inevitably personality shines through the printed words." "Whether we will it or not," says Overstreet, "it is the personality back of the writing which gives the writing such power or lack of power as it possesses." And then he adds, "the problem of effective writing is most deeply of all psychological."

Professor Suzzallo recognizes that back of all worthwhile communications are always worthwhile personalities for says he:

"* * * there can be no cultivation of the power to use English without an adequate development of enriched thought to be expressed. * * * We cannot transmit the power of using English. In the last analysis good English usage is a matter of self-cultivation."

It will be recognized that we are again stressing the main theme of our course—the importance of living a rich and abundant life. This is where Jesus placed the emphasis, for he says, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." (Jno. 10:10). And we must not substitute the ability to repeat this or sim-

ilar phrases for a sincere effort to actually live the life.

Now of course this "life" or personality enhancement that we so frequently bring to the front has many different phases and we shall be unable to discuss here more than a few of these. Just at this time we wish to make a few observations about the tendency we all have to go to seed in relation to language problems. We seem very prone to be quite satisfied with superficial evidences of life such as the ability to walk about, to eat three meals a day, and so on. In significant respects we may have died years ago. We may have gradually lost the evidences of life and youth.

When did you experience your last real enthusiasm? To what extent are you playful? How often do you afford pleasant surprises to those who know you best? Do you tend to conserve your energy so much that you avoid energy-consuming hobbies? How many useful new words have you recently added to your vocabulary? Do you object to using a dictionary or encyclopedia? Are you content to have someone else do your thinking for you? Do you act on the theory that social progress takes place automatically? Do you lazily wish for God to force the Millennium upon us and to begin solving our problems for us? Do you think that all radical changes in point of view, say in politics or religion, should be made by the other fellow—not you? Do your habits of thought and action tend to be of the ready-made and sober variety—such as befit a very proper average man? Is your speech and letter writing crowded with clichés, (pronounce kle shays) those stereotyped and commonplace expressions that we meet with on every hand? Would your friends

tend to class you as a bromide or a sulphite? (See *Magazine* for November, 1930, pages 631-632.)

Perhaps we have been helped by these questions to see that we have a need to resist tendencies which give us away to our friends as being more dead right now than we should like to admit. It is obvious that we should not be too self-satisfied and that we should impress people as being really alive—as being breezy and refreshing to be with. We must be willing to pay the price in docility, activity, growing pains, and sincere efforts to keep growing and developing. If we but try persistently enough we can all make significant progress in developing the kind of personality traits that will make our letter-writing and conversations have something back of them which will be readily recognized as interesting and of great worth.

We come now to another fundamental consideration. It is that the successful speaker or writer must understand and appreciate the probable emotional and intellectual responses of his listener or reader. As we have already intimated the problem is not merely one of self-expression, but it is also one of communication. It is important to measure one's success in terms of the effect that is likely to be produced upon the person or persons to whom we are writing or speaking.

The content and style of a well-written letter is influenced quite as much by the personality of the one who is to receive it as by the one who writes it. Who will deny that congregations have much to do with the kind of sermons that are preached to them? Even art and literature cannot wholly escape being judged by their contribution to life and the kind of life lived by the appreciators of art and literature

will in turn be reflected to some extent in the products presented for their enjoyment.

In writing a letter we should do our best to put ourselves in the place of the one who is to receive it. Just what particular things will he want or need to know about? What are his hobbies, interests and desires? What are his dislikes? How is he likely to take this or that particular bit of news? What is the probable nature of some of his recent experiences? What are his sentiments toward me and the things that I like especially or dislike. Will he be bored by the various things I tend most frequently to mention in my letters to other correspondents? What is his background of experience and education? Will I make the wrong impression if I adopt a chatty or familiar style? Have I shown due regard for his sincerity and earnestness in those matters where we might tend to disagree?

It is a fact that many letters are uninteresting and fall short of being as effective as they could be, simply because their writers have failed to even try to consider the persons to whom they were sent. They may be quite well written if judged wholly from the point of view of self-expression. Only a supreme egotist could assume that he has no obligation in a letter to consider anyone else than himself. The Golden Rule applies here just as it does in other social relations. (Matt. 7:12.)

The writer was impressed recently with the ability of the psychologist, William James, as a letter-writer. Although he was a person of great achievements and had a right to assume that others would gladly attend to whatever he had to say, he could adapt himself even to the thought processes of a little child.

I quote here part of a letter to his eight year old son.

"The young man of the house had shot a little wolf called a coyote in the early morning. The heroic little animal lay on the ground, with his big furry ears, and his clean white teeth, and his jolly cheerful little body, but his brave little life was gone. It made me think how brave all these living things are. Here little coyote was, without any clothes or house or books or anything, with nothing but his own naked self to pay his way with, and risking his life so cheerfully—and losing it—just to see if he could pick up a meal near the hotel. He was doing his coyote-business like a hero, and you must do your boy-business, and I my man-business bravely too, or else we won't be worth as much as that little coyote."

We see here how Professor James was able to write a choice letter that no doubt the little boy was glad to keep and re-read many times. What do you think about the probability that it actually influenced the boy in the way that the father desired?

In the art of conversation the same principles apply. We need to be worth listening to and we need to have due regard for the listener. Conversation should be easier than writing for we can adjust more readily to the likes and dislikes of our listeners. Appropriate physical expression and a pleasing voice help a good deal. Then too we can extend the courtesy of being good listeners and that predisposes the members of the group to listen with consideration to what we may have to say.

Conversation at its best is certainly a very high accomplishment. A person can be recognized as being well-educated when he uses his language "with power and beauty." When we have such people engaged in friendly conversation we have what has been called "the supreme and ultimate product of civilization."

Contrast this with what one hears much too often. There may be

harsh rasping voices sometimes even fairly yelling at each other. Or one may be carrying on in a dull monotone while the other occasionally merely grunts a very brief answer. Slang and profanity sometimes crop out and mar what is said. At least they are to be regarded as confessions of weakness rather than evidences of power. Nice shades of meaning are not expressed because of the very limited vocabulary possessed, or because the words that are known are overworked or used carelessly. Sometimes there is not even an attempt to say very much. At other times what is said is mere worthless gossip or even slander.

Let us make a genuine and persistent effort to improve the character of both our letter-writing and our conversations.

Some Problems for Discussion

1. Kimball says, "In the art of speaking and writing good English there is no tool of so great importance as a good authoritative dictionary." Study such a dictionary for about an hour to find out the different types of help one may obtain from it. List your findings and report briefly to the class. Do you agree with Kimball's statement? Give reasons.

2. In a recent magazine article these are the things mentioned to include in your conversations and letters if you want to be sure to make people hate you: "I don't agree with you at all. * * * I don't like your friend. * * * Anybody could do that. * * * I know better. * * * I'll tell you exactly where you failed. * * * As I was saying. * * * I used to think so a while back. * * * That is nothing but prejudice," etc. What do you think of people who do this? What sort of phrases would you substitute for these if you wished to make a better im-

pression? What more fundamental change would likely be necessary than a mere change of phrases?

3. Comment in relation to this lesson upon the following description of the educated man by J. H. Newman:

"He knows when to speak and when to be silent; he is able to converse, he is able to listen; he can ask a question pertinently, and gain a lesson seasonably, when he has nothing to impart himself; he is ever ready, yet never in the way; he is a pleasant companion, and a comrade you can depend upon; he knows when to be serious and when to trifle, and he has a sure tact which enables him to trifle with gracefulness and to be serious with effect * * * He can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unreasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome."

4. Many people believe and act as though "our greatness and welfare (were) proved by our being very rich." Contrast this standard with the conversation standard referred to in the lesson or with the following from Matthew Arnold:

"Consider these people, then, their way of life, their habits, their manners, the very tones of their voice; look at them attentively; observe the literature they read, the things which give them pleasure, the words which come forth out of their mouths, the thoughts which make the furniture of their minds."

5. Explain what type of person is referred to as a bromide; a sulphite. Explain and illustrate what is meant by a cliché.

6. Give the best practical suggestions you know of for improving one's written English. (See *Magazine* for October, 1930, page 575, problems 7-8.

My Masterpiece

Third Poem to Receive Honorable Mention in the 1930 Eliza Roxey Snow
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By Katheryn L. Clyde

Ambition knocked upon my door
And took possession of my heart.
Such wondrous things she promised me
In field of letters—music—art.

“Thou shalt be known through all the world,
Thy name be heard on every lip,
With laurels shalt thy brow be crowned,
At fortune’s fountain shalt thou sip.”

My heart beat high with joy and hope.
“I’ll give myself to art,” I cried.
But lo! My love rode by, and all
My dreams of art I put aside.

“Some day I’ll take them up again
And realize my hopes; just now
Life beckons with insistent hand,
Before her threshold I must bow.”

The days flew by on winged feet.
My heart was happy and content.
Each day a hundred homely tasks
To fill the fleeting hours, were sent.

“Next year I’ll paint my masterpiece
And all who gaze shall call it good.
Today, my efforts I must spend
Upon the shrine of Motherhood.”

My pen and brush still idle lay,
My lips breathed forth no melody
Until at length Ambition cried,
“A traitor hast thou been to me!”

My heart grew sick with grim despair,
Why had I failed to reach my aim?
If life held naught but this for me
Some way I must have been to blame.

When to my soul a whispered voice
My troubled spirit brought surcease.
“For in these little ones,” it said,
“Behold! Thy greatest Masterpiece!”

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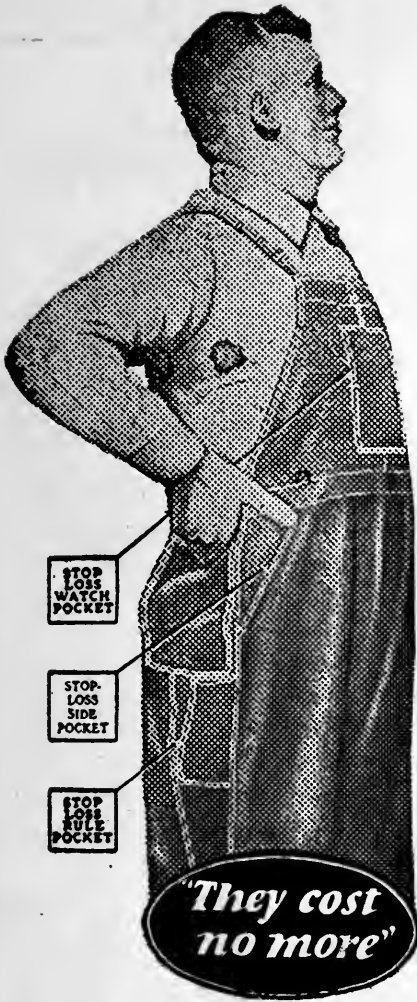


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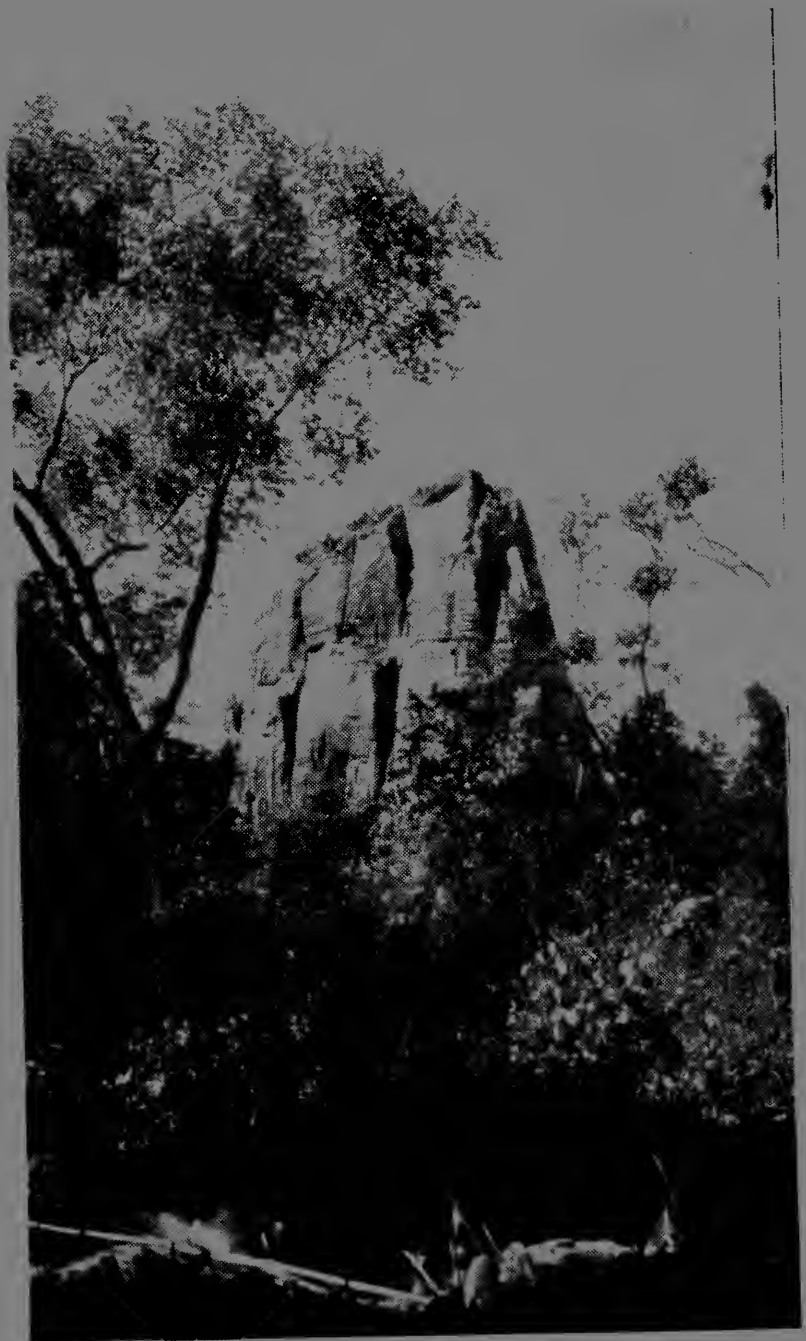
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Magazine

Volume XVIII

NOVEMBER, 1931

No. 11



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Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. 18

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No. 11

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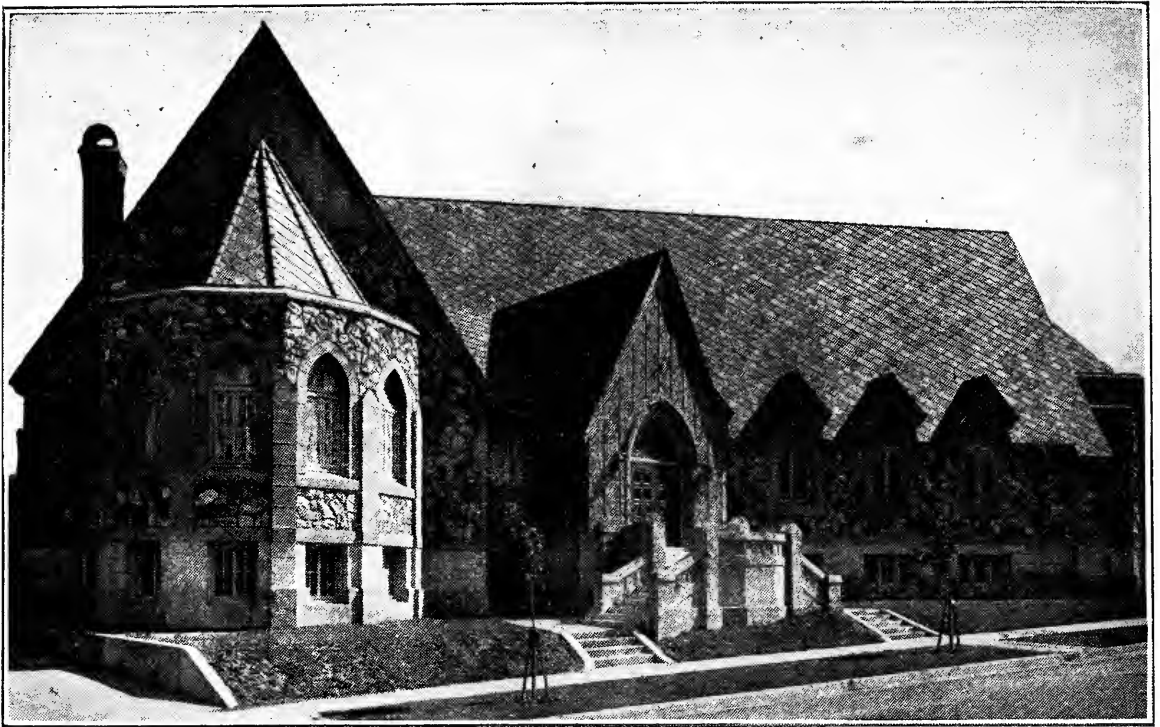
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What Boots It?

What boots it where our lot is cast
If we have friendships that will last,
And love that grips the very Soul
And makes our fragment-interests whole
A melting pot, where we may throw
The ice of life and feel the glow,
Of Spirit long away, and know,
That Joy of life out-weighs the woe?

What boots it if from cherished dream
We wake and find it but a seem?
If still the waking brings a day,
Of work and worship and of play,
And effort brings a recompense
Of Satisfaction of *Cents*
Sufficient to sustain our flight
With dream land never out of sight?

—George H. Brimhall.



DR. JOSEPH FRANCIS MERRILL

THE Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XVIII

NOVEMBER, 1931

No. 11

Dr. Joseph Francis Merrill

By Alice Louise Reynolds

DR. JOSEPH FRANCIS MERRILL has a record of achievement as a scholar and as a churchman. This record indicates clearly the major interests of his life. It furnishes the key to his character. The urge for knowledge and the urge for righteousness have gone hand in hand in the making of his personality. In him is a mingling of characteristics that made certain the scholar, and spiritual urges that make being a scholar most worth while.

Industry is one of his outstanding virtues, and, of course, accounts in part for his record of achievement. Accuracy is nearly an obsession with him. He wants the *facts* on any given matter on which he is to pass judgment. This quality of mind has of course played a major part in making the scientist—but it has never made obscure to his mind those subtle influences which are so potent in the spiritual life, and which may not be listed as material or intellectual facts.

Dr. Merrill was born in Cache Valley, Aug. 24, 1868, where he grew up. His father was Marriner W. Merrill and his mother was Mariah L. Kingsbury Merrill. He comes of a family with traditions

for learning. He is the nephew of Jos. T. Kingsbury, President Emeritus of the University of Utah. His father's family has been unusually prominent in education. During my career as a teacher, I have had three of his brothers as my colleagues. This tradition is apparent in the achievements of his own family; for all of his children who are old enough have college degrees. At a recent commencement at the University of Utah Dr. Merrill's wife and two daughters received bachelor's degrees, each one of them having been elected to the Phi Kappa Phi honorary scholastic fraternity. His father being a member of the Council of Twelve, made it certain that he would be reared in a home where emphasis was placed upon spiritual values. With such environment, we should expect to find one eager for knowledge concerning the Lord and his plan for the redemption of mankind. In this, we are not disappointed.

We shall, in our writing, give attention for the present, to his training for his life's work. He was graduated from the Normal department of the University of Utah, in 1889. He went to Ann Arbor that autumn to obtain his bachelor's

degree, an ambition realized in 1893.

He married Annie Laura Hyde, a daughter of Annie Taylor Hyde, associated with the General Board of the Relief Society for many years, and Alonzo Hyde. She was a granddaughter of President John Taylor. His first wife was a woman of sterling character. Six children blessed their union. His second wife, Emily L. Traub, is a woman of culture and charm. She has been a member of the faculty of the University of Utah for some years, holding a position in the language department, where she teaches German.

I was at the University of Michigan, when he was doing his undergraduate work. One day while conversing with Professor Isaac N. Damon, head of the English department he said, "Miss Reynolds, your Mr. Merrill ranks high in scholarship; he is a sound student, and a capable man." I responded that the Utah students associated with him were of that opinion, but we were very glad to have it substantiated by a member of the faculty.

While at Ann Arbor, he was associated with a number of Utahns, who have served both the Church and the State as leaders in education. I shall mention only one of these persons, his life long friend, Dr. Richard R. Lyman, because their lives have so often paralleled and because they are now in the Council of the Twelve together.

Later Dr. Merrill entered Cornell University, and the University of Chicago, for graduate work, finally taking his doctorate with honors from that great graduate institution Johns Hopkins University, which is in itself a guarantee of high scholarship. This was in 1899. During the six years intervening between taking his bachelor's and his doctor

of philosophy degrees he taught both chemistry and physics at the University of Utah.

Then came his career as head of the State School of Mines and Engineering at the University of Utah. In a state—prominent among mining states—such as Utah, there is great opportunity for a strong school of mines and engineering. In his new capacity, Dr. Merrill saw to it that his native state did not lose this opportunity. Through intelligent direction, he placed this school in a leading position in the nation. Also, he worked closely with President Joseph T. Kingsbury in administrative work as vice-president. He gave of his best wherever placed, and is one of the men to whom the University of Utah owes much of its growth and advancement along scholastic lines.

After years of devotion to his work at the State University, came his call as Commissioner of Education of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in 1928. He was happy to receive the appointment, for it gave him an opportunity to make use in full measure of the deeply religious urge of his soul. Those acquainted with him were happy in his appointment, because they knew he was grounded in the religious life of his people, and that he would be a force for regenerating, and building on spiritual foundations, the lives of those whom he contacted. Some of us were well aware of his power in this direction, because in days past at the University of Michigan, when he was presiding over a group of Utah students, we came to know the depth of his spiritual life.

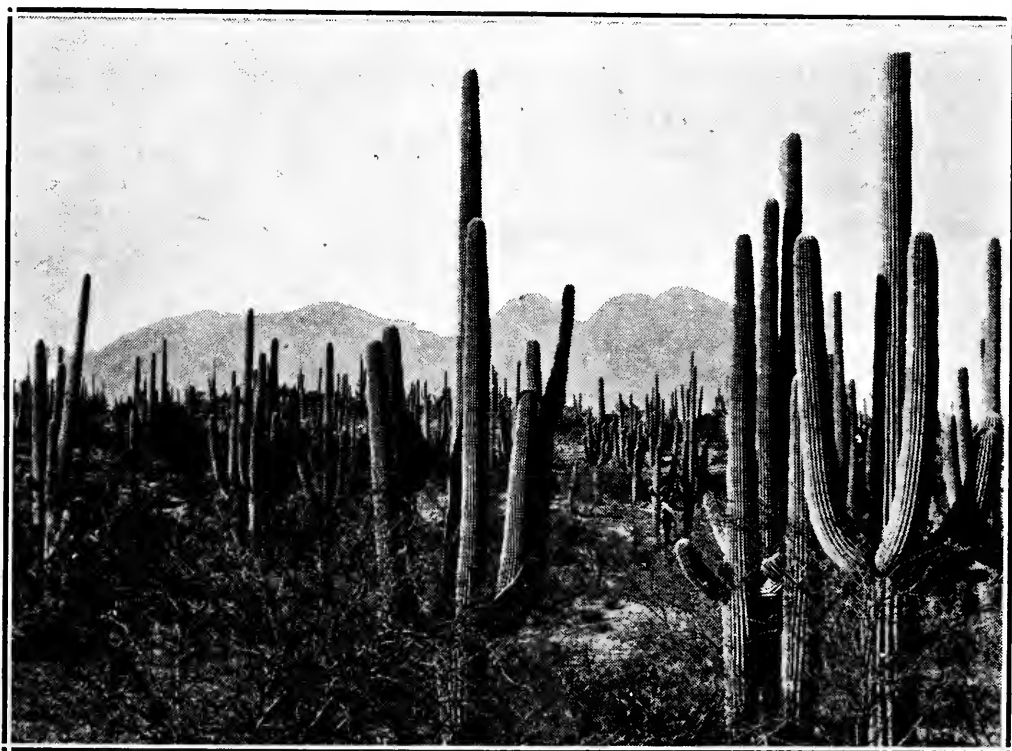
Then came his service as first assistant superintendent in the Y. M. M. I. A. work, of Salt Lake Stake, and later his service as coun-

selor to the president of the Granite Stake. At present he is a member of the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A. His appointment on this board came shortly after he was called to be Commissioner of Education.

His call as Commissioner of Education is a highly spiritual one. To follow Karl G. Maeser in any calling, is to make it highly spiritual, for spirituality was of the air that he breathed. That Dr. Merrill has been able to satisfy those who knew Karl G. Maeser, and were with him in his work, is one of the highest tributes that can be paid him as an administrator in an office where the spiritual entities are foremost. Those who have worked with him in his present position appreciate his care of details, his promptness, his close attention to facts in a case whenever he is to render judgment,

or whenever he is dealing with a matter where facts are important. His friends would vouch for his integrity, for his absolute reliability, for his scholarship, and his faith in the Lord and in the ultimate triumph of truth and righteousness. He believes sincerely in the good life.

During the past months, thousands have listened to his radio addresses, and have heard him expound the gospel of Jesus Christ in the light of scientific knowledge. They have felt the power of his testimony, and know of his faith in the life that is in harmony with the plan of our Father in Heaven. At this very opportune time comes his call to the Council of the Twelve. There is joy and rejoicing in Israel, for they recognize in him one who, through the blessings of the Lord, will feed them the bread of life.



GIANT CACTUS FOREST IN ARIZONA

Side Lights on the Book of Mormon

By John Henry Evans

II HOW THE BOOK OF MORMON EDUCATED JOSEPH SMITH

FROM the year 1820, when Joseph Smith received his vision of the Father and the Son, to the year 1830, when the *Book of Mormon* was printed, is nine years.

Moreover, Joseph Smith was a little past fourteen years old at the time of the first vision and not yet twenty-five that spring when the Nephite Record appeared in printed form. These would be among the years when he was shaping his character—the adolescent period.

These two facts—the impressionable time of youth and that period of nine years—give us a clew to the reason for the appearance of the *Book of Mormon* at this particular moment in the founding of “Mormonism” and under the particular circumstances of its appearance.

That Joseph Smith required spiritual training goes without saying. Any one with the Prophet’s work before him stood in such need, no matter what his education or attainments otherwise might have been.

Mere book learning was not necessary in a situation like this. If it were, God would most likely have chosen a man with a college degree. There was no lack of men with degrees in the United States. But God did not do that. Instead he selected an uneducated farm boy, the son of a farmer.

Sometimes his followers have been inclined to apologize for Joseph Smith’s lack of schooling. No apology is necessary. Books give only second-hand information, as also do the schools, for the most part. But what was required here was

first-hand knowledge, the knowledge that comes from contact with persons, with things—in short, with life in its farthest reaches. Besides, the facts that come from lore are insecure as compared with the facts that come from fresh contact with life.

At fourteen Joseph Smith knew but little, either of books or of life. He could read and write and cipher. His contacts were only with farm folk like himself and his father and brothers, and with the land and the domestic animals with which it was tilled or that were otherwise useful on the farm. Of the great world outside he knew nothing, except as echoes might reach him through the weekly paper and uncertain rumor.

In essential nature, of course, he was the same at fourteen as he was at thirty-eight, when he died. That is, he was highly spiritual—“psychic,” as we would say nowadays.

Furthermore, the work that was to be required of the modern seer and prophet would demand exceptional knowledge in religion and theology, knowledge that was both deep and extensive. And how was any one to extract from the barren atmosphere of a backwoods town such theological and religious knowledge?

We shall see, in another article, just how meager young Smith’s theological lore was at first and how vast and deep it became before his work of translating the Nephite scriptures was completed.

Joseph Smith, then, to begin with, had only the plastic nature and the instrumentalities, his “psychic” soul,

as a preparation for his work in life. And the incidents connected with the *Book of Mormon* and the effort necessary in the translation of it furnished the required knowledge and training for that work.

YOUTH does not take greatly to abstractions. It prefers concreteness. Persons, things, events—these constitute the materials out of which the young man manufactures his thoughts. As a matter of fact, the grown-up too can generally understand an idea best when it is embodied in some material form. This is one of the deepest principles of the art of teaching.

Now, the circumstances connected with the *Book of Mormon* furnished just this necessary materialization of ideas for the youthful mind of the Prophet. There was Moroni, an objective reality, in spite of his resurrected state; there was the tangible book of gold plates, with the equally tangible urim and thummim, or interpreters; and there were the events, or spiritual happenings, in connection with the revelation of the Record—the numerous visits of the angel, the translation of the strange language on the plates, and the rest.

Joseph Smith got three things from his experiences with the *Book of Mormon* events: (1) information concerning the dealings of God with his children on the earth and the general principles of salvation; (2) spiritual certitude through actual contacts with spiritual persons and truth; and (3) training in spiritual processes through concentration of mind on spiritual matters.

Let us look into each of these separately.

In another article we shall take up in some detail the Prophet's familiarity with theological truth,

but something must be said here on the subject, although from a slightly different angle.

GOD'S dealings with man are essentially the same, whether man lives in the first or the last dispensation of the world's history, whether in Europe or America. At least, the principles involved in those dealings are about the same in all cases, with perhaps such variations in detail as may be necessary to suit varying conditions of time and place. That is to say, God requires about the same general lines of conduct on the part of all mankind, and his methods of dealing with them are similar in all ages and nations. Hence, when Joseph Smith studied the particulars of Nephite religious history, he necessarily became familiar with the religious ideas and ideals of every people that have ever had any special divine contacts. And these religious ideals are, for some reason, clearer in the Nephite Record than in the record of the Jews.

Moreover, the intensive work of translation would tax the mind to its utmost to understand—something that a mere reading, however intent, could not do. Is it any wonder, then, that the young seer, when the translation was finished, showed a knowledge of theology and religion that was rare even in the trained theologian of the period?

Finally, there is the matter of those interviews with Moroni. These we are sometimes inclined to underestimate in importance, so far as the Prophet's education is concerned.

Take, for instance, that first night—September 21, 1823. There were three interviews. All of them together occupied the entire night. If we think of the young man as

retiring at nine and of daylight as coming on at six o'clock the next morning, the three interviews occupied about nine hours. Since the second and the third interviews were, in the main, a repetition of the first, the angel's message would therefore be about three hours in length. If cut down the whole period by, say, an hour and a half, this would give us a continuous discourse by Moroni on new matter of two and a half hours.

What did he say during that time? One can say a great deal in two hours and a half or three hours. And there were at least seventeen interviews between Moroni and Joseph, longer or shorter than these, which were not mere repetitions. Mother Smith tells us that of an evening during these years, after the house work was done and the outside chores, the entire family would sit round the hearth while Joseph told them about the ancient Nephites—their customs, their dress, their houses, their domestic animals, with as much detail as if he had lived among them. Is it too much to suppose that most of this came from the angel Moroni?

AND then there is the matter of spiritual certitude, the second point.

There is no source of knowledge like experience. Books are no comparison. What we get from reading is but information, and second-hand at that. Indeed, experience is the ultimate fountain of all knowledge. What we get through experience we *know*; what we get in some other way—through reading or conversation, for instance—we can only believe at most on the testimony of others. And so, after his experiences with Moroni and the gold plates, Joseph Smith knew in a sense

of which the most learned theologians of his times had no awareness at all. He knew with the same certitude that we read of in the ancient prophets and wise men—Abraham, Moses, Isaiah, Jeremiah. It was like seeing Niagra Falls as compared with merely hearing about that natural wonder.

As for the matter of training, this was not the least part the *Book of Mormon* played in the education of the Prophet. Joseph Smith was a very different sort of person in 1830, when the Nephite Record appeared in print, from what he was in 1823, when Moroni first appeared to him—different in several respects.

For one thing, as we have said he *knew* more. He knew more about God, about the principles of salvation, and about God's dealings with his children on the earth. And this was knowledge, not hearsay, with him. Moreover, this knowledge on his part gave him a confidence he could not have possessed in any other way. For it is the nature of knowledge to produce self-confidence in those who have it. Often, during this time and after, this self-assurance in Joseph Smith was mistaken for conceit, egoism. But it was not. It was the result of knowledge.

And then, for another thing, he was more dependable in his character at the end of this period than he was at the beginning.

Once, before the plates were delivered to him, he was passing the hill Cumorah. The angel of the Record suddenly appeared to him and reprimanded him for not having been "sufficiently engaged" in the Lord's work. Just the nature of his misdemeanor and of the reproof he received, Mother Smith, who relates the story, does not inform us. But Joseph told his par-

ents that it was the "severest chastisement" he had ever received in his life.

And then there is that well known incident involving the loss of one hundred sixteen pages of manuscript by Martin Harris. It seems that the young man would not take no for an answer to his prayerful request for a loan of the manuscript to Harris. He was severely punished. The angel took away from him both the urim and thummim and the plates.

That there were other detours from the direct path of right as he had been told it, is evident from certain reproofs to be found in the revelations. Says one of them, "After it was truly manifest unto this first elder that he had received a remission of his sins, he was entangled again in the vanities of the world." And another revelation calls attention to the "strictness" of the commandments that were given to him and accuses him of having transgressed them "oft" and "gone after the persuasions of men," setting "at naught the counsels of God."

Nor are these missteps by Joseph Smith during his first years of spiritual work to be wondered at. He was very young—for a prophet. He was without experience and training. And the responsibilities he had to bear were extremely heavy. Moreover, as he himself tells us, the reputation he had on account of his first vision was such as to shut him off from the companionship of the young people with whom he would otherwise have mingled.

But he grew under these responsibilities and the guidance of his heavenly instructor. One can hardly conceive of his falling into these early errors after his judgment and his moral strength had developed under the tutorship of Moroni. The

messenger's educative work with the young seer was well done therefore.

And, for still another thing, the Prophet's "psychic" powers developed during these years of translation. For spiritual powers, like the taste for music or literature or intellectual things generally, grow with cultivation.

A circumstance related by Orson Pratt shows this.

While the Prophet was revising the *Bible*, Elder Pratt visited him. Joseph, after chatting a few moments with the visitor, resumed his work of revision. Young Orson sat there listening.

Pretty soon Joseph turned to the young man. "Once I needed the urim and thummim," he explained, "in work like this. That was when I was inexperienced. But now I do not any more require any tangible instrument."

This explanation, Elder Pratt says, exactly met the thought that was just then running through his head.

And so it was. At first we find the Prophet's revelations coming to him through the urim and thummim. It seems that, during these early years, he could receive none without it. For, once when that instrument was taken away from him, he was completely at a loss what to do. And when it was restored to him by Moroni he immediately asked for, and received, divine instructions. Later we find him bowing his head in silence for a few moments, then dictating slowly a revelation. Parley P. Pratt so informs us. Many of the revelations in subsequent years were given in this way.

THUS the *Book of Mormon* became the means through which to educate the modern prophet.

It taught him implicit obedience to God. It taught him to be dependable in his character. It trained his mind in concentration. It gave him exact knowledge of God's dealings with the children of men. It furnished him with more knowledge

and information than was possessed by all his contemporaries put together. But, most of all, it put into his hands, through the training of his spiritual powers, the means by which he was to contact the mind of the Almighty.

Stretching Dollars

By Elaine Hyde Thomas

ESTHER was enjoying her new home. She enjoyed it with her eyes for it was clean and new and expressed unnumbered possibilities for adornment. She enjoyed it with her body, for though it was larger than her former home, it was arranged to require less work and it stayed clean longer. Esther appreciated these things and was happy.

As she prepared the lunch table, she heard Dan in the bed-room talking to their three months old baby Peggy.

"Peggy, O Peggy! You cute little kid, look at your dad! Like the looks of that streak of sunshine on the mirror, do you? Guess *you* are crazy about your surroundings like the rest of us. Well, if it hadn't been for you, guess we'd still be in the old place. You expensive little bundle!"

It was true. Peggy's advent forced the necessity of more room. Therefore the new house.

"Dan," Esther began, when the serving of the children had been attended to, "I just *love* my new home! And I was thinking today that I haven't entertained my friends for years; I didn't have room in the other place. Besides, I'm so proud of this house that I really want to show it."

"Sure you do, go ahead. It's all

right with me." Dan was proud too.

"Of course there are some things I'll have to have before I can think of entertaining." After a pause she continued. "So perhaps I hadn't better plan it right away."

Dan shifted uneasily and looked at his watch. "Just what things do you mean, Esther?"

Esther hesitated a moment; she had been trying for a week to approach the subject. Now that she had begun it, she must handle it just right.

"Well—the furniture, Dan! I can't very well show my new home with this old furniture in it. I want the house to look *beautiful*!"

She looked at Dan and waited. He didn't answer her at once so she added, "Dan, don't think I'm dissatisfied—this old furniture is plenty good enough for awhile if there's just the family here alone."

"Well, my dear, we'd better remain alone awhile longer then. You know, no doubt, that the house cost money!"

That cut Esther. Didn't she realize? Hadn't she been patient and careful? What was the use of trying to help if all she got was sarcasm? Instead of crying as she felt like doing, she said, "All right then, I'll not entertain. The only refreshment I could serve that would be in keeping with my dining-room furniture,

would be hot-dogs and pink lemonade."

Dan had finished his lunch and those were the words he heard as he closed the door on leaving for the office, without his usual kiss.

Esther hadn't finished her lunch—however she leaned forward on her elbows to take a final look as Dan got into his car. She felt resentful. Only last week Dan had put a new bumper on both front and rear of the car, besides getting a new extra tire.

"Of course he almost had to have the extra tire. But he didn't have to get those bumpers. I don't even have an extra supply of absolutely necessary things."

As the days passed the mood that engulfed Esther didn't seem to wear off. The first unpleasantness that had occurred in connection with the new home, had left her somewhat numbed. She knew something must be done. Perhaps what she would do could not relieve the immediate necessity, but it would at least relieve her mind. Dan hadn't mentioned the incident since and from all appearances one would never know he had participated in it.

"Let's go for a ride tonight, Esther, it will do you and the kiddies good!" Dan urged one evening after dinner.

"All right, let's," Tom, the nine-year-old boy, called out as he grabbed his hat and rushed for the door.

"I'm weedy, Daddy!" said three-year-old Bobbie.

Dan glanced at Esther, who was wiping jam from Mary Ellen's mouth; even though she was old enough to have done it nicely herself.

"Coming?" he asked.

"No, not tonight. You take the

children. I have something very important to do."

"But you need the ride, dear, you haven't been out for a number of days." Dan was trying to show Esther that he appreciated her even if he had been a little stubborn concerning the furniture.

"There are some things a person can't do with children around, so you go on without me. I really need this little time to myself."

A FEW minutes later found Esther on her knees beside an old trunk in the basement. She was pulling things out with feverish haste, shaking them out, considering them, laying some aside and shoving others back into the trunk disgustedly. So absorbed was she that she didn't realize how time was passing, and was surprised when she heard the car stop. Dan and the children were home.

"He's curious!" muttered Esther to herself as she emerged from the back bed-room where she had hurriedly run to deposit her precious bundle.

Dan looked his question when he came in, but Esther *didn't* look the answer. A glance at the clock told her that they really had been gone an hour.

The following Sunday, Mary Ellen put on her new fall tam. Dan was reading when she drew his attention to it.

"Look't my new tam, Daddy! Don't you think it's pretty?"

"I should say I do, honey. Where in the world did you get it?"

"Out of the big sleeves of Grandma's old velvet waist!" Mary Ellen hastened to inform him with enthusiasm.

"You don't mean to tell me your new hat has been hiding in Grandma's sleeves all these years, do

you?" her Daddy asked incredulously.

"O' course not! The hat wasn't, but the cloth it's made of was. Mother made the tam!" she announced with pride.

"Well, it's a beauty! Now run along to Sunday School or you'll be late."

Dan didn't resume his paper immediately, and was still gazing at the blank wall on the opposite side of the room when Tom dashed in.

"Have I got to go to Sunday School, Dad?" He asked as he grabbed his cap from the table where his mother had laid it in readiness for him.

"Yes—you have twenty minutes. Run along. Say, Son, I'm glad to see your shoes polished so nicely, you seem to be taking more pride in yourself lately."

"I didn't shine 'em—the shoemaker did. These are my wore out ones that used to be with the junk in the basement. Goo'-bye!"

Dan's expression was still more puzzled when Tom had gone, and he glanced at Esther with a quizzical smile when she entered.

The following Friday morning while Esther was giving Tom's ears a final touch before sending him off to school, she asked, "Do you know where old Sin Lu's vegetable gardens are, Tom?"

"Yes—why?"

"Well, if you are sure you know just where they are, you hurry home from school tonight and we'll take a little trip, if it isn't too far. I'll get Dorothy Brown to stay here with the other children."

At five-thirty that evening as Dan was returning from examining the Swanson place north of town, he passed a trim little woman and a boy with an express wagon, before he noticed who they were. He

slowed up, stopped, then backed till he was beside them.

"Esther, what in the world do you think you are doing away out on this dusty road pulling a loaded wagon?"

"Just bringing a few fresh vegetables," Esther answered lightly.

"Why in thunder do you want to walk away out here for them? The stores have anything you can want."

"But they aren't nearly so *fresh*, and besides they cost about twice as much as these." Then she added, "Anyway, I enjoy the walk. It's only a little way out here."

"*Little* way! Fully a mile if it's a foot. Jump in and I'll empty those things in the back of the car so Tom can pull the wagon home easier," Dan said.

"Poor little kid! Dan, I can easier walk than he can—all that way! Here, let's lay the robe over the seat and put the wagon in cross-wise. He can hold it so it wont scratch anything."

Reluctantly Dan did as suggested, and they rode home in silence.

That night Esther secretly planned that, if possible, she would have her party as soon as her fall house-cleaning was done. That meant a number of things. She and Mary Ellen must have some fall clothes, and they must be made before the cleaning was done. Afterward she would be too busy with party preparations. Another thing—if she got those things done and fixed up as many other things as she could, she would know just how much she had saved. This she planned to ask Dan for as clothes money that was coming to her. Then she would take it to the furniture store and be able to make a substantial payment on those things she considered she must have before she could entertain.

THE next morning, after doing the things that were absolutely necessary in the house, she began to carry out her plans.

"Now let me see, I think I can get the skirt out of those two pairs of trousers. There doesn't seem to be any up or down to this material. I can turn the legs bottom side up and make a semi-princess effect like they are showing now. There's plenty in the coat to make the sleeves and upper part. Uncle Bill was *so fat* and I am *so slender*," Esther said aloud to herself, with a pin between her teeth, as she twisted and turned before the mirror. Deciding that way she set to work picking, cleaning and pressing. She even hummed a snatch now and then of any tune that popped into her head. The happiness of a secret endeavor quickened her movements.

That night Dan surprised her by saying. "Let's see, haven't you a birthday a week from tomorrow?"

"Yes, why?" Esther answered astonished. There had been times in their married life when Dan hadn't remembered at all and usually he was a week or two late. But to remember a week ahead!

"How about a new fall dress for that day? You need one pretty bad," Dan said.

"Yes, I do—but—but you had better let me get it so it will be sure to fit. Then you can pay for it," Esther said a trifle nervously.

O, how she sewed the next week! Peggy had to entertain herself almost entirely, and consider her little stomach lucky if it was fed when nature required that it should be. First she lay on her back in her buggy, till the kewpie swinging from it's hood ceased to interest her. Then she was propped between pillows on the bed so she

could watch her mother move around. In fact, Peggy was put into positions that she wouldn't have been allowed to try for months if there hadn't been such dire necessity for her good behavior. Near the end of one of her very busiest days, she heard an insistent hammering on the back screen.

"Wait a minute, Bobby, mother's coming," Esther called.

"Tan't wait, I dot a fliver in mine finder," Bobby wailed.

"Here's mother, let me see that poor finger!"

"Hurts awfo' bad, mudder."

He did have a sliver. Not a bad one, but it takes a precious half-hour to remove one of any kind from a tender little finger, and administer the love and kisses that are called for afterward.

"Tom, run to the basement and bring Mother some potatoes. Hurry, I haven't much time!" Tom had bolted in and was rummaging in the bread-box while Bobbie's finger was being attended to.

"Gee whiz, Mother, do I have to wait till you cook spuds? I'm as hungry as a lion!"

"Hustle along and it'll not be a jiffy till I have a fine dinner on the table."

"Say Mother, would you jes-a-soon peel a hunk for me first, I want to eat it raw!"

Esther was tired at dinner time. She was cross with Tom and Mary Ellen. She cut her answers to Dan very short, and sighed heavily as she laid Peggy down after undressing her earlier than usual. After dinner Dan settled down with his paper.

"Tom, bring me my bed-room slippers."

That settled it, this was to be one of his few nights at home. Esther never knew which night he

would be home and she had planned on sewing tonight in case he went out. So she got a paper after Peggy and Bobbie were happily in bed, and prepared to read. But no matter what topic she would read, her eyes were sure to rest upon an advertisement showing the latest models in new fall dresses. They were tempting! Not so very expensive either. But just the same the price of one of them would make a fair-sized payment on the sale price of that over-stuffed living-room furniture. Esther figured to herself, "It's lucky Uncle Bill didn't want that suit any longer. It's so fine and nice and with two pairs of trousers! Why, I'd be a horrid old spendthrift not to use it, even if I had all the money I wanted, to buy furniture with."

"What are you writing, Esther?"

"Not a check!" she answered sharply, due to fatigue.

"Well, I hardly thought you were. Not on the edge of a newspaper, anyway," Dan answered, a little surprised at her mood.

"You said I was to have a new dress so I'm looking at these and figuring a little, to help me decide what kind I want," Esther said somewhat apologetically.

"Get yourself kind of a bright, dashy one! Not loud, you know. But just different. I can't explain what I mean but you look around, I've seen plenty of that kind in the windows. You've worn sombre things too much lately."

Dashy, different! Those words struck Esther rather forcibly. A dress from Uncle Bill's old suit would most certainly be different from anything he'd see, but as to being dashy! Well that was hardly possible, out of navy-blue serge with a white pin-stripe in it. "But maybe—if I put a white tailored collar

and cuffs on it!" Well, at least she had started it and she would finish it.

Next morning, as soon as babies and necessary tasks would release her, she went to the back bed-room. She spent, or rather, wasted, the best part of the morning, trying to figure out the dashy part of her dress. She gathered up scraps of bright silks that she had, and tried each piece separately with the dress to see the effect, until she had looked at so many that all looked alike. No—that wouldn't do, if this dress dashed it would have to be because of style, not because of color combinations. Anyway this could only be a tailored model, made out of such material. The white collar and cuffs would look the best! By noon she had made that decision and taken a few stitches.

"If I only had a maid to get lunch!" she said aloud.

She was glad Dan had gone back to work as soon as he finished eating and had not insisted that she go with him to town to pick out her new dress.

At three o'clock things weren't going so bad. The old suit was beginning to look like a neat little dress. Two hours more, Esther planned, would complete it. Her humming, which vied in tone and tune, with the song of her sewing-machine, suddenly ceased. She hesitated then started it again. Again she stopped it. No, she wasn't mistaken!

"Mudder." Very faintly it came. Rising, she went to the kitchen door. No calling of Mother could be heard there, so after standing a moment she returned to her work. As she seated herself she heard it again — this time with a sobbing sound. "Mudder, Oh, Mudder!"

"It must be Bobbie somewhere,"

Esther said as she hurried again to the door.

"Bobbie, Oh, Bobbie, where are you?"

"Mudder." His voice sounded farther away than when she was in the bed room. Then she decided that she heard it plainer when she was at the back of the house than she did at the front. She rushed outside and let herself be led by the tiny, sobbing voice. In the vacant lot some distance from the house, was a huge hole Tom and his chums had dug. It was tunneled. Her worried brain was sure the call had come from that direction. Her heart felt numb. With an effort she made her feet respond and carry her toward the hole as she called insistently for Bobbie to answer her. Why didn't he call again. Only one reason entered Esther's mind. The roof of the tunnel had caved in and Bobbie was suffocating!

"Why didn't I make Tom mind me when I told him to fill the thing up?" She reproached herself.

Finally she reached it and saw to her relief that the hole yawned open as it had always done. No Bobbie there.

"Thank Providence for that anyway. But where can he be? Bobbie, Bobbie!" She called louder, hurrying back toward the house.

"Mudder." That was the plainest she had heard it, and glancing toward the house in the direction from which it came, she saw through the basement window, Bobbie, sitting on the top of the coal pile!

"Bobbie, are you hurt? Answer Mother this minute!" Esther demanded in frightened tones.

"No, Mudder," he sobbed.

Esther rushed into the house and down stairs to get him. "Why, Bobbie this door wasn't locked, why

in the world didn't you come up stairs and find Mother?"

"I fought 'er was a bear 'ere by the—the—door," he answered between sobs.

Esther's body was weak from fright. Her first impulse was to spank Bobbie. But his continued sobs told too well how real his fright had been. Instead she mutely thanked God that Bobbie wasn't hurt and gathered him up into her arms and kissed him.

Unfortunate indeed, is the woman who goes through life without being responsible for the safety of a wide-eyed, trusting child. The finding him safe, after fearing he was dying from your neglect, brings a thrill and thankfulness that is not overshadowed by any other experience.

By the time Esther had loved Bobbie's fears away it was five o'clock. Her sewing time was gone, her dress was not finished and it was her birthday to-morrow. Dan would soon be home and dinner must be prepared before he arrived.

"I must go back to the office, dear, but you go to bed early if I'm not here. You look tired and worn out. I'll be back just as soon as I can," Dan urged after dinner.

Esther did need to go to bed early—she was tired. However when Dan got home at nearly eleven o'clock he met Esther coming out of the back bed-room.

"I thought I told you to go to bed!"

"You did, but really I had some things I must do. Anyway I wasn't as tired as I looked," Esther lied.

"Well, my evening has been well spent. If the deal doesn't fall through, we'll make a nice little piece of money on that Swanson place north of town. Mr. Boam, the man who may buy it, is crazy about it and doesn't think eight

thousand dollars is too much money for it," Dan said as he pulled his tie off.

"That's fine." Her answer wasn't very enthusiastic. Dan often told her about big deals, if they didn't fall through. Besides, her eyes were as tell-tale as a child's. She dragged herself to her bed-side and slowly got into bed, trying to hide her fatigue from Dan.

When he arose next morning Esther still slept. So he carefully closed the hall door as he went out to make the fire. He called Tom, ate a hurried breakfast and started for work.

It was late when Esther awoke and then only because Peggy fussed. The hour was past her breakfast time. As Esther dressed she felt a vague sense of rush, even before her brain had had time to think out the details of the unfinished dress. The package of cornflakes and partly empty milk bottle beside Dan's dish, told of the hasty bite he had taken before leaving.

"Daddy said to tell you he didn't call you 'cause you was so tired last night," Tom said as he came into the kitchen half-dressed.

"That was mighty good of Daddy," his Mother replied, at the same time wishing he had called her. "Dan is thoughtful when it comes to my health, and I haven't done him justice this last week. He has eaten any old thing! He hasn't scolded or been annoyed at the untidiness of the house, and has been a dear at tending Peggy. But I'll finish my dress today, and then he shan't see me nervous and untidy anymore," thought Esther as she worked.

"Tom, come, you *are* a slowpoke. You aren't ready for breakfast yet and I've dressed Bobbie and helped dress Mary Ellen, besides tending

to Peggy. I'm in an awful hurry this morning."

"Mother, when you start hurrying, do you ever get time to stop?" Tom asked innocently as he slid into his chair after the others had commenced eating.

"Here's your cereal, dear," Esther said, ignoring his question, and handing him his dish.

The morning went all too fast. Peggy was cross. Esther burned her finger while pressing and had to take time to put egg-white on it. It was so tender that she couldn't sew fast and Dan was back for lunch before she was half ready for him.

HELLO, Mama! How do you feel after your sleep?" He kissed her and patted her arm. Not waiting for an answer he handed her a letter, then picked up Peggy, whose crying ceased as he did so.

Hurriedly Esther tore it open, read it, reread parts, looked at the signature again and then at Dan. He was looking questioningly at her.

"Who is your letter from, honey?"

"It's from Uncle Bill!" Her voice was scarcely audible.

"Well, what's the news? A funeral or something? Who's dead?"

"O, Dan, nobody's dead, but I wish I was. Here you read it, Uncle Bill wants that old suit of his with the white pin-stripes in it, and two pairs of pants. And I can't—can't—"

"Can't what, dear?" Dan had never seen Esther quite so worked up before over what appeared to him to be a trifle.

"I can't send it. It isn't fit to wear! It's all cut up. Now it's mostly all sewed up again into a dress for me."

Dan's eyes twinkled, the situation struck him so funny. But he was man enough not to laugh. "You have got yourself into a pretty mix-up, Esther. Why didn't you write and ask Uncle Bill's permission before seizing his wardrobe?"

"I just thought he'd have taken them if he wanted them. He's a childish old man anyway, he probably only wants them to wear while he digs in the garden or shovels snow off the side-walk!"

"I don't want any lunch—you and the children eat without me! I'm going over to Mrs. Brown's, to ask if Dorothy will stay here with Bobbie and Peggy while I go to town with you."

Dan filled the children's plates, then ate his own lunch in silence. He was experiencing confused emotions over what had just happened.

At the first gent's furnishing store they came to, Esther got out of the car and went in, telling Dan not to wait for her.

"Have you any navy-blue serge suits with a white pin-stripe?" she asked the clerk.

"Let me see, madam, I believe we have one left from last year. Did you want it for a young man?" he asked as he produced the suit. "Size sixteen?"

"O, no. That won't do! Uncle Bill must be sixty. Thank you very much for your trouble." Esther walked out and down the street to the next gent's furnishing store. This time she gave all the needed information without being asked. When the clerk said, "I believe we have just the thing you want. Over this way, please." Esther was glad indeed. She looked at the suit; the stripes were a trifle too far apart, but she thought that wouldn't matter. The price? That would have to be all right, there was no other

place in town where a man's suit could be purchased. Anyway she was going to pay for it in installments out of her own limited spending money, and also, do without any new clothes for herself in the spring. But she was glad when the clerk told her it *had* been marked sixty-five dollars but she could have it for thirty-five because pin-stripes weren't very good this year.

"Don't forget to put in both pairs of pants," Esther reminded him as a finish to her bargain.

"Why, Mrs. Weston—did I say there were two pairs of pants? If I did I surely made a mistake. This suit has but one pair. I'm very sorry!"

"You didn't say so but I thought all men's suits had two pairs of pants that could be purchased if one so desired. Well, I can't take the suit. Uncle Bill said he must have both pairs of pants!" Again she walked out suitless, this time leaving a very mystified clerk. He hadn't thought before that Mrs. Dan Weston was queer.

Esther realized by this time that her intention could not be carried out, so she went to Dan's office. She must have help, she had been exhausting her resourcefulness now for weeks, and felt too weary to figure this out by herself. Dan was alone. Esther looked melancholy as she walked in and closed the door, and turned the key to make sure there would be no interruptions.

Dan listened seriously to her story and then said, "Esther, my dear, I've realized for a week that you were overdoing yourself. So this morning I stole into the back bedroom before you were awake. I hadn't imagined that you would undertake quite such a difficult task. After thinking the situation over,

I wrote that letter, here on the typewriter, and signed Uncle Bill's name to it because I recognized the suit. Esther, I didn't have any idea you wanted your party bad enough to walk miles trying to save five cents on vegetables. Then send yourself nearly insane trying to get a new dress for yourself out of Uncle Bill's old suit!"

"Dan, I think you are a mean old thing to scare me so!" Esther broke in.

But Dan didn't pay any attention to that. He felt that she had needed her lesson.

"It's all right now though, honey. Don't look so mad! Remember the deal on the Swanson place I told you about last night? Well, I finished it up this morning!" He reached into a drawer of his desk. "Here's a check I made out to you

before you came in. Get yourself a dress and use the rest to make a payment on what furniture you need to get before the party."

Esther was too tired to refuse indignantly. Dan drew her toward him and snuggled her in his arms.

"You aren't too terribly mad at me now, are you, honey? That was a nice dress you made, Esther. Really! Honest, I never saw better sewing—and the way you made it was fine. But, honey, that isn't the right kind of cloth to match you. You must have one all soft and silky! I picked one out over at Shay's that I like. It's your birthday today, so won't you run over and see if it fits?"

For answer she looked up and smiled. She looked prettier than he had seen her for weeks, Dan thought, as he kissed her.

Riches of Soul

By Rachel G. Taylor

How different from gold are riches of soul,
 You may share them again and again,
 You but double or treble your store
 As you give of your gifts to all men.

If kind words you say to a friend
 You both will find brighter the day
 And your smile full of joy and goodwill
 Holds sunshine and gives it away.

So scatter your riches of soul.
 They are seeds blessed by God from above,
 And along the broad pathway of life
 They will blossom in flowers of love.

Enemies of Friendship

By N. I. Butt

A LIMITED number of your friends may stick with you in spite of what to most people are very annoying things about you. In general, however, others will shun you if your irritating habits are more repulsive than the desirable qualities are attractive to them. Eliminate the annoyances so that the benefits from your friendship can be obtained with more pleasure, and your friendships will grow more warm and more numerous.

Some people are unconscious of the relative importance of things which are repulsive to others, and, therefore, they do not know how to make themselves open to the widest friendship. Test yourself in the following three situations which might make or break friendships according to the relative importance you place on the different items. Then compare your choices with their average repulsiveness to several hundred people as given on the same items later in this article.

You are in a sweltering room just finishing with the fruit preserving when the telephone rings and a friend tells you she is bringing to your home in fifteen minutes the new Doctor's wife, who will live two blocks away. Your best shoes need shining, there is a hole in the stocking you must wear, there is a button conspicuously off your dress, and the only suitable dress is also badly wrinkled so it needs pressing though an old dress is clean and pressed, your finger nails need cleaning, the fruit stains on your hands look filthy, and you must choose between strong perfume and a bath. There is not time for all.

In order to leave the best impression with this prospective new friend, what things should you do first?

Again suppose your mother-in-law, whose good will you wish to retain, phones that she will be there in half an hour and stay for the night. Little Willie has been on the guest bed with his muddy feet, tucking his dirty teddy-bear into the clean sheets, a trip to the bathroom shows both the wash-basin and the tub to be very dirty, you know that Martha put the drinking glasses in the cupboard while they were cloudy with milk, the children have left dirty clothes scattered throughout several rooms, the floors are gritty with sand, there are unwashed dishes, an untidy bureau, dust on the furniture, crooked curtains, wilted flowers in the vase and the floors need dusting—perhaps mopping. Which items, if left undone, will cause the least annoyance?

As a third situation, imagine that you have three months in which to reform little Willie before you move next door to a refined family whom you would like to get along well with, but who would break relations with you rather than be shocked by your boy's crude manners. Willie's bad habits are as follows: Playing with the silverware at the table, noisy eating, selecting the best things on plates passed to him, talking unnecessarily loud, swearing when vexed, coaxing annoyingly, arguing, interrupting people who are talking, telling petty lies, criticizing food at the table, grumbling incessantly, disobeying you, disrespecting older people, spit-

ting out food at the table, cheating in games, treating his pets cruelly, and coughing in the face of those with whom he is talking. If you expect to come into intimate contact with this family at first, and you can correct only half of these habits, upon which would you concentrate?

A recent technical article answers about 500 such questions, condensed from over 20,000 opinions, and it occurred to me that the readers of this magazine might wish to read a summary of the results. The information was secured by having between 600 and 700 people rate the common annoyances according to the degree of irritation each caused. All classes of people were represented; married and single, old and young, men and women, each in about the same proportions. The average opinion, therefore, should be fairly representative of any of your friends.

The general impression one secures from the answers is that the things which annoy us most are (a) those which threaten our health or safety or peace of mind, (b) those which excite our sympathy for the suffering of either fellow man or animals, and (c) those which we think, perhaps correctly and perhaps not, will lower us in the estimation of our fellow men and women.

In the following summary, we shall group these annoyances into those which will be called (1) "obnoxious" or those which are about as annoying as to find dirt in your food, to see a child cruelly treated, to smell dirty feet or to be annoyed by flies. (2) Those which are "slightly irritating"—that is about equivalent to being interrupted while talking, to see a woman with untidy or bleached hair, to smelling an onion laden breath, or to hearing

a person criticise food at the table. (3) "Unpleasant" annoyances, which are about like noticing shoes which need polishing, seeing a person suffering disease, hearing a poor joke, seeing a woman in a kimono about the house, or noticing that a woman's petticoat shows.

First let us consider annoyances connected with housework. All of the "obnoxious" ones require much less effort to eliminate them than many of those which are not particularly annoying. The worst items are: A dirty bed (not necessarily a cheap or a patched one); dirt or hair in food; a dirty wash basin or bathtub; dirty table linen; dirty or cloudy drinking glasses; dirty clothes lying about the house; hair in a comb; spit on floors or walls; cockroaches; and to be in an unventilated room, or to sleep in a room without screens so that mosquitoes and flies cause annoyance.

The "slightly irritating" household likewise contains few and easily remedied items. The worst is the "untidy" room littered with miscellaneous items themselves not annoying, and untidy home grounds rank next. Following these come unwashed dishes, dirty windows, untidy bureau, grit on the floor, crooked pictures on the wall, and stale smells which indicate lack of ventilation.

The "unpleasant" household has dusty furniture, crooked curtains, garbage in sight, wilted flowers in vases, too many pictures, excessive furniture, littered desks or tables, clashing colors, dusty or slightly dirty floors, smells of onions, cabbage or fish. Notice that practically none of the "unpleasant" items actually threaten the health, and that some of them, when given excessive attention by the housewife, may use up much more physical energy than

their annoyance warrants. Excessive scrubbing, worrying about marred furniture, and continually caring for excessive furniture, which in itself is annoying, are far less important than attention to the items in the upper two groups.

In a division which we shall call sanitation and personal appearance, the "obnoxious" items are, with one exception, all of the type which threaten or suggest threat to our health. The worst is obnoxious odors, such as from animal or human excretions. Among the worst listed are odors of dirty feet, bad breath, alcoholic breath, perspiration and similar odors. Others in this group are: Blowing the nose without a handkerchief; a running nose; a dirty handkerchief; vomiting; spitting (a woman spitting in public annoys other women more than finding dirt in food or seeing a dirty wash-basin); talking with a great deal of saliva in the mouth; tobacco or food around the mouth; dirty teeth; dirty neck or ears; an intoxicated woman; a person digging wax from his ears in public; picking the nose; picking at a sore. The exception to the health-threat items in this group is to see a hole in your stocking, and this is near the lower limits of the group, and, judging by the fact that even among women, the sight of a hole in the stocking or sox of others is only "unpleasant" or "slightly irritating," this item is greatly exaggerated in importance by the wearer.

The "slightly irritating" items of the personal sanitation and appearance group is too long to list completely. The items which annoy most have a distinctly sanitary or safety slant, such as coughing without covering the mouth, sucking the teeth, decayed teeth, dirty face, hands or fingernails, to see a man's

dirty shirt, cleaning the teeth or gums with the tongue, picking the teeth in public, biting the fingernails off, noisy eating or lip smacking, belching, riding with a driver who takes chances, having a nervous person in the same car with you, etc. A curious item is that talk about your illnesses irritates others about as much as seeing a dirty-faced person or a woman with untidy hair, whereas a person who is actually suffering from a disease excites only a sympathetic unpleasantness about equivalent in annoying power to seeing too much furniture in a room or seeing a man with a large mustache.

About midway in the "slightly irritating" group begins the personal appearance items, and from here on they gradually crowd out the sanitary items. The worst of the personal appearance "irritations" are: Excessive cosmetics, including rouge and lipstick; untidy woman's hair; lack of neatness in dress; a woman who needs a corset or brassiere but has none; a twisted or wrinkled stocking; excessive perfume; false teeth; run-down heels; hair on a woman's face; and bleached hair.

The "unpleasant" personal appearance group includes: a woman's petticoat which shows; a button conspicuously off; cheap or excessive jewelry; clashing colors; applying cosmetics in public; fussing with the hair in public; filing fingernails in public; protruding or missing front teeth; prominent gold teeth; inappropriate clothing for an occasion; a woman's skirt uneven; shoes which need shining; clothes which need pressing; rearranging or adjusting clothing in public; a woman's shoulderstrap which shows; much hair under a woman's arms; dyed hair; oily skin or hair; very short skirts or a dress with a very low

cut; etc. The main sanitary items are: pimples on the face; nicotine stained fingers; repeated coughing; blowing the nose; clearing the throat and very audible breathing.

Next we come to the manners or etiquette group, where we find the "obnoxious" ones mostly threaten our health or enjoyment of life. They include: coughing in another's face; spitting out food at the table; talking when the mouth is full of food; talk during a musical number or lecture; a disobedient child; disrespect for old people; a woman swearing; habitual arguing; nagging or complaining and criticizing. Also belonging to this group are: cheating in a game or examination; a religious hypocrite; crowding ahead in a public line; failing to listen while you talk; a salesman trying to force an unwanted sale; cruelty or harshness to a child or an animal.

In the "slightly irritating" etiquette group come many items which are irritating because they tend to make others resent an inference that they are not quite as good as the person causing the irritation. A few of these items are: having another speak dictatorily to you; being with a know-all or a very superior acting person; hearing the command "shut up"; waiting for a person late for an appointment; a person who acts as though he doubts you; a person expecting you to believe his petty lies; being told to hurry when you are already hurrying; "back-seat driving"; hearing unasked advice; criticism of your religion; a conversation monopolizer; interrupting while you are talking; edging you off the sidewalk; a person bragging about himself or "showing off"; coaxing you after your mind is made up; to be snubbed or laughed at; to see pri-

vate whispering in a company; a person continually trying to be funny; to be with a "touchy" person or one with an "inferiority complex."

There are also in this "slightly irritating" group a number of items such as public love-making; attempts of a person of the opposite sex to kiss or pet you; suggestive dancing; being with a person of the opposite sex who is reputed to be slightly immoral; over-familiarity of an acquaintance of the opposite sex, etc., which apparently cause resentment because it indirectly infers an inferiority in the person irritated. Women especially resent all of these sex annoyances, perhaps because they are inferred to lower the reputation of women in general. A woman spitting, drinking, acting rowdy, wearing excessive cosmetics, inappropriate clothing, or showing any other irregularity causes more resentment among women than among men.

In the "slightly irritating" etiquette group also come some of the items listed in etiquette books. Among them are: Cramming the mouth; eating with the head close to the plate; eating with the knife or the fingers; eating noisily; drinking from a saucer or bowl; hearing another criticize food at the table; waiting for person's late for their meal, etc.

Most of the breaches of what is ordinarily termed etiquette, however, are annoying only to the "unpleasant" degree, if we judge by the reactions of the rather cultured people who were used to secure these averages. Seeing another prop his knife or fork on his plate, butter a whole slice of bread, playing with the table utensils, noisy celery eating, and rapid eating were only very mildly if at all annoying. Selecting

the best from the plate, allowing the spoon to remain in a cup, and holding a toothpick in the mouth in public were a little more serious—about equal to seeing another scratch his head or read over your shoulder. Holding a cup with both hands when drinking was about as bad as lingering after you have said “good-bye”, or as listening to a poor joke.

Some of the items which irritate because they hurt our ego in this “unpleasant” group are: To hear another brag of his ancestry; to see a very aggressive or self-satisfied person; to hear unusual or affected words used for effect; to see affected demonstration between girls in public; to hear a person who is dogmatic on orthodox religious questions or who is a political radical; to see faddish dancing at a social dance; to hear obvious flattery; to have others comment on your clothes, etc.

Broadly speaking, then, the “obnoxious” items which will most quickly drive away prospective friends, are (1) things which suggest, perhaps without our conscious knowledge, that we do not respect their health, and (2) things which seem to indicate that we regard our friends as inferior to ourselves. Our offal and accumulated dirt is most obnoxious, with the possible exception of taking advantage of children and inferior animals in a brutal manner, and attempting to get ahead by cheating or other foul means. Criticizing, arguing, nagging and plain “bull-doing” as well as disobedience to those in authority make

it appear that you regard yourself as superior to others, and, therefore, are not a desirable friend unless you have some very strong counter-acting good qualities.

By far the greater number of “slightly irritating” offenses are due to acts which intimate to others that you regard yourself as just a little better than they, not by cheating or outward complaint and arguing, but by little suggestive acts, such as showing that you doubt a friend’s word, by monopolizing the conversation, by pretending that it is necessary for you to direct their efforts, by being sarcastic, by snubbing them, etc. Second in importance in this group is disregard for the health of others, not in the very obnoxious ways, but more through careless habits, or by personal appearances suggesting carelessness of the health of others. Also many of the breaches of good manners begin to appear in the lower margin of this group.

The most numerous items in the “unpleasant” group are those closely associated with outward personal appearance and minor imperfections of the body. These include the polishing touches, such as untidiness in clothing, hair, shoes, hands, etc. The annoying manners change from those inferring inferiority in others, as found in the “slightly irritating” group, to the table and personal manners, imperfections in grammar, and types of familiarity which under different conditions would not be offensive.

Hawaiian Quilt Making

By Romania Hyde Woolley

THE art of Hawaiian quilt making as they have it today, dates back to the arrival of the Protestant New England Missionaries in the Hawaiian Islands in 1820, for, it was the women missionaries who taught the natives to make quilts after the mode of the colonial dames. They had brought their own quilts which served as a pattern. However, the Hawaiians were not satisfied with the occidental's designs, and at an early stage began developing their own patterns, which have become unique.

Native-like, their inspiration came from their immediate surroundings, Mother Nature, taking fruits, flowers and plant life is general for their designs, and in a premature way they began drawing their patterns in diminutive size, gradually enlarging them to one-quarter of the size of the entire kapa, or quilt. The pattern is cut, and pinned onto the cotton background, the background material being folded eight times. With patience and strength the pattern is cut, and when finished the entire pattern is in one piece, which distinguishes the Hawaiian pattern from all others. The background is cut to the desired size—usually very large—for, until lately, the entire family slept under one cover. This is placed on the floor and stretched—being held in place by stones on the four sides. The pattern is then laid, pinned, and basted, the natives crawling over the design which is a

constant pricking to their knees and hands. The kapa is taken up, the design whipped in—or over-cast. Some of the women cross-stitch the design on, which means more labor and time.

Before the quilting, the background is washed and ironed. The old quilting frames are used, but the legs of the frames are cut off which enables the natives to squat on the floor to do their work. Both cotton and wool are used for the padding. The back and top of the kapa are basted together, and placed on the quilting frames. The design is usually followed in the quilting, and the quilting is done one-quarter of an inch apart. The average Hawaiian quilter never uses a pencil to mark out her quilted lines—but relies on the eye for accuracy.

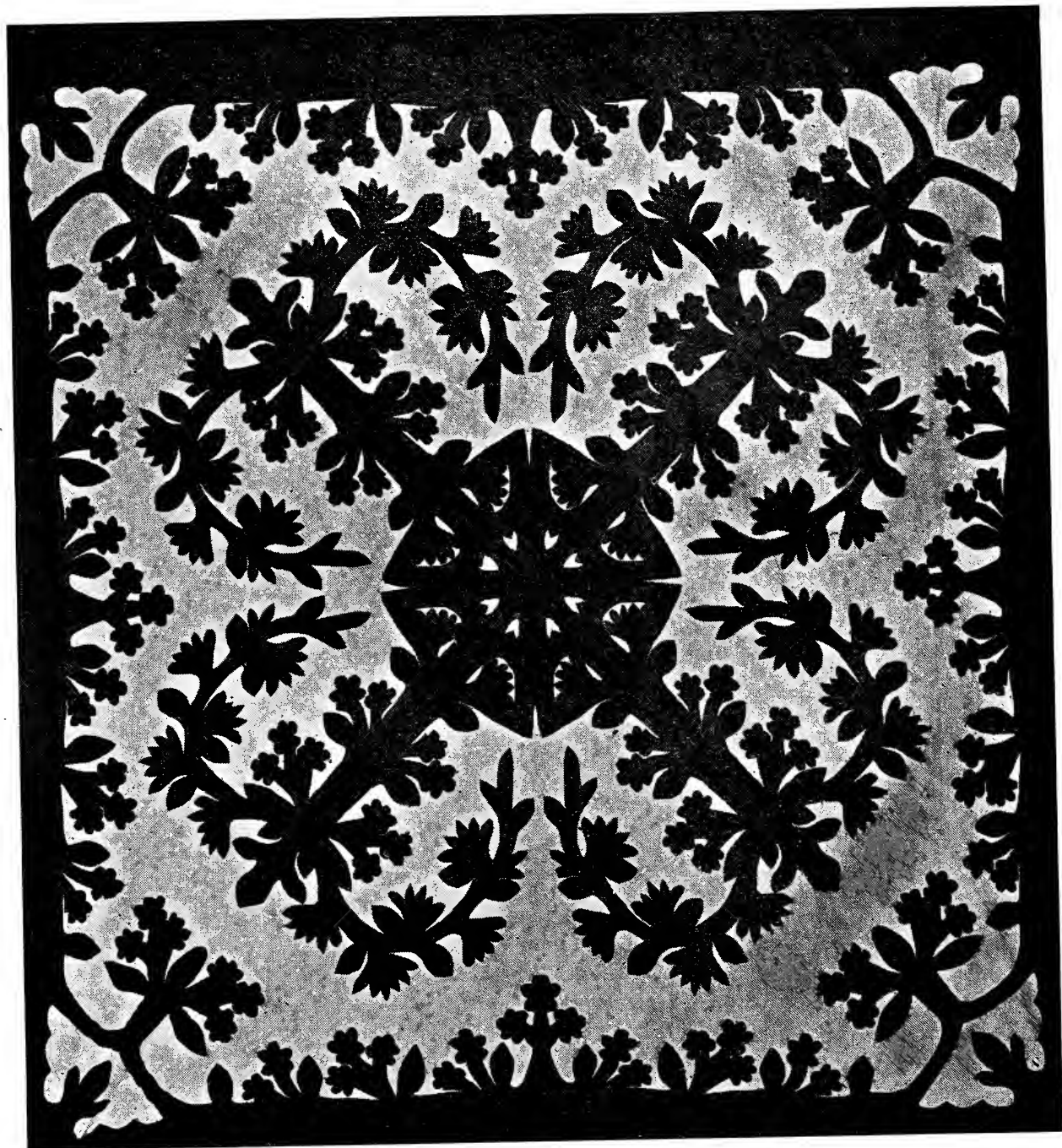
I have seen expert workers cut, pin, and baste a large kapa in one day, and over-cast the design in one week. The quilting, when the design is followed, can be accomplished in two to three weeks' time constant laboring.

The quilt shown on page 625 is the Star of Bethlehem design, the quilting being done by a woman 80 years of age. The one on page 626 is only basted. It is the vanilla vine and blossom.

Bright colors are usually selected for the design, with white for the background. Red and white, blue and white, and red and yellow are the favorite Hawaiian combinations.



STAR OF BETHLEHEM DESIGN



VANILLA VINE AND BLOSSOM DESIGN

From Our Missions*

HAWAIIAN

By Verna Murphy, President

THE Relief Society of the Hawaiian Mission was originally organized in the year 1875, and from a meagre beginning the organization has grown until it is a recognized factor in social and charitable project work, having at the present time an enrollment of about 200 officers and 700 members, with a live organization in most every village and city of the Territory, the total number of organizations being 49.

The work of the Relief Society has been and is, at the present time under the supervision of the wife of the Mission President, hence it is now my privilege to travel from island to island visiting, instructing, and encouraging the women of the church in Hawaii, who are admirably qualified because of an inborn native desire to aid anyone who may be in need of succor.

The outstanding characteristic of the natives of this Paradise of the Pacific is charity, in fact Hawaii is known as the land of "Na Pua Na Mele ame Ke Aloha", (flowers, music and love), which statement, none who know can gainsay.

It has been my pleasure to meet with the leaders of the 49 organizations, most of them in their own branches during the past year, and I find an intense desire on the part of each and all to fully measure up to that which is required of them as evidenced by the fact that an attendance at conference gatherings of

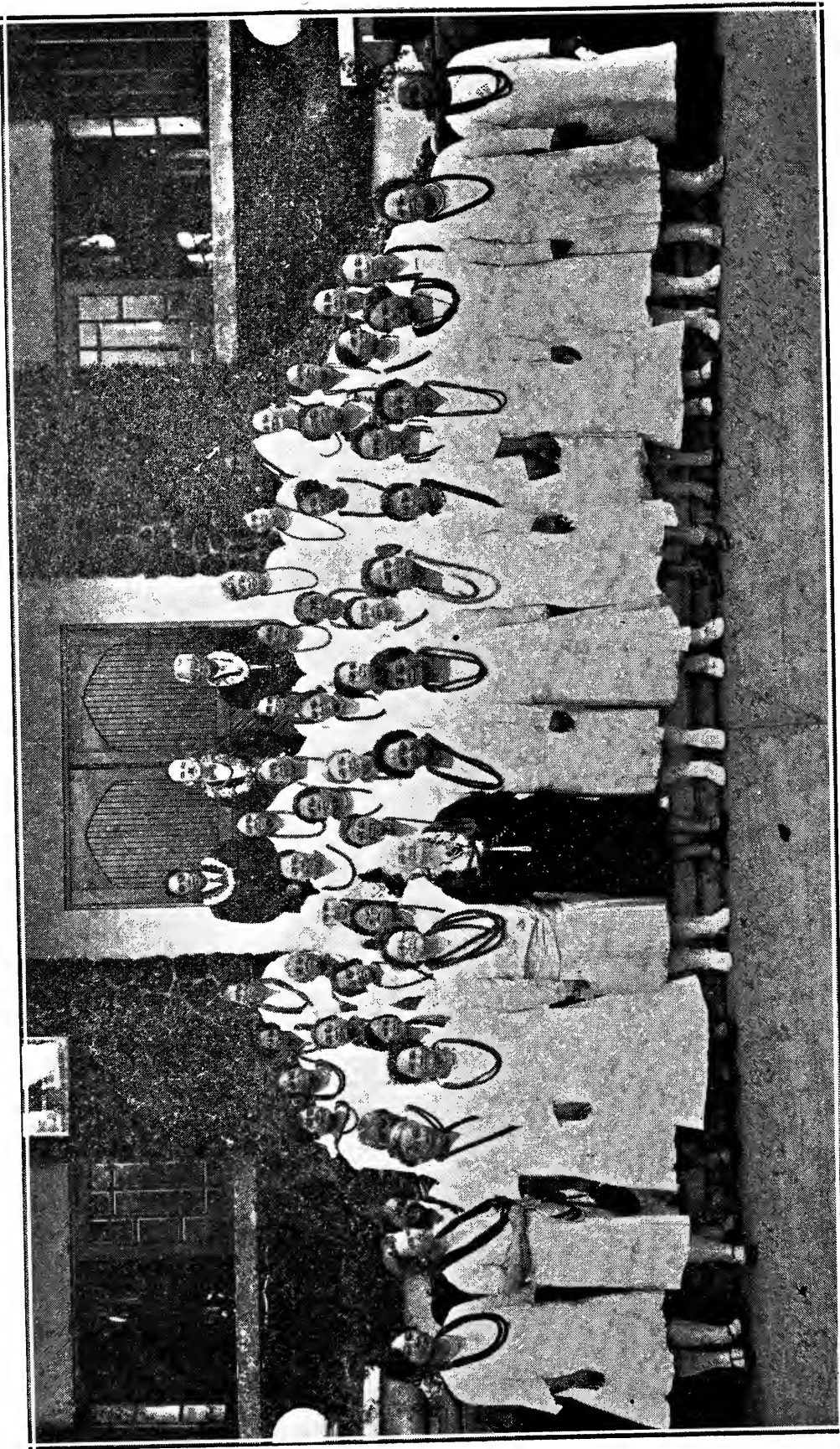
100 per cent of officers and 85 per cent of members is no uncommon occurrence.

Under the new arrangement the Mission Quarterly Conferences in the various districts are being held and I have recently attended such delightful and long to be remembered gatherings on the islands of Hawaii, Oahu, Kauai, Maui, and Molokai including the Leper settlement at Kalaupapa. I find the Relief Society sisters setting a pace in humility and devotion to the cause which has caused me to shed tears of joy and praise the Lord for the blessed privilege which is mine to labor with them and feel the impress of their lives upon my own as an inspiration and urge to do bigger and finer things, to sit with the unfortunates in the Leper settlement and hear them bear testimony and sing praises to the Lord for His mercies unto them and have them offer their funds to the poor on the outside thrilled me as I have never been thrilled before. One would have a heart of stone who did not weep. A lesson of appreciation was by them taught more forcibly than I have ever seen or heard it taught before. We all have our hats off, so to speak, to Kalaupapa for the inspiration of their attitude of love and cheer where one might be justified in expecting to find bitterness.

These good sisters of Kalaupapa and all Relief Society workers of the mission appreciate fully the efforts of the General Board of Relief Society and unitedly join in extending Aloha and very best wishes for your continued success in health and happiness.

Oh! How we shall all rejoice when we receive the good word that

*Greetings from the Hawaiian and British Missions came too late to read in Conference. We are sure our readers will enjoy these accounts of conditions in the Mission field.



OFFICERS AND TEACHERS OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE HONOLULU DISTRICT OF THE HAWAIIAN MISSION

Others in the picture are: Jeanette Hyde, Mary L. Gowans, Verna A. Murphy. Standing in the rear are: President Castle H. Murphy, Charles Broad and Lanakila Pa.

one of your number is on the way to pay us a visit. Kindly extend our greeting of Aloha to the Relief Societies in General Conference assembled.

BRITISH MISSION

By Leah D. Widtsoe

I WISH to report that Relief Society work in all the missions is fully operating and that the Presidents of each mission report the work to be making splendid progress. They report that the sisters are enjoying the lessons more each year and that the home life of the members is being greatly enriched because of their study and participation in the Relief Society program.

The sisters generally are enthusiastic about their work in Relief Society to which I can testify from personal visits and conferences with the sisters in all the missions—except the South African, and Sister Dalton sends reports of much success attending the work there.

Out of a total membership in all the missions of 28,781 the female membership is 17,450—by far the majority. Of the total female membership 4,604 are members of the Relief Society or 26% of the total membership. We wish this proportion were greater and are working toward that end.

The highest percentage membership is in the Norwegian Mission, being there 36% of the total; and the lowest in the British and Netherlands Missions—only 17%. Yet the Netherlands Mission has the highest percentage of enrollment attending meetings—as high as 75%. During the summer season all societies meet weekly.

Practically 100% of the societies are following the prescribed Study Course. I feel that all in all much progress is being made and that the

societies are filling their mission to the full.

VISITING TEACHING IN THE NORTHWESTERN STATES MISSION*

IT is with great pleasure we report to you our year's work in visiting teaching. We feel we were able to accomplish your heart's desire that visiting teaching be taken care of. On our being put into office we were informed that it could not be done successfully in a large city where the districts are so scattered, but we are happy to say it can be done. Our success has been due to the splendid co-operation and untiring efforts of our members.

We consider our older sisters with their wide experience our honor sisters, and as such should be shown every courtesy. We need them in our visits and appreciate the fact they are not able to walk; hence we organized a motor corps of eighteen younger women who have cars and can drive. These sisters call for our visiting teachers and drive them to every home in their district. We have eighteen districts and in the past active year we had 100% report on our visiting. These days have proven highly enjoyable as well as profitable to our society. We have been able to increase our membership, stimulate interest among inactive members, increase our annual dues, our magazine subscriptions, our general and charitable fund with contributions and we have made splendid contact and friendships through these visits.

To us, visiting teaching is the foundation of Relief Society work and without it an organization cannot be carried on efficiently. We need this contact with the sisters in their homes and find every mother

*A report sent to President Pearl C. Sloan.

happy to greet us and accept our message.

We have visited from 235 to 265 families each month, traveling 400 miles to accomplish this.

We feel this visiting is most important in the mission field where

there are many lonely hearts away from home who rejoice at a visit from us. Every officer in our organization participates as visiting teacher or motor corps. We are all happy in our work in Portland and look forward with great pleasure to our coming year's work.

Marking the Trail

By Rachel G. Taylor

With pen, with sword, with song,
 We glory in the story of the path
 Our fathers made across this land—
 As deeply in the earth they etched with rimmed wheels
 And weary feet,
 A hallowed trail.

Oh! shall we let the silent, sleepless years,
 With storm, with dust, with seed,
 Wipe out all trace of freedom's pilgrimage?
 Or shall the fruitful love we feel,
 Mark well, for generations yet unborn,
 Our epoch making trail?

A Bit of Heaven

By Merling D. Clyde

Oh, my heart is filled with wonder,
 Mixed with just a bit of fear,
 For a helpless little bundle
 Nestles close against me here.

Trusting eyes gaze upward at me,
 With a faith from some unknown;
 Fingers pulling at my heartstrings,
 As they clasp about my own.

Oh, so wise the Power that binds us—
 God just can't be always near,
 So He sends a bit of Heaven
 Wrapped in baby's trappings, dear.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

PATIENCE the golden asset," so says the modern business man. Dr. Eliot long ago acknowledged this fact after spending years believing energy to be man's greatest quality.

TRULY women lost a friend when David Starr Jordan died. As women hate war, liquor, tobacco and kindred evils so did he. The fine things of life that make for happiness he championed. It is a comforting thought that death cannot destroy the good work of such a man.

A World Can End," the "latest best thriller" is the title of a new book by Irina Skariatina, formerly a Countess of Imperial Russia, but now an American citizen known as Mrs. Blakeslee. The book contains many pages of her own experiences while at court under the regime of Czar Nicholas and during the war when she served as a nurse.

MR.S. ELIZABETH ACHELIS aims to revolutionize the world calendar by dividing the year into four equal quarters, having a "year day" and a "leap day" to round it out. Mrs. Achelis' plan is being considered by the League of Nations.

A NEW way whereby women may earn money toward college education has recently been worked out successfully by six young women in South Dakota. These girls conducted tours through the Homestake Mining Company, making three trips daily, explaining the process and answering questions.

MR.S. MILDRED ARMOUR of Oklahoma spent two summers tramping the Arbuckle mountains to collect material for her master's thesis. Her advanced degree in geology from the university of her state is the reward for this perseverance.

THE American Legion at its national convention voted for a referendum on the modification or repeal of the Volstead Act while the American War Mothers and the Service Star Legion, both composed of the women relations of the ex-service men, voted absolutely for the maintenance of the 18th Amendment. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." Who will win, the mother or the son?

EDITH WHARTON, after spending several weeks in London getting impressions of literary life for her new novel "The Gods Arrive" is now working at her country home near Paris. Many consider Mrs. Wharton the greatest of our women novelists.

A MODERN Vanity Fair is "The Red Haired Woman," by Katharine Brush, now classed among the leading American novelists. The book is daring and realistic but lacks that subtle finer literary touch of a Thackeray, just as many things modern have lost something idealistic and sweet. The beautiful Lillian Le Gendre—the heroine, awakens disgust in the mind of the reader, while Becky Sharp created some sympathy. True womanhood is however the more admired by contrast and the fact made plain that beauty alone does not win.

Relief Society Conference

By Julia A. F. Lund, General Secretary

THE semi-annual conference of the Relief Society was held September 30 and October 1, 1931. The conference consisted of four sessions, a General Officers' Meeting, held in the Bishop's Building, at 10 a. m., on September 30, and three General Sessions for the public, held in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall, at 2 p. m., on Wednesday, September 30, and at 10 a. m., and 2 p. m., on Thursday, October 1. 21 members of the General Board were in attendance, and 355 officers and board members rep-

resented the stakes and missions.

President Louise Y. Robison presided at all the sessions of the conference.

The music was an especially fine feature. Mrs. Lizzie Thomas Edward conducted the congregational singing. The special musical features were supplied by Pioneer, Granite, Mount Ogden, Ogden, North Weber, and Weber stakes.

The ushers for the conference were provided by Cottonwood, Ensign, Liberty and Pioneer stakes.

Officers' Meeting

PRESIDENT LOUISE Y. ROBISON

MY Beloved Sisters: I wish I could express my appreciation for your splendid work, the love and loyalty you manifest, and all the joy that you bring into the lives of the General Board, and to the women in your communities. Our hearts are made happy this morning by these beautiful flowers. Everywhere the evidence of the perseverance, energy and refinement of our Relief Society women is shown in the flowers which beautify their homes and the communities.

The response to the planting of trees for which we asked last April, has been most gratifying. Some of our stakes have informed us that the Norway Maple will not grow in certain climates, then do not hold to the Norway Maple, just choose a long-lived tree, one that will be suitable and give beauty to the surroundings. In Southern Utah the evergreens, that do well in that climate, were selected.

All of our hearts have gone out in gratitude to you sisters for the marvelous work you are doing in the conservation of food and clothing for this winter. Wonderful reports come from every stake and mission that has been visited so far by representatives of the General Board. We do thank you for this, for we know it does not come without effort.

We are so happy to have the Bishops with us in our stake conferences. They are our guests, and they hold the Priesthood, but in calling the roll frequently the ward president will say: president, first and second counselor, secretary, organist, etc., and the Bishop, as if he were just an after-thought. It seems to me the gracious thing for us to do is to acknowledge first the Bishop, then the president, etc.

As we are going to study the Book of Mormon for another year, we call your attention to the fact that we still have the Book of Mor-

mon charts. One of the Apostles said he thought this chart clarified the study of the Book of Mormon more than anything we have had.

Relief Society presidents, Relief Society work comes first, looking after the well-being of the people in your stakes is your first responsibility. Financing missionaries is not our work, neither is it our responsibility to build meeting houses. We can give support and cheer to the missionary and the loved ones at home. I visited a stake not long ago, where the stake president was in despair, because in one of her wards the women had been asked to turn over a large sum of money to the Bishop to build a meeting house, and the needy had been entirely neglected. I do not want to say anything against help you can render, but your first responsibility is to those who are in distress in your communities. If you will read the first minutes of the Relief Society you will find the real mission of the organization, and this has not been changed since. I do not know of any of the Authorities who have given us the mission of building meeting houses, or sending missionaries. These activities belong to the Priesthood.

We would ask you to be careful about making expensive gifts. Some of our sisters report that beautiful gifts have been sent to other places, to other stakes and other institutions. That is all very well if everyone in your stake is looked after, and you have nothing else to do with the surplus. Cooperation is very fine, but have your ward president consult your stake president before anything is sent out of the stake. The stake knows what its needs are. We have in all of our stakes wards that are capable of taking care of themselves—not that they are any better people, or

more industrious, but circumstances are more favorable for them. In that same stake there may be many poor; there are very few stakes in the Church where help is not needed in some of the wards.

There has been some misunderstanding about the one article that we have asked to be contributed. Many people want to know whether credit can be given, and we have said no. A report was made that in one of the districts some of the people were giving money instead of articles of clothing to be used for the thing that would be most needed. The question was asked, "What shall we do with this money?" The need may not be there right this minute, and could they put it in with the charity fund. It was decided, no, this is not regular charity, it is an emergency call, it is an unusual free-will offering, and it must not be put in with the charity fund or it would have to be disbursed from this same fund. So we do beg that every person who can supply anything at all will give one serviceable article, either new or remodelled, and see that it is wearable. When the needs of the stake are supplied the surplus should be sent to the General Office.

If we are members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and if we have taken upon ourselves the responsibility and the obligations, can we go to bed at night comfortable, warm and sheltered, and feel that some of our own people have neither food nor clothing? When a contribution is made, keep a record of it in your history, that so many articles were given, but do not put a money value on it, and do not give credit to anyone for this, because some of us may not be able to make a very large gift, while others can. This makes a distinction, and it is something we want

to give freely, without any credit or recognition.

We are still urging that we have the preparation meeting for the teachers. We have had reports from some of our stakes where this has been put into effect, and the increase of the activity of the teachers has been worked out beautifully. In some of our stakes we have found a little difficulty in getting women there, but I believe just feeling that the need is there would bring a better response.

The use of the blue song books, which are so dear to your heart, has not been discontinued. As long as you can use the blue book, use it. A circular that has gone out from one of the book stores has been a bit misleading, and some of the stakes have written in in distress, feeling that we advise that our blue books be discarded. Far from it. In cases where you have to buy new books, get those splendid song books, "L. D. S. Hymns." You will find that the songs in your blue book are almost all included in this book. Do not feel that the blue book is to be discarded. Take as good care as you can of those you have.

Some of our splendid stake presidents are feeling quite desperate because some of the Bishops and

ward presidents do not care to pool their wheat fund, and I would like to say to these presidents not to feel troubled about it. I know they have done the very best that is in their power. Where you cannot get your wheat fund pooled, do not despair. We carried on Relief Society work long before we had the wheat interest, and the Lord will bless us, and we will carry it on still.

We are still asking you sisters to patronize home industry, as one of the best means of helping your states. I hope you will remember this.

One big thing before us now is our Social Service Institute, which will begin here in this building next Monday morning. We want to express our appreciation to you splendid stake presidents. I know many of you have been troubled to know how you could raise means to send your representative. And many of the fine sisters who are leaving their homes in response to the call are making immense sacrifices to come. We want to thank the sisters who have made the effort to come in. We want the stake presidents to use them when they go back into the stake, so the great benefit from the services of these sisters can be realized.

REORGANIZATIONS

<i>Date</i>	<i>Stake</i>	<i>Stakes Released</i>	<i>Appointed President</i>
Sept., 1931	Ensign	Alice B. Castleton	Janet M. Thompson
July, 1931	Kanab	Susie E. Robinson	Bergetta A. Covington
July, 1931	Liberty	Ida D. Rees	Amy P. Romney
July, 1931	South Davis	Effie P. Eldredge	Ella Williams

Missions

Organization:

Texas

Irene N. Rowan

Reorganizations:

Australian	Hazel B. Tingey	
East Central	Fanny S. Smith	Isabel C Jones
Mexican	Mrs. Rey L. Pratt	Vilate R. Ivins
Northern	Allie Y. Pond	Artemesia Romney

MRS. EMMARETTA G. BROWN

President—Granite Stake Relief Society

SINCE the first institute, when the General Board invited in the Salt Lake County presidents and their aids to an institute here, we have been having a certain amount of educational welfare work in our stake all the time. We soon realized that we were just one little part of the welfare work, as an auxiliary to the Priesthood, and we felt that our brethren should understand as we understood, and so we asked the General Board if we might have a class conducted at night, so that our brethren could be present, and at our suggestion they sent us Sister Amy W. Evans of the General Board.

Our Stake President was greatly interested. He said that all case work should be done as far as possible within the ward, consulting with our newly appointed stake aid; that wherever it was possible to use her, he would like our ward presidents to use her in discussing the cases. Also he was very anxious that the cards be made out as soon as possible, and that a duplicate be placed with the stake aid. He suggested that the charity funds be pooled, that is the fast donation and the Relief Society charity fund: that the fast donation be used first, and wherever possible that the Relief Society charity fund be kept as a reserve fund for emergency use. Our employment committees were to function only in obtaining work for those who needed it amongst their own membership; that all families that they know are in need, they were to report to the Bishop, who in turn would report to the ward president. He explained to our Bishops that the ward president was still responsible for the charity work of the Church, and that she was the one whom the Bishop consulted

with: that the ward social service aid was her assistant to help her in the work which she was called to do. He also said that this was true of the stake organization, and we have endeavored, with our stake aid and myself, to consult on every case that has come under our notice within the stake. A monthly report has been sent by the ward aid to the stake aid, and a discussion class, (without mentioning any names, of course everything is held as sacred and confidential as can be) is carried on at our Union Meeting, and our aid is supposed to do all in her power to keep a high standard of the work throughout the stake. If further help is needed we have to contact, in Salt Lake County, with our different agencies. It was suggested that we make that contact, through our Welfare Department of the General Board.

I have stressed so many times our monthly meeting between ward president and bishop. We leave it to the pleasure of our ward presidents, whether they ask their social service aid to come into this meeting. A written report of the use of the money, the finances used in case work, is taken in a monthly report to these meetings for the Bishop.

I believe one of the outcomes of this cooperative plan, by meeting in these little groups, our bishops, our presidents, our ward aids, feel perfectly free to ask questions, to talk about problems and difficulties, and we found that about 50% of the fast donation was being used for maintenance. Again we realized, as a stake presidency, that it was up to our stake president to tell the bishops what they should do. We cannot expect to tell them ourselves, they do not take it from us women,

I know our brethren, if we put it before them the right way, can be converted if they need be, for we have converted a number of bish-

ops. Get our ward presidents first to get our view point, that they can put it over to our bishops, so that they can understand it.

COUNSELOR AMY BROWN LYMAN

I HAVE been asked to say a few words this morning about the Relief Society histories, and to congratulate you upon the work you have done up to date. In 1916 the General Board requested all the wards in the Church to write a brief history of the ward from the beginning to 1916, and place it in the Relief Society record book in a space set aside for this work. It was then requested that each year following, the current history be recorded yearly in the proper allotted space. We find that this has not been done in all cases, and we are requesting that the histories be written up to date by the end of this year. We also asked, when the new record book was adopted, that the stake history, from the time of the organization of the stake, be written up to date in the history section of the stake book. This has also been neglected in some instances. These histories are invaluable, and should all be completed by the end of the year. In some cases rather elaborate and lengthy histories have been written. These should be abbreviated for the books, and the original carefully preserved and kept with the record books.

As you have all learned, a Relief Society handbook has been issued by the General Board. It is written in three sections: (1) Historical Account of the Relief Society; (2) Sketches of the General Presidents; (3) Organization, Procedure and Instructions. This book will be found invaluable to stake and ward officers and to members, as it will answer practically all questions aris-

ing from time to time about your work. It has a table of contents following the general arrangement of the book, and an extensive alphabetically arranged index in the back, for ready and quick reference. The General Board recommends that all stake and ward officers procure this book, and encourage the members to do the same. The price is, cloth bound 85 cents, paper bound 60 cents. It may be obtained at the office of the General Secretary.

The Governor of Utah has appointed a committee of 100 to make recommendations regarding unemployment, and in other states and in Canada steps are being taken to improve conditions. I suggest that Relief Society women keep posted on this subject by reading newspaper and magazine articles, and be ready, in your localities, to assist in solving the problems that are arising as a result of the depression.

I compliment the women upon their activity in the conservation of foods for winter use. Utah stake recently canned over 6,000 quarts of peaches, which was accomplished by their taking over a canning factory for the purpose.

The opening of the Utah State Training School for the Feeble-Minded at American Fork, Utah, will take place on October 5, 1931. Inasmuch as Relief Society women helped to sponsor the establishment of the school, they will be glad to know that a superintendent was appointed in July, and has been on the grounds constantly since that time, supervising the preparation of

the new buildings and making plans for the opening of the school. The equipment has been installed, and three teachers employed, in addition to other workers. It will be impossible to receive all children for whom application is made. Other buildings must be erected before all those desiring admission may enter. The school is primarily a training school for trainable children, and

such children will probably receive preference in the beginning. As other types of buildings are erected, it will be possible to accommodate a larger variety of types of children. When children from various localities cannot be accepted at this time, Relief Society women will understand why, and can help explain the reason to others.

COUNSELOR JULIA A. CHILD

THE September *Magazine* in the "Notes to the Field," has a whole column devoted to a campaign for the *Magazine*.

We would suggest to you officers to select your *Magazine* Agents with a very great deal of care. Select persons whom you know will be interested. Let them become thoroughly familiar with the *Magazine* before they go out.

Officers, class leaders and members should be subscribers, as it is quite impossible for the class leaders or the officers to conduct the work well if they are not constant readers of this *Magazine*, and it certainly is not possible for the members to carry on an intelligent discussion of the lesson work when they come to the meetings, if they have not been

able to read the lesson before they get there, and they cannot read it unless they have a *Magazine*. Sometimes it is passed around, but that is not so satisfactory as when each member has a *Magazine*.

We hope that the officers will make an effort to increase the subscriptions this year. Read the "Notes to the Field." In a previous number of the *Magazine*, there was a report from one of the stakes as to how they had increased their membership. There are many wonderful suggestions you can get to help you out.

We trust that all officers and members will be loyal to our *Magazine*, and try to increase the subscriptions to that point where there is one in every home.

MRS. ROMANIA HYDE WOOLLEY

MY work in the Relief Society is the result of a covenant which I made with the Lord, and I feel that it is proper that I should tell you of this, because the interest I took in the quilts is the result of this work.

For about three years I went through a terrible nervous breakdown, and was isolated from my family and friends. In distress of mind and body, I plead with the

Lord that if He would give me my health and strength again, I would get into some work where I could help, and I am a witness to you this day, being able to stand here before you, that He has answered my prayers with great blessings upon my head.

The first thing I turned to was the Relief Society. I was the only white member there, and the services were conducted in Hawaiian.

It was rather discouraging, but I knew what I had promised the Lord. Out of respect and courtesy to me, one of these women oftentimes would stop and translate for me as the meeting proceeded.

To give you an idea of how these quilts are made, I may say that before 1820 the Hawaiian knew nothing of fabric or cotton goods, and it was not until the New England mission came to the Islands that they learned how to sew. The natives were interested particularly in the lessons that the missionaries brought, and being a people loving nature and art, they took from their plant life, and the objects around them, the motifs for designs. All the designs that you see here* are taken from nature and things that are near them.

My reward has been great. At first it was rather difficult to mix with the Hawaiian people, not knowing their language, but I have been blessed in being with them. They are so full of humility and sincerity that it is a great inspiration to be around them. I thought I knew how to pray, but I did not know what praying was until I worked among them. The Lord has blessed them with burning testimonies. One woman had a husband who was not a member of the Church. She said, "For 18 years I have prayed for him." Another sister said she had prayed for 40 years. She said, "I still pray. Sometimes it is very hard. My husband is a poor man; I have 11 children, and he only makes \$3.00 a day. We all help each other." She went on and said, "I am still going to keep praying." One day I had an early telephone call. The sister was weeping, and said, "You cannot know

what I know. Today the Lord has answered my prayers, and last night my husband he got baptized, now we are one in the Church." Sisters do not get discouraged if you think the Lord does not answer your prayers.

I did not realize to the full extent what the beauty of the Book of Mormon was until I heard this story. One Relief Society day I saw a woman sitting beside me was reading her Book of Mormon. She said, "I like this book better than anything I have in the world. I only had three grades in school, and I cannot read the scriptures, they are too difficult, but the Book of Mormon is so plain I can understand it."

We have all read the story of Jesus cleansing the leper. It has been a discussion through the ages of whether that was actually done, whether it could be done and it is not certain in the minds of many of our Latter-day Saints. I can testify that I have lived to hear from a woman that sweet story of old, and as I heard the sister singing this morning, it brought tears to my eyes, realizing that that sweet story of old has been told in reality 2,000 years after, right in the midst of our people.

At the last meeting I attended before coming away, a young woman came and asked to speak. She said that she found herself with leprosy. If the Federal Health Authorities of the Islands find anyone with leprosy they are immediately banished to what is a living death. She had two children. Her husband would bring her food, and the things that she needed, and it did not seem necessary for her to go out. A call came to her husband, transferring him to San Francisco, and she knew then that she would be found out, and be separated from him for life.

*Mrs. Wooley had many beautiful quilts on display.

She said, "I did not know what to do. My mother, who was a Latter-day Saint had taught me to pray, and I knew that great blessings came to our people. I prayed and fasted for one week, without a bit of food passing my lips, and when in the act of prayer, asking the Lord to cleanse my body from leprosy, a

light came upon me and it burned as a fire. It started from the crown of my head and left through my toes. When I got up from prayer, I looked at my hands and they were white." I am grateful that I have lived to hear from the lips of a sister such faith and blessings of God.

General Session

Assembly Hall

MRS. AGNES PEARCE

President—Montpelier Stake Relief Society

PURE religion and undefiled before God and the Father," is our aim in Relief Society work. We are trying to get all the women of our stake to belong to our Society, come to our meetings, take part in the lessons. We feel the lessons are an inspiration to all who will study them.

We encouraged the wards to hold their outings, picnics and bazaars during the Summer vacation, also to visit the homebound; to make the new articles for the Relief Society, that they may have something on hand in case of an emergency.

MRS. ELIZABETH C. WILLIAMS

President—Salt Lake Stake Relief Society

OUR slogan last year was "Greater efficiency in Relief Society work through a keener interest and systematic study of charity and lesson work." We are enlarging upon this aim for this year, and putting into it "more extensive thought and study."

We have four fundamental requisites that we think are necessary for us to put over our work in an intelligent manner: (1) dependability; loyalty, love of work and devotion to duty; (2) a definite plan or program of work for each year, with a project or aim; (3) organization of work, division of responsibility; (4) execution, or putting into action the accepted plan.

We think there are three rules in observing these four outstanding

requisites, and they are: (1) I see my own job. We feel, as individuals, that if we can see the job to which we are assigned, and make good, we will have accomplished one big effort; (2) that I see the organization doing as best it can, and be cooperative with it; (3) that I see the other person, or the other individual in her job, and that I lend her all the encouragement and helpfulness possible.

Our wards now are saving food for the coming winter. They are also doing a lot of work in remodeling clothing, so that no child shall be embarrassed by going to school in ragged clothing, or have to stay out of school because of lack of clothing. We have asked our ward presidents to give one full day each

month, aside from the Work and Business Meeting, to remodel clothing. We have asked every woman, regardless of her affiliation with the Relief Society, to contribute one quart of fruit to her ward president.

Through our educational program we have been able to increase our interest in Relief Society work. We have excellent stake supervisors. They are so enthusiastic and imbued with our lesson work that all of them have taken courses in their line of work at the University of Utah or the Civic Center. Each year we have a definite project.

We feel that the Relief Society offers great opportunity for service.

It gives us a better understanding of the value and purpose of life, and develops a greater love and sympathy for humanity. We are going through a financial crisis, and we have a tremendous task before us, and because of this condition there are great possibilities ahead for service, and there are no limitations to our development if we apply ourselves, for the Relief Society work is as broad as eternity and as enduring as love.

"When we work for those around us,
For ourselves we gain a prize.
Ladders that we build for others,
Are the ones by which we rise."

MRS. MAUD D. CHRISTENSEN

President—Alpine Stake Relief Society

THREE years ago Alpine stake was divided into three, leaving us only six wards. The love and unity that exists between the three stakes, the tender ties and sisterly interest, we hope will never change.

Our purpose is to convince our young women that Relief Society is the finest organization with which they can be affiliated. We need their talents, their sweet voices, and they need Relief Society.

We are especially pleased with our health conference, which functions once a month in connection with the Utah County Health Unit, six of our women assisting. An average of forty children are examined each month. Mothers are given instructions on diet, clothing and physical defects, and advised by competent doctors and nurses of any conditions requiring medical or surgical attention.

In May of this year 80% of the homes were visited to interest

young mothers. At the next conference 104 children were examined; a total of 555 during the year.

Our local doctors and dentists have been very considerate in taking care of charity cases at a minimum charge, or assisting at the conference in the absence of the county physician. Within the past two months 24 children have had tonsils removed, the expense being assumed by Relief Societies of the wards and stake. Several maternity cases, eye corrections and dental work have also been taken care of.

During the past year we have stressed the contribution of used clothing. Many articles were sent in already cleaned, pressed and repaired. Others were given to the organization for remodeling and distribution.

The Relief Society has become the social center for the women of the ward.

In August the Stake Presidency,

Bishops and Relief Society heads met to formulate plans for taking care of the unemployed of our community. A survey has been made to determine who might need assistance during the winter, and a

close check up on conditions will follow. The Mayor and civic organizations are cooperating, and definite plans for material relief are being put into operation.

MRS. WINNIFRED B. DAYNES

President—Grant Stake Relief Society

WE are trying in the best possible way to carry out all of the instructions given us by the General Board, and cooperate with the Priesthood in our stake in everything. Our work is so divided that it does not become burdensome to any one person, but each stake officer is responsible for some part of the work, in this way contributing to the success of the whole.

Our attendance is greatly increased through the young mothers' group. Some of our aims for this year are to have: better preparation of lessons; better attendance; better spirit of cooperation; better preparedness for the needy; to be mentally and physically fit to assume the responsibilities to which we are called; to increase our spirituality; to be 100% efficient; to have 100% teaching, in order to check closely on every family in our wards, and avoid any unnecessary suffering this winter; to have one monthly officers' meeting, with every officer present, and if possible to have our Bishops meet with us.

Perhaps one of the outstanding features in our Stake Relief Society work is the way our work and business division is operated. We feature about five special groups on account of the difference in ages, financial condition, and general interests of the members who attend. We have the quilting group, rug group, art group, sewing group, and young mother's group. This year

we hired a professional teacher of sewing for the sewing group, who each month gave the supervisors a lesson to take back to their wards. We realize that most of our sisters have done sewing, but the finishing which makes the difference between really fine work and the unsatisfactory things we so often see, is due to the fact that many of our sisters have never had an opportunity for instruction, and we desire that the work in our stake shall be of the finest quality. Our young mother's group helps the young mother to know how to live with her children; to supply a special need for the mother; to give relief to the over-burdened mother by helping her solve her greatest problem, managing her children in a scientific and successful way; to understand and practice right principles in the home.

Each year we have put over some special activity. On our anniversary day, last March 17 and 18, and as a climax to our year's study of the Book of Mormon, we felt it quite fitting to present the pageant, "Voices from the Dust," written by Professor Eastmond of Provo. Our characters were chosen from all the 14 wards of our stake, some of the High Councilmen, Bishops and Ward Presidents taking part. Our beautiful Relief Society chorus and 60 children added to its success. Five thousand people attended. We entertained the old people at the

County Infirmary once a month, and put a little sunshine into their lives. We have assisted in sending

malnourished children on vacations during the summer.

MRS. MARGARET W. MANNING

President—Bear River Stake Relief Society

OUR Relief Societies have given a portion of their welfare money, have pooled it, to be used by the stake aid and our workers doing the welfare work.

In May we held clinics in all of the wards in our stake, and during these clinics there were over 298 pre-school children who were examined, also some mothers, and they

were given medical attention, and also pamphlets that would be helpful to them.

In our stake we have done a great deal along the lines of conserving fruit. Our Bishops cooperated with the County Commissioner, who procured the fruit from the growers.

MRS. ROSANNAH C. IRVINE

Member of the General Board of Relief Society

OUR Church is a Church of law and order. It was organized by revelation and authority, to bring salvation to the nations of the world. It functions in three ways—through the Priesthood, through the Relief Society and through the other auxiliary organizations. By the Priesthood the ordinances of the Gospel are administered, the glad message is carried to the world and the affairs of the Church are governed and directed. The auxiliary organizations take care of the youth of the Church; they teach and they train and they prepare them for their future responsibilities as leaders in our Church and in our communities.

The work of the Relief Society is different from either of these. It is not our function to govern and direct the affairs of the Church. It is not our mission to carry the message of salvation to the nations of the world. We were organized for a special purpose and that is as the name implies, to bring relief. When

the Prophet organized the Relief Society, he laid upon the sisters a great many duties, the chief one of which was to look after the welfare of the families in the Church, to care for the poor. Soon after the organization, Sister Orson Hyde remarked, "How are we to look after the poor, if we do not know where the poor are?" It was this remark that inspired the president, Emma Smith, with the idea of appointing the sisters to go out in the Church, and visit the families in the Church, and find out the conditions existing there.

At this time these women were called "visiting sisters." Later on they became "visiting teachers," as they are now called. The mission of the visiting teacher is to visit monthly every L. D. S. family, to find out the conditions in every household, and every family in her district; to carry peace and good cheer to everybody whom she meets, particularly to the families that she visits; to make accurate and confi-

dential reports to her ward president.

It is the office of the visiting teacher to search out affliction. This should never be done in the spirit of meddling curiosity. She goes only in the spirit of helpfulness. She takes for her pattern the great teacher of the world. Jesus taught by living a perfect life, by encouraging the down-trodden, by comforting the widow. The visiting teacher has adopted His code as her method of action.

The visiting teacher might be likened to a gardener, who has the care of rather a precious garden. His work is to tend the flowers, to prune the trees and shrubs, to nourish the delicate plants, and rid the garden of obstructive and destructive weeds, so that the plants may grow. A good gardener loves his work; he is never too tired to go on until he completes some phase of work that he is doing, and that he is interested in. He forgets his aching back, his weary limbs, his rough and grimy hands, in the interest of some particular thing he is trying to do. He is compensated for his toil and physical efforts by the lovely result of his garden. We never know, when working with human beings, how much we may be able to develop them, and help them on the upward path by a kind word and a helpful suggestion.

The work of the visiting teacher, unlike that of the trained social worker, does not require special

training, but we should try to cultivate many of the characteristics of the social welfare worker—an open mind, a sympathetic understanding, a kindly and yet impersonal attitude toward the people, the ability to arouse in others a cheerful, helpful spirit, and an ambition to go on.

To make the task of the visiting teacher easier and more effective, the General Board has, for a number of years, mapped out a plan of work. We publish in the *Magazine* every month an article, giving a topic and text for the visiting teacher to follow. We should be very glad indeed to know that these are followed and studied and used when visits are made in the districts. We feel that they are beneficial, not only to the ones who are visited, but to the visiting teacher herself. If they are studied and used they will be of great benefit everywhere.

During the war a new phrase came into existence—"Carry On." We think the mission of the visiting teacher is to "Carry On." To her is entrusted a glorious work, a work unique and different from that of anyone else in the entire Church; to do it well she must emulate the life of the Savior; He must be her constant guide and inspiration; she must strive to follow in His footsteps; she must learn He is the Way, the Truth and the Light. We can only obtain perfection by following in His footsteps.

MRS. ELIZA W. TADJE

Former President—Swiss-German Mission Relief Societies

THERE are fifty Relief Societies in the Swiss-German Mission. At the present time, we have such wonderful leaders that the Relief Society is quite able to take care of

its own funds, providing for the poor, caring for the sick, and doing just as you are doing in the wards and stakes of Zion.

It has been my privilege, during

the three and one-half years I have spent in the Swiss-German mission to visit and attend 89 conferences. The time has come when mission presidents' wives no longer go into the mission fields and go out of the mission field without leaving records. This record book contains a general report of all our work, the branch instructions, branch reports,

recommendations, projects, and a list of all the officers of the organization.

We have in this last year started a Relief Society fund, which will help our district supervisors in financing their trainfare and in helping them bring our organization up to the standard it is in the stakes and wards.

MRS. FANNY S. SMITH

Former President—East Central States Mission Relief Societies

THE work of the Relief Society in the mission field differs greatly from the work here. Sometimes it is carried on with much difficulty, and under trying conditions, yet all the sisters in the mission field have in their mind, to learn more of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and to make themselves better qualified for the great responsibility of life.

The lesson work is very much appreciated, and the outlines have been very beautiful. Those of you who have been in the mission field know how dearly the saints love the Book of Mormon. The Work and Business meeting gives an opportunity that is much needed to make themselves acquainted with their neighbors and their friends.

One of our organizations has been so active in their welfare work that the newspaper publishes a full report of their activities.

Last, but not least in importance by any means, is social welfare and

character development. The lessons are most beautiful. They have been a means of developing the women of the South.

The South is a beautiful country; the green hills, the oak trees, the elm and nut trees make a very beautiful setting for the cottages that are scattered among the hills. These people are loyal to their religion. They are a hospitable people, they love us with all their hearts, and everything they own is at the disposal of the missionaries. Their goodwill is for our success, and for the advancement of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The South has many interesting points to see; one is inspired to noble thoughts when visiting the birth place of Abraham Lincoln, in standing by the stream where he drank. One is thrilled in visiting "The Old Kentucky Home." When you talk to Old Black Joe, you are really touched with emotion as he tells of the stories of long ago, when his father was a slave.

General Session

Thursday Morning—Assembly Hall

MRS. HAZEL B. TINGEY

Former President, Australian Mission Relief Societies

THIS is an opportunity I have this morning in representing the Australian Mission Relief So-

ciety workers. Though our sisters in Australia are separated from us by thousands of miles of land and

water, at this moment their hearts and their thoughts are near and dear unto us. We have societies organized in all of our districts. Australia covers an area as great in extent as is the United States; traveling from Sydney, our Eastern point, across the point, is a distance of over 3,000 miles, so you see the districts are separated from one another in that field.

We are taking up the work as outlined in the *Magazine* as nearly as we can follow it. Our theology work is wonderful. Our Work and Business Meeting perhaps is not quite as successfully handled as you here at home would handle it, because so many of our sisters are engaged in making a livelihood for their families, and we have not a

great deal of time to spend along that line, although we are taking it up, doing our sewing, making over clothing for those who need it, making quilts, etc. The literary work is a bit of a problem as outlined in the *Magazine* for us, because our sisters feel that if they study authors, poets, writers or musicians, they would like to study those of their own nationality, and there we differ just a trifle from the *Magazine* lessons, seeking out our own writers and authors—British.

The social work is needed, I fear, more than anything else; perhaps not more than theology, but in the world today they need to sense that beautiful ideal of life that the "Mormon" people have. We are doing visiting teaching along with our Priesthood members.

MRS. ALLIE Y. POND

Former President—Northern States Mission Relief Societies

WHAT I feel to be the outstanding achievements of Relief Society in the Northern States Mission during the past three years, was the organization of fourteen new Societies, and during that time not one disorganized, all faithfully working, and Sister Romney informs me they all held fine conferences on Sept. 27. Their cooperative spirit was shown in putting over the things that were required of them, for bazaars, dinners and parties, also many successful plays, which helped in the building of the five new chapels; in sending out wonderful baskets of food to the poor for Thanksgiving and Christmas.

The call made for clothing, both old and new, was responded to most wonderfully. In the Logan Square Branch there was so much clothing donated that after all were taken care of in our branch, a car load was

sent out to the hospital for incurables. Clothing from three other small branches was sent in, and we sent some six boxes to a little branch where every man was out of work. These sisters sewed faithfully, and were able to provide warm clothing for children going to school. One sister sent in for a baby layette. I asked the president of another branch to send the little layette she had to this sister, whose husband was out of work. I feel it a great achievement to have had that splendid cooperation among the Relief Societies. We have about 450 active members. We have 8 Relief Societies in the State of Illinois; 4 in Wisconsin; 3 in each of the States of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana; and 1 in Iowa.

Our social work went over big in most of our branches.

General Session

Thursday Afternoon—Assembly Hall

PRESIDENT LOUISE Y. ROBISON

I AM deeply grateful to our Heavenly Father for His spirit that has been here with us. There are no better people in the world than our Relief Society women, and now is the time for us to have added faith and to do extra work. Even here in Zion, among our own people, we leave largely to our Heavenly Father the care of our brothers and sisters who are just over an imaginary line. We must have order, we must have boundaries, to keep our work systematic and prevent confusion, but I am sure no woman here could feel that conditions are ideal because she lives in a favored part of the country; because her land was watered when it was needed, and the sun shone down warm enough to produce fine crops; that she has an abundance in her storehouse, with clothing to wear; if she knows there are brothers and sisters not far from here who are without the comforts of life. We had word come to us from a reliable source, that there was one group of our saints who had not bread or clothing. Last spring we made a special call on the Relief Society sisters, and we had hoped it would go beyond Relief Society—we had hoped it would go to every person in the Church, and people who are not of our faith who are in our midst. We had hoped that everyone would donate one article of clothing, or household equipment; that it should be in good repair, not something that we could not use, but a usable article, or a new article. We felt that the women of the Relief Society would deprive themselves of some little luxury, something that they could do without,

in order to give this. I believe there has been some misunderstanding, and that the Relief Societies have felt that it was just for their charity fund. We know that for the last 90 years, since the Relief Society was organized, that you have taken care of those in need, but these are unusual times. Last spring we felt that this was going to be a hard winter, and we had hoped that the brothers and sisters who were going along quite smoothly would give, not as it used to be said in war time "to give until it hurts," but to give until you receive the blessing for giving. I do not believe any of us would go cold or hungry in sharing with those who are in need, and so we have asked that each person give this article; that it be given to the ward president; that no credit be placed upon it, because it is a free-will offering, to bless those of our loved ones who are in need. It may be just across the line from my ward, it may be just across the line from my state, but what is the difference if suffering is relieved.

Now it was not intended that they should be used just to take care of the usual needs in your wards. It is for the unusual conditions. We had a woman come into our office about six weeks ago, and she was telling of conditions in her ward. She said, "Sister Robison, I go out to confine mothers where there is not a sheet or pillow slip in the house. We have not a white thing around." Now have you not something that you would love to give—not that would be a hardship on you, and you would feel that you were making a sacrifice. It is not

because of our great wisdom that the sun shines just right on our crops, or that the rain falls just right, it is the blessing of our Heavenly Father, and gives us an opportunity to show what we would do when the Lord showers His blessings down upon us .

I hope that when you go to your home you will find something, not something that there is no use in having, that you can never wear, but something that if you could visualize a woman going through the experience of motherhood, you would feel, "I can gladly donate this—I can gladly give a nightdress, or sheet or pillow slip, or some warm clothing, or my child's sweater," anything that can be used in a family. Let us not let these dear people's prayers go up to our Heavenly

Father against us, because we are in a land of plenty.

I beg of you sisters to have greater faith to call upon the elders, and have faith in their administration. We need everything that can strengthen our faith. We need faith in our homes. Mothers must have faith to implant fine principles in the hearts of their children.

I pray our Father in Heaven to bless you women who are doing such a splendid work. I know your bodies are often weary, and I know you work just to the limit in taking care of those in your wards, but you remember the promise that was made to you, that your yoke would be easy, and I believe all of you could rise up and testify that it is made light and easy, and the Lord does not forget us.

GENERAL SECRETARY JULIA A. F. LUND

THERE has been a marvelous spirit throughout this conference; something that tells us that even while we are in life, there is something more important than life itself, and the feeling that has been with us has been one of optimism, because we are a people of faith, and believe in the destiny of our people, and the very important work which is their's to do.

George Washington wrote, in answer to a letter from Lafayette congratulating Washington upon his election to the Presidency of the United States:

"I shall assume the task with the most unfeigned reluctance, and with a real diffidence. I think I see a path as clear and as direct as a ray of light, which leads to the attainment of permanent felicity to the commonwealth. Nothing but harmony, honesty, industry and frugality is necessary to make us a great and happy people, if my countrymen will but cooperate in establishing those four great essential pillars of public felicity."

By harmony was meant the sacrifice of personal privilege and personal advantage for the good of the whole. We must encourage individual initiative by the spirit of cooperation rather than competition. We must be willing to share our privileges with others, and to regard as our own the welfare of the whole. In such a plan of harmony there would be the spirit of love for humanity, and interest in the well-being of all.

In the matter of industry, I believe no other country has equalled our own in this development, placing us as we are, perhaps, the foremost and most powerful of nations, but perhaps a lot of the trouble we are having today is that in our industry we must not have taken, as we should have done, enough account of the human interest. It may be one of the great lessons we must learn in our present crisis.

The spirit of frugality, such as

Washington meant, has been the keynote of instructions that has been given, and the soul of many reports we have had from all parts of our organization. That fine frugality such as our people know so well how to practice may, perhaps, be the means of tiding us through the troublesome times that are at our doors.

If public officials were honest in the discharge of their duties, much of the lawlessness of today would disappear from our communities. Honesty is the basis upon which our whole national structure must be built if it is to endure, and it is one of the essential principles we have always had in our Gospel.

COUNSELOR JULIA A. CHILD

WE have heard a great deal during this conference about the other division of our work, the charity, and the looking after those in need. That is a big part of our work, I realize, but there is also the other side, that which considers the edification and the building up of the members, the educational work which has been in vogue for a long time. Educators themselves are looking at this subject a little differently than they did in years past. One of the significant changes in attitude toward education is that which impels us to consider it as a continuous process during life. There was a time when we thought that education was just a preparation for adulthood, and when we grew up there was very little work outlined for us. Today this has all been changed, and there are two important factors that are responsible for this. First, there is a new valuation placed upon education which associates learning more closely with our intelligence and our physical fitness; with our ability to do, and with our personality. Education is not so dependent upon facts we learn, nor upon principles from books and teachers. The sort of education of which I speak comes more from experience, both in school and out of school, and continues just as long as we live and apply ourselves.

The second new and important factor is the discovery that we do not grow too old to learn, and that ability to learn increases with age and experience far beyond the dead line set in former days. This point of view is what concerns us as members of this great Relief Society. Women who are ripe in experience, and have reached middle age, may go on with profit studying and improving themselves.

The Relief Society, as an organization, is designed primarily to prevent suffering, and to help those who need help, but we must remember that this great organization is interested in the moral and spiritual welfare of all its members, and the citizenry in general. It has, therefore, provided a program of adult education for its membership.

It is very gratifying for us to receive word from all over the Church as to how helpful these outlined courses of study are to the members. A great deal of time is spent in preparing this work. Committees are at work all the time trying to find out what is the most suitable for the lessons. After they are prepared, they are read and censored by committees, and every precaution is taken that nothing will be sent out but that which will be of the most benefit to the workers.

The General Board feels that inasmuch as these outlines are sent

out to the whole Church, to all of our associations, that we would like you, as officers and teachers and members to follow the outlines just as nearly as possible, so that there will be harmony throughout our great organization. Of course you have to adapt them a little to your classes, but our desire is to have the courses followed as closely as possible. We feel there is strength in the fact that throughout the world all the women are studying the same work. Brother Brimhall, a year or so ago, spoke on loyalty. He said, "Be loyal to the lesson outline. Condense it, expand it, but don't discard it. Loyalty to outline is loyalty to the organization that furnishes it. Study the outline with a view to making it sparkle." I would like to add that same thing. Study it and teach it to your class,

you class teachers, but do not discard it.

The teachers' topic is now included in our course of study, and it is very necessary that it be studied, that the sisters may go in the homes and carry the message that is well prepared, and give it in an intelligent manner.

The committees are now at work on our next year's course of study, and we hope when we meet in April we will be able to tell you what is going to be given for next year's work.

We think it is a wonderful opportunity for improvement, and I hope you will take it, and use it as you would an extension course. Basil King says, "He who would go on living and not begin to die, must be willing to be taught, reaping the harvest of both youth and age."

COUNSELOR AMY BROWN LYMAN

WE are constantly being reminded by the General Authorities of the Church that the chief mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is to carry the gospel message to the people of the world—to preach the Gospel to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people.

There are a number of auxiliary organizations in the church—aids and helps to the church proper, and the question naturally arises—What are these auxiliary organizations contributing to this great major project of the Church? And to us particularly, the question arises—What is the Relief Society contributing? And what are the individual members contributing to this great major project of the Church? Are they doing all they can to further this vital and important work?

A brief review of the work of the

Relief Society will show, I believe, that it is making some rich contributions to the cause. It is doing this, first, by helping, as an organization to spread the Gospel; secondly, by educating and training its members within the organization in religious and spiritual matters, and by affording opportunity for them to participate in practical religious activities; thirdly, by contributions to the cause by individual members.

The Relief Society as an organization is helping to spread the Gospel at home and abroad, both directly and indirectly, by actually presenting the Gospel to investigators and prospective investigators; and indirectly by unconsciously carrying on its regular every day work, which is attractive to everybody.

The Relief Society is a great human organization, which is known

and is operating both nationally and internationally. Its work is generally interesting—to students, to sociologists, to philosophers, to lay people. Its work is especially interesting today, for there has never been a time in the history of the world before when human welfare work has received so much attention. The science of human relations and social justice has come into its own. In the second place, the Relief Society gives its own members extensive opportunity for studying the Gospel, and also for practical religious demonstration through works. The welfare work is a demonstration of practical religion, and is in keeping with the teachings of the scripture.

Let us consider next what Relief Society women, as individuals, are doing and may do in the Gospel cause. Relief Society women, and L. D. S. women generally are bearing and bringing up the children,

who form the great body of missionaries who carry the Gospel to the world. This is a great responsibility, and the better this work is done, the better the results. Every woman thrills with the thought of producing a son or a daughter who will carry the Gospel message.

One of the most effective things Relief Society women, and all L. D. S. women can do as individuals, is to live the Gospel in its entirety. It is a fine thing to teach the Gospel, and preach the Gospel, but it is better to live the Gospel, and this is much harder to do. *Example is always better than precept.*

I cannot think of a finer contribution Relief Society women can make to the Church than to conform in every particular to Church standards. If we will do this we will each be making one of the greatest possible individual contributions to the Church.

BISHOP DAVID A. SMITH

I AM here to bring greetings from the Presiding Bishopric, and to say that we know this phase of Church work is in good hands. We meet with your officers each week, go over matters that pertain to the work of the Relief Society, and harmonize this work between the Bishops of the wards, officers of the stakes, and the Relief Society sisters. I hope that you are having no trouble in your wards to meet with your Bishoprics and discuss the affairs of the ward as they come up for consideration.

We feel that the Relief Society organization of the Church is one of the most important we have. We

could not get along without you, and this year in particular you are going to have a real burden, at least it may appear to be. Yet there is no such thing as a burden for Relief Society sisters, for you have been trained and the spirit which guides you in the work which you do, and helps you to perform the labors required of you, makes them not a burden, but a service rendered.

The Lord bless you my sisters in this great work in which you are engaged, this important work. May He shower His blessings upon you and strengthen and help you is my prayer, which I ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

The addresses of Elder Joseph Fielding Smith and of Mr. Newell W. Edson will appear in a later issue of the *Magazine*.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

Compensation

MANY people today are passing through their Garden of Gethsemane. They feel left alone; no one can tell them what to do.

Dividends have not been paid; banks have failed; many who thought themselves independent and that their money saved would give them plenty as long as they lived find themselves cramped for means for bare necessities; losses have been sustained until they wonder which way to turn; mortgages have been foreclosed. Many who have always been able to get work and who have never known the torture of long unemployment are today discouraged. They suffer because they have to take charity.

The leaders of the different nations ponder the situation and try to devise means of alleviation and cure. Various things are suggested, but so far permanent relief is not in sight.

Every calamity has some recompense and the unemployment and the financial stress through which people have passed and are now passing has brought many desirable things. Many who measured everything in terms of dollars and cents are finding they can live and even be happy on a fraction of what they formerly spent and feel grateful that they have what they have. Many who were ready to stop work at the stroke of the clock, not being willing to lift a finger after the working day was past, are now so glad to have work to do that they willingly work overtime. Many employees are more efficient than ever before because they fear losing their jobs. Many who would not consider working unless they could get a certain wage gladly take much less than what they formerly would demand. Many have shown a spirit of brotherhood,

in sharing what they have, planning for the well being of others.

So it does not seem too visionary to predict that out of this trying time the things of the spirit will come uppermost and the passing pleasures and satisfaction bought with money will be subordinated. Church attendance is increasing in

many places and people are seeking after God. If it takes difficulty and suffering to bring people to a realization of their dependence on their Father, if it takes scourging to bring them to his house, there to worship, if it takes need to cause them to see that Mammon should not be their God, then the compensation for the suffering and anxiety is evident.

Hugh J. Cannon

OUR hearts go out in tender sympathy to the wife, children and other relatives who feel so keenly the death of Brother Hugh J. Cannon, son of President George Q. and Sarah Jenne Cannon and sister of our Board member, Rosannah C. Irvine. He was a loving husband and father. He and his wife Sarah Richards Cannon have understood and loved each other devotedly and it will be a source of comfort to her to know how much she encouraged and helped him in his work and how deeply he appreciated her.

Brother Cannon played an important part in furthering his Father's work and his loss will be felt very widely. From his young manhood he has been untiring in his Church service. He spent more than one-seventh of his life on foreign missions and when not abroad he was zealously laboring at home.

His passing is a great loss to the *Improvement Era*, for he was a safe, efficient editor. He had a native gift for clear, forceful writing. He

understood the Gospel thoroughly and hence could quickly detect in manuscripts submitted to him anything that did not ring true to Gospel teaching. He was a valued member of the General Board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association at the time of his death and his sage counsel will be missed by that body.

Brother Cannon was a lover of books. He had read widely and traveled extensively and was a most charming conversationalist. He was kind, tender, sympathetic. So quiet and unassuming was he that one had to know him well to realize the depth of his great soul. We fain would have had him tarry longer with us but counted by accomplishments he lived a long life and the memory of his fine personality will ever linger in our minds.

May the peace and comfort that only our Father can bestow be with his loved ones and may his children emulate his splendid example.

The Era's New Editor

WE congratulate the Era on securing the services of such an able editor as we are sure Harrison R. Merrill will prove to be. He is a gifted writer, carefully trained in

his craft, a devoted member of the Church and a genial, courteous, thoughtful gentleman.

We wish Brother Merrill every possible success in his editorship.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in January)

Select Readings: Second Nephi, chapters 9 to 11 and chapters 26 to 33, inclusive. Make notes of both the doctrines taught and the predictions.

THE BOOK OF MORMON—WHAT THE NEPHITE RECORD SAYS ABOUT GOD

It should be kept in mind all through this course that we are considering the *Book of Mormon* as a basis for a firm belief in the reality of the future world—the world to which we expect to go when we die. That is the theme of this course. If there is substantial ground for believing the Nephite Record to be of divine origin, then we can rely on what Joseph Smith says concerning Moroni and on what the *Book of Mormon* says about heaven.

The part of the present lesson in the general theme is to show, by a comparison of what is said in the Record about God with what was taught at the time the Prophet was engaged in translating the *Book of Mormon*, that he could not have got these ideas from the people by whom he was surrounded. Hence the question, Where did he get them?

Our first task, then, is to find out just what kind of Being God was, according to the thinking of the people of Joseph Smith's time, especially at the time he was engaged with the translation of the *Book of Mormon*.

Calvin was the founder of the Presbyterian church — one of the churches in Manchester and vicinity. This is what kind of God he worshipped: "Forever harassed by a dreadful tempest; they shall feel

themselves torn asunder by an angry God, and broken by the weight of his hand, and transfixed and penetrated by mortal stings, terrified by the thunderbolt of God. So that to sink into any gulf would be more tolerable than to stand for a moment in these terrors." This was intended for the unrepentant sinner.

Another church in Manchester was the Methodist. Here is what its founder, John Wesley, said of the torments of sinners in hell: "Consider that all these torments of body and soul are without intermission. Be their suffering ever so extreme, there is no possibility of their fainting away, no, not for one moment. They are all eye, all ear, all sense. Every instant of their duration it may be said of their whole frame that they are 'trembling alive all o'er, and smart and agonize at every pore.' And of this duration there is no end. Neither the pain of body nor of soul is any nearer an end than it was millions of years ago."

As for the Baptist faith—another church mentioned by the Prophet as taking part in the revival—this is what the noted preacher, the Reverend Spurgeon, said long after Joseph Smith's time: which shows how little progress had been made in the Baptist view of God:

"When thou diest thy soul will be tormented alone; that will be a hell for it; but at the day of judg-

ment thy body will join thy soul, and then thou wilt have twin-hells, thy soul sweating drops of blood, and thy body suffused with agony. in fire exactly like that which we have on earth thy body will lie, asbestos-like forever unconsumed, all thy veins roads for the feet of Pain to tarvel on, every nerve a string on which the Devil shall forever play his diabolical tune of hell's unutterable lament."

When, therefore, Joseph Smith lived in Palmyra and Manchester, the kind of God he heard about from the preachers was what we would today call a monster, judged by his treatment of sinners. First, hell was a literal fire, like that on earth; second, into this lake of flames the sinner was thrown; third, the sinner suffered in both body and in soul; fourth, this suffering lasted forever, without hope of ending. Doubtless he heard even more lurid details than these—for there were plenty of them. Loyola, a Jesuit, taught that the fire in hell was "black" as well as very hot. That was, of course, earlier than the time of Joseph Smith, but there must have been echoes of this idea around Palmyra. Thomas Boston believed that God held "sinners with one hand over the pit of hell, while he tormented them with the other."

What kind of God would do these things? Certainly he had no kinship with the Man of Galilee, who healed people because he could not bear to see them suffer and who loved little children.

It is sometimes thought that such a conception of God was confined to a few. It was not. It was held by Christians everywhere in the world—all over America, in England, and on the continent of Europe. Fortunately the people, not even the ministers, acted upon these

beliefs or there is no telling what the world would have come to. For no doubt there were millions of men and women the world over who would have hesitated to do what the God they worshiped was represented as doing. They had too much of a sense of mercy for that.

The God of the *Book of Mormon* is in striking contrast with the God that Joseph Smith heard about when he went to any of the churches in his neighborhood.

First of all, what kind of hell did the Nephites believe in; for that will give us an idea of the character of their God.

Jacob, the brother of Nephi the First, probably says more than any other writer on this subject. His ideas are mainly in Chapter nine of Second Nephi.

"When all men shall have passed from this first death unto life, inasmuch as they have become immortal, they must appear before the judgment-seat of the Holy One of Israel; and then cometh the judgment, and then must they be judged according to the holy judgment of God. They who are righteous shall be righteous still, and they who are filthy shall be filthy still. Wherefore, they who are filthy are the devil and his angels; and they shall go away into everlasting fire, prepared for them, and their torment is as a lake of fire and brimstone, whose flame ascendeth up forever and has no end."

Some very fundamental things stand out in this remarkable chapter:

(1) The basis of what will happen to us after the resurrection is what we shall have done and been in this mortal life. The "righteous" here will be righteous there; the "filthy" here will be filthy there.

In other words the principle of cause and effect, instead of the notion of "rewards" and "punishment," will prevail in the next world.

But just who are the "righteous" here and who the "filthy" here? Everything hinges on that. Jacob says that the righteous here are they who have been baptized, who have faith, and who "endure to the end," and that the filthy are those who do not do these things. What he means by "enduring to the end" becomes evident from what he says later on about the murderer, the liar, the unvirtuous, and so on. The word "righteous" signifies conforming one's conduct to the divine standard of what is right and just.

(2) In order, however, to be classed as "righteous" or "filthy" one must know the law first and then choose whether or not he will obey it. That is what Jacob says. "Where there is no law given, there is no punishment; and where there is no punishment, there is no condemnation; and where there is no condemnation, the mercies of the Holy One of Israel have claim upon them, because of the atonement; for they are delivered by the power of him." This very considerably reduces the number of those who are "thrust down to hell."

(3) The hell of the *Book of Mormon*, though, is not a place of literal fire and brimstone, as the churches of Joseph Smith's time taught. It is as a lake of fire and brimstone—quite another thing entirely. We understand a new idea by associating it with what is already in our experience. Everybody knows what fire is and how painful it is. And so the Nephite writer uses fire as an illustration of how "awful" are the pains of hell. To be sure, he says these pains are endless. But

Joseph Smith afterwards explained that "Endless" is only another name for God. "It is not written," the revelation says, speaking of the sufferings of the condemned, "that there shall be no end to this torment, but it is written *endless torment*." And another revelation to the Prophet says, "I am endless, and the punishment which is given from my hand is Endless punishment, for Endless is my name." The phrase in Jacob, "has no end," applies to the fire, not to the torment.

To sum up, then, the *Book of Mormon* idea of hell is this: Only those go there who have not lived up to the standard of the gospel as it was revealed to them, and the "torment" they receive there is proportionate to their degree of "filthiness" here.

Such a view represents God as a God of justice and mercy, not a God of revenge and cruelty. Moreover, He is reasonable as well, according to the highest standards we have acquired in life. Besides, God is not arbitrary in his dealings with his children. No sensible person, therefore, can object to the *Book of Mormon* idea of the character of God, as revealed in his treatment of the wicked in the hereafter.

And yet this high conception of God is advanced by a country youth, without education or training in theology, a youth who had been reared in the notions of hell and God that prevailed in his neighborhood and that we have already described.

Where did Joseph Smith get this idea?

But the *Book of Mormon* has some very positive ideas about the character of God.

The God of the Nephites was Jesus Christ. That is as clear as anything. Nothing can be clearer, in fact. Says Moroni, "This is a

choice land, and whatsoever nation shall possess it shall be free from bondage, and from captivity, and from all nations under heaven—if they will but serve *the God of the land, who is Jesus Christ.*” In addition, Christ is called “the Eternal God” (Preface), “the very eternal Father of heaven and earth” (Alma 11:39), “the Lord, the Redeemer, the Savior, and the mighty One of Israel” (I Nephi, 22:26). In at least one place he is called “the Father and the Son”—the “Father, because he was conceived by the power of God; and the Son, because of the flesh” (Mosiah 15:2-4).

Now, what kind of Being was Jesus Christ, according to the *Book of Mormon*?

In the Nephite Record the aspect of Christ that is most prominent, it would seem, is that expressed in the word “Savior.” This idea, of course, lies at the basis of the Christian churches of the world, past and present; but there can be no doubt that the *Book of Mormon* writers give this word a depth and breadth not to be found in other Christian literature. “God so loved the world,” says John (3:16, 17), “that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved.”

The *Book of Mormon* works out this thought concretely, and it does so in a way that can be grasped by the simplest mind. It works it out, too, in a larger way than is done in the *New Testament*.

To begin with, God is interested in the Chosen People, just as he is represented as being in the *Old* and the *New Testament*. He selected the Israelites through whom to instruct the world religiously. But he

is interested in them more broadly than we would gather from the Hebrew writings. For the Lehites also were of the House of Israel, and God is interested in them, too. They are the “Remnants,” who have strayed, the “other sheep” of whom Jesus speaks. And through this “Remnant” God reveals his truth to the world—not only the world of ancient America, but the modern world as well. Thus there are two witnesses, instead of one.

There is something fine and big in the thought that God would reach out after the ancient inhabitants of this continent. It gives a larger view of Him; it furnishes us with an additional means by which to understand him; it helps us to see the cord that binds the human family into a more closely-knit group. For he is interested not only in that part of Israel that happened to find themselves in Palestine and other sections of the Old World, but in parts also that happen to have gone elsewhere. God’s eye is on them all, wherever they may be.

That is not the whole story, however. God, according to the *Book of Mormon*, is likewise interested in the rest of mankind. Says the high-minded Alma, “The Lord doth grant unto all nations, of their own nation and tongue, to teach his word, yea, in wisdom, all that he seeth fit that they should have; therefore we see that the Lord doth counsel in wisdom, according to that which is just and true.” (Alma 29:8.) Here is the universal interest of God expressed, probably, as it never has been anywhere else in religious literature. The saviorship of Jesus comes out here in a way that is incomparable. He is concerned in the salvation of all men. Not only so, he provides the means for their development, each according to the

stage or degree of their understanding. This is God in history in a new sense. For, on this assumption, such leaders of thought as Plato among the Greek, Confucius among the Chinese, and Buddha among the East Indians are accounted for in the divine Providence.

Light also is thrown by the *Book of Mormon* writers on the manner in which the saviorship of Christ is manifested. It is through Love and Mercy as well as Justice, not whim, caprice, and the spirit of revenge.

First, the "plan" must be advertised. This involves man's intelligence. Some are not even capable of understanding its provisions. To these, men are "sent" who can speak to them in their own language and offer them such parts of the "plan" as they are able to comprehend. Alma's words on this point have already been quoted, and they apply here. And they will be held to what they can understand, just as those will be who are higher in the scale of culture. Every one will be held to what he is able to comprehend. The higher aspects of the "plan" have been revealed through the prophets, but especially in Jesus Christ.

And then there is the atonement of Christ, which applies to all. The basis of this is divine Love. God loved the world; Jesus loved the world. Besides, this love had to be "infinite" in order to be efficacious (II Nephi, 9:7, 21). How this Love is redemptive in its nature is perhaps better expressed in Third Nephi than even in the *New Testament*, especially from chapter eleven to the end. Some of the scenes depicted there are without parallel

in history for tenderness, compassion, and divine love. The influence of them lasted for two hundred years among the Nephites.

In the Nephite Record, then, God is represented in what he says and in what he does with respect to man. There are no refined distinctions, such as you will find in the writings of modern theologians. As in the *Gospels* God is taken for granted. He is not defined. Besides, God's chief work, it seems, is to bring to pass the salvation of mankind.

Questions

1. Tell about the kind of God that was believed in by Joseph Smith's contemporaries. What did they teach concerning hell? Why should we go to their teachings about hell for a clue to his character?

2. Tell about the ideas of the *Book of Mormon* concerning hell. What differences do you find between the conception here and in Manchester a hundred years ago? What titles are given Christ in the Record? How is redemption wrought out?

3. Which of the two conceptions of God and the Hereafter should appeal the more to a modern? Why should it? What is the reason for the change in our outlook religiously from that of a hundred years ago?

4. Where, if not from God, could Joseph Smith have got his views about God and hell? How old was Joseph when the *Book of Mormon* was published? Pick out of your acquaintance a young man of that age, in order to ascertain his capabilities for original work like this.

Teachers' Topic

Watchword: "And into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, Peace be to this house."—Luke 10:5.

Text: "Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.

"Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick: and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.

"Let our light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matthew 5:14-16.

The time was to come in the last days when darkness would cover the face of the earth as the waters cover the mighty deep, and gross darkness should cover the minds of the people. That time spoken of by Isaiah is here and has been for some time. There is need of light in the world today; light of an understanding between men and fellowmen; light of understanding between nations; light of love that will subdue hatred; light of faith that will dispel doubt, fear, and suspicion; light of the spirit of God that will cause man to focus his thoughts upon his divine origin and destiny.

"A light shall break forth among them that sit in darkness, and it shall be the fulness of my gospel;" Doctrine and Covenants 45:28. That light has come forth, and the Latter-day Saints have been preaching this gospel in the various nations of the earth for more than a century. They have placed a candle on a candlestick so it giveth light to all those who desire to see and hear the truth. Many hundreds and thousands of men and women are engaged in serving their fellowmen in spreading the light and truth of the gospel by redeeming their kindred dead, and in the work of the ministry at home.

There are many yet, however, that have not seen the light, and

still others whose light is being dimmed by hiding it under a bushel, by centering their hearts and minds on the material things of life. Jesus said, "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."—John 8:12.

"And he that repents not, from him shall be taken even the light which he has received."—Doctrine and Covenants 1:33.

Relief Society women have many opportunities to do as the Savior admonished his disciples, to preach righteousness by example as well as by precept, by living a good life, by raising their voices in love and kindness to those who are weak and discouraged, by bringing others into the light and knowledge of the gospel. Many women in various occupations, and humble circumstances have "Let their light shine," that the world has been made better by their contribution. Are we finding those in our own communities who have set their light on a hill where it cannot and will not be hid?

"And again, verily I say unto you, the coming of the Lord draweth nigh, and it overtaketh the world as a thief in the night—

"Therefore, gird up your loins, that ye may be the children of light, and that day shall not overtake you as a thief."—Doctrine and Covenants 106:4-5.

Literature

(Third Week in January)

RUSSIA

Russian literature, to the rest of the world, did not exist until the 19th century. It was then that the short story and the novel came into its own. Before this time Russian writers had drawn from Europe, now they turned to their own country. The result was that Russian stories became famous the world over, not only for art, but also for strength of purpose.

It must be remembered that the Russians have the melancholy temperament of the Slavs, the desire for introspection and understanding. In the 19th Century they had not been Westernized long. Not so many years before, as history goes, Peter had visited Europe and began his new civilization by commanding the men to cut off their sacred beards. It must be remembered, too, that the Russians, more than writers of any other country, sought to better conditions, to bring about sympathy and understanding for the great mass of downtrodden and disinherited people who made up her country. What may pass to the unexperienced reader as sordidness or unhealthy reading is to the Russian a cry for a better day and a hope for more understanding. The Russian, more than any of our writers, has tried to learn the ways of God and the meaning of life, and transmit them to his fellow men. If he writes a book where most of the characters kill themselves, it is his way of showing his protest against life as it is, and he always has at least one character who points the way to a better day.

There is not space to even give the high points in the history of the short story in Russia. All that

can be said is that in the Russia of pre-revolutionary days, the short story began with Gogol and reached its perfection with Chekhov. Logically Chekhov would be the man to study in this lesson, but the story in the text, while it illustrates Chekhov's flawless style, is not typical of his subject matter. Instead Tolstoy, who was the greatest of the novelists, has been chosen. Only one writer of the 19th Century remains with us today, Maxim Gorky. He is immensely popular in America, but he does not possess the genius of Tolstoy or Chekhov.

Only one author's biography, that of Count Leo Tolstoy, will be discussed this month. Two stories other than Tolstoy's are listed for variety. Tolstoy is the obvious choice for many reasons: There will be few class members who do not know something of the man and his writings. He is accounted by most critics to be the greatest figure in Russian letters and to be one of the master writers of the world. And he is a man, the larger part of whose life was given to understanding and helping suffering people.

A Russian writer once said that in his country a story—"the most frivolous and insignificant form of literature"—became either rubbish or the voice of a leader heard throughout the empire. Too much of what we read in America is rubbish, but in Leo Tolstoy we find the voice of a leader. When he died in 1910 he was the acknowledged chief of men of letters throughout the world. At the same time he was one of the greatest teachers and reformers the world has ever known—and a man who could never sub-

due the artist in himself. These two elements were so strong in him that even though he tried to suppress his art because he thought it was defeating his highest powers, he could not do it. All his life he was more interested in people than he was in art. This characteristic, along with his great gift, gave him a strength that is seldom found.

It was his nature to look at things literally with little imagination. Readers will find few light touches in his writings, almost no humor, only life as Tolstoy saw it.

He was born of two ancient families of the high nobility, and his birthplace was the family home in a little village south of Moscow. The time was August 28, 1828. When he was quite young, both of his parents died. Even as a child he was introspective. He could not be happy without wondering why other people were unhappy. At five years of age he stated that life was a heavy task.

As a student he was not notable. He was a solitary boy, homely to the point of ugliness, and wanting to please. Because of his loneliness and his ugly face, he pretended to be a man of the town. For a time he led a foolish, dissipated life, but he never lost one redeeming quality—his utter sincerity.

He could always judge himself. "I am as low as any one can fall," he wrote. Then he went on to say that he lacked decision and energy, that he was ill tempered and licentious. After he passed his early youth, his religious beliefs came back to him and he started on the long quest for God. In 1855 there was war with Turkey and he went to the front as officer. He did not stay in the army long; he felt that war was defeating his purpose in life, but out of his experiences came

a great book showing the horrible uselessness of war and the simple, blind courage of the men who fought it. The book is called "Sebastopol".

From Petersburg he returned to the peasants feeling that through helping them he could develop himself and find the peace he strove for. In 1862 he married a young girl, Sophie Bers. It was almost an ideal marriage. She was intelligent, lovely, and thoroughly human. The marriage was to be his salvation. She was a true author's wife, trying to shield his art from his religious beliefs and his Utopian dreams, which were ever present to threaten his writing. More than this she brought him a wealth of feminine understanding. He came to know women and to portray them as few men have done and for years she was a valuable collaborator. One of his best characters, Natasha, in "War and Peace" was drawn from her. And she well deserved this honor. She copied Tolstoy's long masterpiece six times in longhand, and her patience during its writing was inexhaustible. So for fourteen years Tolstoy lived in peace and security, and two of his greatest novels were produced.

It would take too long to tell of the changes that came into his life. After "Anna Karenina" he forsook art until he was seventy years old, when he wrote "The Resurrection," for a moral purpose. He studied and expounded religion, ethics and government; grew in disfavor with the orthodox church, and was finally excommunicated. Neither his wife nor his family was in sympathy with his religious beliefs, and he was too sincere to force them, so he did not have their entire support in his struggles to help the peasantry. He felt entirely alone.

If he had been a poor man he might have been exiled to Siberia (he was in disfavor with the government also), but because he was greater than any ruler, he was not touched.

There were times when he felt he could no longer remain with his wife, whom he still loved. Once he wrote her a letter telling her of his need to be alone, but he was too old to do more than seal the letter. When he was eighty-two years old, in a sudden moment of despair, he left his home and died soon after. On his death bed he wept, not for himself, but for the unhappiness of the world.

As an old man he wrote, "We must not go in search of one another, but we must all search God. * * * You say, 'Together is easier.' What? To labor, to reap, yes. But to draw near to God—one can only do so in isolation." All his life he struggled in isolation to find God, to find an ideal that was always remote. It is said of him that he is as our conscience, saying what we all think, but what we fear to see in ourselves.

Trying to give some insight into Tolstoy's writing is hard to do briefly. He was so much greater than the most of us, his understanding so profound. Up until his time Russian writers had done little with realism. Tolstoy derided it in the French, yet he brought it into Russia. He was what is termed a "naturalist" also in that he refused to force a story into a conclusion or a set form. It must go its way, just as it would in life. He had, too, the remarkable power of putting an ordinary man or woman into a book and making them as real as if the reader knew them next door. Sometimes he erred in analyzing his characters, but they were so true that they always righted themselves be-

fore the story had moved far. With all his genius, he is conscious that he was never able to record the thing he was looking for, nor where he could find it, but he was always hoping that it would be found. The story in the text, "The Long Exile" shows this plainly.

"The Long Exile" is a story of social injustice with one main character, a man who was punished unjustly for another's crime and who fought to find God and peace in the face of great obstacles. It could have happened in no place save Russia. In reading it, it must be remembered that Tolstoy lived at a time when the majority of the Russians were poor and ignorant and had little thought of revolution or change from their situation. Being sent to Siberia was a common thing and a cruel thing, and often enough, if we are to believe Russian fiction, a person was an innocent victim. Tolstoy has used the device of a man wrongly punished to show the evils of the Russian criminal system and to expound his philosophy that a man, if he isolated himself, could conquer the passions of the baser self and come to some understanding of God.

The story is a simple one. A young merchant who once lived a riotous life, something in the way the author once had, was now happily married and respected. It was necessary for the young fellow to go to a fair to sell his goods, and on the way he stopped at an inn and visited with a fellow merchant. The fellow merchant was murdered for his roubles and the murderer evilly placed the knife in young Ivan Aksinov's bag. During the trial Ivan's wife came to visit him and instead of telling her husband that she had implicit faith in him, she asked him if he had not committed the murder.

Her lack of faith broke Ivan's spirit and he turned from men to God. "It seems that only God can know the truth; it is to Him alone that we must appeal and from Him alone expect mercy."

Twenty-six years passed in Siberia and Ivan was coming to certain peace and a belief that perhaps he had committed some sin for which he needed to be punished. One day a new prisoner came. He was the actual murderer; when Ivan learned the truth all his peace left him and he wished for revenge. He could not sleep or rest. An occasion came when revenge was placed in his hands, but in the last moment, he refused to take it. The murderer, for the first time, understood the mercy of God, and he tried to pay for his sin. It was too late. Ivan, once revenge passed from him, felt at rest with men and God, and did not want to leave the prison. Another writer might have given the old man a few years of happiness with his family, but Tolstoy, the naturalist and the realist, knew that the man could never be at one with society again.

The story is filled with bits of Russian life—the wife's superstition, the young merchant on his way to the fair; his stopping at the inn and then setting out in the early dawn; the troika with the tinkling bells; the simplicity of the merchant before the police; the ruthlessness of the officers; the Czar's non-action on the petition; the beating at the mines; the long years in Siberia. It made a good story to have the real murderer come to Siberia, and for a minor crime, but Tolstoy knew that it was life that the man should some time pay for his crime. It was characteristic of Tolstoy, too, that he should let the

murderer feel God's love before he died.

This story should be studied more for an understanding of Russian life and Tolstoy's philosophy than for any technique. Draw from the class their understanding of Tolstoy that they get from this story: What do they know of Tolstoy's religious beliefs? Was he a true Christian? Did he believe in punishment or in showing mercy? Did he believe that the Russian law was just and good? What did he hope to accomplish by this story? The story has a strong moral purpose, but has any of its art been sacrificed? What are the Russian traits and phases of Russian life that are found in this story? Could it have happened in America or England? Characterize the main character of the story. Is a common man made to live on paper? Show the changes that took place in him and what caused him to change? Defend Tolstoy's ending. Picture what would have happened if he had lived to go back to his old home. If Tolstoy's purpose is kept in mind this story, while it is sad, need not have a depressing effect. Instead, the beautiful lesson that Tolstoy meant to teach may be obtained from it.

There are two other stories, Korolenko's "The Old Bell Ringer" and Puskin's "The Snow Storm" that may be substituted for "The Long Exile." The first is a story with a religious theme, the story of an old man who opened his heart to the beauty of life about him and tried to put it into the ringing of the Easter bells. Puskin's story is a love tale with some beauty, but it is not particularly characteristic of Russia. It is a theme that was used in many countries and could have happened many places.

Social Service

(Fourth Week in January)

PERSONALITY STUDY: CHANGING HABIT SYSTEMS

(Based on Overstreet's "Influencing Human Behavior," pp. 143-158)

The balance of our social service lessons this season will have to do with very fundamental considerations. It will be our aim to increase our ability to bring about changes in persons that are relatively profound and lasting. It is one thing merely to attract the favorable attention of people, to carry on friendly relations with them, or even to cause some temporary change in their behavior. It is quite another thing to be an important factor in really fostering valuable and more or less permanent improvements in your own or some other personality. Because this part of our course will require more detailed and careful study we shall take up only one short chapter in our text for each of our future lessons.

When we speak of attempting to change persons in fundamental ways the question nearly always arises as to the possibility of making such changes. Most often the problem is argued around the general issue of the relative importance of physical heredity and environment. There are plenty of dogmatic partisans on both sides of the fence. Usually their arguments show so little regard for the need of defining the important terms used or for a critical examination of the *evidences* brought forward, that we are actually misguided by what they say or left in confusion.

The so-called "heredity fiends" have been especially active during the last decade or two. Formerly they were quite content with repeating musty old clichés like, "Human nature never changes," "He's a chip

from the old block and can't help but be that way," "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear", etc. Recently they have seemed to talk more in terms of scientific findings. They have had a good deal to say about Mendel's law, about the investigations of the descendants of Jonathan Edwards, "Max Jukes", "Martin Kallikak", etc., and about what psychological tests are supposed to reveal as to one's inherited mental traits and abilities. Propagandists among them have even busied themselves with foisting on to the people half-baked programs for what they call "social betterment" or "race improvement" based upon mistaken notions about heredity.

No doubt there are many who under-rate very much the part played by heredity in human life and make foolish assumptions because of their distorted views. Like their opponents they often like to argue but as a rule they engage in but little organized propaganda.

What we need to do is to recognize that heredity and environment are only to be separated for purposes of discussion. Actually they are inseparable. They are not entities or forces and we must not be fooled in this regard by some of our convenient habits of speech. It will be well for us to read some of the recent careful discussions which recognize the complexity of the problem. It will be interesting to note how very differently the same facts are interpreted by different writers on this subject. We can get sufficient insight into the prob-

lem so that we can be on guard in the future against the extreme claims and the sentimental trash which we meet with so often.

As teachers and social workers we cannot afford to overlook whatever possibilities there are for making the world better by improving environmental conditions.

With regard to the effort-discouraging statement so often heard that "human nature never changes" we need to have an appreciation of the fact that at best this statement is only partly true. There may be some parts of our nature that are relatively unchangeable, but it is certain that other parts—equally as much to be included in human nature, if not more properly so—that are quite susceptible to change. We are ready to agree with Overstreet that, "it is not always easy to say precisely where the human nature that is unchangeable leaves off and the human nature that is changeable begins."

The author of our text also rightly insists that our insight into the nature and possibilities of human personality will be greatly improved by considering it as a large number of more or less unified habit-systems rather than as a mysterious and unanalyzable whole. The important "entering wedge" for the improvement of a personality is to diagnose some of the habit deficiencies and then proceed with the "comparatively simple step-by-step process of redirecting and remoulding specific systems of habits".

When some of our parents or grandparents embraced Mormonism, in some cases in middle life and in foreign lands, they were faced with the problem of making rather profound changes in their lives. Not only did they change their religious ideals and conduct in many

ways, but some of them changed political concepts and even their manner of speech. This not only furnishes us with evidence of the possibility of making important changes, but we can also learn from such cases a good deal about how such changes are made. Nearly always we can note a very strong inner desire to improve and a substitution of specific habits of thought and action for certain others that had formerly been customary. In our next lesson we shall consider in some detail just how we may break old habits and form new ones.

A FEW OF THE POSSIBLE PROBLEMS FOR DISCUSSION

1. *Environment* is defined as the sum of the various external conditions, influences, or forces which surround an organism and to which it responds so as actually to be affected by them. *Heredity* may be defined as "the resemblance between an organism and its ancestors, in so far as this resemblance is not due to similarity of environment". What did you think about the claim that the disease called rickets is primarily a matter of physical heredity? Of bad environmental conditions? What justification, if any, can be given for the statement that two very constant companions, twins for example, may yet be responding to very different environments? How would these facts complicate the study of human inheritance? If it is a fact that "pure lines of men do not exist" how does this further tend to complicate investigations of human heredity?

2. The improvements of civilization which are transmitted from generation to generation not by means of the physical germ plasm but rather through the social medium of communication has been

termed our *social inheritance*. One writer has described this as consisting of five great spiritual possessions of the race. First he mentions our scientific heritage—all that science has given mankind to make us appreciate nature and to live well and comfortably. Second is the *literary inheritance*—the languages we need and the literature of the world. A third element mentioned is our aesthetic inheritance, that which represents racial progress in relation to the “beautiful, the picturesque, and the sublime”. Fourth in the enumeration comes our *institutional inheritance*, such things as “the right of private property, the common law, the state, the church, freedom of press, education”, etc. Not less important is our *religious inheritance* with all that it may mean for righteousness and the good life.

Discuss fully why social heredity is so very important in human development.

3. Make the most significant comment you can in relation to each of the following quotations:

“It is * * * not the slums which make slum people, but slum people who make the slums.”—*A. E. Wiggam*.

“I would feel perfectly confident in the ultimately favorable outcome of *careful* upbringing of a *healthy, well-formed* baby born of a long line of crooks, murderers, thieves, and prostitutes. Who has any evidence to the contrary?”—*J. B. Watson*.

“In preaching as they do, that like produces like, and that therefore superior people will have superior children and inferior people inferior children, the orthodox eugenists are going contrary to the best established facts of genetical science, and are, in the long run, doing their cause harm.”—*Raymond Pearl*.

“It becomes ludicrous when we see an educator taking credit to himself when a good result is demonstrated and then

falling back upon heredity to account for all bad results.”—*John J. B. Morgan*.

4. It has been said that mental traits, as such, are not biologically inherited. Read on this problem from such references as *Encyclopedia Britannica* articles on “heredity”, “Eugenics”, and “Mendelism”; Cameron “Viewpoints in Educational Psychology”, pp. 105-126; Davies “New Age of Faith”, pp. 134-163, 208-226; *American Mercury*, Vol. VI (1925) pp. 147-153 and Vol. XII (1927) pp. 257-266; and such other references as may be available and report your findings. Can you tell why the so-called Jukes-Edwards evidence has been challenged by some recent writers on this problem? How much, if any, is made of this “evidence” in the *Britannica* articles referred to above?

5. Answer as fully as you can the question: “What is one’s human nature?” How does your answer affect the usual interpretation of the statement that human nature never changes?

6. Give from memory as many of the habit-systems mentioned by Overstreet as you can. Compile and read to the class a much longer list of your own.

7. Relate as well as you can the account of “waking up” Alice. Which paragraph in this account as quoted in our text do you regard as most significant? Why?

8. Discuss rather fully the following statement from Overstreet: “Most of us do not know how to observe character; and for that reason we are poor at reforming it.” Summarize the constructive suggestions from this lesson which probably will help us with these two things.

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Volume XVIII

DECEMBER, 1931

No. 12



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Vol. 18

December, 1931

No. 12

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Mary :

By Helen M. Livingston

She did not mind the dusty road,
The donkey's gait so slow,
The chill wind of the winter night,
The weary way to go.
A holy peace filled Mary.

She did not mind the crowded town,
No place for her to stay,
She made a manger sanctified,
Bore Jesus on the hay.
And holy peace filled Mary.

She did not pry the future years
And see his body rent,
But pillowing the little head
She knew a sweet content.
And holy peace filled Mary.



MADONNA AND CHILD

Murillo

THE Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XVIII

DECEMBER, 1931

No. 12

Her Phantom Family

By *Elsie C. Carroll*

IT did not surprise anyone in South Cove when Anne Moreley started to build a home with part of the fortune her Aunt Hester left her. A woman who has clerked in a dry-goods store and lived in a second-rate boarding house for years, naturally *would* desire to have a home of her own if she had an opportunity. What *did* surprise people, however, was the kind of house Anne built—not a little two-or-three-room cottage such as one would imagine for an old maid, but a big, family-like residence, with wide porches, three bed-rooms, a music room, a study, and what appeared to be unmistakably a play-room.

Of course, everyone knew that Anne was odd, even though the older residents of The Cove could remember when she was the prettiest and most popular girl in the village, and as full of live interests as anyone. But that was before the War, when Anne was getting ready to marry Dave Bramwell who had been her favored "beau" since childhood. When the word came that Dave had been killed at Chateau-Thierry, the shock of the news did something to Anne, and she had never been the same.

She went on clerking at Anderson

and Midgley's, and continued to live at Mrs. Springers, but she was changed to a silent woman with a far-away look in her eyes that made one continually surprised that she heard when she was asked for calico or bacon, and that she got the right things.

No one was surprised that she quit clerking when her house was finished. A woman with an assured income of a hundred and fifty dollars a month from stocks and bonds would be foolish to keep on selling coffee and sardines and listening to old man Midgley's stale jokes. The thing that did surprise folks, was the fact, which leaked out soon after Anne moved in, that she didn't really live in the house after all—that is, none of it except two little back-basement rooms. She went over the up-stairs every day, sweeping and dusting as scrupulously as if a whole family lived there, but she ate and slept in that tiny basement apartment.

It was Jane Stoker who made the discovery and broadcasted it. Jane used to clerk at Anderson and Midgley's, also, and some of the older town gossips still recalled how hard she tried to vamp young Dave Bramwell when she first came to The Cove. Jane now lived just around

the corner from Anne's new home, and she made it a point to worm her way into the new house often enough to keep the curious posted.

As soon as this strange fact was known several persons tried to rent the main part of the house, Jim Daniel the new bank cashier went to see about it, as did L. W. Procter, the principal of the high school, and others. But to all alike, Anne shook her head and replied that the house was not for rent.

Jane kept the town posted as to the kind of furnishings and decorations Anne bought, and, as much as she was able, of the kind of life Anne lived in her little mansion.

But even Jane didn't know much about the life. She had no idea of what those rooms and furnishings meant to Anne. No one knew that Anne Morely was really two women: that while the physical Anne was cooking and eating in the cramped little basement apartment, the spiritual Anne was living with a phantom family in the rooms above—the family that would have been hers had it not been for Chateau-Thiery. While one of her selves nibbled toast in the basement kitchen, the other was smiling into Dave Bramwell's eyes across the table in the green and yellow breakfast nook upstairs and answering the questions of Anne Marie and Betty Jean and Dicky Boy and little Davy.

People who pitied Anne and thought how dreadful her loneliness must be, had no idea of the gay companionship she had with her phantom family. Every day they were doing something interesting and worthwhile. For instance, there were the anniversaries—days that are dreaded by most people left alone. Anne's family always made much of anniversaries. They never let a holiday pass without making it

a day to be treasured in the memory. In the summertime Anne went with her family on wonderful excursions and camping trips, during which she and Dave taught the children about the wonders of nature, while they themselves lived again—happy occasions of their courtship—evening walks under a softly smiling summer moon, long drives in the coolness of shaded canyon roads, hours of day-dreaming on the banks of a splashing stream.

To be sure there were times when living this dream-life fell far from satisfying Anne's soul. There were times when her whole being cried out in protesting anguish against the empty cup Life had given her; when she yearned for the physical companionship of those dear ones who rightfully belonged to her. Yet the fancied companionship helped to fill up that hideous hopeless void which had enveloped her when the news of Dave's death had sent her mind slipping into helpless misery.

The coming of the Masons into the old Saddler place next door to Anne, helped to make her phantom children real. She was scarcely aware that she had some new neighbors until Jane Stoker reminded her one day. Jane was always running in to borrow a cup of sugar, or a box of matches.

"I imagine you are going to be pestered to death by those Mason kids," Jane had volunteered. "They were even over walking on my fence yesterday. And the littlest boy was almost coughing his head off. I couldn't help wondering if he didn't have TB too. They say the mother is nearly dead with it—and her husband can't be located anywhere. He went some place to try to find work the day they moved in."

After Jane had gone, Anne went upstairs to go through the daily

routine of sweeping and dusting the rooms in which her phantom family lived. When she was through she sat at the desk in the study to go over again the Christmas list she always wrote out, designating specifically the gifts for each member of the family. Last night's snowy blizzard had made her decide that Dave should have a fur overcoat. His long trips into the country to show real estate bargains to prospective buyers, must be made as comfortable as possible. She added also an electric stove to the list of toys for Anne Marie and Betty Jean. She had seen such a cunning little electric range in the electric shop yesterday when she had gone to pay her light bill—all fitted up with tiny cooking utensils to match. Any little girl in the world would go into ecstasies over such a gift. As she sat wondering what to add to the list for Dicky Boy and Davy, she was suddenly startled by the frightened scream of a child. It seemed to come from just outside her window. She went to the window in time to see a rosy faced youngster of about four years, flounder to his feet in the deep snow by the fence which separated her grounds from the Saddler place.

The little fellow had evidently fallen from the top of the fence. That he was not hurt was apparent when he laughed merrily as the faces of another little boy and a little girl appeared over the top of the fence.

"Come on over," he shouted. "Let's make our snow man over here. See how deep and clean the snow is."

The other children looked apprehensively first at the big house, then back at the squatty little shack on their own side of the fence. In a moment, however, they scrambled

down on Anne's side and began rolling huge balls of snow for the arms and legs and head of the figure they were creating.

Anne sat watching as if fascinated. Strangely the three children were fusing themselves into the children of her dreams. The littlest one, whose accident had brought the others, the little tad with such chubby arms and legs and rosy cheeks, was Davy. Anne trembled at the thought of gathering his plump little body into her hungry arms. The tall slender lad who worked so fast and who had already erected a huge trunk for the snow man, that was Dicky Boy; while the little girl with brown curls straggling out from her torn stocking cap, was Betty Jean.

Anne thrilled as she listened to their chatter and watched the snow man grow from two unequal stumps of legs to a fat grotesque figure with his small round head decidedly on one side of his shoulders because Dicky Boy could not reach high enough to set it in the middle.

The children were dancing gleefully about their masterpiece, singing "Jolly Old Snow Man," when another head appeared over the fence. Anne gave a little start. She had become so absorbed in watching the three children that she had forgotten Anne Marie—but there she was, of course, blue-eyed and pink-cheeked and with a voice as soft as a bell.

"Say, whatever are you doing over here?" she asked with consternation. "Come right back over this fence. Don't you know what Mrs. Stoker told us the other day about that awful old maid who lives in that house?"

Strangely enough, Anne did not even wince at the words. It did not occur to her that the unlovely

reference was to her. But her eyes blurred and she sighed as the children scrambled back over the fence, casting reluctant glances back at the snow man they were deserting.

Anne went down stairs, but she was soon back again peering from one of the east windows to see if she could catch a glimpse of the children. From that day she lived upstairs. Neither of her basement windows commanded a view of the old Saddler place, and she grew to count time by the things she saw the children do.

As the cold December days went by, Anne added many items to her Christmas list—warm coats and shoes and caps, and sleds and skates and snow shoes—always things for the children—her children whom she watched at play in the grimy yard across the way. Every movement, she followed with hungry eyes. She warmed and thrilled at their snow-fights, and when they rolled over and over in the snow until they looked like snow images themselves, she worried over the thinness and the shabbiness of their coats. Always when someone called them in she felt cold and lonely. Her old dreams no longer seemed real and satisfying unless she could see the children. Most of her time was spent watching at the windows that she might not miss a single glimpse.

Every morning she watched the two older ones—Anne Marie and Dicky Boy—trudge off to school, and she was always watching for them when they came home. Her mind tried to transform their shabby apparel to soft warm clothes and wraps into which she mentally helped them before she kissed them goodbye each morning at her own door.

As the days went by, her plans for Christmas took on tangibility—as

they had never done before. Instead of merely dreaming of the Christmas tree as she had always done before, she found herself actually ordering one, and that same afternoon she was trimming it with the finest decorations to be found in Anderson and Midgley's. Item by item, too, she began to fill her Christmas list, always dreaming of the grand surprise of Christmas day. The day that the little electric stove was delivered she spent hours trying it out and hunting up dishes from her own childhood's treasures to add to the equipment.

To be sure there were times when actuality broke through this phantom world and Anne berated herself for an idiotic fool and cried over her empty, lonely life until her soul ached. Then she would gather her wretched senses and again fly for escape to the land of fantasy.

Each delivery man who brought a box or package exhibited ill-disguised curiosity.

"You must be expectin' a lot of company, Miss Moreley," Hank Moran remarked as he loaded the kitchen table with groceries a few days before the 25th.

Anne said nothing. She sensed how queer she was to others and avoided all possible contacts with the real world.

"By George, I bet you got the purtiest Christmas tree in town," Tom Kelly exclaimed as he brought in a huge box from Allen's new ready to wear store. "Jim Dykes told me to be sure to notice it when I passed the living room window. You sure must be expectin' to make somebody happy with all them things hangin' on it."

Again Anne made no reply, but as soon as Tom was gone she went into the living room and pulled down the window shades and spent

an hour sobbing beside the gay tree.

The next day, the day before Christmas, just as she was putting her last mince pie onto the pantry shelf beside the row of other pies and doughnuts and animal cookies and candied fruit and popcorn balls, she heard the door bell ring.

She hesitated a moment, then decided not to answer it—a usual custom with Anne—since everything she had ordered had been delivered. She couldn't endure this constant breaking of her illusion by the unknowing service men who came to her door, and the misery that followed.

The bell rang again, but Anne did not move.

In a moment she heard Jane Stoker calling at the kitchen door. Anne despised the nerve of the woman, as, unbidden, she pushed open the door and entered.

"Anne, I brought you over a piece of my fruit cake for your dinner tomorrow." She was the only one of Anne's old acquaintances who still thrust her company upon the unresponsive woman. Anne had been expecting this intrusion since Jane must have seen the many deliveries brought to the back door. Jane, of course, had come for an explanation of this unusual occurrence. Anne was panic-stricken. There was no explanation. She had just let her dreams get the better of her. It was all evidence toward the insanity she knew people expected and which she herself dreaded. Jane would, of course, be the one to start an agitation to send her up to the mental hospital. If Jane could find out that Anne was preparing a Christmas for a family that was a mere creation of her mind, that would be enough.

Anne trembled as she emerged from the pantry, wondering how she

was ever going to meet Jane's probing questions and quick searching eyes.

"I just brought you a piece of fruit cake," Jane repeated, sinking into a chair by the kitchen table. "But—my—you smell good in here, as if you are doing a lot of cooking yourself."

"Yes, I am," Anne admitted.

"Specting company, I suppose," Jane probed, her eyes shifting about curiously.

"W-h-y—er—yes."

"Some of your Aunt Hester's folks, I guess?"

"Yes," Anne assented eagerly.

"I always understood that she didn't have any folks besides you."

"She didn't—that is not any near relatives," Anne floundered.

"You're going to have a Christmas tree, too, aren't you? Tom Kelly told me he bet it was the finest one in town. He sees all the trees, being as he delivers to everybody," Jane looked hintingly toward the half closed middle door, but Anne said nothing.

"I should have brought more cake—you having company," Jane went on. "I thought you'd be alone just as always."

"That's all right, and thanks," said Anne stepping to the pantry. "And I'd like you to try one of my mince pies." She stood holding the pie in her hand. Jane finally saw there was nothing for her to do but to get up and take it.

"I guess you haven't heard how Mrs. Mason is today?" she remarked, trying to think of some way of prolonging the call until she found some sort of answer to the riddle that was perplexing her. "They say she hasn't a ghost of a chance to get well and they still can't locate her husband. Mary Baxter was telling me. She says

it's just another charity case for the doctor to carry. Them children don't seem to realize how sick she is by the way they yell and screech around. I'd think they'd drive you crazy—livin' so close."

"No—no—they don't bother me," Anne said, picking up a dust cloth and beginning to wipe off a chair near her.

At last Jane walked away disappointedly, but more convinced than ever that someone ought to demand an examination of Anne Morely, and wondering what would be done with Anne's property when she was taken to the asylum.

Jane had no sooner closed the door than Anne sank into a chair beside the table and buried her face in her arms. No one could so cruelly break through her illusions as Jane Stoker. She shook with sobs. She was no longer a happy mother preparing a wonderful Christmas for her adored children. She was nothing but a queer, lonely old maid without one soul in the whole world who cared for her—and tottering on the verge of insanity.

The minutes ticked away and Anne's sobs became dry and hard. Why couldn't Jane leave her alone? she thought bitterly. What harm did it do to imagine she was a normal, happy woman?

Two or three times she tried to throw off her misery and to summon the genii of her imagination to shift the scenes, but this time she rubbed her Alladin's lamp in vain. Stark, barren reality remained staring her in the face. She wept on and on until her throat was dry and parched and her eyes were balls of flame.

The greyness of the afternoon deepened into gloom. Anne did not stir. She felt that she never wanted to see any of the things about her that must remind her of the flimsy

happiness she had been trying to create for herself.

Then, all at once, she was startled by the sound of light running feet on the walk outside. Someone seemed to fly up the back steps. Before Anne could get up, the door flew open and a white-faced little girl appeared.

"Why—Anne Marie," exclaimed Anne, rushing toward the child. "What—"

The child started at the unusual name, but only for a second.

"It's my mother," she gasped. "Won't you come quick? She is coughing so hard—and blood is coming out of her mouth!" Frightened sobs filled the room.

"I'll call Dr. Baxter, then I'll be right over," Anne said, her mind suddenly washed of everything else.

In five minutes Anne was entering the dismal little shack on the other side of the fence. The sound of a wracking cough reached her ears as she hurried to the inner room. Four frightened children were clinging to each other, crying. In the dim light of one small electric bulb suspended from the middle of the ceiling, Anne saw a wasted little woman fighting for breath as blood oozed from between her pale lips.

As Anne approached the bed, a pair of dark eyes looked up at her. They were full of dread.

"You children go out into the other room until Dr. Baxter comes," Anne said tenderly. "I'll try to help mother."

The children obeyed.

Anne knelt beside the low couch.

"It was wicked of me not to have known—this—before," she lamented. Suddenly she saw herself as a blind, selfish woman, shutting out real life to hug a mere dream. "I have 'phoned to the doctor. He will be here right away."

The woman shook her head and tried heroically to control her coughing.

"It's no use," she gasped. "I'm—dying—but—I—can't die—my babies—."

The agony in the dark, sunken eyes burned into Anne's soul.

She was certain that the woman *was* dying. She feared that the doctor would be too late. For a moment panic seized her. She had been so long isolated from all real contacts with her fellow-beings, that she felt afraid and helpless now in this terrible crisis.

Then suddenly there came an answer to her unuttered prayer. The tumult inside of her grew calm. Like a flash, a vision of what her life should have been, of what she could make it to be, gleamed before her.

Gently she placed her hand on the clammy forehead.

"I am so sorry," she whispered. "I want to help you. What can I do?"

The sick woman looked searchingly into her eyes.

"It is the children," she gasped between coughs. "I—I—can't—leave them—but I—I know I am dying."

Anne knelt at the bedside. She was sure there was not a moment to lose if she was to give this stricken mother assurance and peace.

"Will you give your children to me? I have plenty. I already love them—as if they were my own. I live in the house next door. That will be their home. I will love them and care for them always."

There was pleading in her eyes and voice. The sufferer lifted one white hand and drew it across her forehead. She must assure herself that she was not dreaming. The hand fluttered down into Anne's.

"Say it again!" the weak voice whispered.

"I want to be a mother to your children," Anne repeated passionately. "I love them. I want them. Will you give them to me?"

The frail fingers pressed Anne's hand as the woman, seized with another fit of coughing, nodded her head.

Dr. Baxter opened the door. Hurriedly he began to open his bag, then with a glance at his patient, he slowly closed it again and came to stand mutely beside Anne.

A few moments later when the last flutterings of the tired heart had ceased, the doctor said huskily:

"A sad, sad case. I wonder what will become of the kiddies?"

Anne rose to her feet, unclasping the stiffening fingers from her hand.

"They are mine. She gave them to me and—I—I will love them and care for them always."

Dr. Baxter stared at her in amazement. As he looked searchingly into Anne's earnest eyes, he felt convinced that the complaint Jane Stoker had instituted would never go through, and yet he couldn't understand this sudden change.

It was Anne who broke the silence again, speaking with clear decision.

"Can you send someone to take charge of things here, Doctor? I'll take care of the expenses, but right now I want to get the children away from this—this sadness. I have their Christmas all ready for them over home." When Anne had gone into the other room and the doctor could hear her softly breaking the news of the mother's death and gently assuring the little ones that they still had a mother to care for them, he found himself rubbing his eyes, and wondering if he was so tired he could be dreaming, or if this were a new Anne Morely. "Well, well," he breathed, "the longer I live, the more sure I am that miracles continue in the world."

The World Disarmament Conference

By Blanche Kendall McKey

HOW bewilderingly contradictory is the world in which we live today! Discontent, unrest, social revolution with its accompaniment, hatred, nations actually at each other's throats, and yet the world is planning its first Disarmament conference. "Sardonic peace plans!" one is led to think.

Yet the conference itself is evidence of a crystallized desire, on the part of many people at least, to turn from war, and the mass support accorded it from the different countries of the world adds to the swelling proof that people are beginning to think in terms of peace. A Polyglot Disarmament Petition issued by the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom had obtained, nearly six months ago, a quarter of a million signatures from thirty-three British organizations. Twenty-four German and sixteen Swedish societies were not far behind. A World Disarmament caravan made up of members of the Woman's International League, headed by Mabel Vernon, former worker for the suffrage cause, made a tour of the United States from coast to coast soliciting signatures. At the close of the pilgrimage in early October thousands of petitions

were presented to President Hoover.

The most optimistic cannot look upon current happenings and decide that the world is ready for peace. On the other hand, the most pessimistic cannot close his eyes to the significance of thousands of thoughtful citizens appealing to their respective Governments for reduced world armaments.

How slowly evolve great movements! 1914 saw the adoption of resolutions for world peace by the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Woodrow Wilson's Eighteen Points were promoted in 1918. In 1920 came the League of Nations Covenant. The Multilateral Treaty for the Renunciation of War was signed in 1929. February 2, 1932, will see at Geneva the first World Disarmament conference. What the next international step along this line will be no one can definitely foresee.

May the conference in Geneva result in more friendly relations between nations and in the betterment of mankind by making possible the expenditure for constructive purposes of the millions upon millions of dollars now being lavished upon "defense."

Foreshadows

By Blanche Kendall McKey

Never burned more radiant,
The steady Christmas light!
Never sang more jubilant
Through the silver night

The herald of the centuries—
Like a trumpet blast—
"Lo! we see the dawning;
Peace shall come at last."

Old World and New World watch-
ing shadows flee;
Old World and New World stretch-
ing o'er the sea
Eager hands that grope to meet,
hands that hope to clasp,
While the world-wide chorus rings:
"Dawn of peace at last!"

Never burned more tenderly,
The little Christmas light;
Never tears more gratefully
Fell like snowdrops white
When Christmas thoughts go throbb-
ing
Toward those whose scarlet flame
Flicked out with the battle cry:
"Democracy shall reign!"

Old World and New World think-
ing of the day
When, beloved, the soldiers grimly
marched away;
Old world and New World thinking
love will lave,—
Heaping Christmas roses on an Un-
known grave.

Never bent so near to us
Bethlehem's bright star;
Yesterday's bold prophecy
Blooms in things that are;
Never rang so near our ears
The chorus now as then—
Angel chorus caroling
"Peace! Good will to men!"

Old World and New World shak-
ing off the chain;
Old World and New World think-
ing love should reign;
Old World and New World strain-
ing through the night
Anxious eyes and eager hands to-
ward a rising Light.

Never shone more steadily
The golden gleam—so still—
Like the radiant Christ-child's eyes
Watching things fulfil;
Never beat so fervently
Our hearts, with love grown bold,
Glimpsing through the candle light
What future years may hold.

Old World and New World bend-
ing heart and knee,
Worshiping more hopefully a shin-
ing Christmas tree;
Old World and New World, in spite
of sin and stain,
Listening to the footsteps of an ap-
proaching Reign.



Bringing Home Christmas

By Lais V. Hales

"The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

CHRISTMAS is the rarest, the strangest, the most popular festival of the year. The word Christmas is no older than the twelfth century but from time immemorial, under different names and at different times this festival has been celebrated. Its spirit triumphs over all obstacles; breaks down all barriers; flourishes in all countries and in all hearts. For the spirit of Christmas fulfills the greatest hunger of mankind.

Elements pagan and Christian, gay and grave, mystical and matter-of-fact, historical and legendary, all blended together make our modern Christmas. The green garlands, the marvelous tree, the mystic fire and lights, the spirit of giving and receiving, and customs many which still cluster about this big mid-winter feast descend to us from the pagan childhood of the race. Happy are they who know and garnish with ancient tradition this glorious holiday; for they are precisely those who enter abundantly into the kingdom of Christmas. Is there really anyone so dead in heart, so blind to the sunshine of happiness that he doesn't enter wholeheartedly into this day? "If so, gone for him are the simplest, finest, sweetest, most precious things in life. Gone for him is the spirit of youth and all the 'olden, golden glory of the days gone by'."

Immemorial tradition has now irrevocably rooted the Holy Nativity

in the heart of the cold and dark season of the year. As John Milton wrote, so the world is content to think:

"It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger
lies."

In early days different dates and significance were attributed to the Nativity. There were even those who did not believe that Christ was born divine. To them Christmas was the commemoration of the spiritual birth of Christ, at the age of thirty, when a voice from heaven said, "Thou art my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." However, about the middle of the fourth century, December 25th was set aside by the Church in Rome for the observance of the physical birth of Christ. At first it was a purely spiritual festival. It was a fast of the senses, and a feast of the soul. But through contact with the festive environments in which it grew up it has become material, happy and merry, ruddy and lusty; though never to the exclusion of reverent remembrance of Him who came to bless and save mankind. Today we make the children happy in His name; we gather our friends about us as He loved to gather His, and share our bread and meat with them. The things of the mind concern us little on this day. It is the heartbeat that counts on Christmas. The same words are in every heart all over the world—peace, joy, good will to all men. To those who doubt the day and its message Edwin Arlington Robinson says—

“Though other saviors have in older lore
 A legend, and for older god have died—
 Though death may wear the crown it
 always wore,
 And ignorance be still the sword of
 pride—
 Something is here that was not here
 before,
 And strangely has not yet been cruci-
 fied.”

The customs surrounding Christmas are deeply rooted in tradition. The use of evergreens at Christmas had its roots in the profound reverence of the ancients for all natural phenomena. To them nature was everywhere alive. The garlands were carried indoors because with them came a blessing and they were never used for decorative purposes in early days. Holly, ivy, mistletoe and rosemary became entwined about this festive day for various reasons. Holly wreaths, ivy, and mistletoe were hung in the home because of their protective and curative virtues. Kissing under the mistletoe may have grown out of the “Kiss of peace,” which was practiced in the ancient Church, in token of the divine embrace of man in Christ, which made of believers one loving household of faith. Rosemary was used because of its insinuating perfume which released in the mind “long forgotten trains of thought.”

The tree, in its modern form, with its dazzling lights, shining fruits and glistening fillets, was slow in coming, and was the growth of centuries. Very likely it came to be associated with Christmas through the legend which told how, on the night in which Christ was born, all the trees in the forest, despite snow and ice, blossomed and bore fruit. At first blossoming trees were used. The transition from the trees of natural bloom to those artificially decorated was made in Germany through Martin Luther.

Today the Christmas tree in our homes is a symbol of Christ, as the Tree of Life who offers freely to all His gifts of light and life and wisdom.

Christmas Eve was the most hallowed night in all the year. The Yule Log burned on the hearth waiting for that moment of the Savior’s birth when a great calm ensued, and Nature paused in reverent adoration. The log was kept burning through the twelve days of Christmas and its light was sacramental. It was a symbol of Christ as the light of the world. Thrice happy is the home that possesses an open hearth for a burning hearth fire is the living symbol of all the warm emotions and bright thoughts appropriate at Christmas time.

Charity to the poor was an essential element of Christmas. St. Nicholas, who grew out of a celebrated bishop who gave away his money secretly to the poor—particularly the young poor, became Santa Claus in the United States at the time of the Dutch settlers. Today he has recrossed the ocean and **“gained many adherents all the way from gloomy Scotland to sunny Australia. Santa Claus is the bright and ruddy incarnation of the Christmas spirit, whose dissolution is no more to be desired than the star-spangled figure of Uncle Sam.”*

Christmas bells are the crowning glory of Christmas. They reiterate the songs of the angels. A widespread custom in early days was to ring the bells at midnight on Christmas Eve—at the exact moment of Christ’s birth. Coincident with His birth Satan was supposed to sicken and die. “The great bell was tolled for an hour before midnight, as it might have been for any person who was dying. This was known as the

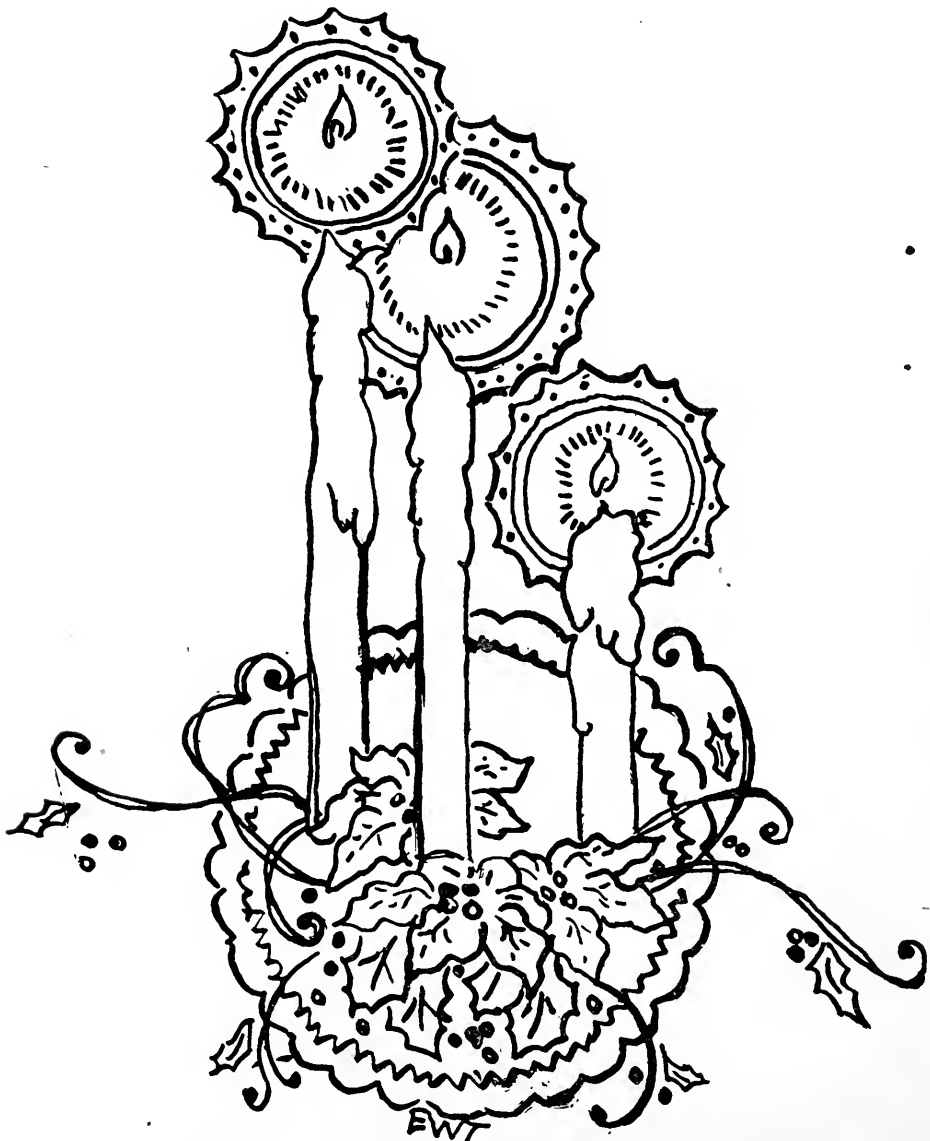
*“Christmas Traditions,” W. M. Auld.

Old Lad's Passing Bell, Old Lad being a popular nickname for the Devil." In America today bells are with us more in symbol than in reality. But great changes are imminent. Church bells are notably on the increase and it will soon be possible to listen to the tones of Great Tom of Lincoln, Peter of York, the chimes of Old Trinity, and many others. Then old and young may say with John Keble—

"Wake me tonight, my mother dear,
That I may hear
The Christmas Bells, so soft and clear,
To high and low glad tidings tell,
How God the Father loved us well."

Yes, Christmas is the rarest, the strangest, the most popular festival of the year. Above everything it is Christ-mas. The Christ-child, and not the tree, nor the stocking, nor even Santa Claus, make it Christ-mas. And when all is said and done you might just as well try to "explain Christmas as the secret of a growing flower, the witchery of a laughing child," or "the love that casteth out fear."

"Strange that one simple story
Should rush across the years,
And blind us with its beauty,
And hush our deepest fears."



Christmas in Old Mexico

By Luacine Savage Clark

THOSE of us who spend our holidays in the States where Christmas is ushered in with snow flying and the merry jingling of bells, have no idea what problems must confront dear old Santa Claus in sunny Mexico, where snow is never seen only on the dizzy peaks of old volcanoes. In the first place, he would not need his sleigh—the eight tiny reindeer that prance and paw on our roof-tops would find plenty of space on the flat roofs of Mexico, but poor Santa could not find a chimney large enough to admit his rotund little body if he spent the night searching, for fire places in the houses are almost unknown. What a lot of scheming he did—but being the wise old Philosopher he is, he just hearkened back to the first Christmas long ago, when the shepherds watched their flocks under summer skies, and the first gifts were carried on the backs of three camels guided by a Star. At any rate the Christmas gifts to the little folks of Mexico are said to be brought to them by the Three Kings, who journey on camels, only these do not arrive until the 6th of January. I am sure to our little ones this would seem a very long time to wait for presents, but these little folks begin their fun days before we do, and are kept so busy they do not have time to worry about anything. Nine days before Christmas they begin the *Posadas*, as they are called in Spanish. *Posada* means an inn or lodging house, and the nine parties or *Posadas* are all symbolical of the efforts of Joseph and Mary to find a resting place for the night. At the time that the decree

went forth from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed, the Virgin Mary and Joseph went from Galilee to Bethlehem to be inscribed for taxation, but they found every place full, so were unable to find lodging. They were forced to wander around nine days without finding a place to stay in any house or tavern, but on the ninth day they finally found shelter in a manger where the Savior was born.

We were fortunate enough last Christmas eve to be invited to the home of an aristocratic old Mexican family on the ninth and last night of these interesting *Posadas*. We were told to be there at eight o'clock. Being Americans, we of course arrived on time—to find we were the only guests present. We were warmly greeted by two of the daughters and the father, a courtly old gentleman of the old school, all of whom spoke excellent English. Indeed, all of the old families of Mexico are equally at home speaking English, French, or Spanish.

The family spirit is very strong; all parties usually include the entire family from the tiny babe to the grandparents. On this evening, from time to time different members of the family would arrive, each one going first to the father, kissing him on both cheeks, and then shaking hands with the rest of the family or guests who were seated around the room. At ten o'clock, the mother came from upstairs; she was received with great ceremony by the thirty members of her large family, children and grandchildren who had finally arrived. Then the fun began.

The house was one of many facing on a court. Each person present was given a lighted candle; then we all went outside. We were told to form in line by twos and to march down the court. The host and his family who led the procession were singing or chanting a song telling of the trials Joseph and Mary had gone through begging for shelter day after day. As we marched, we stopped at each door, but no one would let us in. However, by the time the ninth door was reached, it was thrown wide open, and we were admitted. Joseph and Mary had at last found shelter. This night we call Christmas eve is called in Spanish *Noche Buena*, or good night. The song ends by singing praises to Mary and shouting hosannas to the king of the heavens who has come on earth to rule and reign. By this time, ten o'clock, we were all hungry and ready for the feast spread before us in the long dining room. All the courses, and there were many, were cooked in Mexican style. There were eight different kinds of *tamales*, a drink made from cereals with a terribly long Spanish name that tasted like our old-fashioned gruels of long ago, turkey, meats of all kinds, a delicious pink drink made from the Jamaica plant that tastes like lemonade, pies, tarts of all shapes and sizes, and lastly *dulces*, or candy, as we call it. After this delicious meal we were ushered outside again, where we saw a large jar hanging from a wire stretched across the court. It was gayly dressed in red and green tissue paper until it looked like a huge tropical bird poised in the air. We were told that this is called a *pinata*, and that each person present was to be blindfolded and try to hit it. There was great excitement among the younger ones, as each was blind-

folded and handed the stick. To us standing in the rear, it looked a very simple matter, as the jar hung low and the stick was long. But as the person began to strike, the *pinata* was instantly raised as if by magic high out of reach, so of course the stick failed to do its duty. This continued until each one had a trial. When the last one tried, the magic left, the *pinata* remained in its place—the force of the stick broke the jar, and fruit, candy, nuts, goodies of all kinds were scattered over the court, and were quickly seized by the young ones present. Some of the children were eating lemons as if they were apples. I asked how they could stand the acid, and found the lemons are very sweet, so this was just another of the surprises one finds in romantic Old Mexico. By this time, all the clocks in the steeples were striking twelve, and we began our *buenas noches*, but we were told a program was still to come, so back we went into the *Sala*, or parlor. The Grandfather, our host, who was well over sixty and the father of this great family, sat down to the piano and played several selections from the old masters, besides some of his own compositions. As we had two tiny stockings to fill at home besides six larger ones to complete our own Christmas preparations, we succeeded in saying our final *Adios* and hastened home. When I opened my door, saw the Christmas tree shining in all its splendor, watched our good old-fashioned Santa Claus filling the different stockings, I wondered. While I couldn't say that our way is best it did bring to us more of the sweet memories of the Christmases where snow flies, and Santa comes with his sleigh and reindeer and, dropping down each chimney, leaves his gifts of good cheer and love for all.

How to Teach the Gospel at Home

*Address Delivered at Relief Society Conference, October 1, 1931
By Elder Joseph Fielding Smith*

THERE never was a time in the history of the Church when we have been surrounded by so many evils, temptations and conditions that allure and entice the children of Zion from paths of righteousness as we find today. It behooves each one of us to be on the alert, and constantly keep in mind the fact that we belong to the Church, and the Lord has given unto us the fulness of the Gospel with all its promises, and that it depends upon our faithfulness and our obedience and integrity to these principles of truth and to the Church whether or not we reap the blessings. The Lord, in an early day, had to rebuke some of the leading elders of the Church, because conditions were not as they ought to be in their homes. I wonder if most of us would not receive a like rebuke if the Lord should speak again in like manner. In the 93rd Section of the Doctrine and Covenants, the Lord says, "But I have commanded you to bring up your children in light and truth." All through these revelations we find this instruction that the parents are to bring up their children, to teach them in light and truth.

In another section, 68, the Lord says that if parents do not teach their children so that they will understand the principle of baptism, and teach them to pray, and to have faith in the principles of the Gospel, when they reach the age of accountability—8 years—that He will hold those parents responsible, and if their children, through lack of training, should grow up in ignorance of the truth, and deny the faith, that He will require it at the hands of their parents. So you see

we all have a very grave responsibility.

The Lord said on this occasion to the elders:

"But I have commanded you to bring up your children in light and truth; But verily I say unto you, my servant Frederick G. Williams, you have continued under this condemnation; You have not taught your children light and truth according to the commandments, and that wicked one hath power, as yet, over you, and this is the cause of your affliction."

We sometimes wonder why we have affliction. We wonder why we do not have the best of health. From this which I have read we may very properly infer that affliction sometimes comes upon us because we ourselves are not faithful in the performance of duty, and in keeping the commandments of the Lord.

"And now a commandment I give unto you if you will be delivered, you shall set in order your own house, for there are many things that are not right in your house.

"Verily, I say unto my servant Sidney Rigdon, that in some things he hath not kept the commandments concerning his children; therefore, firstly set in order thy house.

"Verily, I say unto my servant Joseph Smith, Jun., in other words, I will call you friends, for you are my friends, and ye shall have an inheritance with me.

"I called you servants for the world's sake, and ye are their servants for my sake;

"And now, verily, I say unto Joseph Smith, Jun., you have not kept the commandments, and must needs stand rebuked before the Lord.

"Your family must needs repent and forsake some things, and give more earnest heed unto your sayings, or be removed out of their place."

That is just as binding upon us as it was upon these men who are here named. Although we are not mentioned, I may properly take that revelation to myself, and say it ap-

plies to me. You may apply it to yourselves, and say that the Lord has commanded me, has commanded you, and all of us, to bring up our children in light and truth. What light and truth? If you will read this revelation through you will find what light and truth is.

Our great Mutual organization has adopted as a motto "The Glory of God is Intelligence," and sometimes I have regretted that they stopped there. We have been teaching the people everywhere that the glory of God is intelligence and quitting in the middle of a sentence, and perhaps getting some misunderstanding out of it. But the Lord continues and says "or in other words light and truth." So, if we bring up our children in light and truth they will not be so much troubled with that evil one, because light and truth forsake him, and he has no place with light and truth. So that is a commandment that applies today, and is just as binding upon the parents in Israel now as it was when it was uttered one year after the organization of the Church.

In the 6th chapter of Deuteronomy, we have the word of the Lord as it was given to ancient Israel before the Lord would permit them to cross the river to possess their inheritance in the promised land.

"Now these are the commandments, the statutes, and the judgments, which the Lord your God commanded to teach you, that ye might do them in the land whither ye go to possess it:

"That thou mightest fear the Lord thy God, to keep all his statutes and his commandments, which I command thee, thou, and thy son, and thy son's son, all the days of thy life; and that thy days may be prolonged.

"Hear therefore, O Israel, and observe to do it; that it may be well with thee, and that ye may increase mightily, as the Lord God of thy fathers hath promised thee, in the land that floweth with milk and honey.

"Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord:

"And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.

"And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart;

"And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.

"And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes.

"And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates.

"And it shall be, when the Lord thy God shall have brought thee into the land which he swore unto thy fathers, to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob, to give thee great and goodly cities, which thou buildest not.

"And houses full of all good things, which thou filledst not, and wells digged, which thou diggest not, vineyards and olive trees, which thou plantedst not; when thou shalt have eaten and be full;

"Then beware lest thou forget the Lord, which brought thee forth out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage.

"Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God, and serve him, and shalt swear by his name."

That was the word of the Lord to those people. The Lord was particular to tell them that they were to write it on the door posts; that they were to teach it morning, noon, and night; when they sat down in the house, at bed time, at rising time, as they walked forth they were to teach to each other, to their children, these things that Moses, by the inspiration of the Lord, told unto them that day. Why all of this? Why keep it that constantly before them? Because you know that when we are constantly reminded of a thing we do not forget it. It is easy to forget anything if it is only heard occasionally, but here these things were to be placed before them so they would see them, so they would hear them all day long, every day, that they were to keep the commandments of the Lord. Is not

that needed today, just as much as it was then? And is not modern Israel today following in the footsteps of ancient Israel?

We came into these valleys for one purpose. What was it? The primary purpose was to serve the Lord, to keep his commandments, to worship Him in spirit and truth without interference, according to the dictates of our conscience. That was the object which President Young taught the people; the elders taught it, and they were filled with the spirit of faith, and they guided the people, but as time went on other elements were developed; others came among us, other influences, and see what is the condition today. We are outnumbered by people who love money, who are not a God fearing people, they are people who love this world, the things of this world, the pleasures of this world, the wealth of this world, and their minds are set upon getting it, and we are following very largely in their footsteps to the displeasure of our Father in Heaven.

I am reminded of the commandment of the Lord given anciently, and also in this dispensation in regard to what shall be done in our homes, and I ought to have read another verse, in which the Lord says, in regard to the children of one man, that they should be more concerned in regard to home. Home was not attractive, and so the Lord said unto this man that his children should be more concerned about the things of home. Are our children concerned about the things of home today? They must go here, they must go there, they have this to do, they are not interested so much in staying home; and that is largely true of parents.

Now what is a home without the spirit of prayer? It is not a Latter-day Saint home. We should pray;

we ought not to let a morning pass without thanking the Lord on our knees in the family circle, thanking Him for His blessings and asking for His guidance. We should not let the night pass away, should not retire until we have assembled the members of that family again and thanked the Lord for His protection, and asked for His guidance every day of our lives.

I go into homes where I am sure there is not the spirit of prayer—and good homes, that is, the homes of people who consider themselves pretty good Latter-day Saints. I travel up and down through these stakes with the rest of the brethren. I was staying at the home of a very good man, a man holding a prominent position in the Church. I was invited to stay at his home, and that night before we sat down to the evening meal all the chairs were turned around the table with the backs to the table. I knew what it meant—it meant prayer. We cannot fool a child. They could fool me, if I had gone there into that home and had seen that sort of thing, and they had invited me to kneel in prayer, and nothing had been said, I would have gone away with the impression that this was a custom in that house. But one little fellow in that home said, "Father what are you doing with all the chairs turned that way?" Well, if you think that was not a very embarrassing moment in that house, I assure you it was. What did I discover? That was not the custom, that was done because I was there, not because God was there. They did not place those chairs around that table for Him, nor in the spirit of worshipping Him, but because I had been invited into that home. I do not like people to honor me more than they honor my Father in Heaven. I have seen other cases, but I just mention this to you. Isn't

it a glorious thing in the home, when you come to the morning meal, when every child, and everybody there understands that the chairs are to be turned and we are to get on our knees and thank our Father in Heaven, and ask for His blessings. I have been in homes where they did not ask a blessing upon the food. Then at night, the same thing. I am pleased to say we do that in our home, and always have. I have a little neighbor boy whose parents are in the Church—a "Mormon" family—part at least. Sometimes he comes in our house just as we are ready to sit down to the table, and we all kneel and he looks at us in astonishment. We ask him to kneel with us, and he shakes his head, and does not know what it means. I know what it means—it means that that young boy is going to grow up without faith, and perhaps to be a menace in this community or wherever he goes, that is what it means. So we should have the spirit of prayer.

Let me call your attention to another thing. I think that perhaps fasting, that is true fasting, is one of the greatest things in this Church. We are taught by the Authorities in this Church that fasting should be from the evening meal until the evening meal the next day, and that Fast Sunday should be observed in the spirit of fasting and prayer—who does it? Ask yourselves that question.

Now we are making it easy. We are making it easy in many parts of the Church by making the Fast Meeting a part of the Sunday School, and then the people go home to eat, and the rest of the day what are they doing? If you know you know more than I do—but they are not fasting.

Now in practically every home today we have radios. We get all kinds of music and speeches—every-

thing over the radio. Are we particular at all as to what we listen to? I know even in my own home, some of the children question and wonder why I take the attitude I do. It is an understood rule in our house that when a tobacco program comes on, the radio goes off, or they can turn it to some other station. But sometimes one of the members of my family will say, "Well Dad, what is wrong with the music, it is good music." That is all right, it may be good music, but I am not going to support or sustain a program coming from such a source as that in my house.

One of the influences in the home that leads to faith and prayer and proper religious understanding is to have in the home the standard works of the Church, not hidden, but where they can be found, on a table or some place where they are in evidence and can be referred to, where they will be seen, and then the members of the family ought to be invited from time to time to read them. I go into homes sometimes where they do not have these things. I always like to know, when I go into anybody's home and they have books, what kind of books they have. If I have been in some of your homes you know that. I take a look at the books you have, and find out what it is that you are reading. I am glad to say that in the majority of the houses I find books that can be approved. We ought to have the standard works of the Church, and we ought to encourage the reading of them.

We should be as careful about the music we have in the home, and where we have those who are musically inclined we should encourage it; but there are so many things I would like to say that I shall have to hurry on.

I want to say something about Sunday and its observance. If you

ever see me out in an automobile on Sunday on the streets of this city, or anywhere else, I want you to understand it that I am going to fill an appointment, and I am not going out for amusement. On the Sabbath Day, unless we have somewhere to go, that automobile stays untouched. No joy riding, running here and there, unless it is something where duty calls; because I think that the automobile, the enticement of it, is one thing that is drawing the people away from their duties in the home and in the Church on the Sabbath Day. Not so many years ago in this Church the meeting that was the best attended on good days like this was the Sunday afternoon meeting. It is still so in some parts, out in the country districts, but you go into the larger centers and this is no longer true. I know, because we have the reports. Where are the people? Not at meeting—not at home. Allured by good weather, sunshine, pleasant conditions, in automobiles to do that contrary to what the Lord has commanded them to do, and that is not bringing up children in the spirit of light and truth. And then, Sunday has become a holiday, not a holy day. Even among Latter-day Saints it is not observed, and the Lord is not pleased with us. I have said these things, and I might say a great many more.

In our homes do we talk before our children and criticize the Bishop of the ward, or the President of the stake, or one of the General Authorities? Do we say things in their presence which ought not to be said? Do we make slighting remarks about the principles of the Gospel? If we do we are not bringing up our children in light and truth. Are we guilty of these little slight offenses in the home, and have been trying to teach our children to do

something other than we do ourselves? If we do we are making a failure of it. In other words, to be frank, and I must not say much about the Word of Wisdom, do you teach your children that they must not drink tea and coffee, and then you do it yourselves? Do the fathers use tobacco, and then try and train their boys not to use it? It does not work, you cannot teach one thing and do another. Example is the way we teach the Gospel.

Do you play cards? I have been criticized very severely because I have said that members of the Church ought not to play cards. I was informed just a day ago that I had offended a whole stake of Zion because I said that they should not play cards, and yet what I said was what the President of the stake had asked me to say, because it was a growing evil in his stake. Do you play cards—do you do it in your home? Do you sit down with your children and teach them to play Bridge, or some other game (I do not know the names of the games)? Do you do that? If so you are not bringing up your children in light and truth, and you are not walking in it yourselves. I do not want to go into this matter and argue it, but good reasons can be given. I will give just one, and that is that the President of the Church said in the tabernacle about eighteen months ago in the conference of the Church, and pleaded with these people, and asked them to cease playing cards. He repeated it again later, and he was only asking you and all the members of the Church to do just what his predecessors, since the days of the Prophet Joseph Smith, have said and requested us to do. That is all. If anyone takes offense because I called attention to it, I am sorry. Do you do that in your homes? If you are doing it you are teaching your children by example,

and perhaps by precept, to disregard the counsels of the Authorities of the Church, the ones who have the right to speak. It is a disease, card playing. If you are doing that you are not bringing up your family in light and truth, and the Gospel of Jesus Christ cannot be in your homes because the spirit of the Lord is not going to be with me or you if we do not hearken to the counsel of the Priesthood when they speak by inspiration to the Lord. Who should be offended at what I have said? And yet people go away sometimes offended when I talk like this, and say it is none of my business whether they play cards or not. Perhaps not—I am only giving advice and counsel.

Our duty is to set proper examples. I know families where the parents wonder why it is their children turn away and are disobedient, and will not walk in light and truth. I know why. It is because the parents themselves have set them the example. They themselves have not been faithful. Do your children go to the Sacrament service? Yes, if you do, very likely. If you do not, why of course they do not. They do what you do, they follow you. To the little child his father is the most perfect being in the world—and his mother also. Oh, if we could only keep them thinking that, but they grow up, and when they get old enough to begin to reason things out for themselves, then they see that we are two-sided—that we have one face for the public and one for him, and we destroy forever his confidence in us, and his confidence in the world. That is what we do.

How many of you parents go to the picture shows on Sunday and take your children? I do not suppose anyone here does, but there are those who do it. I travel around in the stakes, and when the conference

is through, and I can get a train home on Sunday night, I come home, because there are so many things to do, and if I can get home on the train I do not think the Lord is going to find fault with me for doing so, but I get on these trains in the summer time and when we stop at Lagoon I see fathers and mothers with their lunch baskets and their children. Some of them I recognize are members of the Church. Are they bringing up their children in light and truth? Are they going to have the spirit of the gospel in their hearts, or are they going to turn away from the truth? I know just what is going to happen, and who is responsible, and who is going to answer for it—the parents.

I do not want to speak of myself, but I believe in teaching this Gospel by example, and I do try to set it in my home. If the members of my family do not follow, it is not because I have not set the example—I assure you of that.

I have talked longer than I had a right. The Lord bless you, my sisters. Think these things over, and you set the example; build up and strengthen the members of the Church in faith in God; goodness knows we need it. There are so many influences at work to divide us asunder, right among the members of the Church, and there is going to come, one of these days in the near future a separation of the wheat from the tares, and we are either wheat or tares. We are going to be on one side or the other. Think it over. The Lord bless you. I appreciate this opportunity. I have a great deal of regard and admiration for this organization, I think it is wonderful—the work you are doing. There is nothing like it in the world. May the Lord be with you I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

The Green Chair

By Vesta Pierce Crawford

WITH Edna it was a case of love at first sight. The green chair stood modestly in a clutter of elaborate mohairs and velours. It was a medium-sized, well built piece of furniture, soft green, with a small design in sand-colored threads.

Edna thought of the front room in her house with the tan and rose rug her father had given her and the new wall paper that harmonized with the rug. The chair would match beautifully. She ran her slender fingers over the material. It was a new fabric, not tapestry, but a more attractive and durable modification.

At the clerk's invitation, Edna sank down luxuriously into the cushioned depths. She sat there and thought how desperately she needed the chair. The front part of the house was a combination parlor and dining room, and there wasn't anything in it but some very necessary second-hand articles, a shabby table, and one leather-seated, uncomfortable rocking chair which was the only approach to elegance. But *this* new chair set in her room with the rose and tan wall paper and the tan marquissette curtains—this chair would transform the place!

Almost breathlessly she found herself going into the credit office. She would have to buy the chair on time as she had bought the bedroom set and the washing machine. When the pen was in her hand, just before she signed the contract she thought about John. He hadn't wanted her to buy any living room furniture. Still he had said that the household budget allowance was hers to dis-

tribute as she thought best. Edna thought it best to buy the chair. She could save the payments out of the budget, and all the time while she was paying for it the chair would stand in her house regally. She would say when friends came, "Try this chair. It is very comfortable!" And they would exclaim, "What a lovely chair! What beautiful material!" And she would smile and be ever so proud of this one and only bright spot in the bare room. How she would smile.

But what about John? She had told him that she had decided to buy a chair before Katherine came to visit. Katherine was her very best friend. She lived a thousand miles away and Edna had not seen her in seven years. She must have the green chair for Katherine to sit in. If she did that the chair would have to be purchased before John came home. He was in the mountains vacationing with the Boy Scouts. It didn't matter anyway. No one could fail to like the chair. And the budget would pay for it.

"Here," said the clerk. The small hand that for seven years had kept John's house wrote in small up-standing letters, "Mrs. John Harrington." Three dollars a month would pay for the chair and it would be delivered Friday. Saturday Katherine would come.

All the way home on the street car and all that day Edna thought about the chair and decided to put it in the corner between the window and the fireplace so that it would be the very first thing seen when the door was opened. Perhaps then, the guests, looking at the chair, would

not notice the utter bareness of the other part of the room.

Friday the chair was delivered and it was even more wonderful than it had appeared in the store. Blending in with the wall paper and curtains, it was lovely. When the sunlight fell across the sand-colored threads nothing could be more charming.

Katherine would be the very first guest to sit in it. Katherine, who had tramped with Edna on early morning hikes when the college biology class went out to see the birds; Katherine who had helped her make a pink taffeta dress for the Junior Prom; Katherine who had sat with her on winter evenings, after school-teaching days, sewing fine linen things for hope chests.

And then it all seemed as if it were not seven years ago at all, for Katherine stood in the doorway, her blue eyes shining. She was wearing a blue crepe dress and a blue felt hat. Katherine, the very Katherine of the old days.

"You look just the same," she said, critically surveying Edna's slim small form, her black eyes and unruly blonde hair. "You haven't changed a day."

"Oh, but I have. You should see my boys! Two of them and they are terrors! Charles! Johnnie!" she called at the back door. "Sit here, Katherine, in this green chair."

"Cozy! What a comfortable chair, and just beautiful, too," Katherine said, sinking down into the cushions. "Your home is just lovely!"

After a moment Katherine went back out to the car. "My girls must see your boys. It won't take them long to get acquainted."

When Edna told Katherine that John was away for the week, she

immediately suggested that Edna and the boys go with her to her mother's house and visit there until John returned. It would be so satisfying. No household cares for either of them.

There was a flutter of preparation, rompers to fold and stockings to collect, fat little bodies to bathe and shoes and shirts to fasten. Katherine's blue-eyed girls, shy and eager, waited for the boys to get ready. Edna patted the green chair just before she locked the door. On the dressing table in the bedroom was a note for John saying that they would all be back before he was expected. She didn't mention the green chair, but at the end of the note she wrote, "With love, Edna."

The days slipped by swiftly, filled with canyon rides and hours of reminiscing, when Katherine and Edna, sprawled comfortably on the cool porch, tried to imagine that they were girls again. Almost oblivious to the children playing on the lawn, the mothers talked about school examinations and "dates" made under the campus trees.

On Friday Edna went home. Followed by the youngsters, she walked up to the front door and unlocked it. Then she stood still in astonishment. The green chair had vanished. It wasn't there! Frantically she ran through the other rooms. There was no green chair. Someone had stolen it! Dumb with amazement, she sank down on the creaky old couch and tried to realize the situation. The chair was stolen.

But that was impossible. Burglars did not steal chairs. Imagine a burglar carrying out a chair and escaping in the night. It wasn't possible. No burglar had taken the chair. In an instant of sickening dread she knew what really had happened. John had come home

and *he* had sent the chair back to the store.

She cried out as if someone had struck her. "He had no right!"

The boys stood by with wonder in their eyes. Mama was crying. Only bad little boys cried, or frightened little girls. Not grown-up mamas.

"Go outdoors to the sandpile and don't come in until I call you," she managed to say, pushing them out in confusion.

Back down on the couch she sobbed. "He had no right!"

Her head whirled with strange jumping thoughts. He hadn't wanted her to buy furniture. He had said that they would have to wait until the depression was over, until his work was more sure. But he had said that the household budget was hers. Hers. And again she sobbed, "He had no right!"

There was a step on the porch. John had come home early and had been to work that day. In an instant he would open the door. What would she say? It was beyond endurance.

John opened the door. There was only cold surprise in his face as a red-eyed, tumble-haired wife approached and barred the way, her small figure tense, all composure gone.

"The chair!" she cried, "the chair!"

John took off his hat with aggravating deliberation. He was very collected.

"I sent the chair back to the store. You can't use my name to run in debt."

"But I've bought on time before. Why is this sudden change in policy. The budget was mine. You had no right!" She was furious.

"I didn't want you to buy furniture and you knew it. You cannot run bills without my consent."

Cruel! Imperious beyond measure. It was not endurable. Edna flung herself into the bedroom and locked the door. No man had a right to do such things. She would take her boys and leave.

Then she looked out of the window. There they were in the sandpile and their father with them. Baby Charles was on his back, a bucket of sand in each outstretched hand. Johnnie cried in wild delight, "Giddap horsie, giddap!" Starved for their father, they were.

Edna passed a red hand over her face. She could pack up and go but she couldn't take the boys. One could endure hard things for two fine boys.

"I'll stop crying," she said. "I won't say any more about it. The children must not know."

In the days that followed Edna wavered between grief and resentment at the loss of the chair and a burning new resolve that she would possess it again.

John was very considerate. He sprayed the roses and pruned the cherry trees and put screens on all the windows. He called Edna his "bonnie blonde belle."

And once he talked to her seriously about the chair and said that they couldn't run in debt any more because times were hard and he might lose his work any time. One couldn't risk having his name blackened because he couldn't pay his bills. Edna could buy the green chair when she had saved enough from the budget.

By that time the chair would be gone, she thought bitterly, for it would take more than a year of ordinary saving to buy it. Another whole year when already for seven years she had been mistress of a house that contained not one comfortable chair.

How she wanted that chair! The determination hardened. She would have it by Christmas time. She would not take chances on waiting a year for it. Christmas was six months away. By then she intended to have the chair. But how?

She stretched the budget in every possible way. She burned less coal, bought cheaper cuts of meat, and forgot to varnish the kitchen floor.

The idea had become an obsession. By Christmas she would possess the chair. It happened that a neighbor wanted some cleaning done. She remodeled a dress for the woman who lived next door. Her sister sent her five dollars that she had borrowed weeks before. The little horde of savings increased. By Christmas she would have the green chair. She would not buy John the silk shirt he really needed for dress-up times. The children would have to get along with roller skates instead of tricycles. They wouldn't have a feast, just a plain Christmas dinner. She wouldn't buy a new dress. Instead of these things she would have the chair.

Two days before Christmas, hiding her pride, she went again to the furniture store and asked for the clerk who had served her at first.

"I have the money now. I want to buy the green chair. I will pay cash for it."

"Sorry," he said, "We sold the chair only yesterday."

Blindly she walked out into the snowy street. Holly wreaths and toys brightened the store windows and decorated evergreen trees lined the streets. But she saw nothing. The chair was gone. She would go back to the drabness of the house and no glory would come into it. There never could be another chair like that one—and it was sold. Someone else had it. And she had

saved! How she had worked and saved!

Then as she walked through the deep snow and the cool white flakes struck her cheeks, calmness came over her, calmness and a regard for the practical things of the moment. She might as well get the silk shirt and the tricycles. She would buy a wine-colored dress and food for a real Christmas dinner.

Christmas morning comes all too soon for parents, but for children its advent approaches on leaden feet. The boys shouted joyfully from the tree in front of the fireplace before Edna had opened her sleepy eyes. "Tricycles! Tricycles!" they called. "Father! Mother! Tricycles."

She put on the wine-colored dress and pulled a comb through her tangled blonde hair. A merry light came into her serious dark eyes. "Hurry, John," she said, "It is already Christmas morning!"

Beneath the tree stood the boys looking up into the foliage where mysterious looking packages hung from the boughs.

But Edna scarcely saw them, for there, between the window and the fireplace, was the *green chair*. The very chair that she had wanted for so long. The chair that had made her unhappy for half a year.

Wide-eyed, she stared in amazement. "John, it has come back! The green chair!"

"It is yours, Edna," he said, "and it is paid for!"

She sank down into the cushions. "Oh, John," she said, "you are the best man in the world!"

And seeing him there in the candle light, with dark head thrown back and his blue eyes flashing, she realized that there was more glory in the room than ever the chair had brought.

Let Us Be Charitable

By Emma A. Empey

IN these days of unemployment and economic distress, the Relief Society will no doubt have a heavier burden to carry this year than ever before. Many who have heretofore been self-sustaining and have even had a savings account sufficient to tide them over a short period, have been out of employment so long that their savings are exhausted and unless work is provided for them, they will be under the necessity of receiving assistance. All charitable agencies throughout the country, both public and private, are facing the same condition, and like the Relief Society, are making a brave effort to meet the situation.

It is evident that steps should be taken simultaneously, first, to create and provide work, secondly, to raise increased amounts for charitable relief. The Woman's Utah State Committee on unemployment is recommending that women, wherever possible, create work for women in and about their homes, and wherever possible Relief Society women will no doubt cooperate with and lend their support to this movement.

Because everything seems insecure today, many people whose financial circumstances have not changed or been interfered with in the least, through fear are giving up help in their homes or are reluctant to call in special help in cases of sickness, not realizing that they are thus contributing to the unemployment situation. Such people should be encouraged to provide and increase employment wherever possible.

All welfare agencies throughout the country, including the Relief

Society, are facing a shortage of funds due to the fact that some who have faithfully contributed in the past are now finding themselves less able to give, and others, through fear and apprehension, are cutting down their contributions, even though their circumstances have not changed. It is the duty of Relief Society women generally to look ahead and make plans to increase the charity fund of the organization to their utmost during this time of depression. The first step in this direction would be for each woman to decide on a definite amount to contribute monthly, and the second step should be to see that this amount reaches the officers of the organization. It sometimes happens that the family is not at home when the Relief Society teachers call, or it might be that at the moment there is no change on hand. In either case, it is important that the family's intended donation should reach the Relief Society secretary-treasurer.

The unique plan recommended in the article, *The Old Teapot*, in the October, 1931 number of the *Magazine*, would be an excellent one to follow. In the April, 1931 Conference, Counselor Amy Brown Lyman called attention to the fact that the average contribution per Relief Society donor for the year of 1930 was \$1.50, or 12½c per donor per month. This average is entirely too small. While this amount would be a liberal contribution for many, and, like the widow's mite, is as acceptable as any contribution could be, still the fact remains that many are able to give more. It would be commendable at this time especially

to encourage the children in the family to save their pennies and add them to mother's donation. This would serve a two-fold purpose—it would add to the funds and would teach the children not only unselfishness but sympathy for those less fortunate than themselves. This

plan would also teach children the order of giving through organized charity, which method was advocated by the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Let us all open our hearts and give liberally in this great time of need.



MADONNA OF THE CHAIR

Raphael

The Spiritual Life of the Children

By Matilda Peterson

AS a person looks out of the north windows of our beautiful State Capitol, she has but to lift her eyes, and there, only a mile or so away, she sees a massive rock profile on the lofty mountain slope west of Ensign Peak. This majestic formation has, through the work of mother nature's playfulness, been thrown together in such a position as to resemble the features of a human countenance.

In gazing upward at the structure planned by mother nature, one readily compares it to the "Great Stone Face" in the narrative written by our noted American Author, Nathanael Hawthorne. And what was the Great Stone Face?

Hawthorne describes it as an enormous giant, or a Titan, who had sculptured his own likeness on a mountain which helped to inclose a spacious valley containing many thousand inhabitants. There was the broad arch of the forehead; a hundred feet in height; the nose with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken would have rolled their thunderous accents from one end of the valley to the other.

It was an inspiration for the children to have the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was grand, yet sweet. A mother and her little son sat at the cottage door gazing and talking about the Great Stone Face. The lad came to love it, and loving it grew to be like it.

Here the author gives us a picture of a boy growing up under the influ-

ence of high ideals. Such is always the results of companionship with the great and good, and the story with its underlying allegory is an incentive, not only to the young, to seek that which is noble, but to those who are responsible for the training of the young, to see that right environment is provided for their charges.

This brings us to the home, the school, and the church—three great institutions which have to do with the shaping of the child's future. Each of these institutions has its contributions to make. But it is in cooperative endeavor that they should bring to bear upon the child's life the very best they have that will develop the finest character in the child. Both parents and teachers are agreed that the true aim of education is character. So today we are hearing a great deal about character building through religious education.

In order that we may know something of what the leaders in the great educational profession are doing, something of the problems which are considered most vital in the development of child nature, the writer brings to readers of this magazine a few of the outstanding features of the Department of Superintendence and allied organizations of the National Education Association held in Detroit, Michigan, the third week of February, 1931.

The theme, in general, of this great meeting was that of character education, or training for citizenship. Perhaps never before in the history of the organization was the

spiritual life of the child given so much prominence.

"Education and religion belong together. In the development of the highest type of character, religion is necessary. Therefore, the place of religion in education is of supreme importance. It is the business of the schools to teach morals, but it is the work of the church to teach religion. We are coming increasingly to see that religion is a vital element in human experience; that in the motivating of conduct and in the determining of character there is no greater force. This being so, religion cannot be disregarded in the process of education. We can not survive as a people unless we develop spiritually."

One of the most impressive and inspirational sessions of the Convention was the Sunday Vesper Service. Upon this occasion, the noted theologian, Dr. Lynn Harold Hough, addressed the assembly upon the spiritual life of the children. Space does not permit a detailed report of this wonderful sermon. A few excerpts, however, are given below:

"A child must learn that the universe is friendly. He must come to know that it can be trusted. He must learn that truth and loyalty and love belong to the ultimate structure of things. And all this must be said in words which he can understand. If he heard young communists in Russia talking of the importance of finding cosmic support, he would not at all understand what they meant. But if he were told of a good and friendly Father of the human family he would understand quite well."

"There are clouds and storms in the child's sky as well as in the sky of maturity. And as soon as a curious boy begins to question he is

ready for the thought of the Great Friend, the Giver of all, who brings good out of evil and makes that which is good even better than it is.

The spiritual life is the constant fellowship of good thoughts. At its highest it is fellowship with good thoughts made personal as they shine upon us from the face of God. Children are quite capable of seeing and understanding that face.

Coming back to our illustration of the "Great Stone Face", we are reminded again of the author, who once said, "Children can understand anything but hypocrisy." And it is at least true that children can respond to a noble spiritual interpretation of life.

The "Great Stone Face" typifies this thought. In the narrative we discern that solidarity, permanence, fortitude, strength, stability, and many other noble characteristics influenced the boy's life until he reached his *goal*. Such a foundation must be built for the children of the present day. Perhaps there is no better way to establish this strong hold than through religious training. Recognition of the need for such preparation is evident.

In the section of "Religious Education" of the Convention, Supt. F. M. Shelton of Springfield, Ohio, said this:

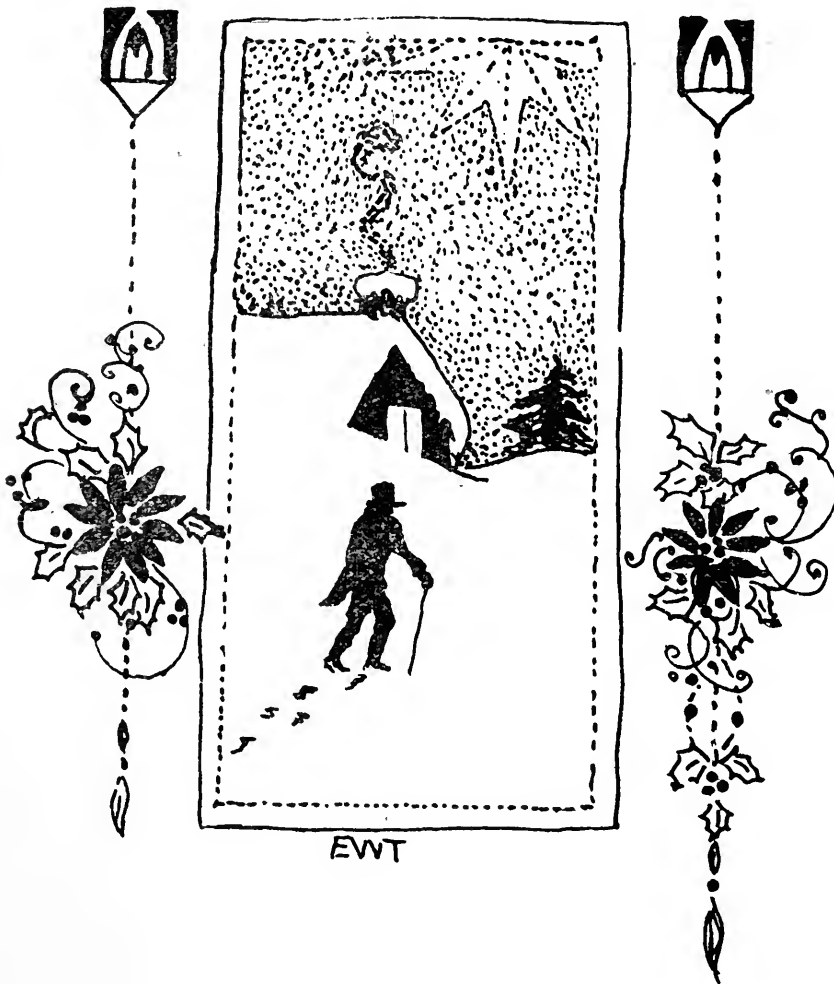
"The fact that a majority of our boys and girls have been receiving no religious training has been a matter of concern to many thinking people. A number of plans have been tried to correct this situation. The most widely adopted is that of week day religious instruction on 'released time'. In general, the testimony of public school principals and teachers is to the effect that the pupils who attend the weekly religious instruction stand as high

in their school work as those who are not enrolled. They cite many specific cases both of individuals and classes in which the religious instruction received has manifested itself in higher moral standards of thinking and acting."

Much depends upon parents and teachers. Is it not incumbent upon us, that instead of "Growing up we grow down into perpetual understanding of childhood". The person who does that will be surprised to find the still depths of spiritual

perceptiveness which lie waiting to be stirred far below the surface of the life of a child. Of course, she will not find maturity, but she will find the tiny seeds from which maturity grows. Let us then plant such seeds that will reap a harvest likened to the character of the "Great Stone Face."

"Think truly and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed."



The Short Story

An address given at the April Relief Society Conference

By Juliaetta B. Jensen

WE have indeed been fortunate during the past year in our literary work in the Relief Society. We have taken imaginary voyages into foreign lands. In this sense we have lost some of our provincialism and have become citizens of the world.

With Auper and Bata we entered that very interesting and unique country, Egypt. We got a glimpse of beliefs and customs at the time of the great Pharaohs. Then across the Mediterranean we went to Greece and Rome. This literature is of vital importance because it is a part of our literary inheritance which has been echoed all down the ages in the best of our literature.

To the Eastward lies the Holy Land, the scene of many of our Bible stories. Hebrew literature is our other great ancestor. From the Bible we get not only the foundation principles of our spiritual life, but from it we also get our very conception of literary form.

The Bible has greatly affected the style of many of our greatest writers. The principle of parallelism, as well as some of the poetic beauty of the Bible, will be seen in "Silence—A Fable" by Poe

Our next study was the short stories of Great Britain. One of these was of great importance—"Beowulf." It is a product of our pagan ancestors, the Anglo-Saxons whose splendid qualities made them easy converts to Christianity when it was later brought from Rome.

In Beowulf we find many of the qualities for which we stand today; ideals that have been handed down to us: courage in facing the battles of life; love of glory, and a longing to be worthy of remembrance after death; reverence for woman-

hood; love of home and children in spite of the fact that they were searovers; and service to our fellowmen. Beowulf gave his life for his people.

Of the present day short story writers in England, and in the world, none stands higher than Rudyard Kipling. In "The Brushwood Boy," "They," and "Without Benefit of Clergy" he has given us delicate masterpieces.

The French writers, with Maupassant and Merimee, come close to our greatest writers in the mastery of the technique of the short story. The French are naturally artistic, and they have been trained all their lives in Greek and Roman literature, hence the short story technique comes easily to them.

The German short stories are less known, but the germ of one of them has glorified Germany, that is the story of Faust. Many versions of it existed during the Middle Ages, but it was the great Goethe who expanded it and immortalized it.

We have the Italian story for June, "The Falcon" from the Decameron by Boccaccio. This is the most famous ancient collection of stories that are short. The influence of these stories cannot be overestimated.

Beyond these yet lie the Russian short story which I trust we shall enjoy as much as we have the others. The Russians have led the world in their great novels and short stories.

The majority of the stories we have studied so far are not modern short stories, but they have played an important part in the evolution of the modern short story. Hence our study so far forms an important background.

We must make a distinction between stories that are short and the modern short story. The ancient stories that are short were told chiefly for entertainment. The writers were not conscious of any definite rules, or of any artistic purpose.

The modern short story is a distinct literary type which America is credited with having given to the world. It is our only contribution of a distinct literary type. We should be proud of such a contribution.

Literary masterpieces of first order in the short story were rare before Poe. It was Edgar Allen Poe who first formulated the principles governing the short story. They came as an outgrowth of his theory of poetry. He formulated them while making a study of Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales."

If the short story is our contribution to literature and if we have produced some of the great writers of the short story, what a treat still awaits us in our study of the American short story. I think we shall feel more at home with our own stories, and I am sure we shall find such a rich field that we shall be asking our General Board to extend the time in which we may continue our study of this interesting field. One year on the American short story is not enough.

The modern short story has come to meet a definite need. Modern life is so full, that we have little leisure time. The short story can be read at a sitting, or while on the train going to and from work.

Jessup and Canby say, "There are causes, artistic and otherwise, for the present blossoming of the short story, causes which in themselves differ from those which have made the novel flourish. In a time of much writing, tastes are quickly jaded, and the short story because it

is *terse, striking, highly colored*, and somewhat new, meets with quick applause. Its brevity is of advantage, for many people can be made to swallow good literature in a pill who reject it in larger doses."

Modern readers have cultivated tastes and demand that the stories shall not be short only, but they demand artistic effect and perfection of technique. The same may be said of the one-act play.

The modern short story does not tell all. It suggests much, and leaves something to the imagination. This is a point in its favor.

While there is some leniency in writing stories, yet critics are agreed that writers must conform to certain conditions. Definiteness of structure gives definiteness of impression.

Maximum of effect with minimum of material and effort is a modern creed in many phases of life as well as in literature. If one is to accomplish this in the short story an exacting art is necessary.

As my illustrations I have chosen "Silence—A Fable," by Poe; and "The Hollow of the Three Hills," by Hawthorne.

(These were reviewed in about six minutes to each story.)

May we as teachers plunge eagerly into this work. When we appear before our groups to present a lesson, we should be so full of our subject that we cannot present the half of it. The greater our knowledge, the greater our love will be for the work, and the greater will be our ability to inspire others.

Our study of the short story should broaden our sympathies for all nations and all people, it should deepen our understanding of life and its purposes, and it should give us glimpses of the divine.

May this be our happy lot, and may our Heavenly Father bless us that we may be teachers in very deed. I ask it. Amen.

Louise

By *Annie D. Palmer*

THE baby will die."
"Thank heaven."

It was a nurse at the Fifth Street Maternity Hospital who gave the message over the telephone, and the mother of Louise who paused in the rush of packing her trunk to make the reply.

A half hour later the mother of Louise was speeding across the continent to the bedside of a son who was dying, while in the hospital on Fifth Street they placed a helpless mite of humanity in the arms of the girl who lingered perilously on the brink of the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

A faint smile brightened her face and an instinctive movement of her arms enfolded the new born babe, and then she lapsed again into semi-consciousness which lasted so long that even the nurse gave up, and carried the baby back to the nursery.

Days followed in which the balance hung so even that it seemed as though a smile might lift her back into joyous life or a look of doubt tilt her far on into eternity. Much of the time they left the frail little baby at her side where she might gaze upon it while it slept. For no one was heartless enough to take from her the only thing to which she clung. And her thin hand would feel the warmth and softness; and she would gaze in wonder at the tiny scar on its cheek, which might have been a dimple, but was proof of the terrible ordeal through which they both had passed. Quite unmindful of any other presence in the room Louise would talk to her baby, always planning a happy future.

"My baby! My treasure!" she

would say. "You will be with me always, to be company when I am lonely, and to cheer me when I rest in the home I shall make for you! It will take so little to make our home lovely—a cot where we can sleep—you in your mother's arms—a stove to warm your bath—and by and by when you are older, a tiny tub where you can sit and splash while I watch and laugh at you. And I shall make you the darlinest dresses, and embroider them with flowers and butterflies. I can make one out of the pink georgette blouse I wore the day I was married to your daddy. Maybe some day he will come back to us—If he should look at you with his heavenly eyes, he could never, never, go away again. Darling, when you can walk—I wonder if ever I shall see you walk. I am so tired, so tired."

Thus day by day she comforted herself, now with baby joys and again looking forward into school days and even beyond that into a time when the baby would be a young woman, the loveliest any of her folks had known. But always her dreaming ended with the plaint:

"Dearest, I wonder. I am so tired, so tired."

When she came to the Maternity Hospital the girl had given the name of Louise Garland. She wore her wedding ring and carried in her handbag a paper which she insisted was a marriage certificate. But her mother had angrily told her she was not married and that her motherhood was a disgrace which they would never outlive. So Louise came to understand why Dick had wanted to keep the marriage a secret, and why he had advised her

to give the baby away. Her mother had been determined about that, too. In fact it had all been arranged that she should not even see the baby.

The matron, the doctor, and the foster mother held numerous conferences in which Louise was not included; and when her recovery seemed fairly certain, the child went into the foster home, and they tried to argue her into thinking it was best.

Time passes swiftly when hearts are light; but where a great sorrow reigns, weeks drag themselves into long and weary stretches that bring paleness to the cheeks and dullness to the eyes. Her mother wrote repeatedly asking Louise to come to the newer, better home; but the girl felt bound by ties stronger than life itself, to the place which had given Dick to her, and in which since, she had lost both him and her baby. So she went to work—in the maternity hospital at first, and then for shorter hours, in a laundry. All her free hours she wandered through streets and parks and playgrounds, eagerly seeking some clue to the discovery of the little one that was lost.

"I must get cheaper board, Aunt Mandy," she said one morning to the old lady with whom she stayed.

"Cheaper!" exclaimed Aunt Mandy. "Well, ef I'm any judge, you're skinny enough to need better board. I don't believe you've et a bite of lunch fer six weeks—not sence you ben payin' carfare to search the subways. I hain't blamin' you none fer wantin' your kid; but I don't see how you'd know her from a ringnecked goslin' after four years."

"I'd know Jewell anywhere, Aunt Mandy. Her daddy's eyes—"

"You hain't seen his eyes sence he—well, sence he left you, girl." Chances is they're different now."

"His eyes couldn't change. Why,

they're so different! You don't think I'm foolish, do you, Aunt Mandy, fer wanting to find Jewell? You know she's all I've got, all I'll ever have, because—well, I shall never marry again; and then I heard them say when Jewell was born, that I'd never go through it again."

"Poor child! No one with a heart could blame you, leastwise no one that's mothered thirteen. But you've hunted so long."

"I know I won't sell much of this junk, with Christmas so far away. But it's a chance to get in houses and see their children. Look at this beetle scud across the table."

"Sakes alive! It's got everything but the breath of life, hain't it?"

"Here's a goose that hasn't much but noise. Listen."

"Quack, quack! Quack, quack!" squawked the goose, and Aunt Mandy answered:

"Saucy thing! You're as empty headed as a lot o' folks I know."

"Only a few of the silly folks will buy this stuff, aunt Mandy, that is why I must have cheaper board."

"How much do you expect to pay?"

"Not more than three fifty a week. I can sleep on a cot, and eat only two meals—"

"Then you'll stay right where you be. At least—"

"No, Aunt Mandy, you can't afford it."

"But I want to see Jewell, too, don't I? You can dry the dishes for me; an' when they hain't enough hot cakes to go round, you can have toast."

And so it was decided. And so day after day, in and out of the houses big and little, the young woman went soliciting orders for the line of mechanical toys she carried. Sometimes the bright object in her hand was the admit card. Sometimes the pallor of her face or the thinness of her apparel. Women

wondered at the way she peered through doors ajar, or was startled at the sound of a baby's voice. They also noticed how she would hurry across a street to look closely at a group of children, and then slowly return to the systematic routine of her work. None even dreamed of the dynamic force back of her struggles. Whether people bought or not made little difference to Louise; nor did it matter what argument they put up for or against her wares. Nothing mattered except children around four years old. Thus weeks dragged into months.

"This family of dolls will please my little girl," said Mrs. Arlington of Hillcrest mansion. "She always wants another doll, no matter—"

"Jewell!"

"I coming."

The call came from a maid in the kitchen, the answer from a child beyond the richly curtained French door.

The heart of Louise stood still. The box of samples fell from her nerveless hands. A pallor as of death overspread her face. Only her eyes showed animation, and they were so alert it seemed as though they must see straight through the French door, drapery and all.

"You are ill. Let me get you something warm to revive you," said the kind woman of the house.

"Yes," answered Louise eagerly.

The woman was gone. The French door had opened, and there, whence had come the voice, stood Jewell holding the door ajar. Her plump figure was clad in a simple gown of clinging pink cotton, which with one chubby hand she held off her bare feet. Her hair was a touseled mass of golden curls, cut short above the roundest, bluest eyes Louise had ever seen. The cheeks were fair and smooth like—ah, yes; and there was the tiny scar

that was like a dimple. There was no mistaking it. Louise stumbled from the rocker in which she sat, and gathered the child in her arms. She showered its neck and arms with kisses. Her tears fell thick and fast upon the pink cotton gown. Her sobs were mingled with laughter, as she poured out all the depths of mother love upon the astonished child that struggled in her arms for freedom.

"Darling! My darling! I have found you! they took you from me and hid you away! It broke my heart, dearest! I thought it would kill me! But I could not die. Now I shall begin to live. They shall never take you away again, never!"

"Muvver!"

"Yes, darling," answered Mrs. Arlington who stood motionless in the doorway.

"You are not her mother!" shrieked Louise, tightening her grasp convulsively. "She is mine! I died, so they said, when she came to earth and I will die for her again. You cannot tear her from me. I defy you!"

"What madness is this, woman? Go away. See, the child fears you."

As she spoke the woman took hold of the hands of Louise and struggled. In vain she pleaded.

"I will never give her up. She is mine! She is mine!" Louise insisted.

Finally she became aware that the child was screaming. Then she became calm.

"My Jewell," she sobbed passionately. "How can you know my love? Go to her now—go to her—but be sure that very soon you will come to me."

Slowly her hands unclasped and dropped to her sides. Without stopping to pick up her scattered samples she staggered to the door and out into the street.

(To be continued)

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

THE Christmas spirit should radiate the world this year 1931 as never before. In this day of extremity the story of the lowly manger birth to the sacrifice on Calvary is more vivid than ever, and the tender teachings of the Savior are indeed a safe guide to be heeded by all mankind, for they lead along paths of righteous living, sprinkled by deeds of kindness.

Relief agencies everywhere have been gathering and preparing comforts and cheer for those in need. The shops dressed in tinsel and Christmas colors glitter like Fairyland, an inviting temptation to those who have means to enter and purchase gifts. The spirit of love is in the heart at Christmas time.

MLLE. JOSEE LAVAL, the vivacious daughter of Premier Laval of France, won the hearts of New York and Washington society even though her distinguished father did not accomplish all he crossed over for.

JANE ADDAMS was one of the delegation of women who recently presented a petition to President Hoover asking for total disarmament. While in the Nation's Capital on this mission Miss Addams was presented with an award for her welfare work, of several thousand dollars. She said she would use this money for the unemployed in Chicago.

KATHRYN SELLERS, Judge of the Juvenile Court of the District of Columbia says during her administration, covering a period of 13 years, 75 per cent of the cases have been amicably settled without bringing them to trial. An interesting fact is that during the depression there have been fewer cases of child destitution brought to the Court's attention than in any other period of equal length.

MR.S. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT predicts that Spain having granted suffrage to women, all Southern Europe will soon fall in line and in 25 years in all countries of the world women will be casting their votes. The Filipino women have succeeded in getting the measure for Suffrage passed in the House of Representatives but there is much opposition in the Senate. Mrs. Patrick J. Hurley, wife of Secretary of War Hurley is a great admirer of the Filipino women and says they certainly ought to have Suffrage. She claims they have gone American less slowly than their men folk though they still wear the beautiful and picturesque costume of the Philippines.

THE recent election in England shows 14 women led by Lady Astor will be members of the House of Commons. Miss Megan Lloyd George is the only Liberal.

SHOULD the Republican party nominate Alice Longworth for Vice President and New Jersey appoint Mrs. Morrow to fill the place in the Senate to which her late husband was elected there might be as much interest for the newspapers on this side of the Atlantic as abroad. Lady Astor would find a strong competitor for publicity in "Princess Alice."

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY was awarded the Helen Haire Levinson prize for her "Three Sonnets" appearing in Poetry, a magazine of verse, and Helen Hoyt of California won a special lyric prize for her three lyrics "For One Who Died in Spring" printed in the same magazine.

DR. MARY LOWELL COOLIDGE, formerly a member of the faculty at Vassar College has been appointed dean at Wellesley.

Notes to the Field

THE SHORT STORY

THE short story is one of the most popular forms of present day literature. It fits into the high tension life of the present because of its brevity. To the end that our pleasure and understanding might be increased, this course has been given.

We have hoped—

1. To develop an appreciation of the short story by a knowledge of its technique.

2. To lead our members to see that the short story gives an interpretation of the customs, feelings and emotions of the people, of the various countries, as the author sees them.

3. We should remember the tragic enters into the greatest literature, and our lives become enriched and our understanding increased, by entering into the portayal of sorrow, suffering, disappointment, and death.

Someone who knows has said, "We study literature to enlarge our own experience—to increase our stock of ideas, to see life through the eyes of interesting characters, to acquaint ourselves with thoughts and activities outside our own little circle."

Literature expands our personalities and makes us better men and women if we choose wisely. Through it we find not only the tragedies but the joys and happiness of life portrayed.

We trust that the work of the coming months will give pleasure and increase our ability to know the best among the countless short stories.

SUPERVISORS AND UNION MEETING

Inquiries have come into the office as to whether or not teacher su-

pervisors should attend the Union Meeting.

In line with the Plan of Visiting Teachers, adopted in 1928, the Teacher Topic Class Leader is placed on the same plane as the other class leaders, and is expected to always be at the Union Meeting where special instructions are given in the presentation of the Topic. (See *Relief Society Handbook*, page 151.)

Where there is a teacher supervisor, she is a visiting teacher who, under the direction of the president, supervises the monthly visits, and is not expected to attend Union Meeting.

The monthly Teacher Training Meeting, held every month in the ward, is especially prepared to give the teachers the help they need. They should always be in attendance at this meeting.

Where this plan has been carefully tried out, it has reacted most satisfactorily to the teachers and to the Relief Society Organization.

PRESIDENTS

Occasionally, fortunately not very often, we hear of a president who tries to do everything herself. This is not good leadership. Those under such a leader are not given an opportunity to develop and use their talents, they chafe in seeing one do what others should share in doing. What are counselors and a board for if not to participate in the deliberations and to share in the responsibility and the work? If your tendency is to take too much upon your own shoulders watch yourself, make an effort to draw forth others, place responsibility where it belongs and then merely check to see that the work is done. When the presi-

dent and her counselors have decided on a plan the president should not change without letting her counselors know and telling why she has reversed the decision.

GREETINGS, CHORISTERS AND ORGANISTS:

Your responsibility is great. Much depends on you as to whether our meetings are successful or not.

Through your good work comes inspiration for the class work and the spirit of the meeting. Soft

strains of well chosen preliminary music quiet one and one is prepared to receive the beautiful things of the meeting. Work for good congregational singing. Learn the words so that when we come to Stake and General Conferences all can sing without books. "The song of the heart is a prayer unto God."

"Practice makes perfect." "There is no excellence without labor."

Do not be satisfied until all your women sing. Let your music keep pace with our other fine activities.

Notes from the Field

TEMPLE CARAVAN

Northwestern States Mission:

THE Fifth Annual Temple Caravan of the Montana District was held at Cardston, July 12th and 13th. Every session was filled to overflowing, while every face was beaming with joy in anticipation of our spiritual feast. Many of the families traveled from 135 to 700 miles to be in attendance.

We all enjoyed the wonderful hospitality of the Canadian people upon this occasion.

Forty-nine sisters of the Relief Societies of Montana availed themselves of this wonderful opportunity and completed 209 endowments, as well as assisting with the baptisms and sealings.

OUR PALMYRA CONFERENCE AND CELEBRATION

By Alice D. Moyle

THE missionary conference and Pioneer Celebration was held at Palmyra, July 24th, 25th, and 26th, 1931. These conferences have now been held each year for some years, and promise to be annual affairs.

This conference was not as large as the one last year, because of the special interest last year in the Centennial Celebration, and also because President Moyle urged that no missionaries attend who could not afford to do so. The missionaries especially enjoy this general conference of the Mission and Pioneer Celebration, which was clearly shown by the fact that many hitch-hiked from all parts of the Mission. President and Sister John V. Bluth from the Canadian Mission with about forty of their missionaries joined us and added greatly to our conference.

The Relief Society conference was only allotted part of an afternoon session, so no real conference work such as reports could be given. Not so many from far off societies attended owing to the expense of traveling, but the sisters from nearby cities were with us, and all the missionaries—we had about 200 in attendance. The missionaries know so little about Relief Society work but are in a position to do much, that they should interest themselves in it, especially in the smaller branches. Our talks to them fully repaid us for the time spent.

We also reproduced a mission progressive radio program. A religious address was given, accompanied by "Oh; My Father" played softly on the organ, and interspersed by a quartette singing appropriate hymns. Many expressed themselves that our Relief Society session was one of the most interesting of the conference.

All of the meetings were held in the Sacred Grove at the Joseph Smith Farm, which in the early summer is especially beautiful.

One of the most significant facts associated with the Sacred Grove is, that it has never been desecrated, nor the trees disturbed, even though the property was owned for many years by non-Mormons. It stands as if protected by Providence and intended to be an inspiration to all who are fortunate enough to seek its seclusion.

It stands on a slight elevation running in a northerly and southerly direction. It is entered from the south corner. A winding path leads through this forest of trees to a large tree, perhaps 400 years old, around which is a natural clearing. Here the services were held. The seclusion of this spot with its dense foliage, only disturbed by the lights and shadows playing through it makes it a real Temple of Nature. President B. H. Roberts in his impressive address there last year called it the Temple Grove.

The Hill Cumorah where the plates were found is about two miles from the Farm. It is the highest hill in all the country around, and stands out as if it were still guarding sacred treasures. Now one of the main paved highways running from Eastern to Western New York passes along near the foot, and in full view of it. A large sign with an open Book of Mormon and ap-

propriate wording draws the attention of the traveler to its importance. About twenty miles further south is the David Whitmer Farm where the Church was organized. The old house is still in a fine state of preservation and you can view the room where the Prophet translated the Book of Mormon. These places of interest all have appropriate markers and signs.

The Joseph Smith Farm is presided over by brother and sister Willard W. Bean. It is open to visitors, and they are received and entertained most hospitably. Brother Bean is well informed on early Church history, and is intensely interesting to listen to.

For our celebration this year the missionaries had erected a large open tent where meals were served to over three hundred people, the food being brought from Palmyra.

Saturday afternoon and evening was given over to games. Saturday evening we finished the festivities with a huge bonfire where "weiners" were roasted and served, and community singing engaged in. Each district vied with the other in putting on original sketches. My heart swelled with affection and pride for this wonderful group of people, and I wondered if anywhere else in the wide world, other than among the Latter-day Saints could such a group be found. Sunday finished the conference with meetings during the day and evening. Baptisms were also performed in Grange Hall.

The missionaries are already looking forward to the gathering there next year in the hope that they may witness the dedication of the beautiful monument on the Hill Cumorah, which the Church is planning to erect there.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

It Is His Birthday

WELL may this be a time of joy and good will! Well may hearts rejoice as from church towers the jubilant bells ring out and as the glad carols waft on the air the message of his advent!

Annie Payson Call, in her book, *The Freedom of Life*, tells of a family who had a guest. When they found that he was to have a birthday while he was visiting them, they gladly prepared to celebrate it. Days and weeks before the anniversary, they prepared—they cooked and planned and arranged decorations. They selected little gifts for one another. The whole house was in confusion for weeks before the birthday came. Everyone was in a hurry; everything that could be postponed until after the birthday was put off. Finally the birthday arrived—the rooms were beautifully

decorated, the gifts arranged, and the guests had arrived. As soon as the festivities had begun, a little child asked, "Mama, where is the man whose birthday it is?" "I do not know, but I will inquire," replied the mother. She asked her neighbor, who replied, "We are celebrating the birthday of a guest in the house." "But where is the guest? Where is the man whose birthday it is?" she asked a member of the family. Nobody knew. They went on with their celebration. The little child slipped out of the room determined to find the man whose birthday it was. After a long search, he was found in the attic—lonely and sick. He had been asked to leave his guest room so as to be out of the way while the preparations were going on. He had taken ill and all save a servant had been

too busy to think of him. Preparations for his birthday celebration had so engrossed them that they had forgotten him entirely.

Miss Call sagely remarks, "This is the way it is with most of us at Christmas time."

Let us remember—

"We cannot give truly in the

spirit of Christmas if we rush and hurry and feel strained and anxious about our gifts."

"We cannot give in a truly loving spirit if we give in order that we may receive."

"We cannot give truly if we give more than we can afford."

Relief Society Contributions

OUR Relief Society teachers visit the homes of the people—

1. To learn how the people are and to report cases of illness or distress.

2. To promote a spirit of love and good will.

3. To take a definite message which is printed in the *Magazine*.

4. To collect donations to be used for the poor.

It is surprising that many people are unaware that contributions are accepted by these visitors. Many who are able and would be willing to give, let the teachers depart without contributing. It has been a tradition that Relief Society teachers should not ask for contributions, and a pertinent question is—What can we do in order that our contributions may be increased? We think our bishops, if asked, would speak of Relief Society contributions in the sacrament meetings.

This could very properly be made a theme in our Relief Society ward conferences, the speaker telling of the need of the fund and of the good accomplished by it.

Many of those who do contribute could well afford to give more if they realized the necessity of it. If people are not at home when the Relief Society teachers call, the money should be sent to the organization; or if for some reason no contribution is made for one month, it should be made up the next. All our women should determine how much they can afford to give and see that that amount reaches the Society annually.

Some few districts that have no needy families in their wards do not take contributions and so deprive people of the blessing of giving. It would be a gracious thing for such wards to make the collection and consult the Stake President to find out where the fund is needed.

Dr. Charles F. Wilcox

THE hearts of our readers go out in tender sympathy to Sister Elizabeth Stevenson Wilcox, for many years a member of the General Board of Relief Society. On October 21st, her husband, Dr. Charles F. Wilcox, passed away, thus severing a companionship of 47 years.

Sister Wilcox has been a wonderful wife and mother. Her home has been one of beauty and culture and peace. She and her husband have mutually enjoyed art, music, literature. She studied his interests and he could always find rest in his home after the duties of the day. The spirit of the family has been

one of thoughtful consideration and love for each other. Indeed, this spirit extended further. A close friend said, "There is nothing they would not do for their friends—

kindness, thoughtfulness and love are characteristics of each member of the family." May Sister Wilcox and her children be blessed with health, strength and peace.

Address of Relief Society Headquarters

IN writing to any department of the Relief Society general offices, the room number in the Bishop's Building should be given. Mail for all departments, except the *Magazine*, should be directed to General Board Relief Society, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah. All correspondence for both the edi-

torial and business offices of the *Relief Society Magazine* should be addressed to 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah. If the writer desires to give the street and number, it is 14 Temple Avenue, and not 40 North Main—the latter address takes the mail to the office of the Presiding Bishopric.

Beware of Tobacco

BECAUSE it pollutes, poisons, and paralyzes the finest physical, mental, and spiritual faculties of its users. Therefore, its use is a violation of the moral law.

BECAUSE it has proved itself, especially in the form of the cigarette, to be an enslaving factor, unsurpassed in its pernicious hold upon its victims.

BECAUSE it daily recruits our youth to its ranks by the thousands, to march a downward path of dereliction and defeat, of suffering, and of crime.

BECAUSE cunning, deceit, and greed characterize the methods of those who market this nefarious narcotic.

BECAUSE its use engenders an unbelievable degree of selfishness, thoughtlessness, and carelessness in its addicts (fires, explosions, etc.)

BECAUSE an increasing number of the world's educational and industrial leaders recognize and denounce it as a menace and a curse to society.

BECAUSE it has invaded with shameless audacity the sacred realm of womanhood, the race's fountainhead of purity, sanctity, and idealism.

BECAUSE the cigarette is an enemy to human welfare, so insidious, so seductive, yet so positive in its evil effects as to justify a relentless stand against it on the part of every intelligent individual and organization.—*From the "Junior No Tobacco Annual."*

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in February)

Select Readings: Enos, Chapter 1; Mosiah, Chapters 1 to 5 inclusive.
Note the teachings on whatever subject.

THE HUMAN PERSONALITY

There is a singular thing in human nature: the far-away is usually more fascinating than the nearby. Astronomy was a science ages before the world ever heard of bacteriology. Distance nearly always, as the old saying has it, lends enchantment to the view.

Theology is no exception to the rule here. People became curious to know of God centuries before they wanted to learn anything about themselves. And so, all down the ages, theologians, whether pagan or Christian, debated about the existence of God, his character, and his relations, if any, with mankind. Man came in but incidentally.

Jesus, however, talked about man. His religion was what the lover of big words calls "anthropocentric." In a simple phrase, man is the center of the religion of Jesus. Not what is God's relationship to man, but rather what is man's relationship to God—that was Christ's way of putting the matter. And the difference is striking. So, as a matter of fact, there is little in the four *Gospels* about God, but a great deal about man. Christ took God for granted.

To talk overmuch about God and undermuch about man is to begin at the wrong end. The near-end is where we ought to begin the study of theology. That is where Jesus begins. And, singularly enough, that is where Joseph Smith begins, although, as we shall see presently,

it was not where the emphasis was placed by his religious contemporaries.

Christian theologians generally, in the time of the Prophet Joseph, talked about God. They sought to know what he was like, what his qualities were, whether he was a Person or an omnipresent Something. Also they talked about hell, as we have seen. They tried to imagine just what kinds of punishment God would mete out to unrepentant sinners there. Moreover, they talked about angels. In the Middle Ages the greatest Christian philosophers debated most earnestly the question, how many angels could stand at one time on the point of a needle—as if that had anything whatever to do with religion.

But Joseph Smith, in his first utterances on the subject of religion—which were in the *Book of Mormon*—wrote about man rather than about God. The Nephite Record begins at the near-end of religion, and is therefore, like ancient Christianity, anthropocentric. Nephite writers take God for granted. They do not attempt to draw fine-spun distinctions between theological tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum. Their concern is about man. They want to settle the question, how is he to be saved in the Kingdom of God?

Herein is one of the most striking things about the *Book of Mormon*—that, in an age of theological hair-splitting about abstractions not con-

nected directly with salvation, it should place the main emphasis on the study of man and how he was to be set on his feet spiritually. In this respect, the Record is almost a century ahead of its time, for only in recent years have leading Christians come to see that "the proper study of mankind (religiously) is man."

First of all, the Book of Mormon gives us a new definition of immortality.

In the *New Testament* there are statements which go to show that man's life did not begin with this earth. Jesus said he was before Abraham (John 8:58), and the Beloved apostle states that the Master was "in the beginning with God" (John 1:1, 2). And, since Jesus is our Elder Brother, there is the inference that we all "were in the beginning with the Father." There are other passages to the same effect. But the doctrine of a pre-earth life for man is not clear enough to lead, in the average Christian mind, to its being announced as a doctrine, or article of faith. Besides, Christian thinkers pretty generally, believing that man is a poor worm of the earth and lower than the angels, did not dare draw out the inference, because they felt it would be more or less blasphemous to do so. Therefore they recoiled from the idea.

An incident from the life of the poet Wordsworth will show that this is actually the case. In 1803 he published his "Intimations of Immortality," in which the following stanza occurs:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come

From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

Afterwards, when people had read the poem and wondered at this particular passage, Wordsworth deemed it advisable to deny the plain meaning of the words. He said:

"Having in the poem regarded it as presumptive evidence of a prior state of existence, I think it right to protest against a conclusion, which has given pain to some good and pious persons, that I meant to inculcate such a belief. It is far too shadowy a notion to be recommended to faith, as more than an element in our instincts of immortality. But let us bear in mind that though the idea is not advanced in revelation there is nothing there to contradict it, and the fall of man presents an analogy in its favor."

This whole incident shows how utterly remote from the minds of Joseph Smith's contemporaries was any form of a pre-earth life for man.

But the *Book of Mormon* boldly advances such an idea. True, it is done almost incidentally, if we may say so. But it is done, just the same. As a matter of fact, that is the way in which we get many religious truths in the *Gospels*. The passage is to be found in Ether, chapter 3.

Moriancumr, the brother of Jared, has retired to a high mountain, for the purpose of inquiring of the Lord how the Jaredites are to have light in the ships in which they are to cross the sea. With him he has taken eight stones, which he pro-

poses to ask the Lord to touch. And this the Lord does. In the act of doing so, however, Moriancumr sees God's finger. Thereupon he requests that the Lord "show himself" to him in his whole Person. Then this conversation occurs:

"And the Lord said unto him: Believest thou the words which I shall speak?

"And he answered, Yea, Lord, I know that thou speakest the truth, for thou art a God of truth, and canst not lie.

"And when he had said these words, behold, the Lord showed himself unto him, and said: Because thou knowest these things, ye are redeemed from the fall; therefore I show myself unto you. Behold, I am he who was prepared from the foundation of the world to redeem my people. I am Jesus Christ. In me shall all mankind have light, and that eternally, even they who believe on my name; and they shall become my sons and my daughters.

"Never at any time have I showed myself unto man whom I have created, for never has man believed in me as thou hast. Seest thou that ye are created after mine own image? Yea, even all men were created in the beginning after mine own image.

"This body, which ye now behold, is the body of my spirit; and man have I created after the body of my spirit; and even as I appear unto thee to be in the spirit, will I appear unto my people in the flesh."

The historian, Moroni, makes this comment on what he had just written: "Jesus showed himself unto this man in the spirit, even after the manner and in the likeness of the same body even as he showed himself unto the Nephites."

Two ideas stand out boldly in this remarkable passage. One is the *form* of our spiritual tabernacles; the other, the *fact* of our existence before this earth-life.

Nowhere else in sacred literature, so far as we are aware, is the form of the human spirit spoken of. It has often been supposed, by advanced Christian thinkers, that it is

in the same form as the fleshy body. The late Sir Conan Doyle believed so. But this, it appears, was the first time the doctrine was announced. In truth, however, revelation is the only source of any definite knowledge on the subject. For no man, "by searching," can find out the form of the human spirit, any more than he can learn anything about God. And this is an important thing to keep in mind.

As to the existence of the human spirit before its earthly life, only the fact is given here. If we wish to learn anything further on the point, we must go to other revelations to the Prophet Joseph.

One of these revelations (*Pearl of Great Price*) tells us something in addition to the fact of the spirit's existence. (1) The spirits of men are the children of God and the brothers and sisters of Jesus Christ, as spirits. This explains the phrase in the Lord's Prayer, "Our Father, which art in Heaven." (2) The "plan of life and salvation" was laid in the pre-earth life—proposed by our Savior. The plan involved (a) the making of an earth for the spirits to dwell upon, (b) the assumption of tabernacles of flesh and blood, and (c) the fall of man and the atonement of Christ. (3) Man in his mortal state was to be allowed his "free agency," for otherwise he could not be held accountable for his acts or be capable of any real moral growth.

These ideas, it must be born in mind, are not to be found in the *Book of Mormon* in this form, but are additions made by the modern prophet, through revelation.

It is interesting to note that the idea of a pre-earth life has been grasped by some of the world's great thinkers since Joseph Smith's time. Whether or not there is a

connection between their ideas and "Mormonism" does not, of course, appear. One of these is the Belgian philosopher Maeterlinck. Here is a passage from his book, *Our Eternity*.

"How shall we explain that, in that consciousness which ought to survive us, the infinity that precedes our birth has left no trace? Had we no consciousness in that infinity, or did we perchance lose it on coming into the world and did the catastrophe that produces the whole terror of death take place at the moment of our birth?"

"None can deny that this infinity has the same rights over us as that which follows our decease. We are as much the children of the first as of the second; and we must of necessity have a part in both.

"If you maintain that you will always exist you are bound to admit that you have always existed; we cannot imagine the one without having to imagine the other. If nothing ends, nothing begins, for any such beginning will be the end of something."

This passage is not quoted in confirmation of what the Prophet Joseph has said, whether in the *Book of Mormon* or elsewhere, for that would be presumptuous in view of the fact that the Prophet had these matters revealed to him; but it is quoted for the reason that the idea of a previous state of existence finds an appeal to the class of thinkers. For the idea, as we have already said, is growing on the modern mind that reflects at all. Besides, this fact throws into bolder relief the forehandedness of Joseph Smith in the doctrines he advanced in religion. This doctrine of a pre-earth life, together with the idea of a "plan" laid down in that state on the principle of human free agency, is one of the profoundest and most far-reaching religious conceptions ever revealed to man.

The Nephite Record, however, does more than reveal the fact of

our pre-earth life and in what form. It traces the life of the spirit through its various stages of progress.

First, there is, then, the spirit in its life before coming here to the fleshy body. Of the nature of that life in that "estate" we have said something already, and the reader who wishes to go into further details should consult the *Book of Moses* and the *Book of Abraham*, in the *Pearl of Great Price*.

Secondly, the spirit then enters upon its "second estate" on the earth. Just when the spirit enters into the fleshy body has never been revealed to us, so far as we know. There is an incident, however, in Third Nephi, chapter 1 (verses 11, 12, 13), where Jesus tells the prophet, "On the morrow come I into the world," in allusion to his birth in Palestine. And here, on the earth, the spirit lives in its body of flesh and blood for a season. Then he "dies," as we say. His body is buried in the ground. But what becomes of the spirit? Alma the Younger answers this question.

Thirdly, the "spirits of all men, whether they be good or evil, are taken home to that God who gave them life." Let us quote the entire passage, which is very illuminating:

"Now, concerning the state of the soul between death and the resurrection—behold, it has been made known unto me by an angel, that the spirits of all men, as soon as they are departed from this mortal body, yea, the spirits of all men, whether they be good or evil, are taken home to that God who gave them life.

"And then it shall come to pass that the spirits of those who are righteous are received into a state of happiness, which is called Paradise—a state of rest, a state of peace, where they shall rest from all their troubles and from all care and sorrow. The spirits of the wicked, who are of the devil—for they have no part nor portion of the Spirit of the Lord; for they chose evil works rather than good; therefore the spirit of the

devil did enter into them, and take possession of their house—these shall be cast into outer darkness; there shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, and this because of their own iniquity.

“Now this is the state of the souls of the wicked, in darkness, and a state of awful, fearful looking, for the fiery indignation of the wrath of God upon them; thus they remain in this state, as well as the righteous in Paradise, until the time of their resurrection.” (Alma 40:11-14.)

Fourthly, is the re-embodied state of the spirit. Alma, in some verses following the above quotation, is equally clear on this phase of life also. He says:

“There is a first resurrection, a resurrection of all those who have been, or who are, or who shall be, down to the resurrection of Christ from the dead. We do not suppose that this first resurrection can be the resurrection of the souls and their consignment to happiness or misery. Nay; but it meaneth the reuniting of the soul with the body, of those from the days of Adam down to the resurrection of Christ.

“Whether the souls and the bodies of those of whom has been spoken shall all be reunited at once, the wicked as well as the righteous, I do not say; let it suffice, that I say that they all come forth; or in other words, their resurrection cometh to pass before the resurrection of those who die after the resurrection of Christ.

“There is a space between death and the resurrection of the body, and a state of the soul in happiness or in misery until the time which is appointed of God that the dead shall come forth, and be reunited, both soul and body, and be brought to stand before God and be judged according to their works. The soul shall be restored to the body, and the body to the soul. Every limb and

joint shall be restored to its body. Even a hair of the head shall not be lost, but all things shall be restored to their proper and perfect frame.

“Then shall the righteous shine forth in the kingdom of God. But behold, an awful death cometh upon the wicked; for they die as to things pertaining to righteousness; for they are unclean, and no unclean thing can inherit the kingdom of God.”

Questions

1. Why have men always been interested most in the things that are farthest away? Name some things remote to our daily lives that have given way to things that are of closer concern. What are some things that receive the greater emphasis nowadays?

2. What significance has the “recantation” of the poet Wordsworth as to the idea of a pre-earth life in his time? Just what idea is taught in the passage quoted from his “Ode”? How clear is this idea? Why are poets often compared with prophets?

3. State clearly the two ideas that stand out in the passage quoted from Ether. Compare them with that in the poet Wordsworth for clearness. Just what bearing have these two ideas on human conduct today—if any? That is, what difference does it make whether they are true or not?

4. Give the substance of what Alma says about the state between death and the resurrection, about the resurrection and after. Find some additional thoughts on the subject.

To the Youth of America

There is no agency in the world today that is so seriously affecting the health, efficiency, education, and character of boys and girls as the cigarette habit.—*Herbert Hoover.*

Boys, through cigarettes, train with bad company. The cigarette drags them down.—*Henry Ford, famous manufacturer.*

Tobacco used in any form destroys a boy's ability to apply himself to study and prevents his comprehending or remembering his lessons.—*Homer H. Seerley, beloved educator.*

TEACHERS' TOPIC

Watchword: "And into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, Peace be unto this house."

Text: "Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

"This is the first and great commandment.

"And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

"On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."—
Matthew 22:37-40.

What made Jesus utter these words? A lawyer asked the question that brought forth our text. And we find in St. Luke's version of the same, the lawyer, to justify himself, said unto Jesus, "And who is my neighbor?" In answer to this we have the beautiful story of "The Good Samaritan" found in Luke 10:30-37. After telling the way the man who fell among thieves was treated by the priest, the Levite and the Samaritan, the question is asked, "Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?" and the answer is, "He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise."

This commandment is to us today the same as it was during the life of Christ. Annie Marion Maclean, in her book, "Our Neighbors," written in 1922, speaking of people of the United States, puts it thus: "We understand now, that from the many one strong nation has been molded; and we bow our heads in humility in

recognition of the truth that we are members one of another, and if one member suffers, all the others suffer with it. Not even in order to justify ourselves, can we ever ask again, 'And who is my neighbor?'"

There is no organization of the Church does more for neighbors than the Relief Society. According to the minutes of the first meeting, March 17, 1842, Emma Smith said that the chief object of the Society was for charitable purposes. This is so today, and there is a proper way to do all things, and when any of us finds a person in need of any kind of assistance, financial or otherwise, she should report the same to no one except our Relief Society president, and she will take care of it for us. By doing this we can truly say we are being charitable. Are we not then loving the Lord with all our hearts, and loving our neighbors as ourselves? Relief Society work teaches us to do this every day.

Literature

(Third Week in February)

GEORGE WASHINGTON

THE Washingtons sprang from a fine old English family, dating back to the Norman Conquest. Two brothers, Andrew and John, nephews of the First Lord of Sulgrave, came to Virginia in the year 1657. John was the grandfather of Augustine, so that makes of George Washington the third generation born on American soil.

The story of George's birth at Bridge's Creek, Virginia, on February 22, 1732, of his mother's widowhood, of the simple life and training of this colonial youth, tall, athletic, bright-eyed and clear-headed, is a story mothers love to tell their children. It is the story of a boy's boy, a scout of scouts!

There are two people who influenced George's boyhood very powerfully. These were his mother, a high-souled, refined woman, and his elder half-brother, Lawrence, educated in England. Though there was a difference of fourteen years in the ages of the two brothers, a very strong bond of love and companionship existed. Lawrence was perhaps George's best teacher. The story of their life together is beautiful.

Land surveying was a very important art, and George became most proficient. This definite training was in evidence throughout his whole life, and his surveys still stand.

During the years of Washington's early manhood, the French and English were engaged in the struggle for supremacy in the New World. Undoubtedly the most dangerous and important episode in Washington's life at this period was the task of carrying a message from Gover-

nor Dinwiddie of Virginia to the French Commander stationed near Lake Erie. This undertaking required great physical strength, moral energy, a courage to cope with savages, and wisdom to negotiate with white men.

His experience in the French and Indian War was of immense value in service to his State, and later to the Nation. One story in connection with the Braddock Expedition is worthy of note. Years after, when Washington was President, an Indian called on him, and said that he was one of the chiefs who led the Indians against the white men. He and some other young "braves" had singled out Washington, as he made himself very conspicuous riding about the field with General Braddock's orders. They had killed horses under him, shot his hat off, bullets passed through his coat, but they could not strike his person, so they concluded that the "Great Spirit" was protecting him, and he could not be killed.

The letters which Washington wrote to his mother at this time indicate his great love for her, and the concern he felt for her anxiety over him.

During the latter part of the campaign against the Indians and the French in the Ohio Valley, an important errand took him near to the home of an old friend, Mr. Chamberlayne, who claimed Washington for a guest. The young officer was so impatient to be on his way, that it was with difficulty that he was prevailed upon to stay for dinner. Among the guests was a young widow, Mrs. Martha Curtis. Her husband had been dead about three

years, leaving her with a large fortune and two young children. She is described as having an agreeable countenance, and engaging manners so captivating in Southern women. Washington's heart was taken by storm—the afternoon passed like a dream. For once he loitered in the path of duty, and was not in the saddle until the next morning. His courtship was romantic, but brief, and the wedding took place at the close of the campaign. Chapters could be written upon this happy union, and the comfort and sympathetic understanding Washington always found in his own home. A most noble nature himself, his attitude toward women could not be anything but the highest, due to the influence of his wonderful mother and his charming wife.

Washington's legislative experience began in the Virginia House of Burgesses, to which he was elected a member. Here he showed himself as a real man of affairs, and formulated many measures tending to improve conditions in his own state, notably the drainage of the Dismal Swamp District. His writings show this to be one of the happiest periods of his whole life.

When the war clouds of the Revolution began to gather, Washington, without hesitation, cast his lot with the colonies. He was chosen as a member of the Virginia delegation to the First Continental Congress. Patrick Henry, asked whom he considered the greatest man in congress. He replied, "If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina is by far the best orator, but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on the floor."

Washington was again a member from Virginia in the Second Con-

tinental Congress, which met in Philadelphia, May 10, 1775. One of the most important duties of this body, was the appointment of a Commander-in-Chief on the Continental Army then assembled at Cambridge, Mass. The naming of George Washington to this post, his speech of acceptance, his journey to New England, without even a farewell visit to his beloved Mt. Vernon, are household stories.

On the morning of the 3rd of July, Washington appeared with his suite under a large elm tree at the northern end of the Cambridge Common, and while the forces were drawn up in line, he stepped forward, drew his sword, and assumed formal command of the army. When speaking of this in the House of Commons, Charles James Fox called Washington "That illustrious man before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into insignificance."

Washington, the chief of a nation at arms presents one of the ablest military leaders in history. Napoleon called him a supreme master of military strategy. Upon the walls of Mt. Vernon hangs a sword, the gift of Frederick the Great to Washington, and the inscription above the sword reads "From the oldest General to the greatest General in the world."

From Boston Washington's army moved, in a general way, toward Yorktown, and through all the tragic events of those eight long years, it was the magnificent soul, Washington, that always stood firm, devoted to his soldiers, true to his cause. The darkest days of the Revolution were the two winters from '76 to '78, the first in the Jerseys, the second at Valley Forge. At this very time the infamous "Conway Cabal" was formed, and Congress, with colossal stupidity ignored their

own commander, and all but betrayed him. Washington's character rises to its most sublime height in this hour of trial. He knew of all the ingratitude and treachery working against him, but he ignored it. At Yorktown there was an example of the finest pieces of chivalry on record. Turn back to that winter in the Jerseys, when Cornwallis, and his well fed, well equipped forces were so boastfully triumphant, and referred to the suffering, starving American soldiers as the "ragged regimentals" and their leader as "the old fox." What a splendid triumph Washington could have taken at Yorktown, but with characteristic delicacy he ordered all mere spectators away from the scene of the capitulation, and carefully suppressed all signs of exultation, telling his soldiers that "posterity would huzzah for them." He did not insist, as he might have done, that Cornwallis appear in person. He arranged for the terms of surrender to be made from Cornwallis to Lafayette, feeling that it would be less humiliating for the titled Englishman to surrender to the titled Frenchman. When one appreciates the exquisite refinement of feeling manifest in this, it is no wonder that Lafayette should say of Washington, "Never did I behold so superb a man!"

The final treaty closing the war, and acknowledging the Independence of America, was signed on the 3rd of September, 1783. The story of the departure of the English troops, the disbanding of the American army, are bits of history that touched Washington very closely. He was extremely careful in all things to safeguard the interest of the citizens and of the soldiers. His leave-taking of the Army, and the surrender of his commission to Con-

gress, are among the most dramatic and inspiring events in history.

Congress offered him a large sum of money, which he refused to accept, for Washington had served entirely without pay during the eight long years of the War, and he now desired nothing more than to return to his own home, where he arrived Christmas Eve, 1783.

Following the disbanding of the army, and the signing of the treaty, is what is called "The Critical Period of American History." The form of Government that had held the States together when there was the pressure of external danger, was daily proving more and more incompetent to the purposes of a national government. Disorders arose in every quarter, and Congress was helpless. Washington observed this with great concern, and in reply to a letter from Colonel Henry Lee, in Congress, he wrote, "You speak, my good sir, of employing influence to appease the present tumults. I know not where that influence is to be found, or if attainable, that it would be a proper remedy for the disorders. *Influence is not Government.* Let us have a government by which our lives, liberties and properties will be secured or let us know the worst at once."

Even in retirement Washington exercised a powerful influence on national affairs, and rendered most valuable service to his own state. He helped to develop the company which made the James and Potomac rivers navigable. In return for this Virginia gave him 150 shares of stock. He did not wish to accept the gift, but to avoid offending his friends he took the stock, but with the understanding that he would apply it to some public use. He later endowed two institutions of learning, one a college at Lexing-

ton, Virginia, now known as the Washington Lee University. The other was later the George Washington University, at the capital.

Troubles continued in and between the states, until finally Congress issued the call for the States to send delegates to the Constitutional Convention, which met in Philadelphia, May 25, 1787. Washington was averse to again appear in public life, but went with the Virginia delegation; at the meeting of the Convention he was unanimously chosen President. The first general election under the Constitution was held in January, 1789. A month later the electors met, and Washington was chosen to be the first President of the United States without one dissenting vote.

In his "Life of Washington," Irving gives a most delightful description of Washington's first inauguration. His mother lived to see her son become the President. The soldier had now become the Statesman, and no other man ever lived who combined the two in so eminent a degree. The same master mind which had brought the Revolution to its successful and triumphant end, was now at the helm to guide the Ship of State past the rocks that threatened its destruction before it was fairly on its voyage. How well he did this was expressed by Fisher Ames, when he said that Washington had changed man's idea of political greatness. He believed firmly in the federal idea of government, which Bryce says, "is the greatest contribution of the Anglo Saxon race to the science of government." He believed in the rights and power of the States, but he declared we must have a central government, strong enough to ensure "respect abroad and security at home."

When it came time for a second

election, Washington was again the unanimous choice. Under his faithful care an era of great prosperity began. The honor of the government had been sustained by a provision for the payment of its debts, confidence and order were established, commerce flourished. He saw and knew but one thing, the good of his fellow countrymen. His eight years as Chief Magistrate were, if possible, a greater service than his eight years command of her armies. No other man could have held together so many discordant interests until they had time to become harmonious. As his second term of office drew to a close, he was urged to accept a third term, but this he firmly declined. He issued his farewell address to the people of the United States September 17, 1796. This historic paper is so full of wisdom and sound statesmanship that it should be studied and remembered by every American in the land. Early in the Spring of 1797, he retired once more to Mt. Vernon, from which point he continued to be a source of inspiration and wisdom to his countrymen. Jefferson wrote to him, "The confidence of the whole nation centers in you."

Nothing could have been simpler than Washington's home life, and tastes, but in his official positions, he upheld high standards. At all times his courtesy was genuine, and his hospitality unbounded. Washington did not believe in slavery, and at his death every negro whom he held in his own right received freedom, and he made a provision in his will for all those who from age, bodily infirmities or infancy could not support themselves.

December, 1799, witnessed the passing of this greatest of Ameri-

cans, and the whole world mourned!

There is no other civic holiday that can have a broader and greater significance than the natal day of George Washington. At this, the Bicentennial of his birth, all men join in doing honor to one whose glorious deeds are above all others recorded in our Nation's history. His whole life was bound up in our National life. The battles he fought for our liberty, the victories he won for our independence, and the influence he wielded in the drafting and adopting of the Constitution, are but a part of the service he rendered. His sympathy with those in every walk in life, his extensive knowledge of conditions as they existed in his own day, and his foresight of those yet to be, his unselfish devotion and his lofty patriotism are a part of our National heritage. The people today need the example and the teachings of Washington quite as much as the founders of our Republic needed his labors and his guidance. His exalted faith in God, and the strength that came to him from this faith, is an undying testimony that "the surest strength of

nations comes from the support of God's almighty arm."

The planting of trees is a most beautiful and fitting expression of appreciation for Washington. He loved them. Trees are living memorials, like Washington's life, a blessing to all the land and people.

Questions

1. Justify the statement—"Washington—first in war—first in peace—first in the hearts of his countrymen.
2. Name three headings for Washington's public service.
3. What specific evidence have we that he was a friend of higher education.
4. What was the most pronounced characteristic of Washington.
5. Give an example of his consideration for the feelings of others.
6. Why is the life of George Washington an inspiration to the whole world?
7. What was his attitude toward women?
8. Give your reasons for planting the Washington Memorial trees.



A Merry Christmas

Social Service

(Fourth Week in February)

PERSONALITY STUDY: IMPROVING OUR HABITS.

(Based on Overstreet's "Influencing Human Behavior," pp. 159-168)

Again let us grapple with an important problem in relation to making fundamental and lasting changes in persons—in ourselves and others. Even though some of these personality problems are difficult to work out in our lives they are tremendously interesting and worthwhile to those who have caught the vision opened up in part by our previous lessons.

Of all tasks that confront us as people who profess to believe in eternal progress, none is more important than that of the enhancement of personality in the fundamental sense in which we are using this term. The task implies that we have been made to feel dissatisfied with ourselves and that we really want to improve our lives. It further implies a willingness to take ourselves in hand in whatever condition we may be and a determination to patiently and earnestly work to improve our habits.

Much has been written to suggest just how to break old habits and to form new ones. We are, perhaps, already acquainted with the splendid articles on habit formation from the pen of Dean Milton Bennion which have been recently published in the *Relief Society Magazine*. The classic discussion by William James should also become familiar to us all. (See his volumes on psychology or liberal extracts from his famous chapter often quoted in books of reading in psychology.) Two of the best rather easy discussions of this subject are to be found in Swift's *Psychology and the Day's Work*, pages 84 to 122 and Robin-

son's *Practical Psychology*, pages 68 to 129.

In character development we need to appreciate the importance of actual *conduct* that is properly motivated from *within*. Sometimes we seem to content ourselves with having children, for example, merely go through the outward motions of right conduct. Again we may think that the verbal concert repetition of slogans—"We stand for this or that" and other forms of "lip service" will take the place of more difficult habit-matters such as driving within the legal speed limit or actually observing the laws of health. Can it be that these things indicate not so much the unwillingness to put our good intentions into practice as a lack of knowing where and how to begin?

The Great Teacher recognized these tendencies as well as the importance of habits consistent with our professed good desires for He said:

"If any man will *do* His will, he shall know of the doctrine." (John 7:17). "And why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" (Luke 6:46). "By their fruits ye shall know them." (Matt. 7:15-27.)

Now let us come to closer quarters with our problem, considering briefly the nature of habits and then somewhat more fully how they are formed. Habits are acquired, automatic, and definite ways of responding to more or less specific situations. They resemble the so-called instincts except that they are not inherited but are developed as a result of ex-

perience and training. They may represent on the one hand acquired appetites or desires such as the appetite for a certain drink or the taste for a certain kind of literature, and on the other hand they may be mainly skills such as skating, sewing, etc. Often we have combinations of these two classes or habits as in the case of a person with the desire for gambling and the skill to play cards.

From another point of view we may classify habits as to whether or not they are predominantly physical, intellectual, moral, or religious in character. One's posture habits in standing, sitting, and walking might be considered as physical. Answering automatically "fifty-four" to the question, "What is six times nine?" is an intellectual habit. Being punctual in meeting appointments might properly be called a moral habit. Seeking divine guidance regularly through individual and family prayer is a religious habit. The reader can profitably supply other examples of each of these kinds of habits.

It has been said that the foundation of good character lies in good habits. No other animal has anything like the wonderfully great possibilities of habit formation that man has. It is this plasticity in man's nature which makes it possible for him to adjust to new and changing environments and for him to make progress. At the same time habits when once formed may offer resistance to desirable new modes of thought and action. Thus we see that habits may either tend to enslave us or set us free. The great psychologist, James, said:

"We must make automatic and habitual, as early as possible, as many useful actions as we can, and guard against the growing into ways

that are likely to be disadvantageous to us, as we would guard against the plague. The more of the details of our daily life we can hand over to the effortless custody of automatism, the more our higher powers of mind will be set free for their own proper work. There is no more miserable human being than one in whom nothing is habitual but indecision. Full half the time of such a man goes to the deciding, or regretting, of matters which ought to be so ingrained in him as practically not to exist for his consciousness at all."

"The hell to be endured hereafter, of which theology tells, is no worse than the hell we make for ourselves in this world by habitually fashioning our characters in the wrong way. Could the young but realize how soon they will become mere walking bundles of habits, they would give more heed to their conduct while in the plastic state. We are spinning our own fates, good or evil, and never to be undone. Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its ever-so little scar. The drunken Rip Van Winkle, in Jefferson's play, excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, 'I won't count this time!' Well, he may not count it, and a kind Heaven may not count it, but it is being counted none the less. Down among his nerve cells and fibres, the molecules are counting it, registering and storing it up to be used against him when the next temptation comes. Nothing we ever do is, in strict scientific literalness, wiped out."

We hear much these days about the importance of training the "will." Psychologists, however, would prefer not to regard the "will" as "some mysterious power that comes suddenly into existence, making the action possible." Cam-

eron, for example, says, "One cannot perform an entirely new act by sheer force of 'will.'" Try voluntarily to make use of the muscles for moving the scalp or ears and you will be unsuccessful to the extent that the capacity is not already present for doing these things. Cameron says, "Training the will means, fundamentally, developing habits of action that conform to the best ideals of society." As we have seen, the "will" is powerless unless it has at its disposal modes of action with which it may work.

It is true that in the interests of moral efficiency and integrity of character many of the situations in life call for automatic responses in action, judgment, and feeling. Since the cultivation of these is one of our present concerns we may well ask how best to form such habits. Three of the four classic rules given by James are often quoted in this connection. They are as follows: (1) "We must take care to launch ourselves with as strong and decided an initiative as possible. (2) Never suffer an exception to occur till the new habit is securely rooted in your life. And (3) Seize the very first possible opportunity to act on every resolution you make, and on every emotional prompting you may experience in the direction of the habits you aspire to gain."

Sample Problems For Discussion

1. Discuss why the personality problems we are now considering are more difficult than those we were concerned with in the first three lessons of this season's work. What makes these problems more especially interesting and worthwhile?

2. If possible get access to at least two of the discussions of habit formation mentioned in the third paragraph of this lesson and report

briefly, in say not over five minutes, what you regard as the best things you got out of these articles or chapters.

3. To be really good, habits must not only bring about desirable results or consequences for society, but they must also be expressive of proper individual intentions, attitudes, and dispositions. (See Matt. 5:8, 28; 15:8; 23:28; Mark 7:21-23; Luke 15:17-19; 17:20-21; II Cor. 3:6.) Discuss these passages of scripture in relation to the above statement. How do you account for the fact that many so-called teachers of religion seem to content themselves with "running ecclesiastical or theological formulae through the child's language machinery?"

4. Explain as clearly as you can what habits are like. What different kinds of habits are there?

5. A well known lecturer recently gave the following rule for successfully establishing new habits: "Practice the desired new activity every time you think of it and stop before you get tired." Compare this with the rules given by James.

6. In what ways may habits be our servants and set us free so to speak? How may they enslave us or hinder our progress? Discuss fully.

7. (a) What is the value of retaining the ability to break habits? (b) Suppose that you had decided to break the habit of using slang. Describe just what steps you might take to make your resolution effective.

8. In the Doctrine and Covenants in a number of places it says in substance, "Say nothing but repentance to this generation." (See for example 11:9.) What do you make of this in relation to the present lesson?

9. Summarize the brief discussion

on how to break bad habits quoted in Poulson—*Human Nature*, pp. 80 to 83.

10. If the chapter on "Our Unconscious Fabrication Habits" in *Overstreet* was not adequately discussed last year some member might be assigned especially to read it in connection with the magazine discussion of it provided in the January 1931 issue, and give a five minute report of outstanding points brought

out. This chapter will not receive further consideration in the present series of lessons.

11. Find these phrases in Chapter IX of our text and comment briefly on each: "condition reflex," "most pleasurable association," "fine personality qualities," "permanent association-factors," "a place of interest and beauty," "ineffective mere admonition," "pleasurable responsibilities."

Thanks for Today

By Linnie Fisher Robinson

Oh, wasn't it lovely the way
The robin built her nest?
Wasn't it fine to see the sun
Sink in the golden west?

So, just to give us happiness,
And make the day seem glad,
Let's thank God for the day we have
Whether its good or bad.

Oh wouldn't we miss the flowers,
If we couldn't walk where they
grow?
And wouldn't we miss the grasses
If we could no more see them blow?

For, if the day should be cloudy
And we can't see the sun,
Let's thank God we can look for it
Before that day is done.



To a Dead Son

By Ivy W. Stone

At first we mourned and questioned why
He could not live life's span;
It seemed so wrong that he should die
As he became a man.

With folded hands we nursed our grief
And chafed against God's will;
We gave no neighbor kind relief
Nor solaced any ill.

But now we know the Lord has need
For some of earth's fair flowers;
They bloom between sear stalk and weed
And that's why He chose ours.

Our boy is safe within God's sheaf,
We do not mourn his fate;
With kindly deeds we conquered grief
And trust in God and WAIT!

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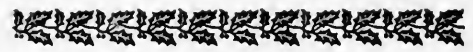
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